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ENGLAND AND PROTECTION.

I

THE PROTECTIONIST REACTION

OVER and over again prophets have foretold the ruin and the death of England. Mirabeau in his day—on the 16th of July, 1790—cried out ironically, "England is lost! Great God! what terrible news! In what latitude is she lost? What earthquake, what convulsion of Nature has swallowed up that famous isle, that inexhaustible home of splendid models, that classic land of the friends of liberty? But be reassured," he added, "England flourishes for the everlasting instruction of the people."

Ledru-Rollin displayed a strange kind of tact, when at the moment that he sought an asylum on her soil he published a book entitled "The Decadence of England." True, it was only a translation from an English pessimist. It appeared in 1851, on the eve of a development of English prosperity of which the most optimistic could not have dreamed.

About 1880 a Protectionist movement, based on the assertion that England was ruined, proved strong enough to call for Lord Farrer's book, "Free Trade *versus* Fair Trade." In 1885 a great Commission was appointed to study the Depression of Trade. It reported in favour of maintaining Free Trade, but four of its members—Fair Traders—submitted a separate Report of the same kind, in favour of imposing a ten per cent duty on imported manufactures, and on the import from foreign countries of such articles of which the Colonies are well able to produce.

The agitation in favour of a British Zollverein continued to this day, and has even received support from Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies. In 1896, at the very time when the Free Trade Club was celebrating the Jubilee of Free Trade, Mr. W. Williams published a book called "Made in Germany," in which he prophesied the ruin of England by Germany, with as much confidence as was displayed by those persons who predicted her destruction at the hands of the Boers.

An eminent Englishman once put to me the following question: "Is England, with her industries, right in standing by Free Trade? Since then I have seen that question discussed in daily newspapers and

journals, and now in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW,* last year and this in the articles of the author of *Drifting*, of Dr E J Dillon, and "Ogniben" They all repeat the cry "We are going down, in agriculture, while France and Germany are prospering, in trade, while the United States and Germany are prospering" They even complain of the decline of the shipping industry! Lastly, in a book with the title "Protection,"† a manufacturer, Mr. M G. Byng, threatens his country with ruin if she fails to have recourse to Protection

It is easy to see that these gentlemen live in a Free Trade country. They are so used to its blessings that they do not notice them. A man is in good health when his organs work without his feeling them. He has no pleasure in breathing when he can breathe without difficulty, but let him choke for a moment, and immediately anguish which is depicted in his face betrays the terrible sense of discomfort which oppresses him. The accident passes, after a few moments he will never think of it again: he will find it quite natural to breathe easily, and be perfectly unconscious of his well-being.

That is the situation of the English in relation to Free Trade. They are so accustomed to it, they find it so natural, that they do not appreciate its merits. But we who inhabit a land ground down by Protectionism, we are able to estimate their happiness, just as an asthmatic patient knows how to value the advantages of those who enjoy a normal respiration.

The Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW has thought it may be useful to show his readers how a French Free Trader, whose opinions are not based on a formula or an act of faith, but upon inductive reasoning, views this Protectionist movement, and I am glad of the opportunity to do so.

II

THE BALANCE OF TRADE

Mr Byng begins his book with this sentence —

Volumes have been written upon the history of Free Trade in Great Britain. I will give the whole history in a dozen words and a diagram, thus —

First Period, 1846—1875		Second Period, 1876—1900		Third Period, 1901—1912	
+	—	+	—	+	—
All	None	50 per cent.	50 per cent.	None	All

To understand this diagram put the word *advantages* in place of + and *disadvantages* in place of —

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, April, May, June, July, 1901, February, March, April, 1902.

† Eyre & Spottiswoode 1901.

Mr Byng assigns to the first period 29 years, to the second 25 years. The third period (which we have only just entered) he estimates at a much shorter space of time, say, 12 years. He ventures to prophesy that by about 1912 there will be no history of English Free Trade to record. There will be either no Trade, or there will be Protection. Such are the "views of a manufacturer."

And why has he taken these periods? In virtue of the old theory of the balance of Trade.

During the first period there was an excess of 52 millions sterling of imports over exports. During the second period exports showed an average annual deficit of 124 millions sterling as compared with imports. It is as yet somewhat early to speak of the third period, but the figures for 1900 give a disparity in favour of imports of 169 millions sterling, this being the second highest on record, and the first being 1898 with 177 millions.

is the old theory of the balance of Trade, according to which England ought to have been ruined long ago, while the indebted countries, such as Peru, Greece, Hayti, and Spain, which have so often had the balance of trade in their favour, should have become rich.* I confine myself for the moment to pointing out that as the balance of trade has since 1846 been steadily unfavourable to Great Britain, Mr Byng is illogical in thinking that the period from 1846 to 1875 presents advantages. He ought, according to his economic theory, only to have said that it presented less of disadvantage.

III

THE POLICY OF FREE TRADE AND ITS RESULTS

From 1800 to 1805 the average annual exports of British produce were 39 millions sterling,

From 1821—1825 about 37 millions,
 From 1826—1830 about 36 million,
 From 1831—1835 about 40 millions,
 From 1836—1840 about 50 millions,
 From 1841—1845 about 51 millions,
 From 1846—1850 about 60 millions,
 From 1851—1855 about 89 million.

It was in 1842 that Sir Robert Peel began his policy of tariff by reducing or abolishing the duties on 750 articles. The duties on cereals were taken away, reserving only a few, which were kept up till 1869 and has just been repealed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer. This policy was continued by Mr Gladstone repealed 140 minute and unproductive duties, and introduced twice as many, pending their ultimate repeal. It brought

* See the *Dictionnaire du Commerce de l'Inde* published under the direction of Yves Guyot and Raffalovich. *Revue de Commerce*

down the tea duty from 2s 2¼d first to 1s 10d, then, in 1854, to 1s 6d, in 1855 to 1s 3d, and in 1856 to 1s. He lowered the sugar duty, which was repealed in 1875. One thousand dutiable articles still remained in the budget of 1842, they were reduced to 440 in 1859 and in 1860 to 15. The Free Traders laid it down as a principle that customs ought to be levied only on certain articles of large consumption, and ought not to tax articles which were produced at home; all duties therefore should be removed from manufactured articles, from fancy goods, and from articles of food which had their analogues in the home country.

And they were right, for tariffs ought to be for revenue and not for protection. A revenue duty brings into the exchequer every penny paid by the taxpayer, a protective duty has the effect of raising the price not only of the quantity of goods imported, but of the whole quantity which is sold in the country. The consumer is compelled to pay a private tax to the protected producer. The Government is thus made subservient to a privileged class, to the detriment of the great mass of its subjects. Such is the principle clearly brought out by the English statesmen who "purged the tariff" between 1842 and 1869.

Let us now look at that enormous growth of British trade which no one denies. I cite the figures from the "Financial Reform Almanack"

Period	Imports		Re-exports		Net Imports— less Re-exports	
	Amount	Amount per head	Amount	Amount per head	Amount	Amount per head
	Millions £	£ s d.	Millions £	£ s d.	Millions £	£ s d.
1854	152	5 10 2	19	0 13 6	133	4 16 9
Average, 1855-9	169	6 0 3	23	0 16 7	146	5 3 7
Average, 1860-4	235	8 1 2	42	1 8 5	193	6 2 9
Average, 1865-9	286	9 8 2	49	1 11 11	237	7 16 3
Average, 1870-4	346	10 17 2	55	1 14 10	291	9 2 4

Period	Exports of British and Irish Products		Total gross Imports and Exports	
	Amount	Amount per head	Amount	Amount per head
	Millions £	£ s d.	Millions £	£ s d.
1854	97	3 10 2	268	9 14 0
Average, 1855-9	116	4 2 4	308	10 19 2
Average, 1860-4	133	4 14 8	415	14 4 8
Average, 1865-9	181	5 19 0	516	16 19 1
Average, 1870-4	235	7 7 3	636	19 19 3

Mr Gladstone made a study of the part which the development of machinery, railways, steamboats and telegraphs had played in this enormous growth of English commerce. It was just there that the clear-sighted policy of the English statesmen came in: they adjusted their commercial policy to the progress of industry, while the political economy of the Continent aimed at annihilating it. England, instead of putting custom-house-barriers in the way of the methods of communication which were being developed at a great expense, took every pains to give them the maximum of useful effect by freeing them from all obstacles. The Protectionist nations were, and are, guilty of a monstrous self-contradiction when they establish lines of telegraph, excavate harbours, build railways, and subsidise ships, and at the same time neutralise a large part of all this vast machinery by measures designed to prevent foreign goods from entering their territories. By putting her political economy into harmony with the progress of industry, Great Britain has taken a step in advance of all the other nations.

But are they true? Here are the figures for the quinquennial periods of the last quarter of the 19th century —

	Imports			Re-exports			Net Imports less Re-exports			Exports of British and Irish Products			Total gross Imports and Exports			
	Total Am't	Amount per head			Total Am't	Amount per head			Total Am't	Amount per head			Total Am't	Amount per head		
Average	Mil £	£	s	d	Mil £	£	s	d	Mil. £	£	s	d	Mil £	£	s	d
1875-9	375	11	3	5	55	1	13	1	320	9	10	4	202	6	0	0
1880-4	408	11	11	8	64	1	16	5	344	9	15	4	234	6	13	2
1885-9	379	10	7	6	61	1	13	4	318	8	14	2	226	6	3	8
1890-4	419	10	19	7	62	1	12	4	357	9	7	3	234	6	2	11
1895-9	453	11	7	4	60	1	10	3	393	9	17	1	239	6	0	4

Although the increase in the total amount of imports is constant, yet the amount per head decreases during the period 1895—9 as compared with the period 1880—4, and we find the same phenomenon in the case of exports, while the figures have risen continuously. The highest figure of imports and exports per head, that for the period 1880—4 has been surpassed—and when? In the three last years, 1899, 1900

and 1901, which, according to Mr Byng, should have inaugurated the final rapid era of destruction for English industry and commerce

	Imports		Exports British and Irish Products		Total Gross Imports and Exports	
	Total.	Per Head	Total	Per Head	Total	Per Head
	Million £	£ s d	Million £	£ s d	Million £	£ s d
1899	485	11 19 2	264	6 10 5	815	20 1 8
1900	523	12 15 10	291	7 2 6	877	21 9 0
1901	522	12 11 2	280	6 14 10	870	20 18 6

The figures for 1899—1901 are higher than all precedent in English commerce. The annual average is 854 millions and exceeds by 100 millions the average for 1895—9, which was indeed considerably raised by the figures of the last year of the period, the latest average exceeds by 139 millions that of the period 1890—4, by 188 millions that of 1885—9; by 148 millions the average for 1880—4, by 222 millions the average for 1875—9, and by 118 millions the average for 1870—4. This increase in the volume of commerce is not denied by those who declare that England is living on her capital, but they assert that her exports have declined, in spite of the fact that the export of British products is higher than in all former years

Total Commerce		Export of British and Irish Produce
1899 ...	815,000,000	264,492,000
1900 ...	877,000,000	291,451,000
1901 .	870,000,000	280,499,000
Average .	854,000,000	278,814,000

I am aware that, from the year 1899, ships built in England and sold to foreign nations have been added in to the customs lists that is to say, £9,195,000 worth in 1899, £8,588,000 in 1900, and £9,160,000 in 1901, an average of £8,981,000. With this deduction the exports of each of these three years nevertheless exceed those of all others.

Now if we deduct £8,981,000, representing ships sold abroad, we obtain an average for the three years of £269,907,000, or in round numbers 270 millions, of British produce exported.

AVERAGES OF BRITISH EXPORTS.

1870—1874	235 millions
1875—1879	202 millions
1880—1884	234 millions
1885—1889	226 millions
1890—1894	234 millions
1895—1899	239 millions
1899—1901	270 millions

It will be seen that the last period shows an increase of 14 per cent. on the period of 1870—4 and of 33 per cent. on the period 1875—9

But these figures which show values do not give an exact account of the movement of business, the quantity of trade may increase while its total value is diminishing. According to the total index-numbers of *The Economist*, which starts with the figure 2,200 as representing the period 1845—1850, we find the following variations —

January 1st, 1870	2 996
January 1st, 1875	2 778
January 1st, 1880	2 689
January 1st, 1885	2 098
January 1st, 1890	2 236
January 1st, 1895	1 923
January 1st, 1901	2 126
January 1st, 1902	1 948

From the year 1896, *The Economist* has published annually the volume and value of Foreign Trade of the year compared with that of the preceding year. If we take the two last years we obtain the following figures —

Actual value of net imports and of exports of	
British products in 1899	£684,485,000
Value of net imports and of exports of British products in 1900, calculated at the prices of 1899	£680,210,000
	£4,275,000
Decrease in 1900, due to smaller quantities, equals 0.62 per cent	
Value of net imports and of exports of British products for 1900, calculated at the prices of 1899	£680,210,000
Actual value in Trade and navigation returns	£751,985,000
	£71,775,000

Increase due to lower prices in 1900, equals 10.55 per cent

The Economist for 1901 says — “Taking imports and exports together, the volume of our Foreign Trade last year (exclusive of

"re-exports) shows, as compared with 1900, an increase of 2 per cent, the computation being —

" Actual value of net imports and of exports of	
" British products in 1901 .	£751,085,000
" Value of net imports and of exports of British	
" products in 1901, calculated at the prices of 1900	£767,506,000
	£16,421,000

" Increase in 1901, due to larger quantities, equals 2 per cent "

" Next as to prices The actual cost of our imports for home consumption last year was £454,392,000, whereas if we had paid for them the same average prices as in 1900 they would have cost us £471,803,000 Thus owing to lower prices there was a reduction in the cost of our imports of £17,411,000 or 3 69 per cent , or, in other words, the prices of our imports were on the average 3 69 per cent. lower in 1901 than in 1900 And a similar calculation with regard to our exports shows a more pronounced decline in prices Our total exports of British products last year are valued at £280,499,000 If, however, we had got for them the same average prices as in 1900 they would have fetched £295,703,000, so that there was a decrease in aggregate value of £15,204,000, or 5 14 per cent—of which decrease £6,330,000 was in coal, and £6,519,000 in metals and machinery, most other articles showing comparatively slight changes In imports and exports combined the decrease in value owing to lower prices amounts to £32,615,000, or 4 25 per cent, the calculation working out thus —

" Value of net imports and of exports of British	
" products for 1901, calculated at prices of 1900 .	£767,506,000
" Actual value in Trade and Navigation Returns	£734,891,000
	£32,615,000

" Decrease due to lower prices in 1901, equals 4 25 per cent "

It follows from this that the year 1901 in appearance fell behind the year 1900, but, in reality, if prices had remained equal the exports would have increased by £15,204,000, or 5 14 per cent While, however, sellers find low prices inconvenient, buyers reap the benefit of them. The value of exports having declined by £15,204,000, that of imports was £17,411,000 less than it would have been—*ie*, 3 69 per cent " The increased quantities of corn, cotton, and wool," says *The Economist*, " alone amount to £9,361,000, while we save in their cost " some £6,336,000 " .

These variations year by year do not prove that there has been any retrogression

Mr Thomas Ellisson, of Liverpool, gives the following account of

the textile trades which represent in value half the English products exported —

"A century ago the value of cotton, woollen, and linen yarns and piecegoods produced in Great Britain and Ireland was about £22,000,000—namely, woollen, £17,000,000, linen, £4,000,000, and cotton, £1,000,000. In recent years the value has been about £170,000,000. The total amount of capital employed is about £200,000,000, and at least 5,000,000 people—men, women, and children—are dependent upon these industries for their livelihood. Moreover, one-half of the value of British and Irish products exported consists of textiles. The progress made by each branch is shown in the subjoined statement of the weight of raw material used and the value of yarns and goods exported —

Average Periods of Three Years.	Weight consumed in Millions of lbs				Value of Products exported in Thousands of £'s.			
	Cotton	Wool	Flax	Total	Cotton	Woollen	Linen	Total
1798-1800	41 8	109 6	108 6	260 0	5 088	6·846	1 010	12 944
1829-1831	243 2	149 4	193 8	586 4	18 077	4 967	2 138	25 182
1859-1861	1,022 5	260·4	212 0	1,494 9	49 000	15 041	6 119	70 160
1889-1891	1,618 0	564 0	220 0	2,402 0	72·114	24 176	6 377	102 667
1893-1895	1,576 0	602 0	213 0	2,391·0	64 697	21 597	5 848	92·142
1896-1898	1,668 0	624 0	236 0	2,528·0	66 094	22 885	5 697	94 676
1899-1901	1,679 0	623 0	190 0	2,492 0	70 340	20 898	5 857	97 095

To an impartial observer who examines these figures, it seems singular that just those years should have been chosen in which the record has been maintained—for example, in the case of cotton—in order to predict the downfall of English industry and commerce

IV

THE DECLINE OF BRITISH SUPREMACY

Certain pessimists, however, who assert the "decline of British commerce," look at the matter from a different point of view. Mr Benjamin Low describes it in the "North American Review" for October, 1900. No, the decline is not an absolute one, it is not chronological, the foreign commerce of England has not gone down, but there is a relative decline. "Great Britain will have yielded her primacy as the greatest of the world's commercial powers." Mr Low says that "in 1870 Great Britain did rather more than 35 per cent of the total commerce of the great industrial nations, and in 1895 under 30 per cent."

Admitting the accuracy of this information, what is the argument about "supremacy" worth? To begin with, a nation whose commerce is 30 per cent of that of all the others put together still has the supremacy over each one; but she would have a still greater supremacy if none of the others had any industry or commerce. A molehill on a flat surface has an indisputable supremacy. It is to the Lilliputian a mountain.

Mr Low's argument is the old argument given by Montaigne "There is no gain except at someone else's expense." No one can grow rich without making others poor. This was the argument pleaded in the 17th and 18th centuries in favour of commercial wars.

In 1672, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Chancellor, said that the hour had come to make war on the Dutch, because it was "impossible" both should stand upon a balance, and that if we do not master their "trade, they will ours. They or we must truckle." Some months later he again insisted that "it was necessary for the trade of England."

In 1701, the diplomatist, Stepney, brought out a pamphlet insisting on the commercial advantages which would result from a war with France, in consideration of the fact that peace with her would mean "the utter ruin and destruction of our trade." In 1743, Lord Hardwicke said in the House of Lords "If our wealth is diminished it is time to ruin the commerce of that nation which has driven us from the market of the continent—by sweeping the seas of her ships and "by blockading her ports"*

What logical Protectionist is there in Parliament who could adopt such a policy on his own account nowadays and demand that England should declare war to-morrow on the United States or on Germany in order to ruin them and get rid of their competition?

The logical Protectionist must regret the good old times when six or seven hundred thousand Iroquois, Apaches, and other Red Indians lived on the 2,939,000 square miles where the 76 million inhabitants of the United States now dwell in peace and activity. The Protectionist complains that the Yankees erect mills and factories, sink mines, lay rails, and that they will soon be so completely self-sufficing that it is difficult to see what the Continent of Europe will be able to supply them with. But the Red Indians were much more completely self-supporting, and there could have been no question of England sending them in 1899 £18,119,000, in 1900 £19,781,000, and in 1901 £18,401,000 worth of British products.

But whilst the Yankees buy much from England, they sell to her a great deal more—namely, to the value of £120,081,000 in 1898, £138,789,000 in 1900; £140,454,000 in 1901. It is quite certain that the Red Indians would never have poured into the United Kingdom in 1901 40 million cwt of corn worth £13,400,000 sterling, nor

* Quoted by Buckle "History of Civilisation" Vol I, p 193 (ed 1864)

3,180,000 cwt of fresh meat worth £6,761,000, nor 4,244,000 cwt of bacon worth £9,255,000, nor 1,730,000 cwt. of ham worth £4,209,000, but would the inhabitants of the British Isles have been any better off? Would they not have lost that great increase in weight which John Bright attributed to Free Trade? If the Red Indians had continued their scalping practices in North America, they would have done nothing towards restoring the unfavourable balance of trade against the United Kingdom by sending over 13,221,000 cwt of raw cotton to the value of £32,355,000. That import ceased during the war of Secession and it is quite certain that no one in Lancashire would call for the repetition of such a crisis.

The averages of imports and exports which passed between the United States and England are given as follows, in periods of five years —

	Imports from United States Mil. £	Exports of British and Irish Produce to United States Mil. £
1854	30	21
1855-1859	33	19
1860-1864	32	15
1865-1869	39	24
1870-1874	62	33
1875-1879	81	18
1880-1884	97	28
1885-1889	85	28
1890-1894	98	26
1895-1899	110	20 4
1900	139	19 8

It may well be asked what commodities the United Kingdom can send to the United States in exchange for her corn, her cotton, and her other raw produce. According to the customs returns England has sent over £1,123,000 worth of manufactured jute, £1,000,000 worth of tin, £2,029,000 worth of linen, £779,000 worth of dyed material, £808,000 worth of skins, the United States will certainly with their vast territory become more and more able to supply their own wants. At the same time, if they sell they will be obliged to buy. If they have no need of manufactured goods they will buy securities and thus raise the value of continental capital; if they do not want securities, will they insist on having gold? They will soon have enough of that. Trade is essentially barter. *Laissez-faire, Laissez-passer*. The interests and needs of men will find a solution.

I ask the Protectionist who is irritated by this optimistic conclusion what solution he has to propose. Does he wish to close England's ports against American cotton? Would he close them against

American corn and meat? Will he refuse to eat American bacon? He may do. But would these heroic measures open the American market to English goods, which the United States makes for herself?

An attempt might be made to force the reduction of the Dingley tariff by a tariff war. But the United States has a great power of resistance in the fact that her chief exports are articles for consumption and raw produce.

The United States in 1900—01 (the financial year ending in June) exported —

Articles for consumption and raw materials—

Agriculture	943,811,000 dollars
Mines	37,985,000 „
Forests	54,317,000 „
Fisheries	7,683,000 „
Divers	4,510,000 „
	1,048,306,000 .
Manufactured goods	412,155,000 „
	<u>1,460,461,000 „</u>

Thus the manufactured goods only represent a little more than 28 per cent of the total exports.

The Americans have vast wheat-growing territories, they have mines, they have petroleum, and they record without false modesty the advances they have made. Mr Henry Gannett, the Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey, summed up in the "Forum" for May, 1901, the results achieved by the United States —

The United States has 7 per cent. of the land area of the earth and 5 per cent only of the world's population, and the United States stands for the highest type of the civilisation of to-day.

Our 400,000,000 acres of land under cultivation yield 21 per cent of the total production of wheat in the world, 75 per cent of all the cotton, 25 per cent of the horses, nearly 25 per cent of the cattle. It appears that of the entire agricultural product of the world the United States produces 23 per cent, a little less than one-fourth, while Russia produces 15 per cent, and Germany and France 12 per cent each.

With regard to manufactures, Mr Gannett says that the United States make a fifth of the cotton goods of the world, a fourth of the cloth, 27 per cent of the linen goods, 46 per cent of the paper, a

third of the glass-ware, they have 34 per cent of the iron-ore and they produce 34 per cent of the iron and 37 per cent of the steel

Great Britain produces half as much iron ore and two-thirds as much pig iron as this country does, and her steel product is just one half as large as ours. Of all the manufactured goods produced on earth, the United States contributes more than one-third, or 34 per cent. Great Britain contributes 15 per cent of the manufactured goods of the earth, Germany 12 per cent, and France 11 per cent.

But "we have first to supply our own people"

The example of the United States furnishes an argument in favour of Free Trade. Among the nations in an advanced stage of evolution it forms a group of nearly 80 millions of individuals who are not isolated in compartments by custom house barriers. They have thus an enormous internal market which has enabled their industries and their manufactures to develop. But it is not the customs tariffs which have built up their industries; they have only served the trusts, and in lessening the power of purchase of a portion of the Americans they have impeded their rise instead of favouring it.

It is easy to say that it is the Protectionist policy which has made the Economic greatness of the United States; it is impossible to prove it, whilst it is possible to prove that it has retarded it. But in any case, on the eve of his death, Mr McKinley was talking of commercial treaties and of the necessity not of closing the frontiers of the United States any more, but of opening markets for her products.

V

THE GERMAN BOGEY

Some people, misled by a depraved liking for force, imagine that Germany ought to have supremacy over all the other nations because the Prussian army was victorious in 1866 and in 1870. As if the victories of Napoleon had brought industrial supremacy to France! Many of these people base the illusions which they wish to produce on illusory facts, as if the affirmation of errors could change the truth.

Following Mr Williams, the author of "Made in Germany," Mr Low, in the article of which I have already spoken, draws comparisons between the Commerce of Germany in 1870 and the Commerce of Germany in 1895. Now the German Empire has only existed since 1871. It was only in 1888 that Hamburg and Bremen were absorbed into the Imperial Customs Union, so that the figures previous to 1889 are not to be compared with those of the present day. Those who compare the latter with the former so as to give themselves the pleasure of obtaining astonishing percentages commit an error which makes all their conclusions valueless.

Here are the figures of British exports and imports in periods of five years.—

	Imports from Germany Mil £	Exports of British Products to Germany Mil £
1854	16	9
1855-1859	12	12
1860-1864	15	13
1865-1869	18	20
1870-1874	19	26
1875-1879	23	23
1880-1884	25	18
1885-1889	25	16
1890-1894	26	18
1895-1899	27 9	22 6
1900	31	28

German imports into England in 1899 were worth £30,123,000, in 1900 £31,181,000, but out of these totals sugar accounted for £9,903,000 in 1899, and for £9,164,000 in 1900—*i.e.*, nearly a third. Now the export of this product obtained by the aid of cartels and bounties is an artificial export made at the expense of the nation which produces it and providing the nation receiving it with a raw material below cost price which enables her to set up the manufacture of preserves and biscuits that are unrivalled.

If this sum of over 9 million pounds sterling is deducted from German exports into England, the total is reduced to 20 million pounds, whilst the total import of British produce amounts to from 26 to 28 millions.

On glancing over the special trade imports and exports of Germany since 1889, we find the following figures:—

	Import Millions of Marks	Export Mil Marks	Total Mil Marks
1889	3 989	3 165	7 154
1892	4 019	2 954	6 973
1895	4 121	3 318	7 439
1896	4 307	3 525	7 832
1897	4 681	3 635	8 316
1898	5 080	3 757	8 837
1899	5 483	4 207	9 690
1900	5 765	4 611	10 376
1901	5 677	4 677	10 354

The increase of exports is 53 per cent. But to what is it due, if not to the liberal policy of M. de Caprivi? This is not a Protectionist policy.

But these figures show that the policy of bounties and cartels has not prevented the imports from going beyond the exports. In 1898 the difference was not less than 1,324 millions of marks. In spite of the bounties, the exports of German products continue to be lower than the exports of English products, in 1899 they were £237,970,000 as against £280,408,000. For England the sum per head was £6 14s 10d, for Germany £4 4s 5d, say 50 per cent per inhabitant in favour of the United Kingdom. In addition the trade figures of the United Kingdom show genuine industrial and commercial activity, whereas the export figures of German commerce represent artificial industries, such as that of sugar which depends on bounties and cartels, or that of alcohol which is subsidised at the rate of 16 marks per hectolitre.

It is true that German imports do not amount to more than £298,350,800, or £5 5s 9d per head, whereas the United Kingdom imports goods to the value of £522,238,900 or £12 5s 4d per head.

The German Government, however, consider that the imports are too high, and they wish to diminish them by raising the duties as follows —

	Actual Duties		Proposed Duties	
	Maximum	Minimum (in marks)	Maximum	Minimum
Wheat ..	5	3 50	6 50	5 50
Rye	5	3 50	6	5
Barley ..	2 25	2	4	3
Oats	4	2 80	6	5

Judging by the excitement produced in England by the re-establishment of a duty of 3d a cwt on corn, a duty maintained by the Free Traders until 1869, what would be the effect of a rise of duty such as that proposed in Germany? According to the statements of the Government, the German tariff at present levies duties averaging 9.4 per cent, the French tariff 9.6 per cent, and the Italian tariff 13.7 per cent. The proposed tariff, according to M. de Podadowski, involves an increase of 2.26 per cent, but he adds that if treaties are concluded, the final increase will not be more than 1 to 1½ per cent. The duties will be raised on 241 articles out of 946, about a quarter of the whole.

We know what resistance this projected tariff, which is now referred to a commission consisting of 28 members, has already met with; it is opposed by the Socialists, by the Liberals, by the Liberal Union, by the Democrats of the South, the insatiable agrarians find it inadequate; Protectionism has a wolfish appetite.

The opponents of the Bill say that the passing of the new tariff will have the effect of making production still more difficult in Germany, that it will increase the expense of living and net prices, that it will strengthen custom-house barriers and seriously hinder the salutary work of commercial treaties. This is a reversal of all the economic principles of the German Government, which, during the past thirty years, has aimed at developing trade and has succeeded, in strange contradiction, however, to its general policy, for they have during the same period developed socialism. Germany can no longer be self-sufficient in the matter of articles of food. Like England she "pays tribute to the foreigner." At present the Government is desirous of reversing this policy to favour the agrarians. The danger of such an operation will be demonstrated by examining the returns of professions —

	1882.	1895
Agriculture	43 38 per cent	36 19 per cent
Manufacture	33 69 "	36 14 "
Trade	8 27 "	10 21 "

A population so constituted, like all active peoples, needs fresh openings and not protection.

VI

ENGLISH PROTECTIONISM

Cobden has been reproached for saying in his speech of 15th January, 1846 "I believe that if you abolish the corn law honestly, and adopt Free Trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in less than five years after your example." John Bright said of these words that Cobden had more faith in the common sense of other nations than he himself had. Cobden's mistake was the mistake of an optimist like the French philosophers of the 18th century. They believed that truth had only to be known to be adopted. Experience teaches us every day that truth is frequently trampled on by prejudice and self-interest. Cobden found this out for himself when in 1860 he went so far as to arrange commercial treaties which definitely changed the economic policy of the continent. Reaction has partly destroyed the policy, but not absolutely. There is no continental tariff now in existence which contains such prohibitive duties as those which prevailed before 1860.

It may be that protection breeds protection more easily than free trade promotes free trade, just as ill-natured behaviour provokes reprisals more quickly than a good act calls forth an expression of gratitude. The policy of the closed door provokes a policy of annexation and aggression. I can quite understand the feeling of the Englishman who says "In occupying this territory and in

"assuming the responsibility of administering and defending it, we can "at least be sure that we shall not be driven out", and that is what justifies a policy of expansion and imperialism. But the policy of the closed door cannot serve as a pretext for Protectionism, whatever name it adopts, whether Free Trade, or Fiscal Federation with British possessions

VII

FISCAL FEDERATION WITH BRITISH POSSESSIONS

If we take the averages for periods of five years of the imports from British Colonies to the United Kingdom and of the exports of British and Irish produce to the British Colonies and Protectorates from 1854 to 1900, we obtain the following figures —

	Imports		Exports.	
	Million Pounds	Percentage of Total	Million Pounds	Percentage of Total
1854	34	22 4	34	35 1
1855—59	40	23 5	37	31 5
1860—64	68	28 8	46	33 4
1865—69	68	24	50	27 6
1870—74	76	22	60	25 6
1875—79	83	22 1	67	33 1
1880—84	96	23 5	81	34 5
1885—89	87	22.9	79	35 5
1890—94	96	22 9	78 5	33 5
1895—99	97 8	21.6	86 5	34 0
1900 ...	109 5	20 8	94 3	30

From this table the commercial relations between the mother country and the colonies since 1854 appear to have maintained an almost even proportion. Is this uniformity a reason for transforming the relationship from the freedom it now enjoys to that of forced conditions, and for returning with more or less attenuation to a policy of *Pacte colonial*?

What can the Colonies send to England? Agricultural products. If they are allowed free entrance the agricultural Protectionists will be dissatisfied. They make no distinction between corn from Canada and corn from the United States, between Canadian beef and American beef.

The English Colonies, though under no obligation, obtain half of their imports from the United Kingdom; a quarter consists of goods imported from one colony to the other. They depend therefore on

foreign countries for only one quarter Is it in order to alter this proportion that an Imperial Customs Union has been put forward? It would only result in organised contraband

VIII

THE POLICY OF BOUNTIES

Mr Byng* propounds the theory that a manufacturer in a protected country can produce more cheaply than a manufacturer in a country where there is freedom of trade; and he assumes that free traders only take account of three factors in the price of goods. (1) the cost of materials, (2) the cost of labour, (3) expenses, and that they overlook a fourth factor, viz, the quantity produced

Nevertheless free traders have paid sufficient attention to the facts to have asserted long ago that a manufacturer can almost indefinitely cut down his profits provided he can indefinitely open out his market

Setting aside this point, I come to Mr Byng's argument, which I will quote —

Suppose the manufacturer, after an examination of his home market, thinks that the probable demand will amount to 50,000 watches per annum, his calculation will be as follows.—

	s	d
(a) Cost of Material	2	0
(b) Cost of Labour	1	0
(c) Apportionment of Interest, Renewals and Expenses = £5,000	2	0
Cost of Watch	5	0

If the manufacturer lives in a protected country —

He avails himself of this opportunity to increase his plant Such extra outlay on the increased plant, and the extra supervision and expenses involved will be comparatively small, and we may safely put such extra cost at 20 per cent of the first outlay, say, £1,000 The manufacturer's calculation for the second 50,000 watches will, therefore, be as follows —

	s.	d
(a) Cost of Material, as above .. .	2	0
(b) Cost of Labour, as above .. .	1	0
(c) Apportionment of increased Interest, Re- newals and Expenses = £1,000 . . .	0	5
Cost of Watch	3	5

Calculating in this manner, and putting the same margin of profit on in the foreign market as on his home market, say, 20 per cent, the foreign manufacturer can sell the watch in his own country, at 6s, and in England at 4s. 1d.

* *Protection*, p. 10

With more modesty and more exactitude, M Méhne, on establishing his tariff in France in 1894, declared that his object was "to preserve the home market to French manufacturers" He did not quite attain to that; he did still less towards the development of export trade In 1901 France exported 280 million francs worth of silk goods, 234 millions worth of wool fabrics, 227 millions worth of wines, 15 millions worth of toys, 129 millions worth of millinery and artificial flowers, 105 millions worth of prepared skins,—all products which are injured by protection Only one protected industry, that of cotton fabrics, has reached 183 millions owing to the monopoly given to it in the French colonies, but are our colonies any more prosperous on that account?

I accuse Mr Byng of not pursuing his argument to its conclusion On the continent people have had more courage' Not only are manufacturers allowed, by means of customs duties, to make their fellow-countrymen pay dearer for their goods than when they sell to foreigners, but bounties are also given them in order that they may produce largely In France, for instance, the French consumer pays for a 100 kilos of sugar more than 65 francs, 36 of which go into the Treasury, in order to promote the production of more sugar, and he pays the Englishman to consume it, in Austria-Hungary export sugar is worth 21 crowns at Trieste and sugar for home-consumption 84 crowns at Prague, in Germany, tax-payers and consumers still pay to have 60 per cent. of their sugar products consumed in England

If Mr. Byng were logical he would also call for bounties on watches, and that just at the moment when the nations who had put bounties on sugar passed a resolution at the Brussels Conference to suppress them

This experiment can be verified It has been completed, burdensome for the people who have had recourse to it, it has promoted such over-production that the goods have been lowered to less than cost price, while home-consumption has been discouraged It has finally placed all the producing nations at the mercy of the one nation which is the consumer

Mr Byng alleges that customs duties develop a spirit of enterprise because they give security

This is Colbert's theory He called protective duties the crutches of industry But a protected industry never spontaneously discards them It pretends that it always needs them and, sheltered from competition, it is more anxious to keep its position than to grow

Protectionist policy in France, in Germany, in Russia, developed a spirit of enterprise—but in what way?—by encouraging a flow of capital into certain protected industries, they then set up competition amongst themselves and destroyed one another Hence crises such as those which have swallowed up in Russia nearly half the thousand million francs invested by the Belgians and the French At the same time it draws off manual labour from its natural employment

to launch it into risky undertakings, and it creates centres of revolutionary socialism and nihilism

IX

TOUCHING UP OLD PROTECTIONIST FORMULAS

Present day Protectionists endeavour to varnish the old formulas without managing to rejuvenate them. *The Author of Drifting* in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for June, 1901, examines the duties for the year 1898 and affirms that £21,800,000 comes in from coffee, dried fruits, foreign spirits, tea, tobacco and wine, and that the excise on beer and spirits brings in £28,300,000. He proposes to do away with the duties on coffee, tea and tobacco and to reduce those on beer and alcohol, and he cries with enthusiasm "What a blessing!" Up to this point all consumers of these articles will agree with him. But what does he propose to substitute in their place? Taxes on manufactured articles. On which ones? Clothes and shoes. Will the expenses of the consumer be increased? he asks, and replies No. They will be compensated by the removal of the duties on tea, tobacco and alcohol. "But trade would improve under 'the shelter of protection' . . . work would become more plentiful, employment would be better and wages would consequently rise. . . the workman would be better off than he has ever 'been before'" (p 793)

But how about the Budget? In 1901, 297,000 pairs of boots and shoes to the value of £938,888 came into the country. What duty ought to be levied on these boots and shoes in order to be productive? A protective duty is not a fiscal one.

Mr McKinley in presenting his Bill made the bold and very true statement that "the object of tariff taxation is not the raising of revenue for the support of revenue, but, on the contrary, the reduction of revenue, and ultimately the extinction of revenue by the exclusion of imports by duties to be raised to a height sufficient for the accomplishment of this end"

A duty on boots and shoes in the United Kingdom would exactly carry out the programme. The case would be the same with gloves, of which 1,618,900 dozen pairs, worth £1,664,000, came in from abroad. And what follows? The effect would be the same in the case of cotton fabrics which are sometimes obtained from French factories because, thanks to protection, the manufacture is crushed by over-production and the goods are sold to Manchester at less than cost price. Would England be doing badly for herself? In 1901 £4,778,000 worth of cotton manufacture came into the country. The export of cotton has been greater than ever during the last three years. The moment England imposes a duty on cotton goods she will make the same

mistake as France did with her wines, her foreign customers will discover that there are other nations who can manufacture equally good cottons quite as cheaply, now that she feels obliged to protect herself

“The Author of Drifting” would certainly succeed in preventing the entrance of manufactured goods, but he would also prevent any of them going out. The only thing he would be bound to achieve is a Budget deficit

X

WAGES UNDER A PROTECTIONIST SYSTEM

The benevolence which Protectionists exhibit towards the working man consists in the obligation imposed on him of giving, according to the amount of the duty, 20, 30, 40, 50 and sometimes even 100 per cent more than is necessary of the product of his labour in order to obtain the articles he is in need of. In protected countries a certain number of quarters of an hour, half-hours and hours of daily toil of all wage-earners are spent in paying off Protectionist taxes, feudal taxes, which are destined not for the remuneration of public service but to guarantee the incomes and profits of private persons, either proprietors or manufacturers

In France, if the seven francs duty on corn was applied to the whole of the 70 million quintals of corn which come into the market, there would be, in addition to the sums reaped by the duty, a supplementary tax of 490 millions of francs paid by the wage-earners, who are the greatest bread-eaters

A duty of 7 francs on corn is 70 per cent of the net price. 100 kilos of bread are equal to 100 kilos of corn. One kilo of bread therefore pays seven centimes, 2 kilos of bread 14 centimes. A loaf of 2 kilos which costs 60 centimes in London costs 85 centimes in Paris

M. des Essars has made a comparison between the retail prices in London and in Paris of 46 articles of grocery*. The total of the French prices came to 109.95, that of the English 89.09. Customs and octroi duties limit the supply of provisions and the merchant including them in his cost price adds on his profit, hence a still greater increase in their selling price. But the fact remains, says M. des Essars, “When an Englishman buys goods to the value of 89 francs 09, a Frenchman pays out 109 francs 95 for the same articles”

Under this *régime* there are two salaries: the nominal salary which is what is seen, but a part of which is withdrawn by the Protectionist system, there remains then the real salary, which is not seen, the narrow limits of which are felt by the housekeeper. Not in protected countries can it be said as in England, “Great purchasing power is the result of the higher earnings of the working classes”

* *Journal de la Société de Statistique de Paris*, November, 1901

XI

FREE TRADE AND FREE LABOUR.

The Protectionist policy has a depressing effect. If England needs to put forth some effort, it is not in the direction of further state-intervention in economic questions, it is in the direction of greater liberty.

It would be an anomaly to use political liberty for the organisation of economic servitude. Free Trade should be followed by Free Labour.

Mr Gannett says "The average gróss manufactured product, per head, in the United States has a value of \$1,900 per annum; the French artisan, under the same definition, produces \$650; the English artisan \$485 and the German \$450."

These figures surprise me, but they can be verified. The policy of "ca' canny" is a danger. Whilst conceding something to those who have denounced the restrictions imposed on the men by some Trade-unions with regard to hours and intensity of work and to the use of machinery, it would nevertheless be a good thing if English workmen could lose some of their superb assurance which has so often prompted John Burns to say: "We have no need to fear foreign competition."

As to the question of supremacy, far from being terrified by the economic progress of other nations, the discerning producer should rejoice in the creation of every new centre of wealth. He will be able to have his share of it, while the division of nothing comes to nothing. The fortune of a commercial man lies in the wealth of his clientèle and England's fortune is that of the whole world.

YVES GUYOT •

• • • A GERMAN VIEW OF THE BRITISH NAVY.*

AT the suggestion of his Majesty the Kaiser, zealous attention is being given at present in Germany to the most recent synopses of the navies of different Powers, which are privately sent round to the municipalities of the large cities to be posted up in their Town Halls. This is a noteworthy matter, for these synopses are very instructive, if regarded not as mere picture-books, but as subjects of study. Now that sea-power spells world-power, the language of the lists is extraordinarily emphatic, they shew an unqualified acceptance of the eternal truth *Si vis pacem para bellum*, and so make directly for the peace of the world. But they are also an unmistakable index of national strength and, when the vessels are built in home-yards, of national economics. No other enterprise unites in itself, as shipbuilding does, all branches of industry, there is no trade, manufacture, art or science upon which it does not draw or in which it does not demand the utmost possible efficiency. The trade of a nation which builds its great vessels, and especially its vessels of war, at home, must be in a condition of the most perfect completeness and productive power, and altogether independent of foreign countries. Moreover, the consciousness of such a mastery itself tends to produce the requisite manning of the ships, the iron body acquires a soul, and full of vigour launches out upon the ancient and eternal highway to all culture and national greatness, commands and enforces respect for the flag whereby her country is known, where she is, there is a portion of her native land.

The truth of this is incontestable, every page of the world's history discloses it. And almost every page of the history of to-day declares also the fact that German shipbuilding has not only achieved the highest excellence, but is now taking the lead in the shipbuilding of the world.

Saxa loquuntur is an old phrase and a true one, to-day it is

* This translation of a pamphlet by Herr Ernst Teja Meyer, entitled "*Los von England*," which has had a great run in Germany, may be useful to English readers as showing the opinion of the Germans of our Fleet,—and of themselves. Herr Meyer is a very well-known writer on Naval subjects.

naves loquuntur, and to all who will listen ships tell an eloquent tale not only of the position in the world of the nation whose flag flies over them, but of the constructive skill of the country and people which can produce so perfect a piece of work, whether it be a floating fortress or a palatial liner proudly gliding over the ocean. German shipping concerns are now the largest in the world, and provide the swiftest, most beautiful, and—as statistics incontrovertibly prove—safest vessels, built, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, in German yards, of German steel, and fitted throughout with German material. Schichau has for five-and-twenty years past constructed torpedo boats for all the Powers of any account except France and England, and has attained the highest speed ever got out of a boat, that is 35·2 knots or 65·2 kilometres in the hour. Thus in German yards orders for other special types of boats and passenger and cargo steamers are continually on the increase, “Made in Germany” has become the trade-mark deliberately preferred in shipbuilding also.

All these things have been true for a long time past, but, alas, they are much more recognised and at all events far more appreciated abroad than in Germany itself. We Germans still possess too little self-consciousness, too little dignity as a nation, we have not enough confidence in ourselves. Most certainly we will and must preserve ourselves from that evil and suicidal overweening national pride, that self-glorification, which is always the beginning of the end—the mark of retrogression and decadence. But we should and we must have a just consciousness of our rank as a World Power which we have won by hard fighting, despite all the foes who surround us, and which we owe entirely to the sound and indestructible heart of our race. We also should give practical proof of that conviction, and act in accordance with our true status in the world, for unless we do this we shall not maintain our position, still less advance as we deserve and as is absolutely necessary for our self-preservation. Our undignified admiration for other nations—one might truly call it a hereditary disease—is in these days stronger than ever, it is but one continual enquiring about other people, an incomprehensibly foolish and often a cowardly deference. Our people have for a thousand years dreamed that the earth was a German heritage, and to-day we dream of the world as a German house. That will never be. But Germans might easily win homes all the world over, and be actively engaged as Germans, without dropping their country or their native language and customs, not only not forgetting the German Eagle but living under its wing and that Flag of the Black-White-and-Red which is always a guarantee of peace. This might be, this must be. The world and all that therein is, all that life has to offer, belong to him who resolutely grips them, but only to him. In this respect there is little trace of the watchword “Full steam ahead.” Yet always has the German fist held fast to that which it has

resolutely gripped, and what it has seized, it has held with equity and success

But now for the first time we are to learn how to do it from another nation, a nation which we are to be made believe is of our own stock, and which is pointed out to us as an example, in its entirety as well as in detail, in its way of doing things as in its modes of thinking about them. And to attain this precious model of the only true national greatness, we are to give up our all,—that which has been German heritage for a thousand years, the very kernel of our national strength, which has always sprung up as if by enchantment out of the ashes of every conflagration, in spite of bloodshed and dissensions, the true deep innermost German nature, our thoughtfulness and sincerity, our effort and aspiration after the ideal, our inextinguishable enthusiasm for the Good, the Beautiful and the True. All these we are to surrender, though they have not retarded our national development, as people would fool us into believing, but have made us what we are.

If we look at the matter in the dry light of history it is not the fault of the German princes that there is any Germany left. They are not its creators, it is the work of the German people alone. And this unexhausted and inexhaustible treasure, not current in the world's coinage, and therefore not conspicuous, but ever of sterling value, we are to hand over and barter for some many-coloured glittering fairy-gold. England, powerful at sea and therefore on land—the land-grabber and therefore the insatiable—England unscrupulous in her ambition and therefore breaking up in an irreparable decay—England is to be the educator of the Germans! Only he who is taken in by the deceptions conjured up by the Protean arts and duplicity of Britain can allow her to be capable of such a task. How great and at the same time how incomprehensible these deceptions can be I propose to prove, in a domain in which I have the reputation of being an expert.

Nowadays the English Navy is always held up before us as a model, and people din into our ears, with the persistence of a fixed idea, their superstitious alarm at the “overwhelming fleet of England, mistress of the seas.” True indeed it is that she is immensely superior in ships, in that respect the “two Powers system” is achieved with marked success. It is absolutely correct, and no mere exaggeration, that the English squadrons could hold their own as regards number and classes of vessels, speed, armament and crews against the allied fleets of any other two naval Powers, even France and Russia—to say nothing of the Triple Alliance, the numerical proportion completely agrees with this. But a cool, unbiassed and critical observer, if he have the nice eye of an expert, sees deeper. At the first glance he will see all sorts of things from which may God preserve our aspiring Navy, which though capable of growth lacks development. We find excellent and powerful vessels, but, for instance, not a single

ship, not even among the newest that have been built or planned, which for tactical value is comparable to the battleships of our "Kaiser" class first-rate vessels which, it is significant to note, are rated so low by the English critics

Leaving the hull and its build and the engines and boilers out of the question for the meantime, it is the German armament and its arrangement which is so superior to that of the larger and needlessly heavy ships of England which range up to 4,000 tons displacement. The German vessels discharge in their broadside as much as 25 per cent more weight of metal than the English, and in fore and aft fighting, nowadays the most powerful and effective method, quite double as much. Among the first-rate vessels of England we find gross errors in construction, which are hushed up. On board her best ships we also discover serious defects in detail, particularly in machinery and boilers, in the armament, its ammunition and working, in the navigation and manning.

When anyone begins to speak about all this, he is cried out at as spiteful or lacking in understanding. Of course it would be quite natural that in the gigantic English Navy more accidents and blunders and mistakes should occur than in another and smaller fleet, but there should be fewer in proportion. But this is not the case. On the contrary, mishaps in the much lauded and admired Royal Navy are frequent out of all proportion. Latterly, many accidents have taken place in this "model fleet," blow after blow, and have given us a deep insight into it, and revealed a state of things which recalls the sorry and deplorable condition of the Spanish Navy at the outbreak of the Cuban War.

* Such defects of construction are revealed in all the English destroyers, even the latest and "best." These much-vaunted and "matchless" boats meet with disasters at sea of the most serious kind, one after another. They are built much too light, so that they work their frames loose and break up, but in spite of their light structure they cannot get up the speed of our stable, deep-sea boat of Schichau's make. They are to be reconstructed. It is obvious that the only result of such rebuilding will be mere tinkering. I quote Mr Halliday, the English naval expert: "Our destroyers show that no reliance is to be placed upon them. No commander dare let them encounter a heavy sea under full steam." This is a crushing indictment for the fame of these English yards that make a speciality of such boats. As a specimen of faulty construction the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*—and there are other such vessels—has proved herself entirely unstable, she is said to roll like a dugout!

The sinking of the *Viper* and the *Cobra* is still within the recollection of everyone. These heaven-sent boats, in mad speculation made inexcusably light, utterly unsuitable in build and unfit for manœuvring, owing to their arrangement of turbines and the necessity of steaming with over-heated boilers, snapped in two in calm weather. Sixty blue-jackets went down with them—England has such a surplus of men for her navy! These boats are destroyers in the true sense of the word, ay, they are a downright criminal swindle. Their stranding led the special Naval Commission to pass a unanimous censure on the British Admiralty. I need hardly add more. Besides, a year ago I prognosticated this deplorable end to the English destroyers and turbine boats, see my much-quoted article, "The Truth about the World's Swiftest Boats." Now they have built submarines, the trials of which, of course, came off so successfully that immediately four more were ordered. They will end like the torpedo boats. And the fact that the English are now taking to the wild notion of submarines clearly indicates how very seriously they have begun to lose their head. With this complete fiasco in torpedo-boat-building it might be best for them to buy a dozen boats "made in Germany." The British Admiralty really do not deserve such good advice.

To enumerate everything would be tedious, and would far exceed the bounds of this sketch. I will just run over the last few months, selecting a few typical cases, in themselves significant.

A short time ago I proved how superficially and untrustworthily trial trips are carried out, that is characteristic of all the bumptious self-glorification of the English. And the firing tests, target practice and manœuvres of this model fleet are executed, on the whole, with similar presumption. The guns on account of insufficient testing are often more dangerous to the men than to the targets. Catastrophes occur every day from defective manufacture of the artillery and projectiles. At the first discharge of the two 10-inch guns in the *Thunderer's* forward turret only small fragments of the projectile were fired, the bottom and lateral parts remaining stuck fast. These two guns are of course of no fighting value, and this means that the *Thunderer* can no longer fire ahead,—the best alignment for engaging. The official account of the affair was that owing to the heavy rolling of the vessel water got into the muzzles of the guns and damped the charges. That's good enough—for smart English brains! But any rational layman is quite able to draw his own conclusions as to the stability of the vessel and its entire class—the same accident having happened on board the *Conqueror*—as well as about the arrangement of their guns and the quality of the powder and shot. Besides these mishaps there is a long sequence of accidents of the same kind, the projectiles bursting prematurely and the bore and breech of the piece being demolished and the gun squad injured. Through these accidents—leaving others out of the question—it is only natural that the indispensable reliance of the gunners on their weapons is completely shaken.

Moreover, as the Navy League has proved, sixteen of the English battleships are still armed with completely obsolete muzzle-loaders, even four of the vessels held in immediate readiness for sea. Twenty-nine of the so-called battleships quoted in the Admiralty list were built previous to 1890, and among these are the *Bellerophon* (1865), *Hercules* and *Monarch* (1868), *Sultan* (1870), and so on. It is true that twelve of these sea ancients were modernised between 1890 and 1895, but no right-minded authority will term them modern on that account, and take them to be perfectly valid as battleships. Enough of this!

Now we may understand the reason of the wholesale orders for guns and shells to Krupp and Ehrhardt. Of course the English, never embarrassed for a lie, say that Armstrong and Woolwich and the rest are so overwhelmed with orders of this sort that they could not deliver them as quickly as the less employed works in Germany, which effusively welcome every order. That is an explanation as naive as it is ridiculous, and clumsily devised to throw dust in the eyes of the uncritical mob in England, who are apt to believe readily whatever

they like to hear. The works in Germany are very much more busy—Krupp's at all events—than, say, Armstrong's or any similar establishment in England. The most important of the world's orders no longer go to her as in the good old times, but to the "less employed" works in Germany. The truth is that English guns and projectiles have given sorry results compared to those turned out by German companies, which supply them first-class, uniform, and—what an Englishman never achieves—up to time, according to contract. Who supplies the steel for English swords and bayonets? Not Sheffield, not Enfield—far-famed centres of the English cutlery trade. No Solingen has to supply it, for the English stuff bends and breaks. The brown powder also has been supplied for years by the *Vereinigten Rheinisch Westfälischen Fabriken*. It is possible that they will now be superseded by the English company in which members of the Chamberlain family are shareholders, that would be desirable in the interests of England's enemies. Apart from the Navy, it is just the same—with the order to Loh and Sons in Berlin for 30,000 saddles for the Yeomanry lately raised—a disgraceful, obsequious breach of neutrality!

At present Great Britain has upwards of twenty-five battleships in service in home waters. If these "effective" vessels are examined in a critical spirit one is more than taken aback. Fifteen of them are obsolete.

I have mentioned their armament above and have yet to speak about their boilers. One of the best of the English Naval officers has uttered a positively despairing cry over the real condition of the English fleet. "One has to look to the Press for a storm of indignation to arise in the nation, then perhaps the imperative remedying of serious faults and flaws will be put in hand." The Admiral who let this warning of alarm escape him knows his countrymen very imperfectly. The Lords in authority scoff at such disclosures, and the Press would suppress them. But, in fact, if something of all this were to percolate into the public mind not a person would give credence to it, the unpatriotic pessimist would be jeered at, and his resignation demanded.

A distinguished British expert says: "In any future naval war that side will win which has the best boilers." There is a great deal of truth in that. But with what sad thoughts must this expert look forward to the fate of his country. Great Britain has been compelled to avoid naval war, and she must do so. She cannot indulge in any hope of carrying it on energetically, for very speedily most of her ships would be put out of action because of defective boilers. While in our own Navy, and generally speaking in every Navy which is reasonably looked after, the boiler question of course receives the most exact attention, recent changes in water-tube boilers are studied incessantly and the merits of the entire system minutely proved by

exhaustive tests, in England they have acted with criminal thoughtlessness and have given exclusive preference to one system, the Belleville, with the results that serious mishaps are constantly occurring and almost all the fleet urgently needs refitting with new boilers. And what other system have they now chosen but that which has proved itself the best? The once-despised but now dreaded and hated motto "Made in Germany" has to come to the rescue again! The contracts are prepared giving the supply to one of our greatest manufacturers.

And English armour plates? In this matter someone must have a very bad conscience, for it is already recommended in a memorial that Krupp's 6-inch plating be supplied. The same is demonstrated with regard to electric hoists, steering apparatus and transmitters. All these are in general use in our marine, as in other fleets, but they are rarely to be found in the English Navy.

Now how do matters stand with regard to naval manœuvres and squadron practice? If I may express my verdict briefly and to the point, exhaustively but comprehensively, I should say that in England they seem to be convinced that this model fleet of theirs has no real need for such petty matters, which are undertaken annually just to prove this over and over again. The manœuvres are reviews, without that real earnestness which alone is of any value. When the squadrons sail round the British coasts nothing happens but a terrible quantity of yells of "Hip," banquetings, regattas and utterly futile sports; and Old England is enraptured, and once more convinced of the matchlessness of her wonderful Navy. Not long ago the manœuvres of the Mediterranean squadron were interrupted and the ships were put about and steamed back to Gibraltar in order that officers and men might not miss a fine regatta. Oh! those officers and men! How very ungentlemanly it is for the English naval officers to jeer at their comrades because they have not yet routed the Boers. They had no right to do so, for no one should censure unless he can do better. But these naval officers if they also went into action would come off not the least bit better but far worse! They would have well-disciplined opponents, and would find on the German or French and Russian vessels which they encountered officers beside whom the majority of them are mere cadets. Commanderships ought to be got by merit and not looked upon as a privilege, or the duties as a mere sport. The calling of a sailor demands constant practical proof of manly qualities, above all the continual subordination of oneself to the interest of the whole Service, together with a deep sense of responsibility. That is what gives true presence of mind and makes a man master both of himself and of the moment, causes him to seize the proper opportunity and utilise it with a wide experience and many-sided knowledge. He who has striven successfully to reach this high but only true conception of his vocation will hold as his own for

life, without wavering, that modest but lofty self-confidence which has always stamped the real seaman, and he will enjoy the implicit trust, the loving but reverent esteem of those whom he guides, he will be the model sailor. But all this must be achieved by hard work and iron self-discipline.

We have reason to be proud that we find this spirit in our Navy. This alone can secure the victory in storm and stress, or amid the thunder and crash of battle. And it is from us that the officers of England's Navy learn very much of it—if not of everything else. Of course in her fleet there may be found earnest and strenuous officers who understand aright their high and noble profession, but these are but a small proportion, not the rule, as with us and as ought to be, but exceptions, and whether or no they are devoid of British bumptiousness may be left undecided. To most officers in the English Navy the service is but a secondary business, a task unfortunately unavoidable, if one wants repute, perhaps, and title. They all suffer from their hereditary complaint, national pride, together with an inordinate self-conceit, an incredibly boorish ignorance, and a scorn of all foreigners. Let the best of them be asked whether he ever imagines himself to be an Admiral-in-Command in action, and whom he considers capable of handling a squadron. I verily believe, if he be an honest man, he will only shrug his shoulders. If one takes Sir John Fisher, Commander Harry Jones, Admiral Rawson and Lord Charles Beresford as leaders, where are the others? Will even these few answer the confidence reposed in them by their nation, and vindicate it when it comes to facts? Up to the present none of them has been in a position to prove it, anyhow or anywhere. And we shall, I believe, best predict the events of the near future if we do not entertain too great hopes in this respect. Many a one has before now been thought a great man in England, but when it came to it he was great only among Englishmen.

And now for the supreme management, the Admiralty! Is it up-to-date? Can it act as becomes its enormous importance? The former First Lord, Mr Goschen, may he also have made mistakes in his gigantic department? He was a very distinguished man to whom England owes much—at all events the numerical strength of her fleet. But his successor, Lord Selborne, son-in-law of the Premier, Lord Salisbury? He is a nobleman—certainly no Chamberlain. He may have the highest capacities and bring the most honest intentions to bear, but a naval expert he is not in the least. To put such a novice into this most responsible Imperial office solely from family reasons appears to me to be wholly unwarranted.*

* And now Sir William White has resigned his post of Constructor-in-Chief to the English Navy. He possesses extraordinary abilities as a draughtsman, whatever is good in design is his. This gentleman, genial and not to be excused, does not suit the England of to-day. He is too modest. He gets pushed aside and in an infamous fashion is dismissed as a scapegoat for the fiasco of the torpedo boats. He had nothing at all to do with it. He is held responsible for the indifferent

We come to the garrisons of the English Navy. What of their manning? Unquestionably the *personnel* is much better for the service than any of the mercenary blackguards in red or in khaki recruited anyhow at a pinch. Among them, as now perhaps only among the small farmers in England, may be found some of the practical type who possess divers good points of the English character. But on the whole the men are a true reflex of their superiors—"Like master, like man." There is no talk of comparison with our men, even from the most lenient critic. They lack above all that deep moral seriousness with which our bluejackets win hearts the world over, that unselfish devotion, that firm, I might say, pious sense of duty. The exactness and method of our Service are absent, and the drill which is so absolutely necessary on board ship. The German drill—ah! Lately an English officer travelling privately very foolishly made game of what he saw of our men drilling ashore. One hears, as it were, the roars of an idiot when he makes sport over the "dancing backwards and forwards" and "the leaping on all-fours." Of course he meant the stealthy creeping of sharpshooters towards the enemy. To criticise unfavourably what one knows nothing about is also thoroughly English. It was this German drill that in the main caused Seymour's cry for help, "Germans to the front," in the Pekin expedition. The call did us honour, but once more it reveals very plainly the ruling principle of the English—not for an instant should we let ourselves be deceived—to turn the German to account as much as possible, and then laugh at him behind his back. "Only a German!" If, moreover, the English believe that any sympathies exist for them in our Navy beyond mere surface expression to order, it is self-deception such as none but an Englishman can indulge in.

I am of opinion that in evil days too much reliance will not be placed on the English marine. The men are discontented, and rightly so. On the one hand they are treated arrogantly and offensively, on the other hand they are neglected. The punishments for misdemeanours are either out of date,—positively horrible and degrading corporal and such like punishments are still in use—or the culprits are allowed to escape; and that for good reasons.

The victualling is still to be dealt with. The indisputable revelations of James Douglas have disclosed a state of matters wholly incredible to us. That such things really happen and are prevalent is thoroughly proved by the startling incidents of the same kind in South Africa. The famous "Whitewash" Commission in London is still concerned—to no purpose—with the effacement of them. In all these

stability of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* mentioned above. This ship was designed in a masterly style by him and had no fault of dimension, but it was botched behind his back in course of building by preposterous constructions outside and in, originated in the Lord Chamberlain's office, making the vessel top-heavy. It is positively true that even Ladies-in-Waiting and Court *chefs* took part in planning her. Truly English! For all that Sir William White will have a lasting place of honour in the annals of ship building.

circumstances it is by no means surprising if the poor devils, hungry and badly treated, often mutiny. The "model fleet" of the English is the only one in the world in which serious mutinies occur, whereby lighter guns and other appurtenances get flung overboard and the officers violently attacked, and bodies of fifty and more men are arrested. On the *Majestic* the entire crew rose because shore leave was refused them and their hour for smoking shortened because of fouling of the deck and general disorder. On the flagship *Barfleur* the bluejackets mutinied because they got nothing out of the Pekin plunder. I refuse to go further.

Now how does England provide for the manning of her gigantic Navy on a war footing? It is not I but English experts who are in positive despair about this, and for over ten years past desperate exertions have been made to be reassured to some extent in this respect, or at least to seem so. If Great Britain wished to mobilise her fleet she would need at least 150,000 men. This number, moreover, is only in connection with the vessels of war, without taking in the immense number of auxiliaries, tenders, transports and so on. These men, moreover, must be trained to some extent, they should at least have some ideas of things aboard ship and of the handling of guns. Where are these crews to come from? If people persuade themselves that a sufficient supply of men for the mobilised fleet is to be found in their enormous mercantile marine, if they can really bring themselves to believe that, it is only another striking proof of English bumptiousness, of incredible *navet * and frivolity. The English merchant seamen will take good care not to be impressed in the event of war. Moreover a very considerable proportion of the sailors in British merchant ships certainly consists, not of Englishmen, but of foreigners—Germans and Scandinavians. In a great naval war which England might have to wage the German navy would certainly be "clear for action", so that all the German sailors in the English merchant service would immediately come away as German reservists and be bound to report themselves either at the German ports where they happened to be or elsewhere at the nearest German Consulate. And the Scandinavians? They are a fine race of men, splendid material for manning, real descendants of the Vikings. But to believe that any considerable number of them will be got in the event of war is again characteristic of English *navet *.

Great Britain has at her disposal over 32 auxiliary cruisers—great mail steamers of four subsidised lines, and steaming from 16½ to 21 knots. The subsidising of them costs £825,000 a year, £500,000 more than the German Imperial subvention. At three ports in England, and at Hong Kong and Sydney, 30 complements of guns, etc., are kept ready for their use. The value of these ships will be illusory enough, the more so since Germany, as everyone knows, can turn out a whole lot of faster steamers. But England relies greatly

on her auxiliary cruisers to bring in prizes, cut off the enemy's supplies, destroy and possibly annex his commerce, just as John Bull did so effectively in the happy old days to France and Holland. This taking of prizes, this privateering, unworthy of our civilisation, is out of date and disgraceful, it is nothing else than licensed common piracy. It would long ago have been put an end to by international convention if the negotiations about it had not been always frustrated by England's opposition, as was the endeavour to get cables declared neutral, and as latterly were the efforts of the Hague Conference. Privateering is very congenial to the English nature. In the main, however, the value of the English volunteer cruisers is very doubtful, even mythical, as they will only be manned with great difficulty. The English Navy has already had to contend with this manning question, hence the infamous system of the press-gang about which we read appalling things even as late as the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The larger England's Navy grows, the more burning this question of *personnel*, and, at present, it is wholly unsolved. Reliable, up-to-date boilers, first-class guns able to compete with any, and such-like apparatus—all these things are to be bought in due time, given understanding and money, but no money will buy fit and trained crews,—unless the great Bacon rose up out of his grave to solve the riddle of *homunculus*. And if he did I doubt very much whether he would make a present of it to this generation of his nation and make it publicly known, whether he would not rather bitterly go back to his grave and take his secret with him.

The English have sought many remedies for this state of things, but what has been done up to the present time will come to nothing. The far-famed and no doubt useful coast-guards are not nearly numerous enough, a possible four thousand men might be got out of them, hardly more. The new Naval Reserve law may perhaps bring 15,000 reservists, but without a doubt it will lessen the numbers of the men enlisting for active service because of the stricter conditions of the pension. The Reserves are to have long service, that is, 22 years. This condition is, I think, incomprehensibly inept and shortsighted, for with such a prospect many a man would decline to enter the navy. All this relates to the seamen alone, what about the stokers and engineers? How to supply the English Navy for war with an adequate number of trained stokers and engineers is a riddle wholly unsolved by those at the head of affairs.

The number of England's naval stations is great in proportion to her colossal navy, the Union Jack waves over almost all the places which command international traffic. In former times far-seeing statesmen hoisted it there unobserved, while other nations, influenced against each other by the peculiar arts of British diplomacy, were tearing one another to pieces. Even in these days England is able to advance in this respect and score successes, thanks to the incredibly short-sighted

or inexcusably weak policy of her opponents—that is to say, of the entire world, for there is no nation, the Yankees themselves not excepted, which is not in spirit opposed to England, and no enlightened State which is not her political opponent. Thus the number of her naval stations, as I have said, is proportionate to the number of her ships, but the condition of most of them also fully answers to the condition of the vessels. One of the best of the English admirals, commander-in-chief on a most important station, lodges a vehement complaint on this point. They are far from being ready for war, their armament is insufficient, it is often defective in the most pressing requirements, and repairs and fortifications are urgently needed. “But however loudly the commanders on almost all the stations cry out for them, nothing is sent because there is nothing to send.”

A naval station ought to provide a secure harbour as a base of operations, or to enable a fleet to hide and to assemble. The vessels should there find fresh stores of coal, ammunition and provisions, and be able to effect repairs in dockyards fitted with all mechanical contrivances and provided with a sufficient supply of reserve parts and so on. But such a harbour must be a thorough shelter, protected as much as possible against the force of wind and sea, as also against a hostile *coup de main*. Therefore, in so far as it is not strengthened already by natural situation, it must be fortified with strong works and with modern armaments. But these obviously necessary conditions are not satisfied at most of the English naval and coaling stations. Either fortifications are entirely lacking, or the guns and gunners, even the garrisons, are altogether insufficient. Do the English propose, in supreme contempt of the most elementary rules of war, to throw garrisons and arms into the threatened stations only on the actual outbreak of war, instead of threatening the enemy from them resolutely and with a vigorous initiative?

The coaling stations have for the most part an adequate supply of fuel for times of peace, but on that point also the English do not forecast the much greater demands of war. Moreover, one is continually hearing complaints of the bad condition and inferior quality of the fuel supplied, so that the proper head of steam and therefore the ships' best speed can be reached only with great difficulty, if at all, and can in no sense be maintained, especially with the boilers described above. There is no doubt that the cause of all these complaints is one in which the name of Chamberlain is somehow mixed up.

Furthermore, complaints are made about reserves of ammunition, necessities for the sick and commissariat, both in quantity and quality. From observations and experiences in South Africa there is little doubt that all these complaints are fully justified. But if all was as it ought to be, even then these most inadequately fortified stations would serve very little purpose. They are but dust in the eyes of the multitude.

who want to be lulled into security Before long the majority of them are sure to fall a prey to the energetic operations of hostile squadrons, and their stores used, taken away or burned.

And how are these stations provided with docks and dockyards? They are like all the other things, they are either scantily provided or not in efficient readiness, and it is strange that the most important stations in the southern hemisphere are totally lacking in these things This is an inexplicable omission, especially on the part of the nation which calls itself seafaring before all others.

To draw a conclusion from these remarks I must say that the Navy of England is just as little prepared for hostilities as the Army, and that it will fail just the same, though it is certainly incomparably better than those hordes which despise everything most needed for the army of a World Power and a civilised state Compared with the disgraced Commander-in-Chief of the English Army, its midshipmen should prove themselves strategic geniuses But the future opponents of the British Navy are such as her ships have never yet encountered, opponents with thoroughly up-to-date vessels, well-armed and ready for war, and with efficiently-trained crews and full reserves behind them.

Incorrigible optimists in England build their hopes on the number and quality of their fleet One may still hear the ridiculous and baseless boast that in fight one Englishman is equal to five Frenchmen A couple of French army corps would suffice to drive the wonderful army of England with all her Indian and Colonial troops to the devil Since Waterloo they have not faced any foe of equal worth, and even then it was high time the Prussians arrived on the scene Meanwhile they have had wars with uncivilised races, and then the Crimea As a matter of fact the French pulled the chestnuts out of that fire, their arms alone secured the victory of the Allies And the British Navy at that period? Never in more modern days has an admiral duped himself so lamentably and disgraced his flag and his nation's maritime fame as did Sir Charles Napier with his mighty fleet in the expedition against the Eastern seaboard of Russia

The history of that campaign is very instructive, it is so thoroughly significant of English naval affairs, even at that time it was the same as to-day. Amid pomp and jubilation "Fighting Charley," the popular name by which he is known for his brutal acts in Portugal and Syria, went to sea The fleet was strong in vessels, but flat-bottomed gunboats for coast fighting had not been thought of They had none, and they began to build them during the war, certainly of a very unsuitable type. The crews, not seamen for the most part, were quite raw, the commanders inexperienced, the number of officers too small, the equipment faulty, guns partly worn out, store of shot and shell not available and the economical use of it therefore stringently enjoined, thus were efficiency and success denied Finally the admiral

declared the Baltic to be a "dirty pool," a filthy puddle, in which a noble Briton, accustomed to the sea, could not sail, and showed himself to be nervous. It is my firm belief that the fame of this Napier to this day keeps many English commanders from falling asleep. Most assuredly "Fighting Charley" has created a "school." Of the many wars which England has since plotted and waged not one has been against an equal foe, and the British Navy has gathered no more experience and been able to pluck no more laurels, even if we include the senseless bombardment of Alexandria. A nation, an army, a navy, that has any self-respect, must not pride itself on the matter-of-course defeats of undisciplined, indifferently-armed and savage or half-savage tribes, even if they are numerous and foolhardy. In these days the English incendiarism in South Africa has tarnished the last remains of England's military glory and branded her name as infamous for all time. It has revealed to the world the shamelessness of the English character and an unscrupulousness which hesitates at nothing. He that has eyes to see let him see, and draw his own conclusion. In this war, commenced with injustice, criminal frivolity and offensive boasting—in every respect thoroughly English—the ten-fold superior forces and immense resources have been found completely wanting as against a civilised enemy—a handful of heroes forsaken by everyone.

And the fleet will be found wanting in the same way. The trust in it is nothing more than indiscriminating and overwhelming self-conceit. There is nothing to be gained from numerical superiority alone. Apart from the number of ships, England's Navy will find a superior enemy in the marine of every Great Power which is abundantly provided with all that gives force at sea. The English will not listen, they deride and despise the plainest lessons and experiences of history. The coming collapse in a war with a Great European Power will at last and for ever demolish the old boast "Britannia rules the waves."

When her Navy has broken down, the first and most important and the natural line of defence, the "silver streak," will be broken through for the first time, never again to be closed or maintained. Then the adversary who has achieved this task will be able to dictate terms of peace in London. The second line of defence, the coast fortifications, cannot offer any serious and lasting resistance, although of late years strenuous attempts have been made to strengthen weak points by means of modern works and armaments, there are numberless points of attack along the English coast which are practically without defence or are fortified only on one side. We find antiquated bastions crammed with monster guns of modern make. We find exceedingly important places such as Chatham well protected on one side, the east, while the west is completely neglected, one might say, forgotten. But in addition to this the water-way lies open up the Thames to the great arsenals and on to London. If as yet this obtains in parts of the most

important stretches of coast, the Channel, it is, on the whole, universal along the other far-stretching coasts with their many bays, river-mouths and harbours, wide and deep and positively inviting disembarkation. Moreover, England has never in any degree made ready for a passive resistance.

• This is how things are on the other side of the Channel—in particular with that Navy which is held up as a model, and in general with the customs and character of that race, plodding, unintelligent, which is put before us as an educational prototype and example. Yes, it can and ought to serve us as a model, a model warning us of what we should not do, what we will not become. In one way and another they want to put upon us a kinship of race and ties of blood and alliance with vast and incalculable but dangerous consequences. My opinion is that the German nation can best prove that it is grown up, of age and free and needs no tutor, by refusing decisively this kinship which is thrust upon it, for there is between us no kinship of peoples, but a mere dynastic connection. The days are gone by when dynastic interests and considerations determined the destinies of nations.

Our nation is like a vessel in the moment of danger, — and just as, when the storm suddenly breaks, the boatswain's whistle shrills throughout the ship and everyone knows to what watch he belongs and what he has to do, so now each one should be at his post and put to his hand and help in his place where and how he feels himself called, so that we may ride out the storm and not drive on the rocks and be wrecked. All that we hold most hallowed is at stake, our national spirit, the German character, German freedom, indeed the political independence of our nation. Like one of our own proud vessels under its own steam, would we ride over the swelling waves of the time, holding a steady course and full steam ahead, with German ends in view, not under the guidance of a treacherous pilot who strands us as soon as he is over the reef and holds on his way jeering at us and, following his own interest, abandons us to the furious sea. We wish to be and to remain what we are: plain, honest, upright Germans. Our fathers have left us the name clean and unsmirched, it is ours to conserve it and not to thwart the life-work of two generations and the achievements of a great period. We want no kinship, no association and no alliance with a race that is hated and despised by all nations, and justly, for it has never known how to keep good faith. Everyone hitherto who has placed confidence in England has been deserted, her derided and deserted partner has always had to pay the price of her alliance and above all the tribute of blood, while she has garnered the fruits of the victory. It is a fact written in blood, just as with the Evil One in the tales of yore, in which one's very being was at stake. The existence of our nation is in jeopardy. Its future is being thoughtlessly played with for an infinitesimal and imaginary advantage.

German we would remain, and we will take no lessons in evil and non-German ways, in falsehood or deceit. Up to the present God has helped us. If we help ourselves then He will help us more. We cling to Him as of yore, not in outward show, with canting English hypocrisy, but with inward and humble submission. We will not, like the nation now held up to us as a model, forsake the Unseen and Eternal God for vain idols and worship the golden calf and give up for it all that has made us great and powerful outwardly, and inwardly opulent and happy—our own German nature.

This brings us to the point. There is but one watchword. "Los von England." From the snowy ridges of the Bavarian Alps this word should roll down like an avalanche over mountain and valley and field until it intermingles with the roar of the ocean. Even though a wild storm should come over us the helping hands are German. In the hour of danger depend upon no man but only upon yourselves. Listen only to the voice within, for false it is what other voices say. Let all futile party quarrels be forgotten and all the little class hatreds, when the greatest things are at stake. Unite, German people, in the war-cry of Germany *Los von England*.

And this time this call of the national voice will indeed be a Divine call, for God demands truth as against falsehood. Against this will of the people no one will dare to stand who will not be crushed. Thus shall we remain faithful to ourselves and truly German, and our victory will be won through the watchword, "Los von England."

HOW THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK.

NO nation has criticised our doings in South Africa more severely—more savagely I might say—than Germany. Now up to a certain point, and as regards a part of these criticisms, I don't think we have any right to complain. For certain things we have deserved the censure of Europe, and we have got in most liberal measure what we deserved*. For our policy of farm-burning—excepting certain special instances, for our slow appreciation of the condition of the refuge camps; for the banishment proclamation, and for some of the harsher sentences passed on the so-called rebels, I for one would not wish German or French writers to spare us. Nations that indulge in the bad habit of going to war for insufficient reasons make themselves rightly enough subject-matter for the world's criticism, and it is an excellent penalty that the lash should fall across their shoulders as regards all harsh and heavy-handed methods that they choose to employ. It is distinctly a good thing that Europe should look on the conduct of any war as the moral concern of everybody, and that she should speak her mind freely in the matter. Such free speech and such watchfulness over the doings of each other may be unpleasant to each of us in turn, but they are certainly wholesome, and they may in the future prove more and more of a deterrent as regards all rushings into war.

* Since this article was written—and I have thought it best not to alter it—thrice-blessed peace has been made, and those who were enemies have taken each other's hands as friends. Few human things, as many of us have felt, could touch the heart more deeply than the picture of the Boers and our men sitting round the same camp-fires, and joining in the same songs. At such a moment one feels very grateful for the generous and conciliatory spirit shewn on both sides, and one wishes to forget and forgive many things in the past. If mistakes have been made, the wise and generous ending of it all goes far to cancel them. Some things there are, that must remain for discussion. The greatest interest not of this Empire only, but of all countries in Europe, is peace—is that none of us should drift lightly into war. Obstacles must be placed in the way of this easy drifting, and we must not rest content until we have thought long and carefully over what the nature of these obstacles should be.

Only such criticism, if it is to do good, must be fair, honest and reasonable. If it is a mere mass of exaggerations, if it is the unprofitable outcome of envy and ill-will, it is not likely to serve any good purpose. It merely provokes contempt for those who have such little regard for fact, and so slight a sense of fairness. The critics must place some rein upon their imagination, they must draw the line somewhere; they must at all events draw it at what Sir Stafford Northcote used to call "whoppers." Now of "whoppers" there has been abundance in certain sections of the continental press. It has been gravely stated that we put women and children in the firing line, that there has been a wholesale ill-treatment of the worst kind as regards women, that our soldiers behaved—well, as the troops of some of the great continental powers behaved in China.

And now let us leave the matter of the "whoppers" and South Africa, and glance back at the war-methods which were pursued by our German critics during their own war of 1870. As I said in a correspondence which took place upon the subject, I believe the general conduct and discipline of the German troops were excellent. The men as a rule were well under the control of their officers, and I believe that unauthorised excesses were very rare. One case of looting for drink [Bavarian cavalry, I think] I myself saw at a solitary farmhouse, when walking with my knapsack and blanket from the Metz battlefields towards the Luxemburg frontier, heading straight, and quite as unconsciously as the French army itself, for the great drama that was to be played out at Sedan. Of course, like all impetuous young Englishmen, I interfered, and I should make most of my readers laugh at my expense, if there were time to tell the story of bewildered French peasants, of the old woman with sword-cuts on her arm, the three minutes' tussle in the farmyard, the sudden collapse of one of the combatants—not alas! owing to the superior prowess of the other combatant, but owing to the fumes of wine that at last had their revenge, the over-hasty retreat of the conqueror to the farmhouse to arrange for securing the evil-doer, the delight and enthusiasm of the French peasants, the awakening of the evil-doer from his stupor, and his gallop off, the appearance on the scene of a corporal with a patrol—mistaken for a new body of evil-doers—the torrent of reproaches poured out in semi-intelligible German, the amazement on the corporal's honest face, explanations, fraternisation and friendship, and finally the report to the half-grim, half-courteous colonel. But I believe this incident to have been exceptional, and remembering what war is and must be, I believe that in most cases and at all events through the greater part of the campaign the men as regards their personal conduct behaved excellently. I shall presently quote some evidence on this point. At the same time war, as it drags on, has a terribly deteriorating influence on those engaged in it; and in the later phases of this war passions were roused, hearts grew sterner

and harder, and in some cases the good and kindly impulses that had prevailed at first seemed to die out and to be lost. But if one can honestly praise the men, there is grave fault that has to be found with those who were responsible for the direction of the war. The German administrative hand is always heavy and hard, above all in matters of war. And at the same time Germany is apt to give way to certain greedy instincts, quite unworthy of the better side of her national character. The pounds and the shillings fill too large a place in her calculations, and she seems to believe that the world has come into existence chiefly in order to yield her some special profit under all circumstances—that neither friend nor foe fulfils his true uses, unless in some form or another he pays his tax to her. Her sins in this war were (I) that she went on the plan—without regarding the moral issues involved—of making war pay for war, and even yield a profit besides. Just as in China she put—as it was stated—a telegraph line and fortifications into the bill, just as she made a series of the most unhappy and disastrous foraging and raiding expeditions into the districts around Peking, and carried back to Berlin the famous astronomical instruments, under the name of Chinese presents, so too in the 1870 war the same determination not to come home with empty pockets spoilt much that was good and admirable, and justly alienated many sympathies from her. Secondly, having a gigantic and arduous undertaking on her hands she tried to do it—so to speak—on the cheap. That is to say, in order to make the business easier, she created a state of terrorism, employing harsher methods than could be justified, or were even useful. On both these points I shall have something to say. Before doing so, in order to save space, let me explain that all the quotations given are from various correspondents of the *Times*, or from Reuter's telegrams, unless a special reference is made to other authorities. I have occasionally used letters in order to show where a new quotation begins, so as to separate it from the preceding quotation.

First as regards the conduct of the soldiers themselves, it is pleasant to quote the favourable evidence given. (A) "Instances of misconduct must inevitably occur, but no one who has accompanied a German army on the march can deny that they cause as little misery as possible to the inhabitants." (B) "To do the victorious soldiers justice, they do not seem to triumph in it. Not a few of them share their food, their drink, their tobacco with their prisoners," whilst they heartily shook hands as the prisoners were sent off in the trains. The same generous silence and forbearance were shown when Metz was evacuated. So too they behaved excellently when they entered Dieppe, and, as another correspondent remarked, behaved well, giving no occasion for reproach as regards their conduct to the women, when they re-occupied Orleans. Another correspondent records their sharing their own food with the villagers on whom they were quartered,

finding that the villagers had "literally parted with their last loaf before their arrival" There is the same evidence as regards the treatment of prisoners (C) "All accounts of persons speaking from their own knowledge concur in representing the Germans as kind on the whole to their prisoners" "They showed more respect for the wounded than the French," said the anti-German waitress at Belfort, speaking, I think, to Mr Capper It is pleasant, as I have said, to record this evidence, just as it is pleasant also to record the graceful acts which were often done by the French—the captured German officers being treated in a hospitable, generous way, and owners of large houses placing the law of French hospitality before everything else, even when entertaining their unsought and undesired guests "The proud and refined courtesy which I have everywhere received in educated families," wrote a Polish surgeon who was made prisoner, "has impressed me not a little" We were also told that the conquerors and conquered often got on well together (D) "As a general rule the French are extremely anxious to please, and the Germans are very easily satisfied," and the correspondent draws a picture of some twenty soldiers billeting themselves without any direction from their officers, choosing their own bedrooms, demanding the key of the cellar, and, after a certain amount of hysterics and confusion on the part of the good landlady, becoming friends with her, carrying water and performing little household services for her The report also on the whole as regards the treatment of the French prisoners in Germany was good It was stated that at Stettin the camp was badly placed in low marshy ground, and the prisoners left very deficient of underclothing, but in most German towns they seem to have been well treated They were quartered on the poorer inhabitants, and freely allowed to go to the market places and buy what they wanted

At the same time it must be stated that, as too often happens in these cases, the page is not wholly white The record on both sides is a mixed one As the war goes on, it grows distinctly worse (E) "Where there was no fighting, a very friendly feeling prevailed, and the Germans showed great consideration and kindness, but where there had been resistance, harshness on one side, sullenness on the other" And something has to be deducted from the French courtesy and hospitality It was apt to degenerate at times into what the Germans called *servilismus*, and one correspondent found that he was better treated and more fairly charged when taken for a German than when known to be an Englishman Moreover in some districts the peasants were so broken in spirit and cowed that they bowed down before each army—their own troops and the German troops—in turn, and may occasionally have treated the individuals who fell into their hands very badly A terror-stricken people is generally cruel No doubt their position was a very bitter one They were often terrorised, requisitioned, and pillaged impartially by both sides, and threatened

by each for helping and giving information to the other. In the same way as regards the Germans, the *Times* Tours correspondent, whilst acknowledging their good conduct in the towns, writes that "in the rural districts it is beyond any doubt that the invaders permit themselves the greatest licence, and not only plunder wherever they go, but often cruelly maltreat the inhabitants." It is not, however, quite clear whether the Tours correspondent had to depend on French reports, which probably were often exaggerated and high-coloured. But there can be little doubt that, as the war went on, there was a marked deterioration of conduct. Mr Capper wrote that the German soldiers in Longwy after its capitulation were, as described by an eye-witness, much the worse for drink, but they were said—by their German apologists, and with that supreme German commiseration that exists for all non-German races—to have been Polacks, to have gone through much hardship, and to have had drink pressed on them by the inhabitants. (E) "Meanwhile," writes a correspondent, "the war becomes more and more cruel and shocking to humanity. The Prussians seem adopting the practise of burning the towns they have occupied and find themselves obliged to evacuate. There have been three cases of this wanton cruelty cited within the last three days." (F) "The officers do what they can, but as the war goes on, it is more difficult to restrain the lawless spirits from looting." (G) "In occupied houses property is respected, but when houses are found empty, the destruction is often quite reckless. War is always barbarous, and the Prussians of to-day are less barbarous than the French of the old Empire. That is all which can be said for them." (H) "We have been obliged to get you wood from the forest, for we have burnt all the pianos and billiard tables," said an officer to a correspondent. Even the *Cologne Gazette* protested against the cutting down of the forests round Nancy by the woodmen who were compelled to do the cutting. (I) "Then they are so capricious. Why is one chateau sacked and another almost respected?" And the *Times* itself, which observed on the whole a neutral attitude—though leaning I should say to the side of Germany—was provoked into saying "The Prussians have carried system even into their plundering." One remark in fairness should be made here. The Germans were not responsible for all the destruction that took place. Sometimes for no apparent reason the destruction was done by the French themselves, and quite as effectually as by the Germans. "Here (Longchamps) no Prussian had set his foot until now, and it is difficult to divine what were the motives which caused the French to inflict such destruction on their own property." (J) "In some cases the reason may have been the wild orders of the French authorities to make and to leave a 'Moscow'."

Things went steadily on the downward plane. "A German gentle-

"man, speaking of some things he had witnessed, declared he could not have believed, had he not seen with his own eyes, that Germans could be so violent, so unscrupulous, so dishonest"—he was referring to the acts of some soldiers. Amongst other harsh things recorded was the treatment of the Mayor of Versailles. He was put in a common prison cell with three of the town council for failing in obedience to orders received to open a grocery store on a given day—"an act of inexplicable harshness and injustice," said the correspondent (K). "The two nations are at this moment displaying their faults to the fullest extent. One grinds down beyond measure, the other reviles unceasingly." Mr Capper discussed pillage with some German officers. "It is true," they said. "There is no doubt about it, but it results inevitably from the demoralisation produced by a state of war. If the war lasts two years longer, you will see that we shall have come pretty much to the state of things that existed during the thirty years' war." (L) "This war has been very pitiful in its character. Some towns have been spared and some have ceased to exist. Even in Versailles under the eyes, as it were, of the King and Crown Prince, many houses were broken into and wrecked." The soldiers were left in the streets without billets, were told to find quarter for themselves, which they did, sometimes destroying wantonly what they found. On the other hand, as another correspondent pointed out, most exact and careful arrangements were made on other occasions—each house having the numbers of the men with their regiments and companies marked up on it, and things being done in good and orderly manner. But, as the war dragged on, tempers grew short and savage. (M) "The Germans think that this war has lasted quite long enough, that France has been beaten and ought to give in, that tenderness towards her is cruelty to Germany." Have we not, by-the-bye, heard an echo of this same sort of truculent language amongst ourselves? (N) "There are generals who want more fighting, soldiers who desire more honours, promotion, plunder, and the pleasure of free living and campaigning." And blacker and blacker grew the German views of the French. "Frenchmen have none of the virtues but all the vices of humanity." "They are incapable of justice or of generosity. They are so frivolous that they cannot be taught." This was the way in which the *Times* summed up the judgment that was finding favour with a part of the German nation. (O) "The mildest of them," (German officers) wrote a correspondent, "would be thought a very hard-hearted person by the British public in its present mood, but the fact is that the Germans regard the French almost as the British public looked on the 'niggers' of India in 1857-8." (P) "'We will make war so terrible,'" said a staff officer to a friend of mine, "'that any nation which hears or sees what we have done here will think twice before it invites us to play the game.'" (Q) At Belfort the French soldiers were "treated by the

"Landwehr with a rude insolence I have never witnessed before," and according to the French account, given by Reuter, permission was refused to old men, women and children to leave during the bombardment. Indeed, as regards the heavy hand, which showed itself in the German dealings with the French, Bismarck himself admitted it. Accusing the French with justice, as I should fear, of certain wrong acts, and skilfully using these acts as a defence of his own policy, he wrote in his circular of January—"If in view of this state of things "we are forced to exercise the rights of war with a severity which we "regret, and which appertains neither to the German national character "nor to our traditions . the responsibility falls," etc. As we know, Bismarck had his own peculiar views how to deal with an enemy. In one of his many candid moments he remarked to V. Beust that when once we get our enemy in our power it is our duty to crush him.

At the same time the treatment of the French wounded seems to have become less good. At Beaugency, as one correspondent reported, some of the wounded lay for some days uncared for. The German Red-Cross men, as it was stated, passed through the town but refused assistance, being occupied in driving away on their own account horses and donkeys taken from the farmers—a small but striking example of the deterioration that follows the plunder system. (R) "The authorities seem at times to forget that Prussia has signed the Geneva Convention. The condition of the wounded near Beaugency is too "horrible to relate and there is no present aid." (S) "The system "of the Prussians, which is admirable as to the conveyance of their "own wounded from the battlefield, breaks down completely as to "those of the enemy who fall into their hands. It does not attempt "to deal with them. The latter are left to be carried away by country "carts, *if there are any*, their wounds are to be dressed by French "surgeons, *if there are any*, they are to be fed by the commune, where "they happen to be, *if there is food*." As generally everything had already been requisitioned for the Germans—"It is generally "impossible for anything to be done." So it happened that some of the French were only saved from starving by the English ambulances. But although the Prussian system as regards their own wounded was in some respects effective enough, it had its rough side at all events in the earlier period of the war—a fact which some German writers would have done well to remember to-day in their effluence of criticism upon our South African doings. Colonel Lyndsay wrote on the 24th October—"It will astonish English surgeons and English "people to learn that with the army now before Paris there is no "provision whatever for the extra care and comfort of the sick and "wounded. No tents, no hospital diet, no blankets, no hospital suits "of clothing. The old blood-stained uniforms are worn in the "hospital." In fact the Germans do not seem to have a true hygienic

instinct There is much science, but science can be of doubtful profit when divorced from everyday common-sense. I was not altogether favourably impressed with the condition of the wounded round Metz. They were well and carefully treated in many respects, but some that I saw were allowed to remain in stables lying on the soiled straw. They would have done far better outside in the purer air with some slight shelter arranged for them.

Now we come to the question of requisitions. In some cases the Germans paid for what they received, but I gather from the evidence that in many cases—I should think in far the larger number—the righteousness of payment did not trouble their minds. War had to support war. I am not raising any question as to the right of an invading army to take when necessary. No army will ever starve when food is to be obtained, but it is the difference between buying when you can buy, and taking without buying. It was against this system of taking that the old Duke of Wellington set his face so strongly.

I think I am right in saying that, generally speaking, requisitions both in kind and money were exacted with an unsparing hand. (T) "The requisition system of the Prussians is, I am sure, a mistake. They could get anything by paying for it, and would not then cause such undying hatred among the French people." (U) "The resistance which results in the loss of a man wounded is one of the most profitable kind to the Germans, for it affords them the excuse of levying a much heavier contribution than if they had been well received." (V) "No one," wrote the *Times*, "will deny that the Germans in these latter stages of the war have grievously abused their right of requisition. A requisition of £160,000 must have fallen upon the little town of Le Mans far more heavily than the burden Paris will have to bear." But, as the *Times* pointed out, this was the lesson learnt from the first Napoleon, and the enormous sums he levied in Italy. In fact the old traditions of French doings were ever present as the evil genius of the Prussians. "Your Napoleon did twice as bad." "We will better the instruction." "What Napoleon did in 1806 that we will do and more," was the thought in many German hearts and the saying on many German lips. One of the grave faults of modern Germany is the high and dry contempt for all indulgence in the good and useful quality of generosity. Shrewd calculation, and the keen sense of the interest of the moment seem to leave no room for any nobler feeling. "The Germans of to-day accept the practices of the French of 1806 and the morality of the first Napoleon as the measure of what is fair in war." Another correspondent told a vividly dramatic story. An officer of rather high rank occupied a well-known chateau. He behaved as if he were out of his senses. He flung the wine brought to him out of the window, smashed mirror and furniture, and then late in the evening summoned the

hostess to his presence "Madam," he said, "you must have wondered "at my behaviour This was the very way in which the people of "your family behaved in the house of my family in the old war, and "I swore as a boy that if ever I set foot in a house of yours, as an "enemy, I would repeat each thing that they did Now, good night "I shall not sleep under your roof"

It is pleasant to record that at all events in some instances the system of taking without payment did not prevail At Chartres there were no requisitions, no pillage, no money exactions, men were lodged but not compulsorily boarded, and good relations existed between soldiers and inhabitants I suppose this happy arrangement was due to the wise feeling of the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg, who was in command But under other generals a very different state of things was reported At Duclair the Prussians were "like a flight of locusts "They lived on the best, paid for nothing, and gave no receipts " (W) "The Prussians have evacuated Orbec, after having fined the "town 40,000 francs, shot four of the inhabitants and carried away the "Mayor and the three municipal councillors prisoners" (X) "The "Prussians entered St Calais to-day, having first thrown in a few "shells They made a requisition of 20,000 francs, and left again in "the evening." General Chanzy protested against this "violence" resorted to "against an innocent population" "Your officers have "extorted money and authorised pillage" (Y) "Gacé has been re- "quisitioned 45,000 francs" (Z) "The Prussians have requisitioned "40,000 francs at Yvetot," in punishment for an ovation given to the Mayor, who was carried off by them as a hostage (AA) "The Prussians "have imposed a contribution of 50,000 francs upon the town of Cau- "debec." (BB) "A Prussian soldier having been ill-treated at "Orleans, a fresh contribution of 600,000 francs has been imposed upon "the town" The Mayor of Orleans declared that the ill-treatment of this German soldier was merely part of an ordinary row connected with a disreputable house; which was the true version must be left as a matter of opinion (CC) "As a shot had cost Orleans 600,000 francs, "nothing was attempted against the security of our troops," wrote the *Staats Anzeiger* "Le Mans, subsequently, on account of civilians "having fired on Prussian soldiers, when the town was already occupied "by them, was subjected to a contribution of 4,000,000 francs" A contribution of 6,000,000 francs was imposed on Rouen, of 250,000 francs on Lillebonne, of 25 francs per inhabitant at Cany, at Eu and Corneilles the amount requisitioned was not stated, 1,000,000 francs was imposed on Dieppe, 23,000 francs on each of the surrounding villages, the total imposed on the Seine Inferieure was 25,000,000, at Pont Audemer at the rate of 50 francs per inhabitant, in addition to a lump sum of 340,000 francs, and 25 francs per head in the neighbouring communes, at Valmont, 25 francs per inhabitant, 418,000 francs were imposed on Bienfaite, 16,000 francs on La Chapelle sur Yonne,

100,000 francs on Gace*, on Fervacques 19,000 francs, and on Augainville 11,000 francs. Amongst "the incidents of the war," reported in the *Times*, it was stated that St Germain-en-Laye had a visit from the Uhlans, who laid on them a requisition for 100,000 francs. The money was to be sent in a few hours to Port Marly under threat of a bombardment. At the end of the time of grace, as only 50,000 francs had been collected, three shells were fired into the town. In the end another 10,000 francs were accepted. On Chantilly a requisition of 15,000 francs was imposed, on the Department of the Oise 12,000,000 francs, reduced later—it was said—to 2,000,000, but this reduction was again denied. On St Quentin a fresh imposition of 2,000,000—as reported, and on Alençon a fresh contribution of 400,000 francs. We must also not forget the case of Paris. On Paris it was proposed to place a fine of £8,000,000 after its capitulation. Whether this fine was exacted I don't know. Mr Capper's experiences give a life-like touch to the whole business. "All day long," wrote Mr Capper, "the German officials at the Chateau (Belfort) were busy "receiving the requisitions from the villages round, which were spread "out in apparently endless piles of gold and five franc pieces." At Villersexel he wrote—"The requisitions in kind, besides those in "money, amount to 200,000 francs." One amusing story is told of a certain crafty-minded town. In this town the inhabitants found a better means of defending themselves against their enemy than by employing Franc-tireurs, or throwing up intrenchments. "The town "council extensively placarded the presence of small-pox amongst the "people and milderpest among the cattle, the church bells were continuously tolled, funerals filled the streets, and the invaders were "said to have passed on their way with a shudder."

As regards all these requisitions, however, there are two or three points to remember. The figures given are not taken from any official list. They are taken from letters of correspondents and from Reuter's telegrams, and telegrams of this kind during war are often sent under difficulty and must always be subject to error. It was moreover stated that petitions were addressed to the German Emperor, who in certain cases it was believed was likely to lower the amount. It was also occasionally stated that they would be deducted from the final fine inflicted on France, but whether any such deduction was made, how far it was nominal or real, how far the milliards were screwed up to the highest point, must be left to each person's judgment. It must at the same time be remembered that in the districts occupied the taxes had already gone to the Germans, and that these requisitions were, generally speaking, in addition to the taxes. The *Times* can hardly be accused of having overstated the case when it wrote of Germany "enforcing its

* As will be noticed, this sum conflicts with the sum mentioned above. In certain cases the fines were heavily increased but no doubt some errors were made in the figures given.

"rights (of war) to the letter," adding on another occasion—"Possibly Count Bismarck does not belong to his own age. His views of war are those of Frederick II, or perhaps those of the old robber Marquises of Brandenburg."

The matter of the milliards does not furnish pleasant reading. We were told that "nothing seemed excessive to the good Berlin people." "The habits of calculation and economy which they (the Prussians) practise in the preparation for war were not forgotten or abandoned at this important moment, and after endless castings up of accounts it was easily arranged that the vanquished should pay for everything." "With a good will and a fertile fancy" the bill could be extended to any length. (DD) "The spirit of Shylock seems to have entered into German chivalry." One German paper, the *Post*, indeed computed, by way of assisting the general financial calculation, that every German had lost 6d a day during the war—a sum that for a nation of 40,000,000 reached truly royal proportions. But there was an act which was blacker than this wringing of the sponge dry—I mean the bombardment of the city of Paris, as distinct from the forts. Its principal effect could only be to kill so many civilians, men, women and children, and to destroy so much private property. It was simply an act of terrorism, an act of punishment for the long continued defence. As a military measure directed against the defending army, it had no purpose or meaning. It drew a remonstrance from the representatives, shut up in Paris, of 15 or 16 States, including Austria-Hungary, Russia, Italy, Denmark, and Switzerland. Bismarck defended it on the very lame plea that Paris sheltered those who were fighting, and he offered to allow any diplomats—no others—to pass out. It was a most inglorious phase of the war. "Their first shells have struck Le Val de Grace, La Pitié, La Charité, Le Panthéon, and La Musée d'Histoire Naturelle," wrote M. Guizot, and half the killed at one time consisted of women and children. It was an utterly stupid act. It had no effect in a military sense, and did not shorten the siege by one hour. One correspondent rightly enough described it as "senseless barbarity," and as "ludicrously ineffective." In the first week it killed 51 persons and wounded 138, in the next three days it killed 29 and wounded 126—"chiefly non-combatants, children, women, sick people and old men."

Now we come to the vexed case of the Franc-tireurs. In this matter I take the truth to be that in a good many cases—but special and isolated cases—the Germans complained quite justly of what was done. It was asserted that the blouse covered the uniform—such as it was—and that the shots fired were of the nature of murder. But these acts of individual treachery, bad and detestable as they were, did not justify the attitude generally assumed towards the Franc-tireurs. The Franc-tireurs formed a large body of men—100,000, as the *Times* Tours correspondent estimated, scattered over France. They com-

prised many elements. They were dressed in endless variety of fantastic uniform. The majority were "brave, honest, patriotic men," but mixed with a certain element of "desperate, unscrupulous, blood-thirsty" adventurers. Remembering what the French temper can be, I have little doubt that bad and horrible things were occasionally done by the peasants or the worst class of *Franc-tireurs*, which awoke the stern temper of the Germans. The German papers had many accounts of such doings, of mutilations, of the cutting off of noses and ears, but we have lately had occasion to acquire a healthy mistrust as regards these highly painted matters. There is a German saying—said to be founded on German experience—"He lies like print," and we have learnt in England that some German papers can be very uncritical providers of the reports which pass through their hands. There was probably fact, there was probably exaggeration, there was probably fable—the proportions would be hard to calculate. "The exasperation awakened by these atrocities," wrote the *Times* Berlin correspondent, "has led to severe reprisals, and occasionally no doubt 'given rise to uncalled-for cruelty.'" "The consequence (of the abuse of their position by the *Franc-tireurs*) is that the Germans burnt the villages that were known or in some cases merely suspected of giving them shelter. Alas! These are no longer isolated cases!"

That sentence, I think, sums up pretty fairly the whole matter. Wrong things were done by some individuals, and advantage of these wrong things was then taken by the Germans to adopt a general system that could not be admired or justified. We saw here what we have seen on other occasions. Germany has a genius for drawing her profit from the misdoings of others. She takes advantage of what has been wrongly done to do something that far exceeds the wrong committed by those to whom she is opposed. It was so with the penalties and requisitions laid on the French towns, it was so the other day with the stupid and pitiless raiding expeditions in China, and it was so with the German treatment of the *Franc-tireurs*. "Almost as much nonsense has been written," said a well-informed correspondent, "in the German papers about the *Franc-tireurs*, as about the *Uhlans* in the French papers. They are not savages, nor assassins, nor anything of the kind. They are 'simply insurgents.' They are loungers from the Paris Boulevards who have put on a semblance of a uniform, and have gone out to see if they could be of use in stopping the advance of the Prussians." "They are not men to commit any common crime." But with them was a desperate class, deserters, fugitives, ready for evil deeds. They usually wore a short tunic, or blouse, and trousers of the same dark material, belt, leather garters and military casquette. Some well-known men were in their ranks, such as Colonel Mocquart, son of the French Emperor's secretary, who was in command of a corps. As we might expect, German formalism was much scandalised at the irregularity of the whole proceeding. No

German objected to be shot by regular soldiers in red breeches, but to be shot by men self-recruited, self-drilled, and with only scraps of fantastic uniform about them, offended deeply the Teutonic sense of what was the proper way of proceeding in the serious matter of war. And yet there was some inconsistency in their position. "The Germans, who claim to be only armed citizens, are disposed to be very severe towards citizens who are duly enlisted." So they drew up certain conditions for the due regulation of the enemy. They required that all who fought should carry papers, their uniform was to be recognisable at gun-shot distance, and inseparable from their person. Of course such conditions could neither be known nor observed in many cases. We were told of old soldiers in the Basses Pyrénées, who for many years had been honest, hard-working, small farmers, actively drilling—their only uniform the kepi with the red band, yet these men would have been shot under the German conditions as mere raiders and pillagers. As happens in this world of conflict the two points of view were different. "The Germans regard Franc-tireurs as assassins, the French esteem them as heroes. The Germans will burn towns wherever they find Franc-tireurs. The French will send them out to shoot and destroy wherever they can," wrote the *Times* correspondent at German headquarters.

Meanwhile the villages were pretty freely burnt. Frederick Harrison mentioned a telegram from Berlin, which spoke of the burning of twenty villages or towns. Near the confluence of the Aube and the Seine the Germans had to retreat before a body of 1,500 Franc-tireurs. "If," said a German letter, "as was reported, the inhabitants of Mar-cilly and other villages were found to have taken part in the attack both places would be burnt down." (EE) "The Prussians declare they will burn Nevois, if the Franc-tireurs continue firing on them." Herr Wickede of the *Cologne Gazette* was very plain spoken in the matter. "The village, whose inhabitants take part in the struggle, is totally destroyed, and the prisoners in arms without uniform and not belonging to regular troops usually suffer death. During the last few months in which these Franc-tireur bands have cropped up many hundreds of houses have been burnt and very many men have been shot." A letter by an artilleryman, which was published in the *Cologne Gazette*, said, after mentioning a massacre of Landwehr and Hussars in their beds (evidently a night surprise) — "A few days ago thirty of these banditti (Garibaldians) were captured. They were first forced to dig their graves, and were then shot and thrown in. Any one of them who falls into our hands immediately receives a bullet. If we meet with Garibaldi no quarter will be given. In consequence of a requisition-company having been surprised at a village in the Vosges by Franc-tireurs and inhabitants we were ordered to set fire to it." As the Germans were burning the village, the Franc-tireurs attacked them, and they were obliged to

retreat The next day the Germans returned and completed their work "Only infants in the cradle were spared All who could carry "even a stick were shot" Whether these letters of the German soldiers are reliable or not is an open question Some part of the German press deny the truth of the "Hun letters" that were written from China, looking on them as wild products of inflammable brains On that point each person must form his own opinion In this case of the French village, a German doctor, I believe, questioned the truth of the whole story But as regards the general treatment of the Franc-tireurs there can be no dispute, I think "It must be owned that the Germans have done all they could to embitter the war Their treatment of the Freeshooters, to whom they show no quarter, has caused immense indignation, because it is well known that in 1813 exactly similar corps were raised in Germany to harass the French troops, and have been lauded and sung as heroes by German historians and poets, but the Frenchmen, who in 1870 in like manner arm for their country's defence are proclaimed bandits and strung up to trees, though many of them are men of a very superior class to the ordinary run of private soldiers, and can hardly have any motive but patriotism "to induce them to take the field." The truth is, as I have said, that the Germans, like all invading armies, had a huge and difficult undertaking on their hands They covered a very wide territory and were surrounded by a hostile population, and they tried to provide for their safety by excessive and unreasonable severity It was not only, in the words of a correspondent, that they "inflicted indiscriminate penalties, confounding the innocent with the guilty," it was not only that they pursued a system of "summary vengeance wreaked upon peasants found guilty of the crime of irregularly defending their country in a neighbouring wood, of towns battered to pieces," but they required of the hands of the unlucky population something more than neutrality Never was an unfortunate population placed in a more miserable position Each combatant required their aid and services, each combatant threatened severe penalties, if this aid and these services were given to the other side On one day an unhappy village was occupied by the French, on the next day by the Germans Each side claimed rights and favours, each side claimed to represent the Government General Manteuffel published an edict in Rouen declaring that all French orders relating to conscription and levy *en masse* were abolished, and all those who obeyed them would be tried by court-martial and punished—"probably a euphemism for being shot" A little later we are told "The King of Prussia's Prefet assumes control at Rouen of the whole department, and 'giving information to the enemy' is an offence punishable with death" Garibaldi's foreigners, it was stated, were to be shot "without mercy or hesitation" As regards the indiscriminate shooting of the ordinary Franc-tireurs, I think no evidence can be more conclusive than that of Colonel Maude, who has always

been an admirer and favourable critic of the German army. He wrote "And in the campaign on the Loire, where the wooded nature of the ground prevented their getting at the enemy they (the German Hussars) successfully manœuvred him out into the open, and there charged and destroyed him." In more than one regimental history may the account of such an action be read *with the ominous words after it*—"no prisoners were taken."

And now I will call my last witness in this matter—Prince Bismarck himself. "The wife of a German professor" found fault with me in the *Daily News* for something that I had written about German methods, but I doubt if she has carefully followed all that Bismarck said about the proper way of conducting the war of 1870. It is quite true that Bismarck was not the German army, but it is also true that his influence must have made itself strongly felt as regards the direction of matters. Busch records many of his violent sayings. Irritated with the alleged treachery of the Franc-tireurs, he says "It will come to this that we will shoot down every male inhabitant." "Every village in which an act of treachery has been committed should be burnt to the ground, and all the male inhabitants hanged." Someone having stated "that a portion of the 1,200 prisoners taken were Franc-tireurs," "Prisoners!" he angrily exclaimed; "Why do they continue to make prisoners? They should have shot down the whole 1,200 one after the other!" When it was reported that Garibaldi and his followers had been taken prisoners he exclaimed "That is really disheartening—to make prisoners of 13,000 Franc-tireurs who are not even Frenchmen. Why have they not been shot?" He gradually grew more and more bloodthirsty. After a little time it was not only Franc-tireurs or Volunteers that were fit for shooting. News came to Versailles of a sortie against La Haye. "Five hundred red breeches were made prisoners. The chief bitterly regretted that further prisoners should be taken, and that it was not possible to shoot them down on the spot"—adding that Paris was disembarrassed of them and that the Germans would have to feed them and find room for them. Later again "If we cannot supply garrisons for every place within our sphere of occupation, we should from time to time send a flying column, wherever they show themselves recalcitrant, and shoot and hang and burn." "There is criminal negligence in not taking them out and shooting them, and it is treason to the country. Our people are all ready to fire at them in the fields but not to shoot them down in cold blood afterwards." "The chief again expressed himself very energetically in favour of the inexorable punishment of villages which had been guilty of treachery." In another place "Little Busch"—the Buschlein of the Chancellor—writes on his own account "Another (soldier) told me how they had recently surprised French soldiers in houses, and that they had given no quarter." Buschlein piously adds "I hope they were Franc-tireurs."

There is one point of view that should not be lost sight of in this matter. The Germans were individually adventurous and fearless in their movements. I think the true story of what constantly happened was that they often went in small parties to requisition supplies, or for other purposes, into districts which they had not occupied, that the Franc-tireurs took advantage of their boldness and fired on them from the buildings, and that then the next day the village was burnt and probably some of the inhabitants shot. Their object was at any cost to establish the sanctity of the German uniform. "It has been often remarked how fearlessly the Germans spread themselves over the country in small bodies" (FF) "A few men go to a town and announce that a large force is coming next day for which rations must be ready." Can it be wondered at that shots were often fired at these adventurous pioneers? So too we have an account of Herr Wickede (*Cologne Gazette* correspondent) who went with five others through a district "not regularly occupied by the German troops." They were surrounded, and but for the protection of the priest would have been shot. There were many instances of this spirit of enterprise, which would have been admirable but for the severity that accompanied it. "Only this morning five Prussian cavalry soldiers went to a chateau within a few hundred yards of the French outposts, breakfasted there and stayed two hours." So also on the day of the entry into Paris a correspondent describes how a young German officer with half a dozen troopers—the first to enter—galloped up to the Arc de Triomphe and through the Champs Elysées, very much as if Paris were Berlin and entirely under his orders. He detaches three of his men for patrol work, and returns to the Place d'Etoile to be presently joined by more men. He coolly asks of the bystanders which is the way to the Palais d'Industrie. And so it was on other occasions. There was plenty of gallant adventure.

And now I do not think I can do better as a conclusion than to summarise two letters which were written by Colonel Hamley to the *Times*, which at that moment shook its head over them. They lean perhaps to the side of severe comment, but I think they give a true and faithful picture of the German heavy hand. He pointed out in the first letter (January 24th) the complete confiscation that had taken place of all rights belonging to the population of the invaded country, as regards property and personal security, the absolute sanctity assumed by the invaders as regards their own persons and property. All movable property was subject to demands of German commanders, to be transported by the horses and labour of the inhabitants to any point directed. The penalty for imperfect compliance was fine. To ensure payment of this fine, there was seizure of the chief inhabitants as hostages. If the village or town defended its property, the penalty was—burning of the village. If any German troops allowed themselves to be surprised in any village—penalty—burning of the village.

For injury to roads, bridges, railways—penalty—devastation of district, and execution of those who took part in the act For wearing a not recognised uniform—penalty—death In the second letter he pointed out that the Germans had an admirable transport which allowed them to draw from the markets of Europe all that was wanted, that the hostility of the peasants was often created by the desert which was created round them—large payments being exacted sometimes with a pretext, sometimes without, that the acts of requisition were carried to such a point, that in the case of the already stripped Lorrainers the underclothing provided for them by a charitable society was requisitioned, that terrorism was employed not only to prevent acts of hostility, but to force from the inhabitants information of what the French troops were doing, that in some cases villages were burnt “which had been the scene of the discomfiture of German troops,” or where French troops, “undertaking offensive operations, had been “harboured,” though without any participation of the villagers They “revenged on harmless villagers the disasters suffered at the hands of “their countrymen,” and they compelled the inhabitants “to treat “their friends as enemies, and their enemies as friends” They made the cardinal mistake that they relied on creating terror, and had created desperation They “have slain mercilessly, yet the more they have “slain, the more the country has swarmed with armed and exasperated “inhabitants” In all war, Colonel Hamley pointed out, there are “three parties concerned”—the two opposed armies and the inhabitants “The theory asserted by the Germans is that the “inhabitants become, by the act of invasion, outlaws, that their business “is to submit their goods and persons to the pleasure of the invaders, “to help them actively by their labours, and to refuse all aid and “shelter to their own defenders” Lastly he pointed out that the wholesale shooting of the Franc-tireurs was checked on one occasion by the threat of the leader to execute in return German prisoners, and that had the number of German prisoners been greater, the war would simply have become on both sides a war of extermination

AUBERON HERBERT

REBEL CATALONIA.

WHEN you hear Castilian and Catalonian speak of each other, and become intimate with the character of these two so contrasted races, you no longer wonder at the unrest and ill-humour of rebel Catalonia. Imagine the practical go-ahead Anglo-Saxon governed by the dreamy and indolent Celt, and while deeming and regarding himself the superior of the two, feeling that the dominant race regards him with arrogant disdain. For Irish and English are not more unlike than Castilian and Catalonian. They clash in every respect, and not the smallest of Catalan grievances is the obligation to speak Spanish at a disadvantage. For, like the Irish, they speak it always with a pronounced accent which offends the Castilian ear, but, unlike the Irish, they do not bring as an atonement eloquence or picturesque fervour. They have no winning qualities in speech or character—these rude Catalonians, they are harsh and discourteous, sharp in money dealings, tight-fisted, resolute in gain, like all commercial races. But they are active, thriving, practical, progressive, and the root of their incendiary disposition is a permanent dissatisfaction at having to knuckle under to a race they hold to be their inferior. Now the very qualities upon which they pride themselves, and blow abroad their praises in resounding vaunt, are repugnant to the haughty Castilian, who sets no value on this thriving, active, practical, national temperament, while the Catalonian's lack of breeding, his coarseness and dreadful dialect fill him with something very like horror. And so the old quarrel of ill-mated races under one flag rages, and as in all quarrels, each is convinced that wrong is on the other's side.

Castile complains of the turbulence and unprovoked aggressiveness of Catalonia, asserts that it exacts too much attention and consideration, and that the entire country is sacrificed to the interest of a noisy province. Then Catalonia contributes nothing to the maintenance of the Kingdom in proportion to its exorbitant demands. The forbear-

ance of Spain is in constant requisition above the Ebro, and to please Catalonia a higher rate of duty than the Spaniards can afford to pay upon indispensable foreign goods is maintained, the profit of which goes exclusively to Catalonia. The *Catalanistas* on their side are much more emphatic in their charges. They accuse the Castilian Government of every known iniquity and ineptitude. If a Catalanian wishes to erect a simple post, anywhere from Tortosa to Rousillon, he must solicit permission from the authorities in Madrid, who can know nothing whatever about the matter. At the end of several months, after repeated and trying applications for reply, he receives word from a minister's secretary that the important question (one not even of local importance perhaps) is being duly considered by the Government. Of course, the Government has never heard of it and never will. At the end of a year the impatient Catalanian ends where he should have begun, and takes the train for Madrid. Here, alas! in order to gain a minister's ear, he must freely open his purse. We never know what to believe of public chatter about ministers in any land, but report in Spain on this delicate ground is specially awful. Travelling through Catalonia and Majorca last summer, I heard the tongues of men wag with consistent ferocity about Señor Sagasta's Ministry, which I might have taken to be a band of conscienceless pirates. 'Tis the price one pays everywhere for power, and the men who win in the running are aware of it, and do not need our pity. Canovas del Castillo was assassinated, and to-day more than one Spaniard will solemnly assure you that the nomination of Señor Sagasta is an irreparable calamity for Spain, from which I infer that it really does not matter what colour of minister governs a country. It is safe for half of the nation to go to the dogs, anyhow, to be misgoverned and pillaged.

But this I do know, that under the present ministry I witnessed astounding irregularities last summer at Barcelona, which led me to conclude that the Catalanistas are not without some show of right on their side, however heartily we may deplore these revolutionary outbreaks beyond the Pyrenees. Of course, revolutions are never nice or comfortable matters, but without revolutions we should never have progressed beyond the morals and manners of the Middle Ages, and we have to remember that the Iberian spirit is that of the 16th century, while the Catalanian is considerably in advance even of the latter end of the 18th century. Few nations have confidence in their politicians, but I can testify that the Catalanians have less reason than others to put their faith in those who govern them. At Barcelona last summer, the ministerial nominee, a Catalanian plutocrat, with hardly four thousand votes, was in the governmental organ credited publicly with twelve, while the Catalanista chief, who had nearly fifteen thousand, was cut down to seven. The Catalanians threatened a revolution, and by some mysterious, inexplicable, underhand process, the ministerial nominee, whom everybody had congratulated on his

election, was wiped out, and the Catalan member triumphantly went off to Madrid to represent his province. It is obvious that political matters in a land where such things can happen unquestioned are in an infirm and unsatisfactory state. But the threatened revolution was, like many another Spanish revolution, a matter of bombastic threats. We went forth to the Plaza de la Constitucion exactly three times to witness it, and all we found was a few pacific-looking males on horse-back and a few curious spectators waiting to see what was going to happen. Nothing of consequence happened, a few deputies hurried into their carriages and drove hastily away from the scene of bloodshed and revolution, with no other thought in the morning than the gross satisfactions of the luncheon table, and in the late afternoon for those of the evening repast and flirtation. The famous *Tio Fresco* of Barcelona raced down the Calle Fernando, followed by a score of lads and roughs with matches and torches vainly endeavouring to set him on fire, a fantastic satire upon the *révolution manquée*. Yet the French and English papers at that moment were representing the streets of the town as running with blood, and we were all in Barcelona pictured pathetically as snatching at hasty meals with scared faces to the boom of artillery. There was not a shot anywhere, and we read the foreign accounts of the town's doings as if we were reading news from China.

But there is nothing like dwelling permanently in an atmosphere of revolution to breed an amused indifference to its consequence. To-day I get a letter from Barcelona, a mere good-humoured comment on the state of siege. "You know more about us than we know ourselves," writes my correspondent. "Happily bread is still sold, and one or two tramways are running in the hands of troops, infantry within and artillery without, but for news we must get papers from Madrid, and for these we pay any sum, beginning at a peseta and running up to a dollar." No other concern. My correspondent has been inured by a residence of a quarter of a century to the troublous and threatening atmosphere of Barcelona, where it may be said the people eat, drink, dance and make love upon an ever-menacing social earthquake.

But it must not be thought that the Catalonians are more unanimous than any other race under the sun. They, too, have what the Irish call their West Britons, and these are not necessarily aristocrats, for I know Catalan aristocrats who detest the Castilian and who would infinitely prefer French or English domination to his. At the time of the war with America it is said that more than one influential house was ready to run up the American flag in welcome to the American Fleet in case of invasion of the port of Barcelona. The Spanish-Catalonians belong chiefly to the leisured classes, who would suppress in ordinary intercourse the unimaginably ugly Catalan dialect and reserve it for purely literary and philological purposes. As a real language, it is so poor and incomplete that in order to revive it the Catalonians are compelled to turn to *Ruscillon* and to all sorts of lost mountain

refuges, to incorporate forgotten antique and peasant words in their revival. Between this contemptuous and unpatriotic party and the advanced party there is room for the moderate Catalanistas who only demand autonomy, or more properly speaking, local government. These are content with Spanish customs and Spanish national decisions—in a word, with Castilian rule, in all general matters pertaining to the joint welfare of Spain, but wish to see Catalonia a separate and self-governing province. Considering the antagonistic differences of the two races, this latter arrangement is wise, sober and essential. Races cannot agree in open hostility any more than dogs, but while civilisation makes for extended boundaries and is opposed to the formation of small States, some such concession must eventually be made to racial animosities if Spain is not to be swallowed up in one of these ever-recurring crises. Besides, Spain is greatly to be blamed in all her contests with Catalonia as well as with her colonies. I once travelled on a big liner bound for South America, where all the passengers were Spaniards, it was long before the war with America, and there was only one word amongst them for Spain—stepmother. An influential Catalan told me that once a Castilian adventurer, to whom a minister was indebted, was stranded in Barcelona and wrote for help to the minister at Madrid. The minister happened to have nothing in the way of patronage or pension to offer him, but gave him permission to erect a lavatory in any part of Barcelona he chose. The Castilian sent plumbers and workmen to operate in front of a Catalan nobleman's palace. "What's this?" cried the marquis. Altercations ensued, and as Don Fulano had the law on his side, he received a pleasant cheque to desist. He then carried his operations in front of another palace with like results, and after various peregrinations of the sort, left Barcelona wealthier even than he entered it. But the proceeding was not of a nature to mend matters.

Whether, however, the Catalonians please you or not, their province offers innumerable attractions to the traveller. And not only in our day, St Paulinus of Nola wrote of Barcelona and Tarragona to Ausonius as long ago as the 4th century.

"Cæsaria est Augusta cui, cui Barcino amœna
Et capite insigni despectans, Tarraco pontum"

Again in the *Ausonii Epistolæ* we hear of the Catalanian oysters as famous. "Tarraco et ostrifero superaddita Barcino ponte." Barcelona is to-day what the old Barcino was, "agreeable"—*amœna*. It is something more, an exceedingly brilliant modern town, with broad boulevards, verdure and plenty of gaiety for those who mistrust the picturesque in a setting of implacable dulness. You must not believe, when you have crossed the high rampart of the Pyrenees, that you are in Spain, though the habits, looks and speech of the people are strange enough for romance. On a warm summer's night all the town

at the frontier comes out delightedly to meet you Your arrival is their daily excitement, and maids and swains flirt outrageously while they inspect you between two langorous glances From Narbonne onwards your ear has been familiarised with the harsh dialect of Catalonia, yet hitherto it has been somewhat softened by French intonation, but at Port Bou it is brutal and barbarous There is nothing so gross to the civilised ear except its sister Mallorquin And yet a philological and literary movement like the Félebriges of Provence exists to inculcate a passion for this hideous dialect It has produced one man of real poetic genius, Verdaguer, the pendant of Mistral, who has written some lovely mystical "canciones," and one long pretentious epic, *Atlantides*, which literary Catalonians assure you is greater than anything Mistral has written I prefer the mystical songs, some of which are quite mediæval in their charm, freshness, quaintness, deft simplicity and delicacy

The coast line may be followed as far as Tortosa at the mouth of the wide and sullen Ebro, or leaving the sea, you may wind through the mountains Of an early summer morning I know nothing to approach the gaiety of Rousillon, with its little fishing villages so brightly coloured, its musically named bays, breaks of foam-touched blue against the blue arch of a radiant heaven, with tall ships and sailing boats in relief between, its clear bold mountain lines shadowed with verdure and blinding with light, its flowing rivulets that gleam like silver in the fresh sunshine, its little hills, with now and then a church spire, a historic monument, a romantic ruin to set the traveller dreaming Forests here and forts there, vineyards beyond, and down below a long stretch of sanded beach or a deep wild valley And what lovely suggestive names onward from Narbonne! Not that you will find anything to match the unrivalled, almost aching charm of St Louis' dead old town, Aigues Mortes, with its salt lagoon and its exquisite walls But there is an indescribable charm in such words as *Elne*, *Argelès*, *Port Vendres* It is only when you cross the dividing rampart and leave the French frontier behind that you part with these romantic names *Port Bou* is your first Catalonian station, pronounced *Port Bow* Who could dream in a port so unmusically named? But by no means unpicturesquely situated, the great mountains are too insistent around and about us, and we are at the bottom of a desperate ravine The train literally cuts its way through huge rocky walls, and up somewhere, as high as the loftiest notion of heaven, a slip of azure spans them From this onward interminable tunnels through mountain passes overhanging the sea, with tantalising brief visions of a strange landscape Accidented shore line and rocky heights, with behind the splendid ramparts of waveringly hued peaks I have seen these Eastern Pyrenees at all times of the year, in all moods of nature They are most glorious in early spring, when the sun is out, full and warm, but the snows are not yet melted Then you will see their

blanched tops and icily veiled shoulders hard and glittering against the rounded white clouds, as soft as a kitten's white breast, beside them, and beneath the snow mantle waves upon waves of indigo shadow, with crevices as inky as night, as profound as fathomless water, and such a glistening sheen of new verdure and such perfumed promise of opening bud and leaf! The strange note of palm and cactus lends an added charm to the scene. The painted houses, first seen then, are by no means so tawdry as they afterwards appear. The morning lights of a summer day are like the morning lights of life—they cast a spell over everything. Later on I passed again when the Spanish pinks were all aglow, and the rills and rivulets gleamed like gold in the deep scintillating rays of sunset. But there were no indigo shadows about the mountains, no snowy hoods upon their arid rocky heights. It was so much less beautiful that I hailed with pleasure the softer shades and lines of sunburnt Rousillon. Autumn is another beautiful moment in strange Catalonia. I entered it once at such a time when the world was flocking to Barcelona for the Columbian Centenary. Never have I seen such an exhibition of rollicking gaiety in my life. The *Rapide* was hailed like a tram by everybody, men waving sticks and umbrellas, and whole families skurrying across sunlit meadows. They sat on the floor, on each other's knees and shoulders, and I am convinced not one paid for his place. The *Guardias Civiles*, mildest of Iberian gentlemen, smilingly beamed upon the general hilarity. The earth revealed a mellow, mirthful beauty, and the dew shone like diamonds upon leaf and flower, upon the radiant herbage. I had no thought to complain when the complaisant company landed me and its densely packed train, like a sardine barrel without an empty spot unoccupied, exactly four hours behind time. Who wanted to travel at a quicker speed when all earth and humanity was in such a state of uproarious felicity? I have visited Barcelona many times since, but I own with sorrow I have never been able to renew that enchanting hour.

Northern Catalonia has its places of note, its churches and queer old towns as well as magnificent mountain scenery. Figueras and shoreward Ampurias, with its Roman antiquities, are worth a visit, and Gerona should certainly not be missed. The city is beautifully situated, the lower town upon the Oñar, the cathedral heights far above, reached by flights of staired streets, well walled and turreted. Of sombre and sullen aspect, with the harsh winds whistling down its tortuous narrow streets, and stone stairs on all sides, zigzagging down to the Mercadal, one accepts it readily as the home of a legendary heroism. That immortal hidalgo, Alvarez, is the only figure we connect with it—who would wish for a finer? We stop in front of the house in the cathedral square in which he lived during the memorable siege, and then go and look at his monument in the chapel of St Narcissus, an insignificant modern work of art, and are glad to remember that

héroism is a thing of all times and of all races. The cathedral, with its splendid stone stairs and lovely cloisters, is of course the ostensible object of our visit to Gerona, and San Pedro and San Feliu are the other sights to see. Charming walks surround the bleak, stern city among the hills and along the water way, and down in the Mercadal you will find here and there an odd Italian note. The little arched streets vaguely recall Padua, and one remembers Florence in looking from the Puente Isabel down on the greenish river with the houses built upon it. After you have seen Gerona, the wise thing is to take at Empalme the coast line which is lovely and gay and diverse. Of course, if you wish to see Breda and the famous Sierra de Montseny, you must choose the inland route, and this will give you an opportunity to see Granollers and break off here for Vich and Ripoll. But it is all mere lazy enjoyment along the coast. Sapphire waters, huge rocks sheltering little villages straggling out of orange groves and gardens, and on the verge of Tiana the delightful valley of Montalegre. Here in the beginning of the 15th century two students, leaving the University of Barcelona, stopped, and were so enchanted with the spot, that one of them cried, "If ever I become pope I'll build a monastery here." Years afterwards a poor monk, Juan de Nea, was summoned to Rome to find his old schoolfellow become Nicholas V. "I have not forgotten," said the pope, "my engagement to build a monastery at Montalegre." And thus was built the Chartreuse on this exquisite spot. Badalona, the ancient Bætulo of the Romans, is also a charming spot, all plain and gardens, with foliaged hills behind and the sea in front, enlivened by white sails poised on the blue like the wings of countless butterflies.

Barcelona is the richest, the finest, the most brilliant town of Spain. It combines two things rarely found together—commerce and beauty. It is superbly situated, and through the break of almost every street you catch a glimpse of the delightful hills that circle it. Contrast it with such busy centres as Manchester or Liverpool, no busier, and you will see what a wonder it has accomplished in remaining thus open, sunny, gracious and gay. It breathes an air of wealth and is not destitute of art. Roman, Goth, Moor passed there, and even now it cannot forget that it was once the Athens of the troubadour. It is associated with great names, too. Isabel the Catholic, Columbus and Charles V., and did not the adorable Quixote himself come here, and his creator, greater than all these? It has much that is pleasant and unique to offer. The Rambla on a fair May morning, when the roses and pinks are abloom, and are stacked in such array as you will see nowhere else, on either side, with an arch of gold-shot purple below where the sea draws a darker line beneath the turquoise of the sparkling heavens. And the Park with its glorious magnolias, its airy splendour, and the Liceo with its luxurious boxes! Barcelona is not a provincial town, it is one of the world's capitals, the capital of ambitious, turbulent, enterprising, intelligent Catalonia. When we

have seen it, purse-proud, wealthy, prosperous and flaunting, we understand its dissatisfaction with its inferior position towards smaller, less brilliant, poorer and second-rate Madrid. We understand, too, its secret wish to dominate as sovereign and mistress all Rousillon, Majorca and Valencia, wherever the Catalan family of dialects is spoken. For this is the ambition of the *Catalanistas*.

Near Barcelona is one of the earth's wonders—Montserrat. Pity it is that Catalonian energy has not devised some means of tolerable existence in that unique spot, whereby travellers may enjoy the marvellous scenery without the seemingly indispensable disadvantages of dirt and discomfort. The monks have built huge hideous barracks called *hospederías*. They give beds, linen, rudely furnished cells, for which you pay according to piety or purse, not less than a peseta a night. The hotel where you may feed, unless you bring up provisions from Barcelona and choose to use the kitchen attached to your cell, is dear and the table wretched. No need to insist on the discomforts. The wealthy Catalonians who have visited Montserrat once will tell you that they are waiting for the day when the monastery will belong to some civilised power like France or England to revisit it. If only these *hospederías* could be knocked down and comfortable cottages, lodging-houses and a few modest and inexpensive inns replace them, who would not linger for months at Montserrat? But alas! in spite of the stupendously beautiful scenery, when the three days of your permitted stay have ended, you ask nothing better than to take the train back to Barcelona and civilisation, and the first thing you do is to plunge into a bath to cleanse your unhappy person of the odours of sanctity pertaining to Montserrat. But these are small things to dwell upon when, from the moment you leave the village of Monistrol, you dwell in the heart of inexhaustible surprises. Your upward path by cog-wheel railway on a circling swing round the extraordinary stone mountain is a panoramic unfolding of towns, villages, plains, valleys, bridges, the sweeping curves of the yellow Llobregat which roll in and out of view with an infinity of charm and effect. If you are pious, you will visit the ugly church with its costly marbles and gilt, and mount the stairs to inspect with awe and faith (kissing her mantle) the image of the Mother of Christ, a middle-aged, coarse-featured, black face, wrought like so many others by St. Luke and supposed to be brought to Spain by St. Peter. If you listen to the Spaniards, ever the worst of guides, you will be induced to waste time and strength in visiting the Grotto of Collbato, and your perfidious muleteer will guide you to a far-off village along a sun-baked road that he may eat there at noon, instead of skirting the shorter escarped path to the Cave. The road from the village is the vilest and most perilous I have ever travelled. The sunrays were flamed fire, the dreadful zigzagging path just a scarce visible thread of dust up an almost vertical rock, without shade of tree or bush. I have had the good fortune to see Montserrat

once in a fog, and nothing could be more unimaginably beautiful. When the morning sun began to melt the fog, the grey peaks were touched with rose as they emerged from their delicate white veil, looking like ethereal isles. Then the veil slowly sank into the cups of the valleys and became a mere sun-shot mist, and the sun travelled brilliantly down the slopes of the mountains and pierced into the shadows of the crevices. It was accomplished with such swiftness and surety, that it was almost like assisting at a miracle to watch it. Soon big dabs of violet shade were cast in and about the glowing green of foliage and flowered heath, and the threads of water glistened like the facets of jewels in the increasing radiance of light. Another lovely effect I remember was a summer rain along the exquisite road to Santa Cecilia. At intervals a dense shower would wipe out the landscape and leave nothing for the eye but a wall of grey vapour. Then with the rapidity of magic the sun would sweep away this wall, and behold the earth lovelier, clearer, more joyous than before. As soon as the shower began, we had to shelter under a wall of rock, with open umbrellas held in front as a kind of tent, and then when the rain rolled off, start on refreshed and enchanted. We were like the young scholars at Montalegre in the 15th century, only instead of a monastery, we wanted to stay and build merely a comfortable cottage at Santa Cecilia, overlooking Monistrol and the long green and flowered valley of the Llobregat, gratefully contemplating sweeps of gorge and plain, perfumed slopes, and little white and yellow towns between the curves of river bends and olive glades. The most famous point is, however, San Geronimo, which is poised on the utmost peak above the wooded slopes of Montserrat's fairest flank. The view is the most magnificent I have ever seen. Towns and villages sink into insignificance when the eye embraces the whole Pyrenean range, the mountains of Navarre, the vast blue sheet of earth's Middle Sea, and against the dazzling heaven a bank of cloud which is the Balearic group of islands. Such a vision of earth's grandeur, such immensity in detail of mountain, sea, and plain make an unforgettable picture. Man dwindles to the proportion of an ant, and only the gods here could hold social intercourse. As for the mountain, prodigious, ineffaceable, who can describe the strangeness of its aspect?

The broad high road of Tarragona offers a picture of an enchanting glow of colour and diversity of charm. You turn from the deep and dappled shadows of the pine-woods to the little scented hillsides, so airy with their exquisite clearness of form, down past the glades that fill the blue hollows with the delicate brightness of their foliage, to the pulsing indigo of the Mediterranean, gay with the white and brown sails of the feluccas, the red sashes of the boatmen, and the painted barques rocking rhythmically. Rounding the battlements and crags of that noble mediæval memory, the castled heights of Altafulla, we tread an aromatic heath and the plain rolls away, a bloom of vine-mist

in the purple and amber of the famous Priorata vineyards. Here and there a fortress to tone the blaze of the sunlit hills, aflame at the heart as if the eternal light had burnt the soil a deep red, and Tarragona massed against the forward horizon, a legend still despite its squalor, its ugliness, its decay. Carthaginian, Roman, Moor and Goth have helped to build up the legend. Prehistoric walls, in rude contrast with the finish and elegance of the Roman Aqueduct on its tier of arches that span the wide valley, the ruined fort and ramparts of San Fernando, and the long bridge of Las Ferreras upon an immense line of double tiers of arches. Tarragona cannot be described as an engaging town. In olden days it was the superior of Barcelona, but there is to-day no other evidence of this than that of its great cathedral. Romans and Goths favoured it, for remains of which races now it is one of the most interesting though ugliest of Spanish cities. Augustus wintered here, hence its pride, but when the Moors came they made a ruin of it and went to dwell in fair and flowery Valencia. The city manages to feed its vanity by claiming Pontius Pilate as a citizen. For a southern town I found it inconceivably smutty. I cannot tell why it suggested to me coal and dust, but when there was not dust in the air there was decidedly coal. The tortuous streets of the lower town are only clean when in their opening they reveal a little fringe of clean sea, and as I sat on the light brown pier that runs out from the mouth of the Francoli, the town, racing upwards along the horizon, looked a tomb of dead splendour massed against the hot stillness of the blue beneath the flail of sunfire. The opposite pier under the fort of Milagro looked sleepier still, with all the boatmen and sailors lying asleep beneath the rim of their boats, or flat, head downward upon the unshaded stones. Laneways and dark steep steps lead from the dusty plateau to the upper town, the Rambla is bright if you forget Barcelona, and plazas laid out without grace or charm are on one side an intolerable glitter of sunlit wall and discoloured foliage, on the other dense patches of shadow in the aching light. Here you have as consolation the glorious cathedral, and outside, when the sun has set, an unshadowed walk in perfumed wilds is pleasant enough. A long street makes a prettily devious line to the market place, with quaint shops and queer projecting balconies, and the square caps and blankets of the men are in grotesque contrast with the outline of leathered leg and jaunty jacket. Round by the *Paseo* of Santa Clara, where the wealth of Tarragona is congregated, a charming walk high above the sea wall, with delightful gardens, is the one picturesque bit by daylight. In the breathing stillness of night Tarragona, like every other southern town, takes on an alien beauty. To wander there among the vague streets of the lower town, with mysterious glimpses of discoloured sea revealed beneath the paler obscurity of the starlit sky, or in a white moonlight sending silver ridges of dancing moonbeams across to the dim skyline, or to see it in the alluring hour of dawn, when it wears a clarity, a remote-

ness, a sweet clear coldness, is to credit it with attractions it does not possess.

Better than the town are the fragrant hills as you leave it, and the constant blitheness of the sea road. Here the silver stroke of olive against a red fold of earth, there the brown sail of a chalupa between two blues, little fishing villages between high gardens and broken beaches, and a loose terrace here and there roofing the water. But after Hospitalet the loveliness of scenery leaves us, and we are in arid Spain. You may see a pinewood and a broad bar of silver water along a craggy torrent bed, and soon the marshes and the lagoons of the Ebro show themselves. The half Provençal brightness of Catalonia lies behind. Gloomy Amposta, a quaint, dirty, walled little town, two miles away from the station, is not acquainted with the traveller's presence—so I gather from the astounding sensation created by mine. I got out of the diligence on the market place, the usual confident airy traveller come to see what there was to be seen. Three hours later the same diligence picked me up a limp mass of indignation, revolt and surprise. What I saw I do not know, I can only remember what I felt. The whole market place left its business, its stalls, to stare at me. Presently all the shops of all the streets emptied themselves to form the procession that escorted me along my miserable way. At first I could not believe my eyes, then I doubted my ears, then I began to fear I had suddenly gone mad and imagined myself pursued and persecuted by several hundreds of persons. I stopped at the top of a street and gazed back in questioning terror. All the several hundred persons stood too and quietly gazed at me. I said to the nearest *Que hay?* and they all shouted *Que hay?* and burst out into wild shrieks of laughter. I went on, blazing scarlet, while the whole town escorted me in silence, dozens walking abreast of me, dozens in front of me, backwards, hundreds behind me. I tried to look as if I were examining the Roman Tower, in deadly consciousness all the time that while I was examining it, the town was examining me. I ventured to open my lips again, and asked another spectator if it were Spanish courtesy to molest a stranger in such an extraordinary fashion. My barbarous Spanish was imitated with another general burst of hilarity, and children danced round me like demons. There were no means on earth of getting away from this walled and moated little town for three mortal hours, no hotel, no police protection, nothing, and all the town was evidently assisting at a most interesting spectacle, to judge from the singular intensity of the universal gaze fixed on my unfortunate self. It was only after two hours of torture, during which I pretended to inspect the sights of Amposta, that on passing a grocer's shop, a woman in the doorway, the only one who had remained at home, dear excellent creature, came out upon the pavement and thundered vociferously against her fellow citizens. She called them *Canalla*, cowards, fiends and villains with delightful volu-

bility, and I most heartily agreed with her and accepted her offer to sit in her shop and rest

If you would preserve a mournful and impressive picture of an old sombre town, typically Spanish and mediæval, built high above a wide and sullen river, content yourself with the view of Tortosa upon the Ebro from the window of the train that brings you up from Valencia. On closer acquaintance the romantic charm evaporates. Here we part with all the qualities of the Catalanian, the town is one of the dirtiest of Spain, commercial instinct seems dead, and there is none of the redeeming grace and gaiety of Valencia. A proud and boorish race, who claim to stand alone, saying, "Catalonia and Valencia dwell on either side of Tortosa." Yet geographically it is the limit of Catalonia, though the wild dream of the Catalanistas is to extend this limit to the other side of Valencia. The lagoons and vast swamps of the Ebro make Tortosa a place to hasten away from, even if there were such a thing as a decent hotel and attractive sights to see. Walled and turretted, above the noblest of Spanish rivers, it has but the splendid view from the ruined castle upon its heights, perched above a world of water with islets of rush and reed and long osier trunks, and to leave it by the little river steamer of a late summer afternoon for the Puerta de los Alfaques is ample compensation for vile hotel accommodation. A sun setting in troubled violet and dull gold, with a brazen heat in the heart of it, lurid rays racing among the intense shadows of the reeded water, Tortosa above plunged back in all its mysterious grace of martial legend and *romancero*, town of cloak and sword, the fine old cathedral with its battlemented walls visible, and the soldiers above it in the ruined fort mere toys in the aerial space half-blotted in the stealing crepuscular dusk. And when in front shows beyond the river's mouth the immense sheet of sea, foam streaking the indigo slabs as they heave towards us, light fainting delicately out of the heavens as the stars shoot into their gathering dimness, and all the landscape softly running into grey, while shoreward still both spear and leaf are visible, and above the monotonous plashing of the wheel the muffled sound of voices reaches us from the meadowy banks where strollers linger to watch us along our way, and the air is blithe and lovely after the torrid hours, when breathing in southern lands by river-shore is a delight, you thank your stars for having come to this forgotten edge of the rebel province.

But go no further. Instantly take the steamer back, and reach Réus by the steam tram from Salou. Not that Réus is worth a glance, but anything is better than being lured down to San Carlos de la Rapitá as I was for the sake of a charming name. A town so named should have something to show, but it is worse than an ordinary deception, for there is not even a street or an inn. Huts with netting for doors, lanes a nightmare of filth of every kind, slimy mud everywhere, thanks to the rice fields, which I had dreamed of as picturesque and found

dull stretches of banked ponds, scarce a tree and never a flower. Nothing but olives and squares of stirless water, whose perilous banks you skirt, without a feature, a hue or sound to break the monotony. After it you are even ready to welcome the push, the vulgarity, the pretentiousness of noisy commercial Réus. Fortuny, the Catalan painter, was born and buried here, and the rest is a tale of wool, leather, wine and brandy. But you can sleep in a clean and comfortable bed, and you can drink inferior champagnes, or you may take the train for Esplugas and visit the monastery of La Poblet. If you have heard much about this great Chartreuse, you will be disappointed in it, and the Benedictine Abbey of Ripoll on the other side of Catalonia is far worthier a visit than La Poblet. The landscape is not distinguished by any particular note, but the people are kindly and sympathetic, a delightful change from the boors of Amposta and Tortosa, and cleanliness here prevails.

Catalonian scenery is much more diverse and beautiful in the north. Who would miss seeing such a strange sight as the salt mountain of Cardona? Where else will you match these coloured pinnacles shooting up from a marble quarry, gemmed when the sunlight plays upon them, till a hundred hues are struck from them as from a mountain of pounded jewels, a hill for a fairy tale! Now white like marble, now transparent like crystal, and underneath white caves which in torchlight flash all the gem-like splendours of the upper earth in sunlight—red, blue, violet, green and amber—a rainbow made solid and stable. It is to be deplored that this hardy, progressive, and independent race should be ever thwarted in its development by a slower and less ambitious people who are willing to profit by its prosperity, while resenting it. The Catalans have reason to be discontented, and Castile shows herself here again inept and obstinate.

HANNAH LYNCH

THE AMERICAN SHIPPING TRUST.

IN the Press of the world, columns without number have been filled with articles on the American Shipping Trust, but so far the information given to the public has been very barren of facts and very contradictory as to substance. American papers have satisfied their readers that the object of the Trust would be to stimulate American exports, especially those produced by that huge Morgan enterprise, the United States Steel Corporation, to which the Shipping Trust would be subservient. Thus the American reader has been made happy, but the German papers have become commensurately alarmed that the German export trade to the United States is in danger, and that German works will be swamped out of existence by cheap American iron and steel. But statements have been made, quoting the authority of Mr Ballin, the able managing director of the Hamburg-American Line and the intellectual head of German shipping, that American railway companies, which send trains crammed full with American produce eastward to the sea, and see them return empty for lack of European goods, wished to freight these trains with European produce and therefore desired to stimulate European imports. Consequently the German newspaper reader is also happy, and he too is blessing Mr J P Morgan. Some British papers have reassured our alarmed shipping interest, and have proved that the object of the Combination will be to keep freights at a remunerative level, and to prevent ruinous competition. By these papers Mr Morgan has been depicted to us as the benefactor of British shipping. Other British papers have told us that the Trust will work solely in the interest of the Morgan railways, the Steel Trust and other enterprises, and that it will ensure low freights, to the delight of our commercial community. A part of the British Press has proclaimed that the British food supply would be threatened in war time if American corn were sent over to us in American ships. The American Press replies that in war time Great Britain's food would be safer in

American bottoms than in British. American papers report that Mr Ballin from sheer patriotism has refused the royal salary of two million dollars offered to him by Mr. Morgan, together with the managership of the Trust. German papers reply that such an offer has never been made. British pessimists see the whole British mercantile marine bought up by the United States, and Great Britain reduced to helpless impotence. British optimists declare that Mr Morgan has secured only eight per cent of the British tonnage and one shipyard—a mere fleabite for Great Britain. Whilst discussion is thus raging, shallow public curiosity gets satisfied, if not tired, by the conflicting news it is daily offered on the subject of the Shipping Trust, and an impenetrable cloud of wild and contradictory surmises, speculations, opinions, views, and irrelevant news envelops the promoters of the Trust with the desired obscurity and the awe of mystery. Thus it happens that some most interesting and most important points remain quite untouched by public discussion and sink into obscurity, if not into oblivion.

So far most writers on the American Shipping Trust have lost themselves in speculation and conjecture as to what the Shipping Trust is going to do, and have mapped out startling programmes for its future performance, for the benefit of Mr Morgan. But as yet no competent writer has looked closely into the business side of the scheme nor investigated whether it is commercially sound and will pay its way or whether it will go to ignominious ruin.

Napoleons of finance can command the abject obedience of the multitude which is required for the execution of their huge schemes only by over-exciting the imagination of the masses and by creating for themselves the nimbus of financial infallibility and omnipotence. And when they have once secured the blind obedience of the crowd they carry also with them the thinking business men who wish to be "in the swim," and who are too experienced to try vainly to go against the irresistible current of a powerful popular movement. From that mad genius John Law down to our own Whitaker Wright, such has been the *modus operandi* of the Napoleons of finance. Through the foolish they have ruled the wise. They have mesmerised their followers into the hallucination that they command success. Consequently they have been blindly trusted and followed by crowds of dupes, as the rats followed the pied piper. John Law was followed by everyone from the Regent and his councillors downwards, and Whitaker Wright by everyone from Lord Dufferin downwards. But Napoleons of finance are apt to get intoxicated by their successes, and to talk themselves into a belief in their financial omnipotence. They tempt Fate again and again, each time with greater audacity—and usually find their financial Waterloo. Might not Mr J. P. Morgan provoke a similar fate? Might not the failure of one of his colossal schemes bring about the downfall of all the rest, and with it the

greatest financial crash the world has ever seen? May it not be that in spite of Mr Morgan's largely-advertised royal gifts and more than royal art purchases, his financial position is not so unassailable as it is supposed to be? Mr Morgan's bewildering leviathan schemes, following each other in breathless haste, and his dazzling gifts and purchases bring to mind the ways of that unlucky amateur would-be Napoleon of finance of our own, Mr E. Terah Hooley. Supposing the Shipping Trust to miscarry, owing to a counter combination, perhaps assisted by the British and Colonial Governments, being organised to fight it, what would be the consequences? We have seen the once all-powerful ancient banking house of the Barings struck down by a bolt from the blue when it seemed at the summit of its power. Might not a similar event close the wonderful career of Mr Morgan?

Apart from these possibilities, think of those numerous immense enterprises all controlled by one man, remember that that one man rules those mammoth concerns merely by his powerful personality, remember that he is a mortal man sixty-five years old, and then contemplate what might happen to the unwieldy combines which he controls if he should die, when the keystone might be taken out of the immense over-weighted arch, when the carefully-balanced community of interests might be disturbed by the removal of the pivot, and when the disciplined and carefully-harmonised forces might clash and be no more restrainable by a master's hand. Besides, will the prosperity of the United States continue in ever-increasing leaps and bounds as during the last few years, or will the crash and consequent depression which usually follow a great industrial and financial boom come, and how will those huge combinations with their enormous capital weather adversity? Harmonious co-operation is easy enough in good times, but in bad times it is difficult, and then past sins and extravagances are apt to be punished.

Whether the American Shipping Trust will be a success or whether it will be a failure, and what, in the event of its being a failure, the consequences to the Morgan enterprises, to the American stock markets, to the markets of the world, to the American public, to American politics, will be, is incalculable. So much is sure, the Shipping Trust with its unparalleled audacity and boundless ambitions is pregnant with highly dramatic possibilities and is highly vulnerable. Therefore, if the British and Canadian Governments are going to strike at the Shipping Trust, let them strike at once and let them strike hard.

The facts of the case are not merely that an American Corporation has acquired eight per cent of British tonnage, as the *Times* and our official apologists have assured us, but that America has scooped off the ocean the very cream of our merchant fleet. Out of the sixty ships above 8,000 tons nominally possessed by Great Britain, thirty-

seven are already in the American Combine, and of the remaining twenty-three, seven belonging to the Cunard Line may or may not go over, leaving so far only sixteen out of our sixty best ships in British hands. The best and most valuable of our fast passenger steamers and of our large cargo boats which allow of the most economic working have become American, though, for reasons which are not quite clear, they will at present be allowed to sail under the British flag. That the remaining ninety-two per cent of inferior ships, remaining in British hands, will not easily be able to compete for the Atlantic trade with the eight per cent lost to America is clear, and it seems that America has conquered the Atlantic trade by a stroke of colossal boldness. But let it not be thought that Great Britain, while still in possession of the ships now acquired by the Morgan group and of the shipyard of Harland and Wolff, has been the leading nation at sea during the last few years. A glance at Whitaker's Almanack for 1902 will dispel that illusion, for it appears that then the largest existing lines were

The Hamburg-American Line, with 668,000 tons
 Norddeutscher-Lloyd, with 556,000 tons
 Elder, Dempster and Co, with 386,000 tons

Again when we look at the fastest ocean-going ships and their builders, we find that neither had Great Britain the fastest ships, nor had Harland and Wolff built them, but that, on the contrary, Germany and German yards have of late been leading. Whether the application of science, of superior organisation, or of intelligent State assistance in Germany is responsible for these results is an open question. Probably each of these factors has had its share, and perhaps the most important of them has been the intelligent and powerful assistance of the State. In speed the fast ocean-going ships range as follows —

<i>SS</i>	<i>Owners</i>	<i>Knots</i>	<i>Builders.</i>
Deutschland	Hamburg-American Line	23½	Vulcan, Stettin
Kaiser Wilhelm II	Norddeutscher-Lloyd	23¼	" "
Kronprinz Wilhelm	"	23	" "
Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse	"	22½	" "
Kaiser Friedrich	Hamburg-American Line	22	Schichau
Campania	Cunard Line	22	Fairfield
Lucania	" "	22	"
Oceanic	White Star Line	21	Harland & Wolff
St Louis	American Line	21	Cramp & Sons
St Paul	" "	21	" "

How the maritime position of Great Britain appears to a competent outsider may be seen from the report of Dr Ernst Halle, Special Commissioner of the German Imperial Admiralty, who recently com-

pleted a careful inspection of the shipyards of Germany, Great Britain, France, Belgium, and the United States —

The ship works of the United States are incomparably equipped for thorough, rapid, economical production, due primarily to the splendid transportation arrangements in the yard areas, and the employment of the most improved type of crane and of pneumatic tools. With the enormous expansion of the industry at every important lake and ocean point, the time is not far distant when America will join Germany in occupying in relation to the world's vessel supply the position of supremacy so long held by England.

Dr Ernst Halle stands by no means alone among shipping experts in the opinion he expresses.

A certain consolation for Great Britain lies in the fact that America acquired our best shipping at enormously inflated prices, and the question suggests itself: If American financiers wanted to capture the Atlantic trade, why did they not choose a more economical way, and have new ships built at half the cost per ton at which they acquired the existing lines? Why did they not force the price of the British Lines down at comparatively small expense by taking to rate-cutting? The fact that British tonnage was bought at fully double its value is, on the face of it, unsound business, and there lies the extreme danger to the Trust. The feverish hurry of the Americans to acquire ships regardless of cost, when they might have been bought and built gradually at reasonable prices, without creating a panic in shipping circles and without provoking this country and Canada into a Government-assisted fight for the Atlantic trade, is only explicable in two ways. Either the Morgan clique has made a gigantic, fantastic and impossible speculation, designed only to dazzle the multitude and to secure promoters' profits—which may cause its downfall should it miscarry, and especially should the British and Canadian Governments seriously assist our shipping,—or the Americans are so confident that British ships in American hands are worth double the money which they are worth in British hands, that they do not mind the price. The latter may be possible, though it seems unlikely, not because the Americans are abler shipowners—for that there is so far no proof—but because the American railways, which are at the same time the dock proprietors at the seaboard, may choose to discriminate against British ships, so that the lower rates of British shipping, made possible by their lower cost, would be of no avail. Or the American Legislature might conceivably be induced to equalise matters by enabling the Trust, by means of subsidies and discriminating charges, to keep cheap British tonnage out of the Atlantic.

If we consider the inflated cost at which the Trust ships were acquired, and the still more hugely inflated capital of the Trust itself, it becomes quite clear that the Trust cannot live on cheap rates. If

nevertheless by the use of either stratagem the Atlantic trade should for any length of time get into the hands of the Trust, it would mean that freights and passenger rates would be put up against Great Britain as long as the Trust could rule the Atlantic, and that the food and raw material supplied by the United States to Great Britain, such as cotton, would permanently and materially be enhanced in price. It would mean not only that the United States Government would levy Import Duties on our manufactures, but that powerful American corporations would band themselves together to levy Export Duties on the raw material required in the making of our manufactured goods. Under the pressure of such a policy our national expenses would grow and our income shrink. Whether under such circumstances British politicians will be allowed to continue to preach the comfortable doctrine of Free Trade and Non-Interference remains to be seen. Our ideas on Free Trade require reconsideration. The time when Free Trade was understood and intelligently discussed lies too far back. Besides, since then, the conditions of the world have altered. Free Trade has become a hazy superstition with the masses—and unfortunately too with many politicians, especially with those who are out of touch with the business community. It is, of course, quite clear that if we drive up the working man's living expenses twenty-five per cent by clumsy Protection, wages will also rise twenty-five per cent, and the largely increased cost of production will prevent us from competing successfully in the markets of the world. But it is not less clear that if our trade is ruined by leaving it at the mercy of foreign countries, which strike at it with Customs and Bounties, and swamp us with their surplus produce under cost price, even the cheapest imports will be too dear for our impoverished and unoccupied working men. That intelligent protection of trade and industry is by no means synonymous with trade restriction or harm to the consumer may be seen by the wonderful progress of those Protectionist countries *par excellence*, America and Germany, and no better testimony in its favour could be adduced than that of Mr Schwab, the gifted manager of the United States Steel Corporation. When asked in an official enquiry "Do you think the Tariff Policy of this country for the past four years is the reason of our great wealth?" he replied, "Undoubtedly. I know of no other reason so important." Free Traders might compare this statement with Mr Gladstone's ancient dictum that America's Tariff was the insurmountable obstacle to her commercial success.

Owing to the rule of Free Trade doctrines we are neither free to trade with other nations on a basis of equality, nor even free to utilise our own resources—except at the tolerance of foreign nations. Consequently many of our manufacturers have taken their machines, staff, workmen and business connections bodily over to foreign countries, and enriched them with their industry, or have shut up shop, or have

turned with the resourcefulness of the race to those other industries which the foreigner allows them for the time to follow without molestation. So far hostile tariffs and bounties have wrought their evil consequences upon our industries very gradually, and consequently the havoc done to them has attracted comparatively little notice. But the dramatic suddenness with which the cream of our Atlantic shipping trade has been wiped out of existence and the threat which lies in the Shipping Trust suddenly to increase the price of our food and raw material are bound to stir up the nation, and to open the eyes even of the most self-complacent and infatuated Free Trader. Great Britain is getting a lesson. It will be probably a very expensive lesson, and consequently it will be taken to heart.

We have been singularly lucky in one respect. Our would-be enemies have usually proved our greatest friends. The attack of the Boers, coupled with the universal attacks of hatred and calumny on the Continent, have opened the eyes of the nation to realities in politics, and have welded the Empire together, to the chagrin of our enemies. Even so the startling attack of an American corporation upon our shipping will probably prove a blessing in disguise. As the South African War has glaringly exposed our unreadiness for war, and our military shams and make-believes, even so the increasing attacks of the secret commercial war which is being waged by our trading rivals against this country will quickly open the eyes of the nation to our economic unreadiness and insularity, to the fallacy of the ruling doctrines of political economy, and to the necessity of a business-like efficient Government by capable men who look after the country's trade, and not by figureheads and party pillars. We want brains, not mouths, to rule us. America and Germany, in trying to capture our trade, our industries, our shipping, and eventually our Colonies, are waking us up to the realities of economic life. They will rub in the lesson mercilessly, they will assist us with American managers, German chemists, and international financiers, until, awakened by defeats, Great Britain will gather herself together, reorganise her economic forces, and again lead the nations in economic progress and prosperity. Rocked into security by the successes of our fathers, we have slept on our laurels. In education, in the use of science, of up-to-date machinery, and of modern organisation and harmonisation of forces as applied to trade and industries, we have fallen behind. The successes of our rivals will be only temporary, for we have the greatest latent resources in the world as regards raw material, human material, markets, and strategic positions for commerce and industry. Only we fail to make the best use of our magnificent opportunities.

The economic renaissance of Great Britain must needs be gradual, and there are already many signs that the tide is turning. The importance of the application of science to industry is being generally recognised, technical education is spreading fast, and charitable

bequests are more and more—though not by any means sufficiently often—displaced by bequests for educational purposes. Our manufacturers are discovering that their shops are full of antiquated machinery, they are replacing their out-of-date plant everywhere with the newest and most perfect, and our engineering firms are vigorously going in for standardisation. Our railway companies are finding out that their methods are wasteful in the extreme, that for instance the average truck-load on the London and North-Western Railway has according to official returns been under three tons, as compared with an average truck-load of eighteen tons on the Pennsylvania Railway, and that consequently each ton moved costs the London and North-Western Railway six times more for locomotive power, shunting expenses, etc., and eight times more for truck repairs and renewals, than it costs the Pennsylvania Railway. Our railways are waking up to the fact that they are shockingly behind the times, and that they throttle trade with their high rates, and our railway managers have run over to the United States to learn from American experience. Directors of industrial companies are finding out that it is foolish to distribute all their earnings, and are beginning to allow amply for renewals, and to create substantial reserves. The leaders of the trades-unions and the men themselves are discovering that restriction of output is a suicidal policy. The public has become sick of losing its money in wild-cat schemes and is turning away from bogus flotations. It rebels against incompetent or fraudulent directors, and the promoters, who will always float what “will go,” find out that solid enterprises are “going,” and that they get “stuck” with unsound schemes. The politicians also see that the tide is turning, and are more and more strongly advocating efficiency and businesslike government, and feel less inclined than formerly to rely on a plausible “cry” like Free Trade. They are recognising that Free Trade is coming up for trial, and our Government begin to show fight against the iniquitous Continental Sugar Bounties. Also the emigration of our citizens and of our industries is no more viewed with the former unconcern. In fact, the whole nation is putting its shoulder to the wheel, bent on the furtherance of economic efficiency.

Two important factors are, however, as yet insufficiently recognised, though they will probably be hammered in by the American Shipping Trust, and by the other Trusts which are attacking British industries. These factors are —

- 1 The supreme importance of combination in business, and the necessity of bringing conflicting interests into line by insisting on the community of interests
- 2 The impossibility of private enterprise to stand up against the powerful State-aided industries

Englishmen have been so long accustomed to look after themselves,

that they have become constitutionally disinclined to combine for business. Treatises might be written and long lectures held on the importance of combination for business, and on the community of interests—as for instance in the case of our manufacturing industries, our railways, and our shipping—illustrated with the most convincing examples, but they will not prove as convincing to the business community as the sight of once-powerful businesses smashed or swallowed up by vast combinations working in harmony with unlimited resources behind them. Events such as the absorption of Bryant and May by the Diamond Match Company, the attack of the American Tobacco Trust, and the formation of the American Shipping Trust, will give us a salutary and much-needed lesson. As yet trusts and powerful combines are viewed with vague distrust, and are commonly either considered as mere promoters' inventions, designed to enrich a few financiers and then to collapse, or as institutions solely planned to create a monopoly, and to extort from the public the highest price for inferior articles. No doubt many trusts have been launched for such objectionable purposes, but the trust in its highest form is simply a superior phase in the organisation of industry, it is a machine designed to facilitate work, to simplify business, to diminish friction, to improve manufacture, to buy collectively at the cheapest, to replace a host of intruding middlemen and of competing shipping agents, carriers, commercial travellers, auditors, lawyers, banks, etc., and to regulate the giving of credit. An individual business man gropes in the dark in the conduct of his business, stumbles everywhere over his competitors, pays a lot of unavoidable but nearly useless intermediaries, wastes much time on unnecessary correspondence, cannot concentrate his energy on one point, and is served by partly occupied secondary men. A Trust commands the services of the best men, keeps them fully occupied, concentrates their energy, and forms a definite deliberate policy in accordance with the requirements of the market and the capacity of the industry.

It will be objected that businesses are most progressive when healthy competition provides the spur. That is quite true, but healthy competition need not be internecine. Thus a number of businesses or industries which have been wasting their strength in fighting amongst themselves are welded into a disciplined army which will move aggressively only against the foreigner. At the same time the individual concerns in a properly constituted Trust are engaged amongst themselves in a keen and healthy competition for excellence and cheapness of production, by which alone they can increase their participation in the profits, the best men are promoted by competition, and the Trust serves as the intellectual centre, as a clearing-house, for information and advice, to all its constituent members, whence valuable secrets of trade and manufacture, which otherwise would have benefited only an individual firm, benefit now the whole trade.

When looked at with an unbiassed mind, properly constituted trusts are seen to serve to cheapen production, facilitate distribution, increase consumption, and thereby create more wealth and greater comfort and happiness for the masses. Trusts which try to maintain monopoly prices are creating competition and digging their own graves. Trusts can only subsist if they strive for cheapness and excellence. The objection might be raised that the consolidation of numerous businesses into a huge Trust makes many intermediaries useless and throws them out of work, but that objection was raised against steam engines when they were first introduced, and has since been fully answered. It would lead one too far to consider the working and the beneficial effects of a properly conducted Trust more closely, but the reader cannot do better, if he wishes for fuller information on the subject, than read the excellent papers on "The Billion Dollar Trust," by Messrs Macrosty and Hobson, which appeared in the numbers of this REVIEW for August and September, 1901.

The great economic labour-saving advantages of properly constituted Trusts are clear, but even the largest combination of industry under the most capable guidance is unable to stand up against a powerful State-aided industry. The decay of the West Indian Sugar Industry under the Bounty System is a case in point. No amount of combination or of excellence of organisation and managership could have preserved to the West Indies their former prosperity, to which their natural resources entitle them, and which they have lost through Continental bounties. It is possible to fight a private foreign combination, such as the Shipping Trust, by a counter combination, but private enterprises, even if combined, are powerless against the attacks of foreign State-aided industries. It will have to be recognised that our Government has great responsibilities towards British industries, that it cannot afford to neglect them, and that it is its duty not only to protect the citizen against open hostile attacks of foreign countries on British soil or British lives, but also against secret hostile attacks of foreign countries aimed at the wealth and the natural resources of the country.

So far the attacks made by foreign tariffs and bounties have been chiefly directed against the creation of manufactured goods, but there is no reason why foreign countries or foreign State-aided corporations should not attack the raising of raw produce in our Colonies. Attacks might for instance be made upon Canadian grain and cattle-raising, Australian wool growing, etc., and in all probability they will be made, unless the Empire stands united in trade as it has stood in war, ready to retaliate for every attack on its business.

To us the Trusts will convey the lesson that not only greater efficiency in business and greater individual efforts are required, but that the whole world is becoming like one country, and that not only trade and industries, but talent of every kind will go to that State

where it has the greatest chance, where it is best paid, best protected, and least molested. Starting from a system of international private competition for trade, we have arrived at the phase of Governmental competition amongst States for the trade of the world. The next phase will probably be the competition of States not only for markets, but also for talents, for scientists, merchants, financiers, etc., who can only be attracted by giving them the greatest remuneration, assistance, and protection. With free migration of capital the natural and accumulated wealth of a country can be drained out of it by the foreigner, and prosperity will not so much be influenced by the existence of natural resources as by the excellence of human resources and institutions for the utilisation of the existing natural resources, such as a businesslike Government, good education, good patent and general laws, and the intelligent furtherance of the commercial interests at stake by the Government.

To America the Trusts may convey a different lesson. The idea underlying Trusts is excellent, and Trusts, when properly constituted and managed, are bound to be highly successful and beneficial, but the best idea may be hunted to death. Intoxicated by their successes, American financiers have converted into Trusts suitable and also quite unsuitable industries, and have capitalised them at exaggerated prices. The reaction will not fail to come, and it may come soon. Happily the British public will only be affected indirectly when the inevitable smash comes, as most Trust securities are unknown in this country. Posterity will perhaps compare Mr J. P. Morgan with John Law. John Law recognised in paper the currency of the future, and in driving this excellent idea too far brought France and himself to ruin. Mr J. P. Morgan has recognised the Trust as the industrial organisation of the future, but he may, by driving his idea too far, and by trying to conquer the whole world for his Trusts, ruin the United States.

O. ELTZBACHER

WHAT ABOUT NATURAL SELECTION?

THE "Origin of Species" must always be an important study, Darwin and Wallace have made it a most fascinating one. More than that, they have brought out of the region of theory into the region of proved fact their great position, that species have arisen in our world, not through creation in each fresh case, but through descent from other kindred species with variation. The evidence of embryology, "vestigial traces," and geographical distribution has rendered this indisputable, in the opinion of practically every living scientist. Nevertheless, is it not time that students generally were more alive to the fact that the title of Darwin's epoch-making book, "The Origin of *Species by means of Natural Selection*," is a title which conveys to us a very partial truth? Not only smatterers but specialists still continue to speak, in magazines and newspaper articles, in club-rooms and class-rooms too, as if nothing was more incontestable than the effect of Natural Selection, the struggle for existence, in producing all such varieties of species as we find. But the real truth is, the proved influence of Natural Selection is being written down as less and less every day. There are many converging lines of proof, to all but one of which we can merely refer in passing. Dr J T Cunningham, *e.g.*, in his *Sexual Dimorphism in the Animal Kingdom* (1900), has shown that those variations which Natural Selection requires for working upon, if new species are to be evolved, seldom or never can be shown to arise until the conditions occur in which they are likely to be of importance. In other words, it is not correct to speak, as Darwin does of "such variations *as chance* to arise." And Dr Marion Newbiggin, in *Colour in Nature* (1898), has shown how great are the difficulties in the way of accepting Natural Selection as the chief factor in the evolution of colour in our flowering plants.

But the aim of this article is to call pointed attention to the evidence of palæontology, the fossil facts. All Evolutionists honour palæontology with the lip, but, in actual practice, European Evolutionists as nearly as possible ignore it, or, at any rate, they never dream of giving pause to any of their theories, no matter how many fossil facts may be against them. American scientists, as a rule, are more careful. What

one usually finds in any evolutionary text-book of to-day is a few carefully selected scraps which seem favourable, whilst all the palæontological difficulties are either gravely minimised or else completely ignored. Weismann, *e.g.*, very rarely thinks it necessary to pay any attention to fossil evidence, there is no proof in the charming biography of the late George Romanes that he ever gave one hour to palæontology, the articles in Chambers' *Encyclopædia* almost invariably speak of the geological record as it is supposed to have been, not as it is actually known to be, and the countless consulters of that most useful work of reference are kept in almost entire ignorance of palæontological difficulties. Haeckel and Huxley may be cited as notorious instances to disprove our statement, but Haeckel's trees of Descent are the product of a bold and biassed imagination, and are often in direct defiance of the facts as known, whilst the late Prof Huxley, though always a chivalrous champion of Darwin, never was, to his dying day, a convinced believer in the supreme efficiency of Natural Selection, he always held serious doubts thereanent. Moreover, it was Huxley who said, "The primary and direct evidence in favour of Evolution can be furnished only by palæontology," and our highest living authorities like Smith-Woodward strongly say the same. And yet, year after year, palæontology is practically ignored, allowed no say, and Evolutionists seem to think that they find ample excuse for this ignoring by repeating the parrot cry about "the imperfection of the Record," as if Darwin's famous chapter written 43 years ago was the infallible gospel of to-day.

Now the plain truth is, all the difficulties which Darwin felt to weigh so seriously against his theory, so far as the fossil facts go, are difficulties which remain in nearly full force to this hour, whilst all the pleas which he urged in mitigation of the unfavourableness of the Record to his theory must either be swept away or else largely modified. We shall try to state the present actual position in a series of brief propositions, which will be found to stand at variance with a very large amount of the popular supposition and assertion of to-day. The propositions are at any rate no hasty dogmata, they are the embodiment of a good many years' careful survey of the whole available evidence. The statements will be made as briefly and popularly as possible, but abundant evidence could be produced in support of them all.

(a) The chief theorists, the most daring *à priori* philosophers of to-day, are not any of our metaphysicians, but our "Natural Selection" biologists, it is they, far more than theologians, who are to-day forsaking the good old inductive or Baconian method of arguing from the known facts. Prof Poulton in his well-known British Association address, as president of the Zoological Section (1896), was as daringly *à priori* as St Thomas Aquinas. Prof J A Thomson, because he cannot point to the fossil facts that he wants, falls back upon "*à priori* probabilities" and "problematical compromises".* And Weismann

* Chambers' *Encycl*, Art *Mammals* 6/1

tells us, without a blush, that it is "nothing but the power of logic" which leads him to give the supreme place to Natural Selection. He does not profess to come within a thousand miles of a proof, but "it is "inconceivable that there could be yet another [principle] capable of "explaining the adaptations, *without assuming the help of a principle "of design"*."

(b) The Geological Record to-day is not nearly so imperfect as is commonly supposed. It is far from complete, and often provokingly scanty, but as a rule it is a very fair Record to argue from. The serious exceptions are not numerous—*viz*, the lack of good specimens of plants before the Upper Old Red Sandstone, a strange absence of amphibians all through the Secondary or Mesozoic rocks, and the scantiness of bird fossils in any strata.

(c) The Record is not only very fair, but it is almost invariably a consistent one—*i.e.*, when once a particular type of fossil appears it continues to show itself with fair regularity right on until it finally disappears. This consistency gives us not a little confidence in arguing. The clear exceptions are few, very seldom ought they to be pressed, if they are, it almost always adds perplexity to the Natural Selectionist—*e.g.*, Prof Seeley a short time ago told the Geological Society that he had discovered the bone of a flamingo in Oolite strata much older than those which yield *archæopteryx*. Yet *archæopteryx* has been proclaimed far and wide as the most primitive of all birds, whilst the flamingo is a bird of the most highly developed type. Solms-Laubach, a very high authority, thinks he has seen a fragment of a leaf from the Carboniferous Limestone, which must belong to a cycad. Now fossil cycads are extremely plentiful, but only at and after the end of the Coal Age, and the present theory is, that cycads must have evolved from the ferns, through that new fossil group, the *cycadofilices*, of which traces are abundant, but none so early as the Carboniferous Limestone.

(d) The many big gaps between the various geological systems, unrepresented by any strata, on which Darwin relied so much, can now be proved, in almost every case, to have no existence. Somewhere in the crust of the globe to-day we can point to strata with a fair abundance of fossils, which, taken together, probably represent the whole time that has elapsed from the bottom of the Cambrian to the present hour. There is no complete exception to this important statement, though something like a fair case can be made out for an utterly "lost interval" in Mid Cambrian days.

(e) The time taken for the denudation of older strata, and for the piling up of new strata, in either case extending often to a thickness of several thousand feet, can scarcely have been so very long as once was thought. Numerous and careful measurements both of the rate of the deposit of mud and sand at river-mouths, and of the rate of erosion by

river-currents, especially those measurements made by the United States Geological Survey, tend to show that the age of our earth's crust must be considerably less than once was thought, and this is strongly confirmed by the estimates of our best physicists like Kelvin and Tait. The enormous periods of time demanded by pure Natural Selectionists like (Darwin), Wallace, and Poulton can no longer be granted. The longest period now contended for by any first-class British geologist is 100,000,000 years, which Sir Arch. Geikie postulates only for two reasons, one based on rates of denudation, the other a pure begging of the question—because, as he puts it, nothing short of that will suit any current theory of evolution*. He also speaks as if all evidence proved the "extreme slowness" of organic variation, whereas the evidence is simply overwhelming that, in a great many important instances, a new type varies with great rapidity just after it comes in, and then varies very little, often not at all, until it ceases to exist. If proof of this weighty point be demanded, it will be found elaborately in Prof. Shaler Williams of Yale's admirable manual on "Geological Biology," 1895.

(f) Palæontology to-day, as always, refuses to concede any place of great importance to Natural Selection in the originating of species. Palæontology would hardly allow it even a secondary place, it emphatically proclaims Natural Selection as of quite minor importance. The ordinary enquirer in Britain has practically no available source of information which he can understand, to give him the latest facts in fossil Botany. Our Encyclopædias give him almost no help, and our text-books are repulsively learned—or else totally silent. How then do matters stand? Modern palæobotanists are nearly all agreed as to the doctrine of Descent, they do not preach special creation. But they furnish us with just next to no evidence at all of the work of Natural Selection in evolving new species of plants. Prof. Fontaine, of Virginia, has unearthed a good many "generalised" or primitive-looking fossil leaves of dicotyledons, which seem to lead us back to the cradle days of dicotyledonous plants, in the Upper Jurassic, and Dr. Scott, of Kew, by diligent use of his microscope, thinks he is increasingly able to demonstrate for us intermediate or linking forms between ferns, cycads, araucarias, and the like. But there is little else to be said.

(g) The reason why such very confident statements have been made about the process of Evolution, and such notable names as those of the late Professors Huxley and Flower freely quoted as irrefragable witnesses, is just this. The researches of men like Flower were almost entirely confined to the one section of the Tertiary mammals. These very clearly exhibit the action of Natural Selection in many cases, but none would have told us more readily than Huxley,† or, say, even such

* *Geolog. Mag.*, 1890, p. 491.

† Cf. his Presidential Address, *Geolog. Soc.*, 1870.

an extreme partisan as Oscar Schmidt, of Strassburg, that the vital laws or forces operative among Tertiary mammals are very far from being typical or regulative for the whole ladder of life, or even for the mammals themselves. The influence of Natural Selection on either the secondary or the quaternary mammals seems to have been quite trivial and unimportant. Besides, the fossil facts offer most serious opposition to our giving any supreme place to Natural Selection even among the Tertiary mammals. The facts lend practically no countenance to evolutionary theories in many cases where the abundant evidence is hard to explain away. There are plenty of fossil whales, *e g*, but none which yield any support for Haeckel or Darwin, and very nearly the same could be said of the seals, sirenians, bats, or elephants.

(*h*) The progress of discovery tends to make belief in Natural Selection harder, not easier. Thousands of new fossils are being discovered every year, but they almost invariably confirm the existing Record, very rarely indeed do they furnish "missing links." We shall be reminded of course of the Javan *pithecanthropus*, or "erect ape man", but that is quite exceptional. Nor can we lay much stress on that "top" of a cranium, two molar teeth, and a left thigh-bone (we have no more), at least if we are to be guided by such an expert as Virchow. Then, just about a year ago or a little more, Dr Andrews, of the British Museum, found in the Fayûm Tertiary a jaw-bone, which seemed to belong to some primitive animal with a proboscis, and which might therefore furnish the sorely needed ancestor for the elephant. But this early proboscidean was quite a little beast, and is found in a faunal region (Egypt) which shows little or no connection with the faunas of Central Europe and India, where the mastodon and elephant first appear. The mastodon appears first, fully developed, in the Vienna basin (Upper Oligocene), in strata very little newer than this Fayûm find. If to these two discoveries one adds the already noted discoveries among the Virginian dicotyledons, we have told the best that favours the Natural Selectionist, in the harvest of recent years.

(*i*) On the other hand we have many recent discoveries which add heavily to the Natural Selectionist's difficulties, if only he would look the facts fairly in the face—*e g*, the discovery of the first certain insect, of by no means a low type, an ancient cockroach it is, in the Lower Silurian of Normandy, and the awkward thing is, that we have no proper proof that dry land existed any earlier, fit to maintain insect life. Then we have large gasteropods unearthed the other day away down in the Etcheminian, at a time when, to judge from the lamellibranchs found side by side (or indeed long after), molluscan life must just have been beginning. We have perfect air-breathing scorpions, practically as high in type as any now existing, found in the Upper Silurian of the Pentland Hills, side by side with the most primitive, eurypterid, fresh-water crustaceans, from which the Evolutionist supposes that they sprang. The eurypterids are nowhere found any earlier, though they

are found plentifully later. Then we have the earliest fish, *Cyathaspis*, found seven years ago at the foot of the Upper Silurian, and by no means of an embryonic type, and there are very real difficulties in our way if we postulate any fish with hard parts much earlier. We have Ameghino's large find of Miocene (?) whales, the earliest known, and yet as whale-like as any leviathan that swims the deep to-day. And so on, it would be very easy to lengthen the list.

(k) Natural Science in recent years has, by more careful study, tended rather to eliminate supposed "links" than to furnish "missing" ones. *Eopteris*, "the fern of the dawn," over which the indefatigable Saporta fairly chortled with joy, is now finally pronounced a mineral, and Seward, of Cambridge, has lately played sad havoc with Saporta's supposed embryonic angiosperms, *Eosaurus*, the primitive reptile from the foot of the Carboniferous, which the theorist absolutely requires there, or earlier, is now admitted to be an amphibian. The mammal-like *tritylodon* of the Trias is now ranked not as a primitive mammal, but a reptile. Huxley's claim that *squalodon* and *zeuglodon* give us aquatic carnivora transitional to the whale is no longer admitted, and very few will now maintain that either the *deinocerata* or *coryphodon* can furnish us with a proper ancestor to the elephant. This list too could easily be extended.

(l) Natural Selection has, of course, as we have already admitted, played some part in the development of life, but it is the part of the eliminator much more than of the creator. Clearly—*e.g.*, it has eliminated the teeth of the ancient birds, and the five toes of the ancestral horse, and a good many other like cases are well-known. But very seldom can it be proved that Natural Selection played the rôle of a creator. Palæontology furnishes a vast body of proof, so wide and so varied as to be hard to gainsay, that a type appears perfect or almost perfect from the first, and if the earliest specimens do often look somewhat primitive or generalised, the type's acme is reached very early in the course of its history. One dare not argue much from our first known fossil eyes, all we can say is, the earliest known eyes—viz., trilobites' eyes, are not simple but highly complex. One may insist much more strongly on the earliest fin, the earliest foot, and the earliest feather. These are all complete and normal from the start. There is not the vestige of a hint that they were evolved by Natural Selection. If they had been, the fossiliferous strata underneath ought to have revealed such hints. Only those who do not want to know the actual condition of the Record will venture to deny this. The most vulnerable case is that of the first feather, found, of course, in *archæopteryx*. It is quite perfect, and this old bird, the size of a crow, so far as we are aware, must have been able to fly as well as any crow to-day. But, it will be said, the Bird Record is notoriously imperfect. True, but we find three specimens of *archæopteryx* in that extraordinarily rich natural museum, the lithographic limestone quarries of Solenhofen.

(Bavaria), side by side with these we find lots of bones of pterodactyls — *i.e.*, winged reptiles. If any other birds had then existed it is highly probable that tenacious Solenhofen would have entombed them also, a surmise confirmed by the fact that the earliest American birds occur on just about the same horizon, certainly not any sooner.

(*m*) The Plant Record cannot be forced into telling any different tale. We cannot prove that there was any proper dry land until near the close of Ordovician or Lower Silurian days, and there we find, by the banks of the Ohio, our first land-plants, simple yet fully differentiated club mosses (*Sigillaria*) and calamites. Ferns have always been specially adapted to fossilisation, and our Fern Record, from the time it starts, right onwards, is a magnificent one. Mr Robert Kidston, our highest British authority, will admit no true fern before the Upper Old Red, but there our first fern is already, according to him, a highly specialised and complex plant. Mr Seward, the Cambridge lecturer, tells us quite frankly, the earliest known plants are not at all what the evolutionist would expect,* and in many cases we can prove that they must have developed very suddenly. Our Plant Record from Mesozoic times is now an ample and varied one, gathered in all quarters, from Franz Josef Land and Spitzbergen southwards, it shows that monocotyledons were very rare all through these days, and then, just at the close of the period, they developed with a mighty rush, when, be it noted, there were already plenty of the higher dicotyledons to compete with them in the struggle for existence.

(*n*) It is notable that where the Record is at its best (except among Tertiary mammals) the case for Natural Selection shows worst. Take, *e.g.*, the Brachiopods or lamp-shells, whose record, for practical purposes, is nearly perfect, except just at their birth. It can be proved that Natural Selection has done almost nothing to improve or evolve the essential brachiopod type since the immensely remote Etcheminian (pre-Cambrian) period. It has been proved, that where changes do appear, they come suddenly and through some distinct addition,† Natural Selection has done very little save slightly to vary or modify the external features of the shell. Nor can it be said that Natural Selection has done anything material for the gasteropods, the large cap-of-liberty shells (*Capulidæ*) in the Etcheminian can scarcely be surpassed to-day. The case of the cephalopods is even more striking. No shell-fish are more readily preserved than they, and we have tens of thousands of specimens to study, of every age since their cradle-days. The theory is, that the cephalopod is a developed pteropod or sea-butterfly, whose flaps or wings, it is said, have been brought together to form the funnel or siphuncle characteristic of the cephalopod or cuttle-fish family. But the facts are these: abundant and fully developed pteropods are found in the Etcheminian, millions of years roll by, then, not till the very close of the Cambrian, do we find one

* *Fossil Plants*, 1898, I 30

† *Geological Biology*, pp 277—85

sure trace of a cephalopod. This is quite unaccountable, if pure, unaided Natural Selection be the chief factor in evolution. Prof Hyatt in 1884 worked out some very interesting theories about the development of cephalopods. The common straight cones like *orthoceras*, he said, must be the primitive forms, then gradually were evolved the loosely-coiled ones, and by-and-by the closely coiled like the ammonite. But all this was rendered to a large extent nugatory by the discovery soon after of the earliest full collection of cephalopods, in the Durness limestone (Sutherland), which must run down to the very foot of the Ordovician, perhaps earlier, and here *all* varieties are already found in rich profusion. Nothing but confirmation of this is yielded by the ample Ordovician Record in North America. *Orthoceras* probably was the original type, but thereafter development seems to have come with a rush. It should have been remarked ere now, that the pre-Cambrian is no longer the blank, mysterious abyss which it was to Charles Darwin, who reckoned himself warranted in drawing unlimited cheques thereon. The cheques which the actual pre-Cambrian Record warrant us to draw are only very occasionally of the kind which the Natural Selectionist desires.

(o) It is undisputed that palæontology gives *no countenance whatsoever* to the origin of the Vertebrate Sub-Kingdom, or any of its leading divisions, through Natural Selection. Attempts innumerable have been made here, but over every one is already writ large the word Failure. The record all through is wonderfully good, and if slow, stumbling, unassisted struggle for existence acting on chance variation was the chief agent, then, it may be asserted strongly, our Record would have shown at least some trace of it, in connection with the origin of the bony fish, the amphibians, the reptiles, the birds, the monotremes, marsupials, and higher mammals. But in every case the silence of the Record is complete. Each type appears fully differentiated at its start. Much talk has been made of lung fish like *ceratodus* as a link between fish and amphibian, but the anatomic differences between a lung fish and any animal like a frog are so serious, that almost no evolutionist makes the one ancestral to the other. They are forced to seek ancestors among the ganoid fish, but the unbridged gap between a ganoid, like the bony pike, and the first amphibian (a monster, frog-like beast, the labyrinthodont, an animal of a higher type than any amphibian now alive) is a gap immense. Much fuss has been made over *archæopteryx* too, as a very clear connecting link, so it is, but our best authorities like Seeley and Traquair reckon *archæopteryx* as truly and essentially a bird, far removed in most respects from any known reptile.

(p) As a closing point, let the Natural Selectionist give careful attention to the noble record of the fossil fishes and the fossil reptiles. Among the fish he will find abundant mutation, but hardly any evolution or development. Lower Silurian strata teem with marine fossils, but not a trace of a fish. There is now no real gap in our record between Lower

and Upper Silurian. It is well filled up at Llandovery, in the West and South of the United States, and especially along the Gulf of Finland, where the first fish is found, and we now have Upper Silurian fish in our museums from eight different and widely scattered regions. Natural Selection simply cannot find the time it requires, for all the great divisions of the fishes appear, almost simultaneously, in Upper Silurian days, and it is not the lowest grade, the sharks, which appear first. The only seeming exceptions are the lung fish, but they are so very plentiful in the Lower Old Red Sandstone that it is practically certain they must have existed in the preceding period too. Reptiles present even greater difficulty. There are about ten divisions of the Reptilia, and if we accept the teaching of our ample record, we can tell within narrow limits when each division arose. We can see some clear traces of Natural Selection among the anamniotes and perhaps the crocodiles, but, beyond this, the theory hopelessly breaks down among the hard facts. Each group appears suddenly and fully developed, there is no trace of slow evolution from group to group, and the earliest sure reptile, a lizard-like beast, *palæohatteria*, though of a generalised type, is very distinctly a land reptile, far removed from any known amphibian ancestor. But let our earnest enquirer, if he thinks fit, concentrate his attention on one reptilian group alone, the Turtles and Tortoises, whose hard carapaces or back-shells are so singularly adapted for preservation. Let him read carefully what Smith-Woodward in his "Vertebrate Palæontology," or Dr. Gunther in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has to say about their fossil record, and if he still remains a firm believer in Natural Selection as the chief factor in the origin of species he must indeed be hard to convince.

As Shaler Williams has so convincingly shown, and as so devoted a Darwinian as George Romanes practically admitted before the end, it is the inward powers of adaptation which are and always have been the chief factor in evolution. Environment, struggle for existence, use and disuse, and the like, only modify externals and unessentials, or at most eliminate, very seldom do we see them creating. And if this be granted, as surely as it ought to be, in view of the facts, there will need to be great changes and re-adjustments in more departments than pure Biology. Mr. Benjamin Kidd in his last book, *e.g.*, speaks* as if there were nothing so indisputable as the efficiency of Natural Selection both in natural history and in the yet greater history of the human race, and proceeds to develop important arguments therefrom. Very much too of the Higher Criticism of the Bible postulates the long, slow agency of a natural evolution, and if this be not an universal truth, then the most plausible foundation for the chief theories of Wellhausen, Stade, and their followers must dissolve away into a foundation of sand.

JAMES B. JOHNSTON

* *Principles of Western Civilisation*, 1902, pp. 32 sq.

AN APPEAL FROM CANADA.

THE future of Canada. shall it be annexation to the United States or closer connection with Great Britain? The famine and evictions of 1847 and 1848 in Ireland, and the errors in government which followed so closely the frightful and inhuman scenes of those years, furnished ample reasons for the deep resentment against England of Gavan Duffy, Smith O'Brien, A. M. Sullivan and other leaders of the Irish people. We in Canada, at least, may also have sympathy for those independent people who in 1776 resisted the efforts of George the Third's Government to tax tea, and by the "Boston Tea Party" cut the slender tie that bound the New England Colony to Great Britain.

But Canadians to-day have to consider the purport of a commercial war more dangerous to our own future than famine, or evictions, or a tax on tea. We see, stretching three thousand miles along our southern boundary, an English-speaking nation which ever since 1866 has been trying, by a gradually increasing tariff, to force Canada into a legislative union. Canada has grown up in her own way. French chivalry, skill and enterprise, mingled with British energy and foresight, have gradually evolved us, a nation of five and a half millions. We have within our large domain to-day all that the United States fifty years ago had of the best. With our systems of judicial and Senatorial appointments, and of elections, and with our deep-rooted ideas of civil and religious liberty, we ought to be able to develop into a real nation, and not sink into a mere field for exploitation by the nation to the south of us.

We have not the difficult negro problem, the still fermenting solid South, nor the Italian and Chinese questions to be settled. Taking advantage of United States errors in the past, Canada should mould her policy so as to avoid the shoals on which Columbia has so often been in peril. Canada, from Halifax, Sydney and St. John in the East to Vancouver in the West, has millions of acres of the most

fertile soil in the world, capable of sustaining the one hundred million population that will be shown in the census of 1950. It is not well for the people that only one man and one Government should have the duty of attending to the affairs of this great food-producing continent. Such centralisation of power is already, in the United States, producing its feudal lords, with armies of unknown and unloved workmen. Thus, apart from all sentimental reasons, is it not wise from an economic standpoint to keep this continent always cut in halves, letting the two great English-speaking nations grow up together, mutually emulative, and thereby developing in their several ways to the highest plane of civilisation?

Canadian character has just begun to feel the word "Canadian," and now that the young giant realises in some degree the possibility of nationality that lies before him, he finds the pressure of necessity, caused by adverse legislation in the south and a want of consideration across the Atlantic, joining to push him steadily towards the ample folds of Columbia's mantle. When such a man as Senator John V. Ellis at a banquet in Boston deplores the "Unfriendly tariff of a nation of whom we are the third largest customer", when the Hon. John Charlton in Parliament says, "If we submit to such trade relations (as now exist with the United States) we show a lack of spirit and a lack of comprehension of that which our trade requires"—when such prominent Liberals deem it their duty to warn us of danger ahead, it seems wise for the laity to consider this danger and see whether it points to annexation or no.

After the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty in 1866, the United States Government, stung to resentment by the hasty action of a provincial assembly favouring the South, and deceived perhaps by a few journals which thought annexation to the United States promised a better future than Confederation, gradually developed a higher tariff, culminating in the Wilson Act of 1894 and the Dingley Act of 1897, which directly attacked all Canadian farmers, mechanics and fishermen. Since 1890 we have had to meet a United States tariff of from 25 to 75 per cent, and the result has been that we have lost their market for many of our products. If any annexation feeling existed in Canada in 1890, this tariff was well calculated to foster and further that sentiment. But no such sentiment existed then, nor does it exist now.

It is however the opinion of many that such a feeling will grow up among the Canadian people if we continue to be kept out of American markets and if they continue to get such easy access to our market. The almighty dollar was a great factor in the patriotism that set out to free Cuba, and to give good government to the Philippines. It may be that the same hard round dollar will, unless counter-agents are set to work, influence our farmers to break down the political bars and allow us to be absorbed into the Union.

Every farmer knows that a few years ago Canada sent 2,250,000 dollars worth of eggs to the United States. Last year we sent 7,185 dollars worth. The duty of five cents per dozen imposed by the United States has kept their market for their own farmers.

In 1866 the United States bought of Canada to the amount of 44,000,000 dollars, in 1901, 72,000,000 dollars,—an increase of 64 per cent. This includes Yukon gold and goods in transit.

In 1866 we bought of the United States to the amount of 28,500,000 dollars, in 1901, 119,000,000 dollars—an increase of 318 per cent. We buy nearly three times more in value from the United States than we do from the United Kingdom.

Compare our trade with the United Kingdom —

CANADIAN IMPORTS FROM U K		CANADIAN EXPORTS TO U K.	
1866	\$40,000,000	1866	\$17,000,000
1890 .	43,300,000	1890 .	48,000,000
1901 .	43,000,000	1901	105,000,000
Increase	<u>7¾ per cent</u>	Increase	<u>527 per cent</u>

The following table shows how adversely the United States tariff bears on Canadian farmers —

Potatoes	25c per bhl
Cheese and Butter	6c per lb
Lime	5c to 8c per 100 lbs
Flour	25 per cent
Cattle Hides	15 per cent
Hemp	1c to 2c per lb
Cedar Poles, Posts and Ties	20 per cent
Eggs	5c per dozen
Barley	30c to 45c per bush
Wheat .	25c per bush
Herring .	¼c to ¾c per lb
Wool .	11c to 33c per lb
Boards .	\$2 00 per thousand feet.

In 1901 our sales of farm products to the United States were only 8,240,000 dollars, whereas we bought of them 25,470,000 dollars worth of farm products. Canada has lost by this tariff pressure the chance of selling largely to 70,000,000 people, and has actually bought three times more value of farm products from them than they have from her. It is worth while for farmers and traders to know that of the following articles we now buy more from the United States than they buy from us —

Corn, oats, rye, wheat, cornmeal, oatmeal, rye and wheat flour,

malt, seeds, apples, hemp, potatoes, small fruits, tobacco leaf, broom corn, flax seed, horses, hogs, poultry, eggs, butter, lard, bacon, hams, beef and pork in barrels, hides and skins, wool, etc.

There are three things which have caused the Canadian farmers' exports to the United States to fall so greatly since 1866

First, the American tariff has kept their market for their own farmers Canadian farmers naturally say "If Canada were in the Union we could sell to the great United States cities, and from 8,000,000 dollars worth of farm products sold now we could soon make it 48,000,000 dollars, as Canada can easily compete with the Western States in supplying New York and the large Eastern cities"

Secondly Our low tariff and the too large free list are daily making Canadian farmers yearn for the market of the 70,000,000 We are deprived of the United States market, and yet at the same time the United States farmers are assisted by the present tariff in beating the Canadian farmers Our free list comprises wool, hides, hemp, corn, flax seed, broom corn, tobacco leaf, hard coal, lumber and a few other things What is the result? We have increased our purchases from the United States since 1866 fully 318 per cent, and—leaving out the Yukon gold—the United States have not increased their imports from us at all during the same period, 1866—1901 Their tariff and our tariff have combined to force us to buy 119,000,000 dollars worth from them in 1901, and at the same time we bought only 43,000,000 dollars worth from the mother country

The flag follows trade, and our longing to pay for that 119,000,000 dollars worth of United States products in the like value of farm, forest and sea products will incline our hearts to forget the law of blood and follow the baser-born twentieth century law of trade

As further proof of this trade tendency, notice these figures —

FREE IMPORTS INTO CANADA, 1901

53,500,000 dollars from United States	say 75 per cent
11,000,000 dollars from Great Britain	say 15 per cent.
7,000,000 dollars from other countries	say 10 per cent

The effort of the Laurier Government to counteract this tendency by a one-third rebate of duty on British goods has failed, for the duty paid on United States imports is 24 83 per cent, against 24 87 per cent on British goods, after allowing for the one-third preference. In 1901 the imports from the United Kingdom had increased only 73 1/4 per cent since 1866, whereas from the United States the increase was 318 per cent

Thirdly In addition to the constant pressure of this inimical United States tariff we have now to contend with a new phase of American aggression, which by throwing the enormous weight of capital into the scale, hopes to conquer large dividends for its invest-

ments in Canadian coal, iron, oil and lumber. A further result will be to Americanise all the thousands of employees and alienate them from British rule and Canadian institutions. A Canadian minister admitted in April that he had been approached several times by persons wanting to buy the Intercolonial railroad, and we hear to-day of the New York magnate who, after combining the main Atlantic steamship lines, proposes to control the two Canadian railway lines, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific. Mr Webb and the United States Syndicate have, by purchasing the Canada Atlantic, closed their fingers on a part of our railway system. We do not object to this if it is to divert the Canada Northern trade *via* Montreal to the sea, but it looks as if the Americanised Canada Atlantic Railway is to be used as a feeder for the great New York railways, and every Canadian should reflect on the position we are in.

The American Trusts have also appeared in Canada. Our oil wells are in their hands, and three of our tobacco concerns are owned by them. The coalfields of Cape Breton are controlled by United States capital, and it is not long since the public became alarmed to learn that the great Steel Trust was looking on Sydney and New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, as rivals who must be bought out or crushed out. New Zealand is mining her own coal, but Cape Breton not only fails to consider public ownership, but also fails to provide against selling her natural products to foreign and uncontrollable companies. All of this United States capital in Canadian oil, coal, tobacco, railways and steamships will during this decade tend to Americanise our skilled trades, and this, with the desire of the Canadian farmers to get into the United States markets, may further develop the idea of political union with the United States.

Now Canada will rise to the position of a real nation more quickly by herself, and therefore our policy should be to adopt measures to counteract the annexation influence above described. A wise Canadian policy should advocate a higher tariff against the United States and preferential trade within the British Empire.

• First, we should reduce our free list and put on as high duties against the United States as they levy against us, except on certain raw materials which we need. Let Canada make it so that she will not buy more potatoes, more oatmeal, more butter, more horses, etc., from the United States than they do from her. We have helped them by making wool and lumber free, suppose we put a duty on wool and lumber and help our own people?

Secondly, we ought further to develop the British market and show Great Britain that she is unjust and quite unwise in not giving her colonies, and particularly Canada and Australasia, a preference in her tariff. It is worth while to consider what such a preferential tariff would cost the British taxpayer. What would it cost the United Kingdom if a duty of 3d a cwt were imposed on all wheat, barley, oats and flour,

and 1d a pound on all wool imported into the United Kingdom from any countries other than South Africa, Australasia and Canada?

In 1900 the United Kingdom imported —

FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES —	58½	million cwt	wheat.
	20½	"	" flour.
	17	"	" barley.
	19⅘	"	" oats.
	115	"	"
FROM COLONIES —	13	"	"
	128	million cwt	

It is believed that a duty so imposed would not advance the price of the commodities more than from 50 to 75 per cent of the duty, because the increased acreage sown in the Colonies and in Great Britain would, by competition, force Russia and the United States to reduce their prices a little. Thus it would be fair to estimate the increased cost to be not over 1½d a cwt on the four cereals mentioned.

One hundred and twenty-eight million cwt. at 1½d comes to £800,000, which would be the probable cost to the United Kingdom if a duty of 3d a cwt were put on the four cereals, preferring the three great Colonies as suggested.

Canada is especially interested in breadstuffs, but South Africa and Australasia are more interested in wool. What would a duty of 1d a pound on wool cost the British people? In 1900 the United Kingdom imported 560,000,000 pounds weight of wool, of which 386,000,000 pounds came from Australasia. Fully 200,000,000 lbs. were sold in transit, which would leave 360,000,000 lbs on which to pay duty. As the Colonies in 1900 supplied fully 450,000,000 lbs, it can easily be seen that inter-Colonial competition would prevent the full duty advance and not more than ½d per lb would actually be paid by Britain. Three hundred and sixty million pounds of wool at ½d extra cost come to £750,000. Thus, if this estimate be reasonable, the United Kingdom by giving the Colonies a preference on oats, barley, wheat, flour and wool, would have to pay next year in extra cost on those commodities the large sum of £1,550,000, or about 7,500,000 dollars. This is a large amount to ask the British taxpayer to give for the pleasure of using more Colonial products and purchasing less of United States and Russian and other European products. The Briton naturally asks, "Where is his compensation if he pays 7,500,000 dollars in order to help the Canadian to sell him more of these five staples?"

The reply I make is as follows —

First, the Colonies would have to give British manufactures 50 per

cent duty rebate, making the tariff higher on such articles as would compete too keenly with Canadian manufactures. This 50 per cent. rebate would make the tariff against Great Britain average lower than against the United States (it is now higher), and instead of importing 43,000,000 dollars worth of goods from the United Kingdom we should take about 65,000,000 dollars worth, while reducing our imports from the United States below 100,000,000 dollars. Canada alone would be able to do this, and no doubt the preference would increase the South African and Australasian trade in like proportion.

Secondly, the British preference given to the Colonies would retard emigration to the United States and at the same time promote emigration to Canada, Australasia and South Africa. When the Scotch and Irish farmer saw that wool raised in the United States would have to pay a duty of 1d a lb, and his oats, wheat, etc., a duty of 3d a cwt on going into Great Britain, whereas if he took up land in Canada such articles would be duty free into the United Kingdom, he would be influenced to become a Canadian farmer and not buy the American lands. Consider the position of the Dakota and Nebraska farmers with 3d a cwt on grain staring them in the face, whereas two hundred miles north no duty existed on grain going to Britain. Within two years after such a preferential tariff came into force many a Dakota farmer would leave his Western holding and take up lands in Manitoba and the North-West. Thus this policy would be continually adding to the Colonial population of the Empire, and would tend to draw away from the Western States the hard-working, intelligent farmers. It would create more grain and wool producers in Canada, and at the same time would increase the number of buyers of British goods.

Thirdly, the Mother Country would be wise in giving the preference, for it is certain that, if encouraged, the Colonies within five years can supply the United Kingdom with all the cereals needed. For her own safety she should not rely as now on the United States and Russia. A preference of 3d a cwt would for the first few years cost her, say, an average of £600,000 a year, but at the end of that time with a vastly increased Colonial trade she could turn to India, Canada, Australasia, and get all her grain and wool supplies.

India in good years sends from 8,000,000 to 9,000,000 cwt of wheat to the United Kingdom. Canada in 1890 sent from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 cwt of wheat, now she sends from 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 hundredweight. It is no stretch of imagination to say that in 1910 Canada could easily export 25,000,000 cwt of wheat to the British market, and if she secures this preference it will be nearer 50,000,000 hundredweight. Australasia in 1890 sent only from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 cwt; now she is sending from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 cwt. of wheat to the United Kingdom annually.

The total quantity of wheat, oats, flour and barley imported by the

United Kingdom in 1900 was about 250,000,000 bushels. Give a preference of 3d a cwt, and within five years the Colonies will be able to supply all these cereals needed by the Mother Country.

Fourthly, it is unwise for Great Britain not to give her Colonies this preference, because it makes them feel that she has not that maternal care for them that they would like to see. The non-granting of a preferential duty, after we have shown the way, discredits Canada with other nations, especially with the United States, which, by their unfriendly tariff, hope to create an annexation sentiment, and which at the same time intimate that Britain dare not give her children a mother's preference.

The British tariff treats all alike. Canada, which has given Britain a one-third rebate, is placed on the same level as the Turk and the Russian. It is well to consider the trade of these countries with Britain. The total exports of the United Kingdom in 1900 were £354,400,000, of which

The United States took .	£37,400,000
France took .	25,800,000
Germany took	38,500,000
Russia took . . .	16,400,000
33 per cent	£118,100,000
Canada took .	£9,600,000
Australasia took	29,500,000
India took	31,000,000
South Africa took .	14,000,000
24 per cent	£84,100,000

The United States, France and Russia bought of the United Kingdom in 1900 to the value of £79,500,000, and the four great Colonies in 1900 to the value of £84,100,000. Ought not these Colonies to get a preference, and especially Canada, which has already given a preference?

The United Kingdom imported in 1900 to the value of £523,000,000, £109,500,000 from her Colonies, and £413,500,000 from foreign countries.

Of the following countries she bought in that year as follows —

The United States .	£138,800,000
France	53,600,000
Russia .	22,000,000
Germany . . .	31,200,000
47 per cent .	£245,600,000

Canada		£22,200,000
Australasia		35,400,000
India		27,400,000
South Africa		4,000,000
17 per cent		£89,000,000

Thus the Mother Country buys 17 per cent of her total imports from her four Colonies and 47 per cent from four foreign countries. She buys nearly two and half times more from the United States, France and Russia than she buys from the four Colonies, and yet the four Colonies buy more of her than do these three great nations.

The United States sold Great Britain 27 per cent of the British total imports, Canada sold $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

The preferential tariff would be a serious bar to the trade of Russia, but does Britain look for aid there in time of trouble? It would not affect France to any great extent, and is Britain to consider France first and Canada second? The taxes levied now by the United States on British imports average about 80 per cent, and should that country have much or any consideration? In fact such a preference as is suggested will tend to make the United States Government lower its tariff wall, and thereby actually cause them to buy more from Great Britain.

We are continually asked not to do this or that, because it may hurt British interests. First, it is the Maine boundary line, then the fishery question and the three-mile limit. The Bay of Fundy is adjudged to be an open Bay. Next we have the Yukon Line, the Lynn Canal and the Alaska Seal Fishery. To-day we are asked not to be too strict with the Japanese. The confederated Dominion of Canada has not cost Great Britain one dollar for war purposes. On the other hand we are able to provide the Mother Country with coaling stations at Sydney, Louisburg, and Halifax when needed, which also are good harbours for British merchant-steamers in case of war. It is highly to the advantage of Great Britain to have our coal depôts and harbours on the Atlantic and Pacific. We pay a large salary to the Marquis or Lord whom the Home Government selects as our Governor-General, and we accept the offices of a distinguished British soldier to command our Militia. When the swords of rival nations were half-drawn to intervene, and when the Motherland was wondering whether the fall of Ladysmith would mean a European war, we were glad then to offer our first and afterwards our second contingent to let the world know we were of and in the Empire.

We are Canadians first, but the word "British" lies close to our hearts, for we know that the high Canadian character we aim at is based on the Saxon and the Celt as seen in the English, Scotch,

Irish and French We are British Canadians, and we feel that *now* is the time for the Motherland to strengthen the Colonial ties and make the Empire The present unsympathetic attitude of British statesmen towards Canada, shown more particularly in the failure to readjust their tariff and reciprocate our preferential rebate, is unworthy of their supposed sagacity and foresight. Now that the United States are crushing out our New England market, and actually selling us three times more farm products than we sell them, now that the great bulk (119,000,000 dollars) of our purchases are made in that country, now that the United States Trusts, railroads, and coal capitalists are encroaching on our country, it may well be inferred that we are rapidly being Americanised. A sure way to resist and overcome such influences is for Great Britain to give her Colonies a preference in her tariff on lines similar to those suggested. The "*laissez faire*" policy of to-day must be succeeded by an Imperial preferential policy, otherwise the ties of cohesion of to-day, made fairly strong by the sudden call to arms in aid of the Mother Country in South Africa, will spin out into weak cobwebs, and British statesmen will wake up too late

W FRANK HATHEWAY

IMMORTALITY I.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT

IT is thought by many that the great question suggested by the title of this essay—viz, that of survival after death, is not among the most pressing problems of the age, that for once at any rate the highest and the most practical point of view coincide, and that to “leave the world a little better than he found it,” to add some iota of material benefit, of scientific knowledge, or of philosophic truth to the general store accumulating through the passing generations for the generations yet to come, is at once the wisest, the most feasible, and the most unselfish aim that a man can set before himself. Regard for a life beyond the grave, an ordering of the present life so that the interests of this larger life to come may be subserved, is looked upon somewhat askance and dubbed as “otherworldliness,” a mere recrudescence under a specious form of selfish individualism. Even Christian Ideals have been modified by this prevailing tendency of thought. The amelioration of the “life that now is” has become a foremost—we might almost say the foremost—aim of the Churches, social regeneration being apparently the one watchword they have in common, the one ground on which they consent to bury differences and unite forces for the general weal.

There is unmixed good in this widespread and practical recognition of the Golden Rule, this frank acknowledgment that we are our brother's keeper, and that it is folly and worse than folly to preach to his “immortal soul” while no effort is made to raise and purify the conditions in which his mortal body pines and languishes. So much is unquestionably true, and the crusade against ignorance, underpayment, over-crowding, foul air, vicious surroundings which the earnest-hearted in all Christian bodies support and pursue in unison (to their honour be it said) with many who obey the maxims while they repudiate the dogmas of “traditional Christianity,” is more worthy of the name of “holy war” than any which has preceded it in the annals of mankind.

And yet this appreciation of the value of life now and here, of its possibilities, of the seemingly cruel and unnecessary obstacles which lie in the way of their fulfilment, has its own dangers. Not to speak of those which are more purely spiritual, the fact that so large a proportion of hope, effort and desire are concentrated on the life that now is, is productive of an over-eagerness for visible results which is apt to defeat its own end. There would be less of the unrest, the unwise haste, the disappointment, which too often characterise and impede workers in the cause of social regeneration if they were able to realise that even in the case of individuals there is a larger hope, a wider outlook than this present life affords. And indeed such an encouragement is sorely needed by those who know anything of its conditions to the majority of human beings living under the sway of our boasted Western civilisation. They cannot, save in the case of a few irresponsible enthusiasts, deceive themselves into the belief that the vast problems involved, the radical changes necessitated, will even be faced by a general determination to deal with them in the comprehensive and thorough-going manner which alone could avail, in the lifetime of the present, in all probability of more than the present generation. And if in the end the Utopia of their dreams is realised, and peace, sufficiency, and the means of full self-development are placed within the reach of all, there yet remains that tale of ruined lives and uncompensated suffering through which its attainment will have been achieved. Even were full social regeneration capable of immediate accomplishment, individual life would not be rendered satisfactory.

Another consideration demands attention. It is the fact that under present conditions, even when, as human experience goes, they are altogether favourable, man never appears to himself to attain the true zenith of his powers. There is always a beyond which could quite conceivably be reached were this or that limitation, perhaps the universal one of the shortness of life, removed. The old man may indeed, owing to the very decay of vitality which causes it, acquiesce calmly in the arrest of his powers, but would he do so before decay has touched him, when body and mind are still in full vigour and activity? Let each man in possession of the *mens sana in corpore sano* ask this question of himself. And indeed if the first half of the condition alone be fulfilled, it is hard for a man to give up the hope of achievements for which he feels full mental capacity on account of physical infirmity, whether the latter be due to age or to illness. Those who have read the Letters of J. R. Green will remember the pathetic exclamation uttered when it was supposed he had but six weeks to live. "I have so much work to do." As a matter of fact his frail life had yet two years to run, and he accomplished—kept alive, his physician said, more by sheer force of will than anything else—the chief part of the task which lay so near his heart. But can it be doubted that even then his intellectual power was unexhausted, and that had it not been for physical limitations

and premature death, far more would have been successfully attempted? The same remark applies with even more force to one whose death came with a shock of surprise to friend and foe alike. "So much to do, so little done," are reported to have been the last words of Cecil Rhodes, who in his fiftieth year had to leave unfinished at a peculiarly critical period a gigantic task to which perhaps no other living man is equal. Nor are such cases exceptional, save in the particular of unusual talent and energy. We have but to run over in our minds the list of our personal friends and acquaintance, and we shall find that in the case of successful and unsuccessful alike a falling short of possibilities is the rule. So and so has done well, but he might have done so much better *if*—and then follows the inevitable qualification, or such another would have succeeded, *but* he was overweighted by poverty, or family cares, by ill-health, or by some other of the ordinary hindrances of ordinary life.

Again there is the injurious effect on others than the individual immediately concerned which this individual limitation occasions. The statesman who is lost to his country's councils just when she is most in need of him, the mother who is snatched from her children at the age when they chiefly require her care, and the loss of whose tender watchfulness in early years is felt to the end of life, the father whose counsel and ripe experience would have been invaluable to the son just setting forth on his career, but whose voice is silenced by Death at the moment when it seemed indispensable, these and countless other instances are so familiar and so often dwelt on that even to mention them savours of the trite. Each time, however, that they enter into a living experience they are felt with the same keen and bitter strength as though they were the first sorrow of the first man.

Social regeneration is no panacea for these things. It cannot secure to the individual the certainty that his powers shall ripen to their full development, that work which he has undertaken shall be accomplished, that his life shall last long enough to shelter, till shelter is no longer necessary, the lives dependent on him, that the desires either of affection or intellect shall come even near to satisfaction.

And if it is thus with the successful,—for so far it is chiefly those whom the world would deem successful that we have been bearing in mind, in whose case there has been at any rate a partial fulfilment of their best potentialities—what shall be said of the unsuccessful, of the world's failures, of the incurably diseased, vicious, miserable, who might have been so different had their environment been different, who had the halcyon days of social regeneration fallen upon them would at any rate have attained an ordinary level of virtue, decency, satisfaction? Does it content us to regard them as the necessary sacrifice to the well-being of future generations? Are the victims to war, pestilence, inefficient legislation, to their own and others' ignorance, neglect or despair, mere age-long object lessons of how not to live? Our intel-

lectual and moral nature alike shrinks from thus regarding them. And it is this fact, quite as much as our private needs, aspirations and affections, which makes of Immortality primarily an individual question. We ask indeed, at moments when the brevity and uncertainty of life are personally brought home to us by bereavement or the first warnings that our physical powers have passed their zenith "Shall I survive? Will those I love survive? Will the desires, the capacities that have never found fruition here 'bloom to profit other where?'" But it is at times of wider sympathy, when not our own lot nor that of any dear ones within the narrow circle of home and friendship is chiefly present to us, that we realise the awful futility of individual life if death indeed be its term.

Nor are such questionings satisfied, though they may be silenced, by the representation that no life can cease to be, and that the perishing of its individual forms no more affects its persistence than the subsidence of ocean waves into a great calm affects the persistence of the ocean itself. The merging of the finite in the Infinite cannot be rightly called Death, yet to the general mind, the term life is even less appropriate.

It may be supposed that Christians at any rate can give a more satisfactory answer. "The life everlasting" is an article of their faith, and the Resurrection of Christ, to those who indeed hold it true, places the continuance of individual life beyond a doubt. But how many would shrink from a searching enquiry into their real belief on the matter, how few if they are honest with themselves would venture to assert that the Resurrection is a fact, or the "life to come" a certainty! And this doubtfulness among persons who have nevertheless a very real belief in the strength and spirituality of Christian teaching is another determining cause of that narrowing of the Christian horizon to which reference has already been made. It is difficult for faith and hope to overleap earthly bounds. Let us therefore do our utmost within them. Duty cannot fail us though all else may grow dim and uncertain. There is truth and noble purpose in this determination, but it is obvious that to carry it out effectually, knowledge of the true range and bearing of our present life is of the utmost importance. It will make—it ought to make—a vast difference in the duty of each individual *now* whether his outlook, not as regards himself only, but all other individuals past, present, and to come, is limited to earth or reaches beyond it. The training and discipline which would suffice for mortals, the conditions of life, the power of perseverance and endeavour, the outlook of hope which would be great enough for them, are wholly inadequate for immortals. These, too, need not shrink as mortals must from apparent failure, or certain suffering either in their own case or in that of others. The issues of life are so large that illimitable courage should be theirs. We know, alas! that practically it is not so. Yet though in the period through which we are passing the "heavenly horizon" has grown

blurred and faint to many as truly Christian in aspiration and effort as those early martyrs who felt earth, not heaven, to be the illusion, the overclouding has its great and practical uses. Not till the faith which we thought dying revives in greater power than before, shall we know what it owes to the darkness which obscured for a while its vision of the unseen. For in truth a radical change in the conception of what Christian Immortality means was sorely needed, and it is difficult to see in what way, save by the teaching of experience, it could have been effected. It is not so much historical criticism, or lack of scientific proof which has shaken Christian confidence in the "life everlasting," as the inherent weakness of the ideal formed of it. It is to this aspect of the subject that the rest of the present essay will be devoted. In a subsequent paper the writer hopes to approach it from a wider and more fundamental point of view.

Whatever may be the drawbacks of Western Civilisation, there can be no doubt of the increased variety and complexity of life it has brought about. There never has been a time when so large a number of interests, so many branches of knowledge, such wide fields of activity, were opened up to mankind as now, and as a consequence life is to a vast number of people fuller to an almost immeasurable extent than it was to their progenitors some hundreds of years ago. There are those, as we know, who are very far from considering this state of things an unmixed advantage—even as an advantage at all, but the fact remains, and it inevitably affects our whole mental attitude. A man of the twentieth century, though he be of mediocre culture and intelligence, has a wider outlook, a larger experience than the most highly endowed intellect of the tenth century could attain. Yet our conception of Immortality has filtered down to us through the dark ages. It is still tainted by their narrowness of outlook, their scientific ignorance, their opposition of the natural to the supernatural, and we can hardly be surprised that it fails to satisfy or to attract a generation before which such amazing vistas of the Universe have opened out. It is true indeed that to the saints of all ages, to those who—whatever their intellectual attainments may be or may not be, to whatever grade of society or culture they belong—are the spiritual salt of the earth, one desire, one possibility is alone present in their hope of Immortality—the perfected consciousness of the Divine Presence—that "Sight" of God which is the especial blessing of the pure in heart. To such as these no other belief regarding Immortality is possible or desirable save that that highest aspiration should be fully satisfied. But such single-hearted lovers of God, those to whom God only, God always, is consciously the Supreme Object of their desire, have ever been in a minority. There are many different types and castes of human character, and in life beyond as in life before death, room is needed for all. Christians should not have difficulty in realising this, and the fact that they to whom no children of the Divine Father should be common

or unclean yet seem frequently to regard one class of mind alone as fully acceptable to Him—the saintly, in the conventional sense of the term,—is greatly owing to the undue exaltation of the contemplative over the active side of the Christian life which for long obtained in the Church. It was an inevitable consequence of the “dark ages,” when intellectual and spiritual culture were alike hard to come by, and could only be preserved under the hot-house conditions of the cloister. Such a one-sided ideal leads to as mistaken a conception of the life to come as of life on earth. The latter we have corrected. We no longer draw the sharp line between the “religious” (*i.e.*, the conventual) life and that of the world which our fathers drew. The best religious thought of our day recognises that Christianity claims as its own all art, all science, all culture, all philanthropy, that no department of life or of service lies outside religion. But our grasp of the sacredness of activity, the consecration of knowledge, even of affection, is most frequently limited to the sphere of earth. Beyond there seems nothing before us but a life of passive contemplation, an existence of which we can form no conception save that it will be one of rest, of freedom from care and sorrow and evil, a condition of negative beatitude in fact, to which, at times of sick weariness with the restlessness and turmoil of the world, we turn with joy and relief, but which has no attraction for the young, the strong, the healthfully busy, the happy.

Surely there is a fundamental error here, one which it is well worth while to track and refute. If the spirit of New Testament teaching on this subject gives us as one great object of hope untrammelled service of the Divine Father we are wrong to fix our eyes only on rest, we are injuring those whose greatest need and desire is not to cease from activity but to be granted full scope for it.

Ideal Immortality should satisfy all healthful and innocent aspirations, utilise all capacities, embrace within its wide scope all intellectual, affectional, and spiritual activities which in the widest sense of the term are “good.”

Some may regard such an ideal as too material to be permissible from the Christian standpoint, and if material is to be taken as a synonym for sensual, then it is true that there is no place for the material in the Christian conception of life, either present or to come. The restriction of human beings to, or their absorption in the life of the senses is inimical to every spiritual religion—to Christianity most because it is most spiritual, because there is in it no lower path for the ordinary man, no esoteric mysteries for the initiated, but the same demand made on each and all, *viz.*, to live up to the highest they know.

But if by “material” be intended man’s relationship to the natural universe, nay that universe itself in all the marvels of its known order, with all the dimly hinted possibilities of what yet may become known,

then the Christian conception of Immortality embraces that relationship, applies to that universe. One of the "notes" of Christianity is that it neither ignores, condemns, nor supersedes the natural, but raises it to a new dignity and confers upon it a larger scope by treating it as itself the expression and the pledge of spirit. According to New Testament teaching the universe of Nature is a spiritual creation which in the Divine ideal of it is throughout "very good," and which in its actual state of (to human perception) non-attainment, groans and travails together with man until the adoption, that is the redemption of the body, until the material expression is so perfectly moulded to the spiritual meaning that the latter shines forth undimmed in its eternal beauty and splendour. Man's intellect, affections, moral consciousness are spiritual attributes, none the less so that not having themselves attained to the Divine Ideal, and being therefore imperfect, they are expressed through the imperfect medium of the "natural body." Christianity does not teach that when this medium fails human knowledge, love, righteousness are to be without expression, but that a more fitting expression is to be given them. First the natural expression, afterwards that which is spiritual, for *if* there is a natural body, there is a spiritual body. If, that is, under earthly conditions, man needs an earthly body and an earthly environment by means of which to express what he is and does, so under conditions which are not earthly but which are and must be *human*, he will need a human though non-earthly body and a human though non-earthly environment for the same reason—to express his being and his activity.

The Divine Ideal of human life is the life of Christ, manifested before death under earthly conditions, after death under non-earthly. To the "witnesses of His Resurrection" He did not reveal Himself either as bodiless, or as disconnected from His former life. On the contrary His Risen Body—that which was the perfect expression of the Perfect Life informing it—bore the marks of His Death and Passion, at once bringing home His identity to the minds of His sorrowing disciples with a strength of conviction which no other evidence could have afforded, and deeply impressing upon them the fact of the intimate connection between the earthly and the non-earthly life. "It is I Myself"—I whose experience before death is so indelibly wrought into the essence of My life, that It would not be fully expressed unless Its physical manifestation bore the marks of My Passion. There can be no plainer teaching than this that human life before and after death is continuous, and it must be carefully borne in mind if we would enter into the Christian conception of Immortality. It will be "I myself" to each one in the life to come, the same unique individuality retaining the "marks" and the memory of those experiences of suffering, of sorrow, of joy, which are the warp and woof of the earthly life so common that they make all men brothers, yet so distinct and peculiar in each case that no other has been or can be identical with it.

This belief in the continuity of each individual human life has very important practical issues which have been obscured by the too frequent restriction of its meaning to the meting out of reward and punishment. Without doubt this is one aspect of the subject, but it is one aspect only and cannot be rightly appreciated save in relation to the whole. In past ages, when even the most cultivated intellects were unable to recognise beneath the apparent lawlessness of the Universe its vast and unchanging order, it was inevitable that spiritual truths also should be invested with a certain amount of arbitrariness. Thus the "reward" of the just equally with the punishment of the unjust was regarded as not in essential connection with the life which had merited either. Consequently the former could be bought by certain rites, ceremonies and benefactions, the latter could be avoided in much the same way by indulgences, penances, gifts of money to ecclesiastical purposes, etc. It was not clearly understood that the punishment of a sinful life was wrought out by that life itself, and was of the kind which the particular sins indulged in must inevitably entail, just as a burned hand must inevitably follow the thrusting of it into the fire. The punishment of sin equally with the wages of virtue is progress in the path chosen. Browning has finely illustrated this in his description of the man found at the Last Judgment choosing earthly before spiritual joys. His sentence is to possess that which he has chosen, earth, but without the power which he in common with all men had hitherto possessed, of looking if he would, beyond the transitory and apparent to the real and abiding.

"Thou saidst,—'Let spirit star the dome
Of Sky, that flesh may miss no peak,
No nook of earth,—I shall not seek
Its service further' Thou art shut
Out of the heaven of spirit, glut
Thy sense upon the world, 'tis thine
For ever—take it"

"How?—Is mine
The world?" I cried (while my soul broke
Out in a transport) "Hast thou spoke
Plainly in that? Earth's exquisite
Treasures of wonder and delight,
For me?"

The austere voice returned
"So soon made ~~made~~ happy? Had'st thou learned
What God accounteth happiness,
Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess
What hell may be His punishment
For those who doubt if God invent
Better than they—Let such men rest
Content with what they judged the best.

Let the unjust usurp at will
 The filthy shall be filthy still
 Miser, there waits the gold for thee !
 Hater, indulge thine enmity !
 And thou whose heaven self-ordained
 Was to enjoy earth unrestrained,
 Do it ! take all the ancient show !

* * * *

*" I promise not thou shalt forget
 The past now gone to its account,
 But leave thee with the old amount
 Of faculties, nor less nor more,
 Unvisited as heretofore
 By God's free Spirit that makes an end "*

Considerations of space preclude longer quotation, especially from a poem familiar to almost all readers, but the italicised lines contain the crux of the whole matter, indicating alike the cause of the extreme anguish of the punishment and the possibility (more clearly developed later) that it is purgatorial, not penal merely, " I promise not thou shalt, " forget the past " " It is I myself—I who might have judged that " the use of flesh ' was to refine the nerve beneath the spirit's play,' who " might have chosen to follow ' the spirit's fugitive brief gleams,' until " they issued in the unveiled light of God It is I myself who have " thrust away my spiritual inheritance, have fixed myself where ' God's " ' free spirit that makes an end ' no longer penetrates It is I myself " who have lost myself " That is the keen edge of the suffering, a very sword of the Spirit before which the man shrinks and quails But because he can thus suffer, hope has not altogether departed, the pain that an immortal spirit condemned to dwell amongst shadows must experience so clears his vision, that at the end of the poem we find him whose one desire had been the enjoyment of earthly life to the full, exclaiming —

" How dreadful to be grudged
 No ease henceforth, as one that's judged,
 Condemned to earth for ever, shut
 From heaven "

And we are left with the closing note of hope

" But Easter Day breaks But
 Christ rises ! Mercy every way
 Is infinite, and who can say ? "

These considerations illustrate forcibly the meaning of that central fact, the continuity of human life—round which, if once realised, all other facts of human life would group themselves in due order and

subordination And needless to say the same remarks apply *mutatis mutandis* to reward This is no arbitrary bliss bestowed upon all alike who at some time or other of their lives—it may be upon their deathbed—have “made their peace with God” It is the inevitable consequence of the aim and endeavour after the highest (according to the light of each individual) in thought and practice, of the unworldly temper of mind, which, in whatever way shown, however painfully connected with a sense of failure and shortcoming, yet recognises that earth is but in some sense or other a prelude, a forecast, an intimation of something better, nobler, more worthy of attainment than itself, “God’s ante-chamber” by whose variegated “arras folds”

“The wise who waited there could tell
 . . . What royalties in store
 Lay one step past the entrance door”

But as the sharpest edge of punishment lies in the realisation of what might have been, only possible because what might have been is continuous with what is, so the supreme reward, or one element in the supreme reward, is the knowledge that what is, is essentially connected with what was—“It is I myself—I who strove and fell, and rose to “strive again, blinded, maimed, scarcely daring to hope I could attain, “yet keeping amid all darkness, amid all defeat even, the unquenchable “desire of the highest, I have been found faithful, my feet are set for “ever upon the upward path, and to me is given my heart’s desire” And if that desire has not known and does not yet know itself to be none other than the thirst for the Divine, God is not straitened in the means whereby He will in the life beyond draw those who have been true to the light they had under earthly conditions into full apprehension of and participation in that supreme desire, the response to which is the vision of Himself

A real living belief (not a mere intellectual acquiescence,) in this continuity of individual human life has issues of infinitely greater importance to society at large than those which it debates with such fervour and heat It can hardly be said that we are in a position to estimate them as yet One thing however should be abundantly plain If death is indeed no break in life, but merely an entrance into different conditions of life, this fact of itself should weigh immensely in education Before it could do so, however, a public opinion in favour of its practical importance would have to be created At present what public opinion is being brought to bear on the subject leans all the other way To think much of life beyond the grave is supposed to unfit us for work in the world as it is Could we realise that every activity of which human beings are capable is a sacred thing (and this is the teaching of Christianity)—a thing which may be defiled, defamed, prostituted to low uses, but which in the Divine Ideal of it is altogether noble, beautiful, worthy of all honour, not destined to perish

in the using, but to be trained to ever higher and higher perfection till its scope, compared to what in our present ignorance we suppose, is well-nigh illimitable, then we should deem no effort too strenuous, no sacrifice too great to ensure to ourselves and to others the full development of all human powers and capacities. Our chief aim would be so to think and work that when we take that "one step past the entrance door" to fuller life, neither we nor others through our action should be weighted by limitations which our experience under earthly conditions should have taught us to surmount. This would debar none from giving their full energy to every honourable profession and pursuit, but it would immeasurably raise the standard of individual effort and responsibility. It would save the artist and the author from prostituting talent to win the poor meed of contemporary or posthumous fame, the statesman from committing his fellow countrymen to a policy which Christian wisdom condemns, either for the sake of present popularity or a name which posterity should call great. It would save the educator from aiming at immediate results rather than eliciting the true personality, the best self in the young people committed to his charge, and the philanthropist from adopting hasty expedients which, though they may give momentary relief, are no true medicine for the social body. It would rob bereavement of its keenest pangs and take the edge off all disappointment. And this being the case, it would set free even under actual conditions an amazing amount of human energy and capacity which are at present cramped and stunted by the overhanging fear that whatever the individual cannot accomplish before death is, so far as the individual himself is concerned, incomplete. He may sow, but another will reap, he may labour but another will enter into the fruit of his labours, he shall not himself see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Nor need we condemn such a feeling as egotistic. To do so would be to run counter to a universal human characteristic, the characteristic of all others which raises man beyond animal to spiritual life, the capacity to perceive, and the determination to strive after, the Ideal. The man who has such faith in the reality of his ideal that he can say "It will come to pass though I shall not see it," is strong, but he who can assert "It will come to pass and I shall see it," is stronger still. This is the strength that belief in the continuity of individual personality should give to every man in whom it is a living, active power, and not a half acquiesced-in truth which has no practical bearing on life as it is now.

Another effect, far-reaching in its results, but more purely personal than any which has yet been touched on, might well be produced, viz. the more strenuous endeavour on the part of each individual to attain to the Divine Ideal for him, to fulfil the Divine Conception of his own being. There is a certain school of thought, of which Nietzsche may be regarded as one of the principal prophets and exponents, which insists before all else upon self-realisation as the one important end of individual life.

"Be yourself" is the cry of these teachers "Be what you are, whether that be what is conventionally called good or evil Experience all you can, live all you can Fulfil yourself in every way that is open to you, regardless of any consequence so only that you can achieve and complete yourself." Let this advice be taken by one whose outlook is limited to life on earth, and in most instances we know but too well the lamentable physical and moral wreck which would ensue But widen the horizon Say as before "Fulfil, complete yourself, yet bear in mind that Self's undying Nature, that as you are making it now, so will it start beyond death with larger powers, a greater scope, an unforgotten past Be therefore not only yourself, but true to your Self Do not prostitute it, do not place in its hands that awful power of reproach so terribly depicted by Rossetti in one of the finest of his sonnets, where he exclaims that at death—

'God knows I know the faces I shall see,
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath
'I am thyself, what hast thou done to me?'
'And I—and I—thyself,' (lo! each one saith,)
'And thou thyself to all eternity' "

Such a possibility as this, placed in juxtaposition to that other possibility of approximating ever nearer and nearer to the Divine meaning in "My Self," would prove, if indeed confronted, an almost resistless deterrent from those forms of supposed self-realisation which are in truth its destroyers

One last word seems called for The present essay is addressed to Christians It is an attempt to place in a more vivid and practical light a belief which is by hypothesis theirs already, and it can hardly therefore appeal to those whose mental standpoint precludes them from accepting the Christian doctrines The utmost to be expected—and this the writer would even in a single instance be glad to attain—would be the recognition that belief in the persistence of individual life after death should not be a hindrance, but a great motive power in human progress now To those who, perceiving this, yet feel that the belief is not justified, the writer hopes in a future paper to address herself

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THE MIND OF AMERICA *

THAT the character and personality of a nation must find expression in its literature seems, as a general proposition, obvious enough. To the student of the literary records of humanity it is clear that the names of Greece and Rome present, as his studies progress, certain *idols*, at once clearly outlined and sharply contrasted. It may occur to him, as his researches are carried further, not only that character and personality—the chief objects of his inquiry—reach their full development in different nationalities by various rates and at various stages, but also that peoples, like children, are some more some less backward or precocious in “beginning to notice,” and to talk. Even at maturity it may seem that their capacity for self-expression varies widely according to the temper—active or reflective, “independent” or expansive, of the particular peoples considered, and according to the mistakes or successes—accidental as these must often seem—of their political development. It is true that while a nation whose political career has been stunted or blighted leaves but a few melancholy scraps of literature behind it, there seem to be others in which a high artistic power of self-expression has accompanied something very like an incompetence for the practical duties of politics. In general, however, the material and political growth of a people—a thing by the testimony of history usually occupying several centuries, is associated in our minds with that other thing—the gradual development and perfection of an original literature. And this, in turn, is associated no less distinctly with the development and perfection of a particular *language*.

For we know to within a century the date at which each of the prominent modern languages first emerged from mediæval chaos and darkness. We can point more precisely to the period when each of them, after some three or four hundred years, received the final and characteristic polish that fitted it to be the organ and implement of modern thought.

Perhaps this process of evolution is so familiar to us that we can scarcely believe in any other. In the familiar cases to which it has been applied, national unity—consanguinity, that is, backed up more or less heartily by geography—has remained the principal factor in the situation, and the degree of actuality with which this has made itself felt has obviously affected if not directly regulated the force and originality of the national literature.

But, as history is full of mild surprises, it may be an interesting question to consider how far the original national life which has so often been raised from a *seed* (the seed that, as in the scriptural figure, passes through a sort of mediæval disintegration and begins again from a state of decay) can possibly grow from a *cutting*. How far, in a word, is it possible for a colony, retaining the language and traditions of the adult civilised nation of which it forms part, to become another, one—so to speak—"of its own invention?" How far will it be dominated, restricted by its past? How far, in its independence, will it tend to remain like a child in the presence of its elders, conscious, imitative, and perhaps "unnatural?"

We say "while retaining the tongue and traditions" of its mother country, which in certain familiar cases have been abandoned. The three or four hundred thousand French Protestants (something like one-twentieth of our then population) who in the 17th century found a refuge on these shores caused by that migration a direct loss to France and a direct gain to Britain. As an element in French vitality they disappeared. As an accession to our own they were profitably absorbed. But a successful colony in the new—the comparatively uninhabited—world beyond the seas could by no possibility find anything there to displace the ideas, the language, the traditions brought with them, which indeed could scarcely fail to become more precious in proportion to the difficulty of their preservation at such a distance from "home." Such a community would tend to resemble rather an outlying portion of the mother country cut off by some strange and painful convulsion of nature, placing it henceforward—if we can imagine such a thing—almost out of reach of the main influences circulating from its natural centres of civilisation. It might tend to become—as its temper or circumstances varied—fondly imitative in its attitude, or petulantly independent, but the bed-rock of its mind and feeling would remain essentially as settled for it before the separation, and would develop—in so far as it developed—on regularly "provincial" lines.

If we emphasise the supposed situation by adding the further data, of

- (1) A separation of almost unique geographical extent and completeness,
- (2) Originally based upon a deep religious division, and
- (3) Embittered, at a later stage, by a keen sense of political grievance.

ance, and culminating in a political act which strained all the natural ties of nationality to the utmost if we remember also that

(4) The New World, however vast and striking in its features, was historically and intellectually a blank scroll from which little or nothing could be extracted by the ex-European intelligence thus driven in upon its own suddenly restricted resources, if we realise all this, we then understand what is meant in common parlance by the absolutely "unique" position and history—intellectual as well as military and economic—of the "United States of America"

The Puritan emigrants whose Cosmopolitan heroism determined that their home should be the land where they could worship God freely, were yet human, and could not achieve the historically impossible. On what they and their successors did achieve, on the many virtues of America, on her stupendous material success, her indefatigable ingenuity there is no need to dilate. These things could not alter the law by virtue of which their country has remained—broadly speaking—a distant province of Great Britain, influenced of later years by a large miscellaneous (but chiefly Teutonic) immigration, her primary instincts and sympathies blurred and distorted by a curious mental and political bias, but in other respects

"The heir of Europe's hopes and fears,"

working out her own salvation on lines not perhaps so free as they appear. The singularity of the relation is clearly recognised by our transatlantic historian

"English or not," he bluntly observes, "we Americans are English "speaking still and English speaking must always remain." To many, he thinks (not very many, we should hope) this may seem "a mere "linguistic coincidence." To the serious thinker it must mean that for better or worse the ideals that underlie the "blundering conscious life" of America must be after all, "those which for centuries have rectified "and purified the blunders of the mother country," "those moral and "religious conceptions that are consecrated in James I's English Bible "and in the legal system known as our Common Law." But the "disunion of sympathy" between the mother country and her greatest colony remains, like the practical detachment of the latter, "a fact of "world wide significance."

It is scarcely remarkable then that even a native critic reviewing at the close of the 19th century the history of such a colony should find the hall-mark of her literature to be "*isolation and inexperience*," in a word—a word he finds himself frequently compelled to use—"Provincialism."

The question being, as here propounded, what has been contributed by Americans to the great ancestral literature of the English language, the answer is—naturally enough—"very little." Up to the 19th century practically nothing, or one might say "Benjamin Franklin *et*

"præterea nihil" And in the 19th century—where American literature may be said, he thinks, to begin, very little (on which little there is more to be said) of primary importance or deep significance, much—including the beginnings of a serious and enthusiastic historical school—that is full of promise on lines that are not and could scarcely be distinctively American, and a great mass of the "intellectual green fruit"—as the autocrat of the Boston breakfast table described it—which would like to be American but scarcely succeeds in being anything at all

Prima facie, of course, there is nothing remarkable in this paucity of materials for literary history. A nation, whatever its peculiar genesis, must first exist before it begins to think or talk, it must exist on a considerable scale before it can develop a high civilisation. Nay, it is clear, and is here frankly recognised as doubtless every American thinker must recognise it, that the amazing rapidity of the country's industrial progress, the rampant and blatant materialism based upon its abnormal wealth-creation has conduced to actions and tendencies—in the spheres both of politics and civilisation—which are not merely "behindhand" by the world's history-standards, but retrogressive.

In economics, we are often reminded, America, like a casual spend-thrift "playing ducks and drakes" with a vast fortune, can afford to try experiments, to plunge into errors which would ruin many another less favoured nation, without as yet feeling the consequences. In politics her "corruption" indicates, we know, not the deep-seated disease it would mean in our own adult body politic, but the light-hearted aversion of a youthful people to "take seriously" the business which, after all, is the last thing the most successful nations come to understand. Similarly in regard to the growth of the national mind, taste, culture, here again most of her troubles are to come. Her much-talked of, much desired "leisured class," as it comes into being and consolidates its ranks in the course of the next century, will have much to taboo, much to fight against before the forces of mere crude money-getting and Mammon-worship are relegated to their proper place in a free and civilised community. These things are found to take time in Europe, and early in the second century of her existence United America has realised not merely the necessity of taking up her share of the Anglo-Saxon "burden," but presumably also that she can no longer "sit apart" in vague contempt of outworn old-world ideas. She has learnt that unique "isolation," if it has protected and favoured her abnormal material growth, has also restricted the range of her spiritual life, and of her literary expression.

The singularity of this moral and intellectual situation has nowhere perhaps been adequately portrayed. Its glaring anomalies, the contrasts between the Ideal New World and that governed by "Tammany" and "the Spoils system," between the American Utopia of freedom and tolerance, and the fierce outbursts of murderous racial

hatred that continue to stain her history, are suggested more than sketched in the best lines of one of Mr Kipling's many crudely penetrating, if somewhat ill-digested metrical studies. It is the "American Spirit" that speaks —

Through many roads, by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise,
He is the jester and the jest,
And he the text himself supplies.

Calm eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or, panic-blinded, stabs and slays
Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or, cringing, begs a crust of praise,

Or sombre drunk at mine and mart,
He dubs his dreary brethren Kings,
His hands are black with blood—his heart
Leaps, as a babe's, at little things

And yet through "the shift of mood and mood," a certain ancient humour is to be the salt of his nature, a "cynic devil in the blood" allied to that other trait,

Inopportune, shrill-accented,
The acrid Asiatic mirth
That leaves him careless 'mid his dead,
The scandal of the elder earth

Which knowledge vexes him a space,
But while Reproof around him rings,
He turns a keen untroubled face
Home to the instant need of things

Lo, imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And—in the teeth of all the schools,
I—I shall save him at the last!

And if not to all the "elder earth," at least to ourselves—to the England from whose loins sprang this anomalous, unclassable, national entity, the study of its mental development, of the growth and harmonisation of so much "acridity," so much indifference to what we account most sacred and precious, so much capacity for self-evolution, so much intrepid "untroubled" vigour, must be of immense interest, even though that interest is doubtless more historic than literary.

If America has her most vital troubles yet to come, we in England do not doubt that they will be faced effectively enough. What we have here specially to consider is the question how far her peculiar genesis, with the "growth and change of the typical American

"character in three centuries" has effected or affected a literature which in so far as it exists must be "the lasting expression in words of her conception of the meaning of life."

It is only characteristic of the topsyturvydom of the "winkled youth" of the national civilisation that "American literature begins," as our historian significantly observes, "*where that of a normally developed language is apt to leave off*"—that is to say, in the stage of conscious, if not laboured, prose fiction

The period referred to is, as has been said, our own beloved and just deceased 19th century. But, to go back to what must be called the pre-literary stage, it is no less curious—were it not so inevitable—to find the earliest youth of America occupied not with the rude spontaneous outbursts of song that are appropriate to national childhood, but with the dreariest of theological dialectics, the diseased ravings of a savage Calvinism run to seed on a soil barren of all humaner growth

The 17th century in New England—the age of immigration—is, in truth, an age by itself

The Freeman's oath of 1639, probably the first production of the American press, the foundation of Harvard College three years earlier, these are among its landmarks. But its most literary outburst, its poetry—save the mark!—is represented by the helpless doggerel of the "Bay Psalm Book" evolved by Richard Mather, Thomas Wilde and John Eliot, in 1640 (at once a "barbarous imitation" of a well-known 16th century measure, and a ghastly perversion of work done into classical English some thirty years before), and by the even more terrible "Day of Doom," produced by the Rev Michael Wigglesworth twenty-two years later

Anyone who cares to read Prof Barrett Wendell's specimen of verses from the "Plea of the Infants" (in the above poem) and the lengthy and verbose reply of the Almighty justifying their condemnation, will probably agree that literary fatuity could hardly go further

But the apotheosis of all this provincial theology, of all the literature of fantastic Capitals and misplaced Italics, its great epic—"the prose epic of New England Puritanism" is the "Magnalia" of Cotton Mather, finished in 1697, and published in 1702. Of this work the keynote is sounded in its first sentence, the conviction, the pervasive religious conceit, we may say, of a mission entrusted to Massachusetts for the reformation of the world in general

"I write *the Wonders of the Christian Religion*, flying from the Depravations of *Europe*, to the *American Strand* and assisted by the Holy Author of that *Religion*, I do, with all conscience of *Truth*, . . . report the *Wonderful Displays* of His Infinite Power, Wisdom, Goodness . . . wherewith His Divine Providence hath *Irradiated* an *Indian Wilderness*" That the "*Magnalia Christi Americana*"—to give the elaborate memoir its full title—is on the whole written with dignity and fervour, though exhibiting much

inaccuracy of detail, with the grossest bigotry and superstition, may be true enough. It is the literary expression of an amazing and happily short-lived aspiration after theocracy, based indeed on the blind obedience of virtuous people whose sincere ideal was "a trembling walk with God," but leading to the atrocious witchcraft persecutions that culminated in The Salem Reign of Terror.

With the collapse of the witch trials in 1692 and the deposition of the author's father, the famous and eloquent Increase Mather, from the Presidency of Harvard, which he had held for 16 years (1701), a new and humaner spirit began to prevail. In the 18th century a "social" as opposed to a "religious" class began to arise, the significance of which change may be inferred from the fact that of the 215 books recorded as published before 1700, *more than half* were of an expressly improving, when not fanatical, nature. The original printed productions of Cotton Mather, who lived on till 1728, actually number 400 (!), while among his unpublished works remain a folio volume on medicine—a mine of research, one may suspect, for the Christian Scientist—an "exhaustive commentary on the whole Bible" and an incredible mass of letters and diaries. Of such was the culture of the 17th century, and though the growth of commerce began to build up a less "theocratic" social system, literature remained terribly theological, and in 1740 came Whitefield's revivalist invasion of New England, and the "Great Awakening," an outburst of ranting excess not without its effect, we are reminded, on the temper of those destined to work out the American Revolution.

But taking the two main Anglo-Saxon traditions of the country to be on the one hand Early Puritanism bottled and transported, so to speak, at its full strength, and on the other the old English common-sense and "deliberateness" that made and make the Common Law, there are two typical exponents of these who together fairly represent for us pre-Revolutionary America. They are *Jonathan Edwards* (1703—1758), President of Princeton College and the most influential of New England Theologians, and *Benjamin Franklin* (1702—1790), the first "great" man, in any humane sense of the words, produced or evolved on "the other side."

The former, whose sombre pedantry and rigorous Calvinism were hopelessly belied by the real goodness of the world about him, a world in which "relieved from the pressure of external fact *people generally behaved much better than is usual in earthly history*," sufficiently typifies an academic theoretical Puritanism divorced from real contact with life. The latter, whose famous autobiography has made him the familiar object of world-wide esteem and affection, found in the things of earth, in Honesty, Punctuality, Prosperity, in the rewards and virtues preached from the lay pulpit of "Poor Richard's Almanack," something more precious than the most conclusive of theological dogmas. He stood for practical progress, as opposed to barren, misanthropic reflection.

It is in Benjamin Franklin, moreover, with his Addisonian style and piety, that we strike the first vein of genuine originality in American letters. His satirical comment on certain ignorant newspaper articles about America, that appeared in 1765, might perhaps be paralleled in the playful banter heaped upon "Tory Foxhunters" in the "Freeholder," half a century before, but its audacious gravity tickles our ears with an accent peculiar to America, as when, after retailing certain wondrous yarns swallowed wholesale by the English reader, "All this," he protests, "is as certainly true as the account said to be from Quebec in all the papers of last week, that the inhabitants of Canada are making preparations for a cod and whale fishery 'this summer in 'the Upper Lakes' Ignorant people may object that the Upper Lakes are fresh, and that cod and whales are salt water fish but let them know, sir, that cod, like other fish, when attacked by their enemies, fly into any water where they can be safest, that whales, when they have a mind to eat cod, pursue them wherever they fly; and that the grand leap of the whale in the chase up the falls of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest spectacles in Nature"

Before the fresh breeze of this masculine humour, its "joyful scorn" and conscientious optimism, diplomatic sophistries were apt to vanish like chaff. Nor is there any much more enlightening memoir of the great separation than those "Papers during the Troubles" contributed by the sagacious and versatile Agent of Pennsylvania.*

The contrast between the two above-mentioned writers, personalities one should rather say, is of wide significance. "By the middle of the 18th century religious thought in America had divorced itself from life almost as completely as from politics." The English reader will, we think, be more surprised to learn that one of the best known poems of the late Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Deacon's Master-piece, or the Wonderful One Hoss Shay"—though generally taken for a mere piece of "comic extravagance"—is really a "pitiless satire" upon the ruthlessly logical Calvinism of the aforesaid Jonathan Edwards, in which the gentle "autocrat" had been born and bred till "in the full tide of Unitarian hopefulness,† he recoiled from the appalling doctrines which had darkened his youth." The satire may be a trifle obscure, but the parallel once discerned is close enough. The fatalistic theology which knew and proved so much "too much" was destined to fall to pieces, like the Deacon's legendary vehicle, from its own inherent indestructibility.

To the European mind it may seem wonderful that the opposing influence to such a creed could be typified in the good sense and temper of the wise and gentle Franklin, that it did not produce some

* See the first collected edition of Franklin's *Political and Miscellaneous Works*, London, 1779.

† See *Introd. to Biglow Papers* (English ed., 1861) p. 59.

atheistical reaction. But it was for no such Revolution as that that New Englanders had fled "from the Depravations of Europe to the "American Strand"

What it did enforce—what the "great awakening" of 1740 had already exhibited, was the peculiarly "explosive" and acutely logical nature of the generation who made the Revolution. An interesting suggestion, originated perhaps by Mr Russell Lowell, and expanded by the historian we are following, is that in this fact we see how both the Puritanism and the versatile elasticity of Elizabethan England were preserved in the colonies (by virtue of their singular isolation), long after "contact with external fact" and the friction of rough-and-tumble European existence had deprived the unfortunate mother country of the characteristic freshness of those qualities. It was not, in other words, that America had become un-English. Up to the 17th century home ties had been predominant. Even as late as 1763—Franklin tells us—an American was still "proud to be an 'Old 'England' man". It was rather that young America was *more* "Old English" than the England of the Stamp Act. In another sense "a century and a half of theological discussion" had rendered the Yankee mind more accessible to moral—even academically moral—reasoning than to legal. This is a view well worth consideration.

The literary historian of America is of course concerned with the Revolution only in so far as it affected the mind, the temper, of the colony concerned in it. and Professor Barrett Wendell, for one, recognises with a frankness for which English readers will thank him, that the popular tradition of the episode fostered among his countrymen is a distorted one. The Revolution was, it is true, "a civil war, *whereof the end is not yet, and indeed may never be*". As a political fact it has a deep and tragic significance in "the disuniting of the "English-speaking race". But as an international wrong, as a one-sided grievance, it has been preposterously travestied. When a British Government in 1765 demanded of America that she should defray part of the expense of an English army which had quite recently defended several of the colonies from destruction by Indian tribes, they committed a blunder neither unnatural nor highly criminal. Doubtless the technical Tory plea* of the general imperfection and unsatisfactoriness of *all* representation at the time, was no adequate answer to the logical cry of "No Taxation without Representation". Without questioning that a blunder—political or moral—is always a blunder, and is only rendered worse by insistence upon it, a candid critic may fairly suggest that this particular *faux pas* might—quite rationally and conceivably—have been judged in a different spirit and temper.

* The plea, *e.g.*, of Canning, *when at Manchester* (it recalls the "explanations" of a statesman of more recent date), that "unrepresented Manchester was safe in represented Liverpool." See *The New Tory Guide*, 1810, p. 72.

The practical success of the Revolution—another matter and a more or less accidental result, as Washington admitted, of the French Alliance—together with that yet more vital factor the subsequent greatness of America, practically settled, with no further assistance from history, the form and colouring of the legend. How long the greatest of British colonies would have subsisted as the mere “frontier of an Empire” may be a matter of speculation but the modern grandeur of the United States could scarcely accept as their most striking heritage a “Revolution” that was so far from being an inevitable revolt against old world tyranny that there was actually a good deal to be said for both sides! The episode has therefore been somewhat attuned—in the minds of a generation very dimly aware of what is inherited and what is their own—to the familiar scale of things transatlantic.

The unfortunate fracas at Boston on March 2nd, 1770, when a few English soldiers after enduring “gross provocation and some violence” fired into a mob and killed half-a-dozen people, had, in a similar spirit, been long described as “the Bloody Massacre,” to distinguish it, as Mr Lecky suggests, from such minor tragedies of history as the Sicilian Vespers or the Massacre of St Bartholomew. And when John Adams declared that this most regrettable but otherwise insignificant incident “laid the foundation of American Independence,” when less scrupulous demagogues told how the brutal myrmidons of England had shot down inoffensive citizens, etc, etc, they were but exhibiting the historical “inexperience” of the colonial mind. And that the “old grudge” has been more recently exaggerated to fit the subsequent greatness of “the great Republic” is no mere British fancy.

“To hear many educated Americans talk,” we are assured, “you might think that the position of England in America in the 18th-century resembled that of *Alva in the Netherlands*.” Nor can it be doubted that this curious and not altogether harmless “conceit” is somehow the lineal descendant of that narrow Puritan Idealism, that “deepest fact in the personal life of oldest New England” . . . an intensely earnest and reciprocally tyrannical “search for *absolute truth*,” coupled—one may add—with the equally earnest conviction that when found it would probably be something indigenous to the “American Strand.”

Apart from the Revolution, the close of the 18th century was a period of depressing mental stagnation, the age of *fade* and inspid conventionalism, of tiresome “Hudibrastic” metrical essays, of Trumbull’s “Progress of Dulness” and Dwight’s “Triumph of Infidelity,” of Joel Barlow, and the undergraduate effusions of the “Hartford Wits.” Even as we approach the one century with which our “Literary History” professes to be seriously concerned, its materials become painfully threadbare. But brief as is the record before us, if we eliminate from each period the somewhat oddly congested preparatory chapters on

(1) English History, (2) English Literature, and (3) American History, the English reader can scarcely find it uninteresting. For what does he know—we do not say, of Cotton's "Magnalia" (except as a celebrated rarity in the late Mr Quaritch's "Rough Lists") or of Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom," but of such modern authors as George William Curtis, Edward Laurence Godkin, Rufus Wilmot Griswold, Charles Anderson Dana, William Gilmore Sims, G P Morris (author of "Woodman, spare that tree"), or Augustus B Longstreet? One cannot say if these and a host of other minor authors could or could not be identified at less typographical expense, but their trinomial appellations positively jar upon the reader's nerves. Could he even name the chief contributors to the "Dial" (another treasure of bibliography, if we recollect right) or pass a decent examination in the novels of Charles Brockden Brown?

Frankly, one feels pretty sure he could not. But even if he have not at hand to supply the deficiency either *Stedman and Hutchinson's Library of American Literature* (11 vols 1888—1890), or *S L Whitcomb's Chronological Outlines*—two works here cited so constantly that we suspect them of being indispensable, even to an American critic—he is not seriously to be pitied.

It will probably occur to him at once that of all the triple-named crowd, from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to Nathaniel Parker Willis, three estimable figures—scarcely of the first literary rank—completely eclipse all the rest, to wit Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress of the most influential pamphlet of the 19th century if not of all time, Charles Farrar Browne (vulgarly yclept Artemus Ward), and Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known to his intimates as "Mark Twain."

The latter author and Bret Harte, whose recent decease has revived an interest in him as the precursor of Mr Kipling if not the inventor of the short story, are here excluded on the rather inadequate ground that these gentlemen were in 1901 still alive. Any "difficulty in fairly estimating contemporary literature" would surely be far less applicable to comic verse and prose which became classical thirty years ago than, *e g*, to the poetry of Walt Whitman, of which a word later.

Brown, the first of American novelists (1771—1810), seems scarcely to merit serious consideration except as a reflex of Godwin. While his characters are "lifelessly conventional," his works abound in "American brag," as do still more, we are told, those written about him by fond native biographers. The graceful Irving, the first Transatlantic writer to attract notice abroad, Fenimore Cooper, the commonplace moralisings of Cullen Bryant, the morbid sensation and saner critical essays of Edgar Allan Poe, N P Willis and the little coterie of the "Knickerbocker Magazine" (New York, 1823)—these come more within the modern reader's purview.

Of more actual interest in its results, both political and literary, is what is called the "New England Renaissance," the movement centred in Boston City—"the hub of the social system," as we have all read,

for the reason here perhaps first expounded that it is "not on the way anywhere" In this delightful backwater, the Boston of Mrs Stowe's "Old Town Folks," the home of rigid Conservatism and a patriarchal family discipline, arose the first great intellectual aristocracy of America And its spiritual atmosphere—strange as this may appear to the English reader—was a form of religious belief which among ourselves would scarcely be associated with any particular brightness or breadth Unitarianism, the natural reaction from the Calvinistic belief in the essential badness of human nature with its consequent imperious demand for a Redeemer, had at the outset of the century captured not only Harvard College, but "every social stronghold." The final abandonment of the doctrine of human depravity was accompanied by a very cheering view of the intelligence and literary ability of Massachusetts This, again, in the thirties had developed into that still more independent "belief in innate ideas," that disregard—as it showed itself in literature—of historic facts and values, so gloriously entitled transcendentalism, that general undisciplined tendency to jump to bright and cheering conclusions, described with perhaps a rather hysterical eloquence by Russell Lowell Of this movement, when everyone "had a Mission, with a capital M, to attend to everyone 'else's business," and dreamed of "community in everything but 'common sense," a movement fostered by the precious coterie of the "Dial" and culminating in a vague and gusty passion for reform that led first to the fantastic and abortive Fourierism of Brook Farm (1847), and later to the more serious anti-slavery crusade, Emerson is, of course, the great apostle "A shrewd and sensible Yankee," at bottom, he also, with his brusque impatience of all religious and philosophic system, his passionate individualistic idealism, represents, in the main, nothing specially original or mature, but chiefly struggle and reaction against the religious ideas predominant at his birth, an effort at its best "limited" again "by the national inexperience"—a phenomenon of course trebly illustrated in "the lesser men of Concord," in Bronson Alcott's inexhaustible "Orphic sayings," as in the rather self-conscious naturalism of the hermit Thoreau Meanwhile it is among the orators, in the outbursts of Otis and John Adams, and more markedly—though amid much fustian and fulsome artificiality—in the popular eloquence of Daniel Webster, reaching its highest level in his speech on the prospects of Disunion (1830), that the American spirit seems first to shake off "localism" and take on an independent actuality of its own

And, though the domain of history is not that of creative originality, it was also an era of real progress when the American imagination, "starved at home", turned profitably to Europe and began to revel in the pageantry and splendour of the Continental past Hutchinson's "History of Massachusetts" was, we are told, the most respectable work of pre-Revolutionary America Prince, the earliest annalist of New England, had wasted his time in re-writing the conventional

Mediæval Chronicle that began with the Creation Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature" (1849) was the first American book to attain a European reputation. And the school which followed, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Parkman, down to the enthusiastic specialists of our own time, has continued to absorb and express for their native country those cosmopolitan standards of accuracy, proportion, justice and commonsense which are, in a way, the framework of original literature, the intellectual and ethical "Pyramids," if one may say so, within sight of which its hosts must disport themselves. This is fairly illustrated in the impartial candour of the historical work we are here considering.

The "New England Renaissance," the new life expressed in its classical eloquence, in the scholarship and history, in "the hopeful dreams of its Unitarianism," and even in the "nebulous" transcendentalism that passed through fantastic into practical and militant reform, not to say social Revolution, is the greatest phenomenon in American civilisation. Yet our author frankly recognises that all its exponents—Emerson its prophet, Whittier who phrased its reforming aspirations, Longfellow its academic poet,* Lowell its humanist, Wendell Holmes its rationalist, and Nathaniel Hawthorne its artist—alike and only alike in their strenuous earnestness, remained, though they had discarded the grim dogmas of Calvin, "all Puritans at heart."

Not to dwell with Professor Barrett Wendell on the amateurish culture, the want of any "sustained mood" in the author of that unequal but sincerely rightminded squib, the "Biglow Papers," or the "extreme localism" of Oliver Wendell Holmes, he observes even in Hawthorne "the least imitative, the most original" of American romancists, a certain thinness, an "unmistakable rusticity" in turn of thought as well as phrase—in a word the eternal "provincialism." No less noticeable throughout his work is "that shrinking from things of the flesh which to some foreign minds makes all American writing seem emasculate or hypocritical"—a sentiment with which Mr. Andrew Lang, one fancies, might be found more in agreement than Mr. W. D. Howells.

Searching about so sedulously as Professor Barrett Wendell does for something like genuine and striking originality in the literature of America, we are rather surprised that he does not detect more of it in—*Walt Whitman*. To many an impartial Anglo-Saxon mind there would, we think, be little doubt that the most original things in the intellectual growth of the United States were (1) American humour,

* It is perhaps worth noting that the author of "Hiawatha" may be classed with Fenimore Cooper as a writer who, however "fundamentally academic," endeavoured to find in the expiring Red Indian races something on which the "starved" American imagination might feed. The insufficiency of the materials has been summarised in one of the most humorous passages of Bret Harte. "I see the Noble Savage. He is very fine to look at! But I observe under his war-paint, feathers, and picturesque blanket, dirt, disease, and an unsymmetrical contour beneath his inflated rhetoric, deceit and hypocrisy, beneath his physical hardihood, cruelty, malice, and revenge. *The noble savage is a humbug.* I remarked the same to Mr. Catlin"—*Sensation Novels* condensed. *The Haunted Man*.

as seen for example in that "amazing Odyssey of the Mississippi," "Huckleberry Finn," in the "Heathen Chinee," and other *chefs d'œuvre*—such as they are—of Mark Twain, Bret Harte and their successors and (2) The "barbaric yawp" of the author of "Leaves of Grass" and "Democratic Vistas"

"In the admirable analytic index of Stedman and Hutchinson" (aforesaid), American humour is held to have existed "as early as 1647," when Ward, a minister of Ipswich, published certain sketches of character after a style then popular in England, entitled "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam" And it certainly does seem to have been one of the few literary forces naturally and historically developed. Perhaps a certain youthful weariness, an accent of melancholy self-confidence, of Puritan discontent, may appear to the Britisher to underlie its *outré* and too often mechanical extravagance, just as it is sometimes thought to underlie that other phenomenon, the American pronunciation of our tongue. But there the thing stands, an indubitable and independent growth

Except perhaps for the greater frankness and simplicity, belonging to a less highly conscious stage of expression than our own, the American critic or *littérateur*, when he does not insist on "putting the legs of pianos into trousers," may often be mistaken for the English But no one can doubt, for example, that "Huck Finn" is a copyright American boy, or that the utterances of "Bilgewater" and "the late Dauphin" are not those of old world kings and princes. And, at the opposite literary pole, Walt Whitman, with all his defects and crudeness, derided by the "funny man" who seeks in literature only something pretty to play with, but long since circulating among us in cheap pocket editions, Walt Whitman may be said to represent the one deep spiritual influence contributed direct from the soil of the New World to the Old

The "intellectual hegemony of Boston" lasted only till the convulsion of the Civil War fused all the States into a new and more actual unity Since that "baptism of fire" the civilisation of the newly united America, as she runs rejoicing on her giant course of prosperity, has suffered, it would seem, mainly from a predominant materialism (another "ism," but this time no theological one) involved in her immense and unprecedented wealth creation This means that the simple Puritan basis of the national character has been overlaid by a crust of the grossest and crudest worldliness By the side of Wall Street, we have heard it said, the sharpest of our Stock Exchange gentry are but as "Sunday-school children." Yet among what our author calls the peculiar eccentricities developed by England *since* she founded the New World, must certainly be reckoned a large and well-equipped force, literary and intellectual, capable of keeping mere Mammon-worship at least to some extent in its place

American ideals—the Anglo-Saxon ideals which we are all sure will ultimately prevail—have been "assailed," as we here read, "through-

"out her history, both from without and within " but the latter danger has scarcely been the more obvious one No society in the world has been, or indeed could have been, more completely left to itself and no society could have found less either in its actual location or its surroundings to stimulate social and intellectual growth

The inexperience of world life which, as we have seen, has been the hall-mark of American thought and feeling, was geographically inevitable Geography, it is true, has been modified by the modern improvement in means of communication, and with every hour gained by shipping syndicates upon the Atlantic continues to be modified

But there is also to be reckoned with the political and social "re-action" from native English lines of thought and development which has generated a Revolutionary "legend" (comparable to the Napoleonic in France), and continues to teach in American schools that curiously anti-English patriotism whereby the exploits of Paul Jones assume an importance unknown to Captain Mahan, and that affectation of grown-up superiority which so often and so comically masks the childish attachment of the Yankee to everything connected with the past which he shares with Old England It has sometimes been suggested that had there never supervened that "tragical disunion of the English-speaking race," the centre of Government and civilisation would ere now have shifted from London to New York—a result scarcely to be anticipated apart from a general diluvial destruction of the European "Continent." But the suggestion has something of the significance attached to the complaint sometimes heard of the effect upon Ireland of Dublin being, as a capital, perennially dwarfed by London Can there be *two* capitals, two great centres, or sets of centres, of civilisation for "the great English-speaking race"? or will the one be always dwarfed, oppressed, or—the more curious question—*desorienté* by the mere existence and historical relation of the other?

Meanwhile the political approximation of the United States, the abandonment of the old ideal of a sequestered independence not only of England but of all "old world" troubles and responsibilities, must tend to bring the nation into ever closer understanding with the only other power at once "Imperial and Democratic," to which, one might better say, Empire means but a great Democratic Alliance

Under the influence of these two great factors, by the gravitation indeed of her own most intellectual elements as exhibited in her historical school, America is clearly destined to become a good deal more "European" than she is, before regaining, so to speak, her intellectual balance What will be the lines of her subsequent originality, how far she will appear to have monopolised and preserved certain Elizabethan characteristics, how far her growth will be disturbed or assisted by the "eccentricities" of Older England, this will be an interesting inquiry for one of her historians in the next century

THE EDUCATION OF OFFICERS.

The Spion Kop Despatches, The Report of the Committee on the Education of Officers, and the New Infantry Drill Regulations.

IT is fortunate that the publication of the three documents mentioned above should have coincided so nearly in point of time, for together they form the most crushing indictment it is reasonably possible to conceive against our whole system of national (not military) education

Singly, the conclusion pointed to by each one of them might have been evaded or explained away, but taken collectively no such evasion is possible. The facts will have to be faced that our system failed in the face of the enemy, that there is no prospect of its genuine reform, and finally, whatever outside influence may tend to the evolution of more qualified leaders, the spirit and method in which the troops are to be trained renders it, humanly speaking, certain that they must suffer defeat against any European army. This must be so since it follows that as between equally armed and equally brave troops, fire power alone decides the issue of battle, and these new regulations carefully provide that each individual man in our fighting lines will find from two to twenty of the enemy's rifles bearing upon him when the shooting begins.

I am fully alive to the gravity of the issues thus raised and the storm of denunciations likely to fall on my devoted head—but I would remind my readers that in seeking to expose a national danger direct and very plain speaking is an absolute necessity which it would be cowardly to shirk, and further that my attack is directed not against individuals but against a system which through a long chain of cause and effect may be said to have conditioned the course of the recent struggle long before the present generation of officers were out of their nurseries.

Many years ago (about 1780), after an inspection of the troops at

Potsdam, the old King Frederic the Great addressed his officers in the following words —

Gentlemen, I am very much dissatisfied with the Cavalry, the regiments are completely out of hand, there is no accuracy in their movements, no solidity, no order, the men ride very indifferently I beg that this may not occur again, and that each of you will pay more attention to your duties, more particularly to the horsemanship But I know how things go on, you captains and lieutenants think only how to get most leave You think I am not up to your dodges, but I know them all and will recapitulate them to you When the season for riding drills comes on, the captain sends for the sergeant-major, and says, "I have an appointment at X—to-morrow, tell the first lieutenant from me to take the rides" So the sergeant-major goes to the senior subaltern and gives the message, and the lieutenant says, "What, the old man is away, then I am off hunting (*sic* in original), tell the second lieutenant to carry on" And the second lieutenant says, "What, both of them gone! then I will stay where I am, I was up till four this morning at a dance, tell the cornet I am ill and he must take the rides" And the cornet says, "Look here, sergeant-major, what is the good of my standing around out there in the cold? you know all about it much better than I do, you go and take the rides" And so it goes on, and what must be the end of it? What can I do with such cavalry in face of the enemy?

Now I put it to all who can recall our own regiments, horse and foot, in the old days of long service, whether the above is not a fair description of the state of things generally as they then existed, and whether, as a fact, the sergeant-major did not take the rides or drills as the case might be Human nature being what it is, always prone to fall into the easiest groove for getting through work, was sure everywhere to "short circuit" the task of controlling a command as soon as a prolonged peace brought the work down within the compass of two or three men, and the cornets and young officers generally, not anxious to display their ignorance to men whom twelve years' service on the average had taught every trick in the game, could hardly be blamed for seizing every opportunity they could of avoiding an exhibition of themselves May I remind my civilian readers that every squad of men, large or small, possesses a distinct will-power of its own, and that it requires a very considerable effort of one's own will to make the task of command easy I have seen, in the old days, grey-haired colonels of regiments who in thirty years' service had never acquired this art of command, and who instead of drilling their battalions were in fact habitually drilled by the men That is to say they could only give the words of command in the recognised routine the men expected, and of their own initiative could not handle them at all The natural consequence of this long service system was that the bulk of the officers of a regiment grew up in compulsory idleness and

consequent ignorance of their duties, and in our case the purchase system acted as a bribe to eliminate the most energetic and self-reliant men, only those averse to facing the strange conditions and accentuated competition of civil life remaining to look after their loaves and fishes. Hence our senior ranks became congested with the relatively least efficient, and only the frequency of our little wars prevented a similar or worse state of affairs than that manifested by the Prussian army on the field of Jena. The introduction of short service broke up this state of stagnation, but the transition was complicated by the abolition of purchase which occurred at the same time, and which, owing to the want of generosity with which it was carried out, provoked profound discontent amongst the officers, which was added to by the decision to increase the army by 10,000 men taken almost simultaneously. Recruits now began to come in in droves, where formerly they had come by dribblets, and the whole incidence of work in the battalions had to be readjusted to meet the new load. The methods of instruction which had sufficed to teach 100 recruits annually and to keep the remaining 900 with an average of six years' service up to the required standard, proved quite inadequate to deal with from 300 to 400 recruits in a battalion, with barely two years' average service amongst the remainder.

The difficulty was further enormously increased by the constant movements from one station to another, the necessary consequence of our Empire and our system of recruiting and training, and as if all this were not enough, a series of considerable wars—Afghanistan, Zululand, first Boer War, first Egyptian campaign, Red Sea campaign, Burmah, Tirah, and the Soudan—all of which (except the Egyptian) we had to meet without calling on the Reserves for assistance, interrupted all continuity of experiment, and intensified enormously the difficulty of finding a practical working solution of the matter.

Of course armies exist for fighting, and everything about them should be subordinated to this purpose, but time is absolutely needed to carry out these great readjustments, and many of the evils complained of in the Report on Officers' Education are, rightly regarded, only necessary incidents in a difficult scheme of rearrangement, which would not have arisen had more normal conditions of chronic peace prevailed during the first years of reconstruction. Can anyone who approaches the subject dispassionately suppose that the really stupendous advance in military preparedness shown by the numbers actually available for service in 1879 and 1900 respectively could have been accomplished by an army whose officers were conspicuously deficient in "professional keenness"? I at least cannot think so, but in anticipation I will insert what I believe to be the solution of the evident bias shown by so many of the witnesses. The officers who have been doing the work of the Army for the past thirty years

have been a body of extremely practical men, who had no time to waste in discussing purely theoretical tactics with the average type of club bores, and very possibly were not always diplomatic enough to conceal their feelings on the subject, hence such publications as *The Absent-minded War* and other pamphlets, almost too offensive to deserve even passing notice

The committee complain of the want of "competent instructors," and in the next breath of the want of "professional keenness"! How is it that they do not notice this contradiction? If officers were not keen, there would be no want of competent applicants for comfortable five-year appointments with a fair share of the "loaves and fishes" An instructorship at Sandhurst is an almost ideal billet, carrying with it a comfortable house in a beautiful park of many thousands of acres maintained at someone else's expense, two packs of draghounds and five of foxhounds within convenient distance, regular leave and congenial employment A better salary and an absence of the constant drain on one's purse that "following the drum" must always entail as long as we keep our Empire intact, what better proof of the soldierly keenness of the Army can be desired than that all these attractions fail to induce the best men to sacrifice for the term of their instructional appointment all prospect of possible active service? If these terms will not tempt men no others will, and we may congratulate ourselves as a nation that without exception British officers go unanimously for service in the field whenever they have the chance of it There seems no way out of the difficulty Owing to the need of having younger generals, capable of standing the far greater hardships of our Indian and Colonial campaigns, our military lifetime is far shorter than on the Continent, and no ambitious man who means to get on can sacrifice his chances of active service at any period of his career It is the row of medal ribbons on the fighting coat that gives confidence to the men in the ranks, and in a tight corner—Natal for example—this confidence is worth a king's ransom When an officer fails in his efforts to get to the front, he falls back on "Duty brings its own reward," and "They also serve who only stand and wait," but not till he has exhausted every expedient human ingenuity can suggest does he solace himself with this sweet consolation

Long service, as we have seen above, had led to a congestion of work regimentally, and considerations of financial control had overburdened the headquarters of the Army with routine duties, all of which had to go on concurrently with the general work of reform, and this was far more urgent than tactical instruction, the need for which was by no means apparent to the men who had seen our troops fight their way through all difficulties in the Sikh Wars, the Crimea and the Mutiny Actually, as the sequel will show, it would have been well for us had our rulers been even more conservative, but they yielded to popular clamour, and since they could not attend to the

matter themselves, they employed their juniors to get up the case for them, a proceeding not unknown in other walks of life. But here the analogy ceases. In other cases it is matter of legal right or wrong, in this of scientific fact and deduction.

This is the central fact of the whole situation, and it was here that our system of National Education failed, and still fails us. Almost all our soldiers of that period were public-school trained, and there was not a "modern side" in existence previous to 1860, indeed Faraday, Tyndall and Huxley were only in the act of laying the foundations of modern scientific criticism, and their influence had hardly begun to penetrate our educational methods for many years afterwards, even if it has succeeded in doing so yet.

To get at the bedrock facts which explain the phenomena of modern battlefields, down through the unstratified "boulder clay" of exaggeration, hearsay, and legend (with which even within a few months of each event our tactical students had to deal), would have needed an intellect as trenchant as Huxley's at least, one which would not be put off by any but the "best evidence," and which would have resorted to direct experiment for confirmation whenever possible. But such intellects are rare in any service, and we had only men habituated to bow to the weight of written opinion, and without the psychologic instinct to correct and allow for the influence of excitement, prejudice, and ignorance on the testimony presented to them.

For the moment, *z.e.*, during the first five years or so after the War of 1870—71, I believe the problem was actually insoluble for us in England. We had only hearsay evidence to go upon, and no reason to doubt, rather indeed every reason to believe, the statements put before us. Anyhow two of the very ablest men the Army ever possessed—the late Colonel Home, R.E., and Colonel W. H. Hime, R.A., failed to discover the error, though the latter I think never quite suppressed all his doubts. For myself, the idea of questioning my instructors never even dawned on me. I swallowed what I was told, and for several years floundered in the morass as deeply as anyone else, until in my visits to and fro between Germany and England I met with the men who had actually been eye-witnesses of the events of the Franco-German campaign, and to them I owe my emergence on to firmer ground. My final deliverance, however, came from the home-searching criticism and friendly chaff of those very pleasure-loving, hard-riding subalterns whose want of professional keenness the Report so bitterly deploras. I admit they may often disappoint their teachers, but I have learnt to know them well in the past thirty years, and venture to assert that it is not their want of practical ability or any deficiency in soldier-like qualities that renders them such stumbling blocks to their professors, but the sound common sense and inherited knowledge of human nature which enables them to reject as fallacies the theories more studious natures so easily swallow. I have sat up night after night at

messes and clubs in India and at home, with all branches of the service, since 1875, and cannot recall an instance where after a very short time the conversation did not turn on war-efficiency and training for war, and though sometimes there might be a want of sense of proportion, there was never any lack of common sense and intelligence amongst the dozens of men I have keenly and interestedly talked and argued with. When I read the usual diatribes on the pleasure-loving, self-indulgent British officer, I always recall the story, well known in the service, of the late Lord Napier of Magdala. It was when he was Commander-in-Chief in India, and was entertaining his senior officers at dinner. It happened as a fact that one of the most brilliant and dashing of the old Mutiny heroes, not present that evening, had been developing symptoms of alcoholism, and in his absence his comrades had been lamenting over his fall. Napier heard them all in silence for a time, and then said, "Well, gentlemen, all you say may be true, but all I know is that, if in the responsible position I now hold, we were menaced by the same great danger as in the Mutiny, I would rather take ——— drunk than any of you gentlemen sober. Good evening," and he rose and left the room. The application is obvious, but I think it would simplify the relations between soldiers and civilians if critics would remember that it takes men, whole men, and not studious bookworms, to lead in action. Some bookworms we undoubtedly want badly, men who will investigate and thresh out all the complicated questions with which the practical man may have to deal, and if they will really get to the bottom of these problems and present the result in a simple whole-some form, they will find no lack of professional keenness to take advantage of their labour, for that in fact is what the whole Army is crying out for—a thorough and efficient knowledge of military history and the problems contained in it, learned from books written by able men who have separated the wheat of sound fact from the chaff of irresponsible criticism and deduction.

Our troubles as revealed in the Spion Kop despatches, and others from Natal, were under the circumstances inevitable. I do not think it would have mattered much what group of officers had been present on the spot, the conclusion that the cost of a series of attacks in human life would be too heavy for them to accept the responsibility of initiating them was the inevitable consequence of the tactical instruction we had all received. The breech-loader fired four times as fast as the muzzle-loader, and therefore, it was assumed, killed four times as many men, and this was supported by the statistics of the first campaign (1866) in which it was tested on a scale of sufficient magnitude, for by a curious coincidence in the majority of actions this ratio of killed and wounded was actually preserved,* hence when

* Percentage of losses, exclusive of prisoners —Wysokow, Prussians 47, Austrians 118, Trautenau, Prussians 48, Austrians 134, Skalitz, 46 to 148, Koniggratz, 4 to 11, but Langensalza, Hanoverians (muzzle-loaders) 88, Prussians (breech-loaders) 9.4

the French Chassepôt, which fired twice as fast and ranged three times as far, was introduced, a corresponding increase in the ratio of slaughter was confidently predicted, particularly by the men who knew they would have to stand up to it as targets, a fact which probably had more to do with their ultimate victory than anything else. The early accounts, the sole evidence available when our text-books were written, seemed fully to bear out this impression. We were told of whole regiments being swept out of existence in a few minutes—the Guards at St Privat, 6,000 men down out of 12,000 in ten minutes, is the classic instance—of cavalry regiments hurling themselves with mediæval chivalry upon infantry, only to fall dead and dying before the muzzles of the all-compelling breech-loader, we even heard of batteries being wiped out of existence exactly in the same manner as at Colenso (only in less time), and instinctively we all, Regulars, Militia, Volunteers and newspaper correspondents, formed mental pictures of scenes of slaughter very like those in the illustrated papers, where always at least twenty per cent of the figures are falling mortally wounded, a rate of punishment which obviously could not be maintained for many seconds without complete annihilation. Yet it never struck us at the time that battles last often for hours, and nowadays one in four is almost an outside proportion of casualties.

Then followed the improvements in accuracy, range and rapidity of fire, culminating in the magazine rifle, from which highly-skilled specialists can discharge, without aiming, some 30 shots a minute, about double as many as from the Chassepôt but only about five shots a minute better than the Martini, and at every step in the progression we were taught the terrible possibilities of the new weapon—always without reference to the man who stood behind it.

From time to time indeed men who had seen Ghazis, Zulus and "Fuzzies" charge right up to our closed lines and sometimes even penetrate them, put in a warning voice against over-extension, but generally it was held as blasphemy to question the weapon, and the blame was always put on the men, and upon company officers for want of interest in their target practice. It never to my knowledge occurred to anyone in England to question whether the perfection of the rifle itself, and the method of training based on the nature of the weapon and not on the human factor behind it, might not be at the root of the whole matter, and though personally I often raised the question, in India and at home, how it happened that both British, native and French troops, armed with the old musket and in the same formations, had always succeeded in stopping similar charges made by Mamelukes, Turks, Ghazis and Sikhs, though we had five times the distance and more than five times the rate of fire to meet them with, I never could elicit a satisfactory answer to it.*

* The following figures are of interest—At Meannee, in Scinde, we had 2,100 bayonets, half British, half of a Bengal regiment. We buried over 6,000 (some say 8,000), and wounded more than 12,000 out of 35,000—mounted men and foot—in

When, therefore, at last we faced a white enemy equally well armed, men's imaginations were wrought up to a feverish state of expectation, as the exaggeration shown in the letters from the front of all ranks abundantly show, and in anticipation of the worst we adopted instinctively a degree of extension which, though it might seem to diminish the risk of the individual, really intensified the danger by rendering it physically impossible for the leader to interfere in the struggle and, by impelling the fighting line forward, to diminish the duration of its exposure, and thus, on the principle that "the longer you are out in the rain the wetter you will get," to reduce the total roll of casualties. This is not a case of being wise after the event, as the late M. Bloch in a reply to a former paper suggested, for in fact I predicted it all in a paper read before the R U Service Institution ten years ago exactly, but I hold that it constitutes a case against our system of education. It took me, working single-handed and picking up my scientific education as I went along (I learnt very little at school or at Woolwich), twenty years before I could formulate my ideas in fairly accurate language. I submit that if the problem had been propounded to a man of Huxley's scientific acumen, he would have arrived at the same conclusions in twenty hours. I take it his first question would have been, "What evidence have you to confirm the general impression that the breech-loader in practice kills more than the muzzle-loader? Produce your 'casualty lists'." And when on production these showed a remarkable falling off in the general percentages, even between combatants of the same races and under identical topographical conditions, he would next:

3 hours, the average range being about 20 yards. This gives an average of about 3 men killed and 6 wounded to each musket, and as the whole force was short of ammunition, we cannot have expended more than, say, 45 rounds a head, which gives 1 hit to 5 rounds. At Omdurman, with the Lee-Metford, 20,000 men killed and wounded about 15,000 (remainder fell to the Artillery) for 60 rounds a man, at a mean range of 500 yards, or about 1 hit for 80 rounds.

In the old days, between European troops, 1 hit for 150 to 200 rounds was considered a fair average, but, with long range breech-loaders, the rate of misses has risen enormously, varying, of course, with the confidence of the men in their leaders. Thus at Weissenburg, 4th August, 1870, the French made about 1 hit in 200, at Woerth, 1 in 450, at Mars la Tour (16th August), 1 in 700, and, in the latter phases of the war—the skill at target practice individually remaining almost unchanged—it rose to 1 hit in 100,000, and in one case half a million rounds were fired for only 5 Prussians slightly wounded.

The following results are taken from *Die Zahl in Kriege*. Statistics issued by authority of the Austrian General Staff, 1897.—

Average losses (k and w) in 12 principal battles of the Seven Years' War—Victors, 14 per cent, defeated, 19 per cent. At Zorndorf the Prussians lost 33.8 per cent, the Russians 42.9, at Kunersdorf, the Prussians lost 43.4.

Average of 22 principal battles during the Napoleonic epoch—Victors, 12 per cent, defeated, 19 per cent. At Aspern the French lost 46.8 per cent.

Average of 4 principal battles in the Crimea—Victors, 10 per cent, defeated, 17 per cent. At Inkermann Russians lost 24 per cent.

Average of 4 principal actions in Franco-Austrian War, 1859—Victors, 8 per cent; defeated, 8.5. Both sides had rifled muzzle-loading arms.

Average of 6 principal actions in Austro-Prussian War, 1866—Victors, 7 per cent; defeated, 9 per cent. Victors, breech-loaders, defeated, muzzle-loaders.

Average of 8 principal actions in first period Franco-Prussian War, 1870—Victors, 10 per cent, defeated, 9. Both sides breech-loaders. Heaviest loss, Prussians, 22.4.

Average of 3 principal actions second period Franco-German War—Victors, 2.5 per cent, defeated, 3.5. Heaviest before Belfort, French, 5.5 per cent.

have enquired whether in the incidents quoted the weapons had been equal on both sides, which we know they were not. Were they employed collectively in the same manner? No, in the old days the men stood shoulder to shoulder, four, three, or two deep, giving 10,000, 7,500 and 5,000 muskets to the mile against 2,000, 1,000 and 500 and even less in the present day. How much faster can the breech-loaders be fired nowadays in round numbers? The needle gun fired about four times as fast, the Chassepôt eight times, the modern magazine rifle about twelve times. This would give therefore as the number of risks to be faced in a unit of time, against the needle gun from 8 to 4,000 bullets, the Chassepôt 16 to 8,000, and the Mauser at 500 rifles to the mile 6,000. In battle do troops fire as fast as they can all the time? No, the utmost pains are taken to control waste of ammunition. Ammunition is, I presume, wasted when it hits nothing, on what does its hitting depend? On the accuracy of the aim taken. Did it take longer to aim formerly than nowadays? No, on the contrary, at the longer distances it is very much harder to pick up your target and keep the rifle on it. Surely this rather discounts the value of the rapidity of fire you have given? On consideration I think it does.

Here we will drop the question and answer form to note that experiments have shown that the rate of fire which gives the maximum chances of hits varies very much with the training of the men, and in peace practice the best rate for steady troops, with the three weapons referred to at fair fighting distances, is as low as 3, 4 and 6 rounds in the minute. The old muzzle-loader fired 2 aimed volleys a minute easily, so that the true rate of comparison per mile of front should be—for the muzzle-loader, 20 to 10,000 rounds a minute, for the three breech-loaders in order, needle gun and Chassepôt, when in line, 15 to 20,000, in extended order, 6 and 8,000 to 3 and 4,000, Mauser in modern formation, 3,000. So that as a consequence of the over-extension adopted without proper scientific investigation, the number of bullets, *i.e.*, risks to be faced per unit of time, has been very largely reduced. On the other hand the duration of exposure in open ground has been greatly increased, but here again calculation shows that the chances of missing due to all causes have steadily increased with every increment of range, so that it all works out to this. Whereas troops sent in to an attack in the old days could not lose less than 20 per cent and might be annihilated if their leader chose the wrong moment to advance, nowadays you *might* get through with only 2 per cent of loss, though of course you might be destroyed if the right moment is not chosen.

The whole demonstration is too long and technical for these pages, but the idea may be grasped by the following simple experiment. Take a garden hose with a rose nozzle and turn the water supply about half on, the water will dribble out and form a puddle at your feet, then turn

the water full on, and the jets will spurt out in divergent paths, merely spraying the surface of the lawn

The one final conclusion the whole investigation leads up to is this. The great increase of range in both rifles and artillery has rendered it possible for the attacking side to concentrate such an enormous weight of converging fire upon any given point that he is able in a greater measure than ever before to condition the degree of resistance it is possible for his enemy to oppose to him, so that provided always his men will "go on," and not lie down to indulge in little private duels of their own, the leader's influence on the issue of a battle is *greater*, not less, than it ever was before. If his cavalry can find the enemy and his artillery prepare the way, his infantry no longer require the same amount of discipline as in former days, and this conclusion rightly followed out would lead to the doubling of our cavalry, the trebling of our artillery, and the reduction of the regular infantry by one half, so that for a lesser number of recruits and for the same estimates we should get an army of greatly increased fighting capacity. The militia and volunteers would, if disciplined, not instructed, suffice for all reasonable demands.

The one thing needful is that the troops should "go on", it always has been, it was as great a trouble to Frederic the Great as to us, and different methods have been suggested to this end in all times and places. In his time, drill and the discipline resulting therefrom were the approved methods, under it, both Prussian, British and American troops have gone forward till half the men had fallen in their places; but each life given in this spirit saved hundreds in the long run. The French Revolutionists had neither time or means to drill and discipline their men, so they cut off the heads of their unsuccessful generals and this method proved very stimulating to invention, leading ultimately to the forging of that "Grand Army" which has made the name of "Napoleon" so illustrious.

It was the French Army in 1796 which conditioned the existence of Bonaparte, not *vice versa*. The circumstances form such an exact parallel to Spion Kop that it is worth relating. Early in April, 1796, Bonaparte took over the Army of Italy in cantonments along the Riviera, from Cannes to near Genoa. The Army was in a state of almost unequalled destitution and starvation, and at the moment the fusion of the Volunteer battalions with the Old Line Regiments was being carried through, not without very considerable passive obstruction on the part of the men. Napoleon knew the country, but was almost unknown to the troops and those of his subordinate generals who were much senior in years and experience to him were not easy to get on with.

A fortnight only after his arrival, the Austrians suddenly upset whatever plans he may or may not have had by attacking the heights of Monte Legino just above Savona, with the intention of cutting the

French right wing in half. There were some entrenchments on the top of the hill held by a weak garrison under the command of a gallant old Swiss colonel "Le brav' Colonel Rampon," to whom legend has assigned all the credit, was only present as a spectator and rode off at an early stage of the proceedings to spread panic in the rear, in other words to fetch reinforcements. The garrison repelled several assaults, but did not indulge in any heroic, swearing-to-die-at-their-posts, kind of business, as afterwards stated, they held on till nightfall and then repaired the damages as best they could and waited for the renewal of the attack next morning. Meanwhile Napoleon had heard the firing and immediately set every man in motion, as they stood, many, upwards of ten per cent, without even muskets and half without boots, but they had learnt to make good these deficiencies on the battlefield. A dense fog lay over the mountain (it is about the same height as Spion Kop) and this delayed the resumption of the attack for some hours, then as it lifted the fighting was renewed with great determination on both sides. Suddenly the mist cleared away altogether and the Austrians saw troops approaching from all sides, especially La Harpe's whole division clambering down an opposite ridge and directed to strike some five miles behind their right rear, and this threat determined their immediate retreat. Bonaparte left them no breathing space. Pushing on at all and any cost of stragglers he overwhelmed each Austrian reinforcement in succession as it came up, and thus communicated to the whole French Army that momentum forwards which only finally spent itself on the Steppes of Russia. This was what energy in the conduct of operations meant in those days, but the guillotine had taught men and generals to obey, before such things became possible.

But the waste of men Napoleon's system entailed was too great to last, the Continental levies he raised to replace the vacancies wanted the old fighting spirit and the four years' war training the French had been through, to get them to "go on," the marshals were compelled to have recourse to monstrous columns, ten to fourteen battalions in line, one close behind the other. They made bigger targets and their losses were frightful (Augereau's Corps at Eylau lost half its strength in a short struggle of about an hour). But the guns cleared the way with case fire in front and the resultant will-power of the mass drove the timid onward and prevented them breaking back.

Prussians, Russians and Austrians were all compelled to follow in the same direction (though they never went to the same extremes), for they no longer had time to train their men to the rigid discipline the line required. We alone were enabled to hold out, and skilfully combining the "line" with Light Infantry, we defeated the French in an uninterrupted series of victories under all conceivable combinations of ground, climate and numbers, and eventually reached that ideal combination of elasticity and striking power which, given equality in

the weapons and mobility, must invariably prevail. Our example passed almost unheeded, and we ourselves in England, losing the spirit, followed only the letter of the regulations, till our line became stiff and unwieldy, thus giving occasion to scoff to those who saw it in the Park (Moltke amongst others), but not on the fields of Meanee, Hyderabad, Aliwal and Sobraon. Other armies, fortunately for us, were asleep too, 1866 and 1870 overtook them in the midst of their tardy awakening, and both French, Austrians and Prussians went into action on drill books modelled on the Napoleonic methods badly digested and worse understood. The French struck the whole root idea of the "offensive" out of their books. Had they not done so, humanly speaking the first victories must have fallen to them. The Prussians deliberately reduced their fire power in front to barely one-fifth, and their skirmishers were killed off in detail by the overpowering weight of fire of the French, who stood in line 5,000 rifles to the mile under cover, only their well-served artillery again and again averted defeat. This they have since openly admitted. Only five years after the war a very able Prussian officer who knew more of the spirit of our Army than any other one I have met, said to me, "You English were right all along, real light troops to scout, the line for the decision, this is the only solution." His views at the time met with opposition, but year by year both French, Prussians and Austrians have been delving in their archives (inaccessible to most of us, alas! because we cannot read the originals), and now advanced Continental opinion is everywhere in such a state of supersaturation—to use a chemical metaphor—that only a shake is needed for the mixture to crystallise out in regular order. Picked sharpshooters, marksmen, call them what you will, in front, the enveloping shattering fire of the line and the guns to give the decision.

And now just when we might so easily lead the way comes this all-destroying new drill-book, based on unscientific deductions from undigested facts. Let us consider what it will mean. Our men at say 10 yards apart, 176 to the mile, will move against French, Russian or German shelters, held by from 5,000 to 2,000 to the same distance, and each little dot as it makes its appearance on the plain will get a hint to lie down from ten to twenty rifles, against which his one rifle can do very little, for even if he is a Bisley marksman he will not be able to see anything for the dust of the bullets striking around him. The supporting line, equally extended, are in like case and they will have to lie down also, till the whole plain is dotted with men absolutely incapable of concerted action, as at the Modder River. But "tactics" implies "concerted action." The "line," however, advancing on a broad front, receives a distributed fire, more men may fall, but the impression of danger on each individual man is far smaller, and when it gets within range it can oppose rifle to rifle and then the best man wins. Space fails me to develop the matter further, the fact

remains that experience, experiment and calculation all show that with equal armament on both sides the line will lose least in bringing a given number of rifles across the open to a given distance from the enemy, and this has been its scientific justification from the very beginning. But in those days winning victories was regarded as the main point, not the avoidance of loss. It was held better to settle the campaign in a few hours, fighting even at a cost of 20,000 out of 40,000 men, than to go dragging on a war for years till the losses ran up into the hundred thousand, with disease and invaliding.

About ten years ago General von Scherff, one of the very ablest German authors, said of their latest regulations, that if they were logically carried out they must ensure the defeat of their army. He can console himself now, England has succeeded in producing a worse one, and this in deference to popular clamour, led by newspaper criticism. What it all comes to is this, and I would beg taxpayers to note it. To accomplish a given task for which 100,000 infantry trained to line fighting would suffice, it will now be necessary to have a million at the very least, and it will take these perhaps five times as long to see it through.

And this evil is to be perpetuated, for in the new syllabus experimental science is divorced from mathematics and made into a voluntary subject, and this not on the advice of expert civil and electrical engineers, not one of whom was heard as a witness, but in deference to the views of professional teachers who seem to have no idea how practical men learn. My experience is that the young man with strong practical tendencies, whether towards construction, steam, gunnery, or electricity, is bored to extinction by the senseless repetition of elementary algebra and trigonometry and the perfectly futile problems usually given in the books. Take him out into the open and show him where in practice he will always be running up against difficulties impassable without the aid of the despised bookwork, and he will set himself to tackle his work in earnest. But this would involve knowledge which the average pedagogue is unable to supply.

At Woolwich, in my time, a good deal was attempted in this way, but the conditions under which the work had to be carried on, 40 to 50 cadets to three professors in one class-room—which conditions appear from the evidence to remain unaltered—were altogether intolerable. The row 40 cadets can make is almost indescribable, something like the kind of thing in the Austrian Parliament, when Herr Wolff is obstructing a Bill. And the class is always clever enough, when it makes up its mind for a "burst," to manœuvre the professor into the wrong so that he cannot report them to the Governor. With an officer in uniform they never break out, the inherited respect for their seniors—full half are soldiers' sons—seems to keep them in restraint.

At Chatham, with a fair course of engineering, we had no mathematics, and I cannot recall ever hearing of anyone in the neighbour-

hood who could give private instruction, which many of us by that time would have appreciated as a real boon. The point I wish to make, with regard to mathematics, as a subject for the practical soldier of all arms, is briefly this, and I do not find that it was brought out anywhere in the evidence. "War," said Napoleon, "is a calculation of probabilities," using the term of course in its widest sense, and though in the field all decisions have to be taken on the spur of the moment, the knowledge which justifies these decisions can only be acquired by concentrated thinking, not the ordinary logical thinking, but an almost unconscious application of the theory of infinitesimals. A general builds his plan of campaign much as an engineer designs a bridge. Both first examine the foundations, the heart of the nation, then measure the span, *i.e.*, the scope of operations, and then estimating the load, *i.e.*, the strength of the attack, proceed to assign to each member of the structure its allotted task. Here the engineer goes to the tables of strength of materials, and if his contractor does not fail him all goes well, but the soldier's materials are liable to daily and hourly fluctuations which infinitesimal causes constantly renewed may accelerate or retard, and I submit that the task can only be reckoned with, where intuitive genius is not at hand, by minds mathematically trained to bring order out of chaos. Trace the chain of causation throughout its links and finally find the time and place where the smallest impulse will secure the greatest results.

As for the further training of the officers in the Army, I have already expressed my opinion as to their alleged "want of keenness." What strikes me most in the evidence is the want of grasp shown by the majority of the witnesses of the actual scope of the existing regulations and the powers they confer. None, even amongst those who advocate the new system of the "responsibility of the company, "squadron or battery commander" seemed aware of, or able to bring home to the committee, the all-importance of this idea, which would immediately place the whole Army on exactly the same footing as the men in all great civil organisations, and by making the captains learn in order to teach, compel men to study and think about their profession. Look at the books in a doctor's consulting room, or in a civil engineer's office. What makes these men buy and read these volumes, far more abstruse and difficult than those which the soldier requires to master? Nothing but the knowledge that if they do not learn they will go under in the struggle for existence. Make the same fact apparent to the infantry and we shall hear no more about want of professional interest in their work. The artillery and cavalry witnesses said they found no difficulty in carrying the idea into execution; the infantry seemed to consider it ideal, but under the circumstances of their daily life impracticable. None appeared to see that the point was vital. If the circumstances obstruct, then they will have to be modified—at any cost—even if it leads to reducing battalions

and doubling the effective of the remainder to secure sufficient men in each unit for instruction. The Army exists for the nation, not for the convenience of its officers, and it would be better to have no Army at all than one led by officers as inefficient as some of the evidence would lead one to imply that they are now. Actually things are not quite so bad, and even in many infantry battalions the idea has made great progress, indeed in some it has been working for the past century, for it was the fundamental principle of the original "Light Division" of Peninsular fame, as a reference to the diary of Sir Harry Smith will show, to say nothing of such standard works as Craufurd's *Life*, the *Histories of the 52nd Light Infantry*, of the *Rifle Brigade*, *Sixtieth*, and so forth.

This is the keystone of the whole military structure, and the sole secret of Prussian military success, for in that country the captain has been the "Company Father" for generations. Captains compelled to work will find it to their interest to train their subalterns to help them, and the subalterns will tell the Sandhurst cadets what to expect. Colonels, commanding eight companies and not 1,000 men, will have time to watch their captains, and soon be able definitely to say which are the best men for promotion. The need for examinations for promotion will vanish, for everybody will always be under examination in his daily work, and as the increased earnestness of thought, which inevitably springs from industry, initiative and responsibility, develops, it will soon be impossible to find men capable of the iniquity of recommending incompetent officers for the Staff College, or selecting men for responsible employment to please their wives and daughters or other female friends. The allegation was freely made by more than one witness that such things still occur, and I have known it happen in my own experience, but I must say that when it did, the culprits could always plead that, in the monotonous round of barrack square routine, no data for a choice existed, one seemed as good as another, and generally the "petticoat" instinct was remarkably sound—they chose "men" at any rate.

Given this "Company system"—and Sir Evelyn Wood's order of November, 1899, had already conferred it upon us before the Committee assembled—and against all opposition the Army will automatically regenerate itself, as the Prussian Army did before us, but whether the process takes sixty years, as in their case, or less than twenty, will depend essentially on the average scientific and mathematical training of the raw material given us to work upon, and from the report of the Committee I see no sign of any impending improvement. I detest the rôle of "Cassandra", but on the evidence before me no other prediction is possible.

F N MAUDE,
Lieut-Col P S C, late R E

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

DESPITE some rough handling by certain critics who objected to the rehabilitation of its subject, the first volume of Mr Walter Sichel's "Bolingbroke and His Times," published a little more than a year ago by Messrs J Nisbet and Co, was generally recognised as an exceptionally brilliant piece of biographical literature, destined to take its place among the standard works on the age of Queen Anne and our first two Hanoverian kings. In his second and concluding volume, recently issued by the same publishers, Mr Sichel more than fulfils the promise of his first. It is a monument of research, in which the author has exhausted every possible source of information, published and in manuscript. In all cases, he tells us, he has striven to draw "from the fountain instead of from the "pitcher"; and the material thus accumulated is handled with a deft literary touch that makes the book very attractive reading. If there be a fault, it is in the direction of too much detail: we are sometimes in danger of losing sight of the wood for the trees. But then, to push the figure a little further, the trees are so interesting that while we are examining them we do not greatly care whether we see the wood or not. Another blemish that may be urged against Mr Sichel's work is the evident bias he possesses in favour of his hero. Personally, I do not set much store on this, because it is so evident. With Mr Sichel we know exactly where we are, and can make the necessary discount. He does not follow the example of many equally partial historians who, in the guise of dispassionate narrators, distort facts to suit their own preconceived theories. He frankly confesses —

We believe that history is best served by a candid presentment based on original research, and steeped in the colours of an author's mind. It is only, we think, by, as it were, shaking hands with the past that dry bones are made to live. One such presentment from a contrary standpoint, and the judge can strike the balance.

In other words, Mr Sichel is an avowed advocate, but one feels that he has striven to be scrupulously exact, setting down faults wherever he finds them, though ever seeking to extenuate them.

The present volume traces Bolingbroke's career step by step from his entering the Pretender's service in 1715 down to his death at Battersea in 1751. On the political side, perhaps the most valuable feature of the book is the fresh light Mr Sichel is able to throw on Bolingbroke's relations with the Pretender, on his attitude to George

the First, and on the inner working of what is known as the "Patriot" movement. But it is the social and literary side of Mr Sichel's work that will attract most readers. Bolingbroke is, of course, the central figure throughout, but round him are grouped most of the well-known men and women of the period, whose characters as portrayed by Mr Sichel's brilliant pen furnish many striking side-lights on the intimate life of the times. An especially interesting chapter is that in which the author gives us a sketch of Bolingbroke's life at Dawley, on the Uxbridge Road, where, after his return to England in 1725, he made what Mr Sichel happily calls "an oasis of Anne" "in a desert of the Georges." Here, "intellect gravitated towards him." Pope was his neighbour, among his guests were Berkeley, Swift, Voltaire, Windham, Arbuthnot, Gay, Pulteney, Chesterfield, Peterborough, and Bathurst. Dawley may be said to have been the birthplace of the famous "Craftsman," that scourge which Bolingbroke devised for the stolid back of Walpole. In other sections, the author makes a close study of Bolingbroke's "Works," particularly his "Philosophy" and his "Patriot King," showing very clearly the influence he exercised on Pope, Voltaire, Gibbon, Burke, and Disraeli. The close relationship between Pope's "Essay on Man" and Bolingbroke's "Philosophy" has long been recognised, but Burke's indebtedness is not so generally known. Mr Sichel conclusively proves by numerous illustrations that when Burke asked "Who now reads Bolingbroke?" the right answer was "Burke", and that, in reading Bolingbroke for style, Burke unconsciously assimilated much of the spirit of the man whom he had been taught to despise. The whole treatise on the "French Revolution," as well as his "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," is one long concordance with Bolingbroke. I cannot close this too-brief notice of a most interesting and valuable book without passing reference to the Appendix, containing a selection of more than 200 familiar letters of Bolingbroke, chiefly from MS originals, and including the hitherto unpublished correspondence with his half-sister, Henrietta, Countess of Luxborough. And now we await Mr Leslie Stephen's reply, with light skirmishing by Mr Churton Collins, so that we may "strike the balance."

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"All the Russias," by Mr Henry Norman (Heinemann), should appeal to a wide circle of readers, for it is certainly one of the most entertaining, and at the same time informing, books of travel published within recent years. For those who like to regard the earth as a vast chess-board given over to the moves and counter-moves of unscrupulous diplomatists seeking whom they may checkmate, there is the element of political speculation without which no travel-book is now considered complete, but this in no way spoils what may be called the natural interest of the book which lies in the vivid pictures of contemporary Russia and of the vast Russian Empire which is being

gradually built up in Asia. The author has taken four journeys—one of nearly 20,000 miles—in European and Asiatic Russia. Besides a residence of some time in St Petersburg, and visits to the principal cities, he has travelled in Finland, in Siberia as far as Vladivostock, in the Caucasus, and in Central Asia as far as the frontier of Kashgar. The impressions gathered during these journeys are set forth with so graphic a pen that the book seems to present a moving panorama of the whole Russian world. It is, of course, the work of an impressionist, and doubtless open to correction and amplification by observers from other points of view. Mr Norman does not seem to have penetrated far into the country away from the principal railway routes, or ever to have shaken himself quite free from the influence of Russian officialdom. But, taken as a whole, I do not think the reader will find anywhere else such a full-length portrait of the Colossus of the North. Beginning with St Petersburg and the two Moscows, Mr Norman passes on to a visit to Count Tolstoy. Then, in succeeding sections, he deals with Finland, with special reference to its present unhappy condition, Siberia, dispelling some of our most cherished illusions, "little Mother Volga," as the Russians affectionately call their great water-way, 2,300 miles long, and over eleven miles wide in the spring at Nijni Novgorod, the Caucasus, with a very interesting description of the oil-wells of Baku, and Central Asia, travelling by the Trans-Caspian Railway through Merv, past Bokhara, by Samarkand (where Genghiz Khan ruled and Tamerlane is buried), to its terminus at Andyan, and thence driving to Osh, the last Russian outpost before the Chinese frontier is reached. The chapters in which the author sketches his impressions of this "wild, remote, unaltered East," are of fascinating interest.

The concluding sections of the book give an account of the remarkable industrial and commercial development of modern Russia, with special chapters on M de Witte and his financial policy, and on Russia's relations, present and prospective, with other nations. The central idea of M de Witte's policy is to make Russia an industrial instead of an agricultural nation, and this he is seeking to do by means of a system of "educational protection" which shall develop home industries by placing high duties upon imported manufactured articles and upon raw material which the country itself is also able to produce. Quoting from a recent official report, Mr Norman shows what remarkable results have already been achieved. From 1878 to 1887 Russia's industrial turn-over was valued at 26,000,000 roubles; from 1888 to 1892 the output was 41,000,000, and from 1893 to 1897 it had risen to no less than 161,000,000 roubles. Turning for a moment to foreign policy, Mr Norman thinks that Russia's dominant desire is to become mistress of Persia, and to possess an outlet upon the Persian Gulf, and that she is determined to use all her strength to carry out her desire. He is a very strong advocate of closer commercial and political relations between Russia and Great Britain. This he regards

"as the most important question (after Anglo-American relations) in "British foreign politics to-day" But Mr Norman's political speculations are considerably discounted by the fact that his book was written before the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is curious that neither Mr Norman in the present work, nor Mr Archibald Colquhoun in "The Mastery of the Pacific"—both writing with an intimate knowledge of Eastern affairs, and within a few months of the ratification of the Treaty—should have taken into account this possible combination But it is the fate of most political forecasts Something "happens," and the future has to be re-constructed on a new basis Who can tell what the next spoke in the wheel will be? A Russian Revolution, some would have us think, rivalling in magnitude the social cataclysm of 1789. The seed is there, and it will be fostered by the growing industrialism with its consequent half-education of millions who have hitherto been too ignorant to perceive their misery and degradation

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In connection with Mr Norman's work—though the connection may not at first sight be very apparent—I would recommend a discriminating study of "Maxim Gorky His Life and Writings," by Dr E J Dillon, which has just been published by Messrs Isbister and Co It is unnecessary to give a detailed notice of the book in these pages A few months ago the author contributed an article on "The Art and Ethics of Maxim Gorky" to the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, which may be considered the ground-plan of his present work The story of Gorky's life is of strong human interest, and Dr Dillon treats it with sympathy and insight, born of an intimate knowledge of Russian life such as few Englishmen possess His sympathy is none the less real because he sees in Gorky's writings much that is meretricious, much that is offensive, much that is ethically detestable It is not merely what he has done in the past, but rather what he will do in the future, that makes Gorky so important a phenomenon For good or for evil, he is a literary force that must be reckoned with, and in this study of the man and his work the reader will, I think, find a saner estimate than has yet been given by any other English critic The volume contains translations of four of Gorky's shorter sketches—"The Song of the Falcon," "It Happened Once in Autumn," "Emelyan Pilyai," and "The Procession of Shame," the two latter being published for the first time in an English version I have coupled Dr Dillon's book with "All the Russias" because, incidentally, it shows us a side of Russian life that is not to be found in Mr. Norman's work—a side, moreover, that cannot be ignored in any attempt to forecast the future of Russia

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When Marie Antoinette was bartered away by her mother, the Empress Marie Thérèse of Austria, and sent to the most licentious Court in Europe to fill the rôle of Dauphine of France, she was a

child of fourteen, childish in her ways as in her years, scarcely knowing how to write, and so near the nursery that her mother thought it necessary to admonish her in letters on such matters as the brushing of her teeth and the better management of her toilet. Her innocence in those days is well illustrated by her inquiry as to the "duties" of Madame du Barry, and her naive reply (though some have regarded this as a piece of precocious diplomacy) when told that Madame du Barry's duty was "to please and amuse the King"—"Then I will take her place." Marie Thérèse was anxious, as well she might be, for her young daughter's future amid such surroundings, and privately confided the guardianship of the little Dauphine to the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador at the French Court, with earnest injunctions to watch over her with the utmost care. From 1770 to 1780 the Comte wrote almost daily to his Imperial mistress, acquainting her with the smallest details of Marie Antoinette's life, with the movements in politics and the never-ending intrigues of the Court. This long correspondence, which has been published by the Keeper of the Austrian Imperial Archives, forms the basis of two handsomely illustrated volumes issued by Messrs Hutchinson and Co under the title of "The Guardian of Marie Antoinette." The title-page, which describes the work as "Letters from the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau," is somewhat misleading, and does less than justice to the author, Miss Lillian C Smythe, who has woven her materials into a continuous and well-written narrative, with copious extracts, not only from the Ambassador's correspondence, but also from the letters of Marie Thérèse and Marie Antoinette. The vivid and authentic picture she gives of the Court of Versailles and of the condition of society in the years immediately preceding the Revolution must take high rank among works dealing with Pre-Revolutionary France. The times were not so much im-moral as un-moral. With our knowledge of the end of the tragedy—a tragedy no less because the actors thought it a farce—there is an irresistible fascination in watching these historical puppets dancing upon the slopes of a living volcano. To us the *dénouement* seems inevitable, to them it was a masque that would last for ever, or, if one here and there thought of the future, it was with a shrug of the shoulders and an "*Après moi le déluge!*" Mercy-Argenteau alone appears to have seen the danger. He solemnly warned the Dauphine and her husband of the impending ruin, and in his letter of 16th January, 1773, he foreshadowed the fall of the dynasty—a prophecy fulfilled in twenty years to the very month of his letter.

Among much that is new in Miss Smythe's pages there is nothing of greater historical interest than the fresh light that is thrown on the character of Louis XVI. The general estimate has been that he was an amiable though somewhat weak monarch, who would have ruled France well in peaceful times, but was unequal to a revolutionary crisis. The portrait drawn by Mercy-Argenteau and others cited by Miss

Smythe is that of a man who was little better than an idiot, lethargic, slow-witted, feeble in mind and body. "He would often advance directly upon a courtier, driving him up against a wall, stand in front of him, and if nothing occurred to him to say (which was nearly always the case), he would burst into a roar of coarse, open-mouthed laughter, and go." His principal amusements were blind-man's-buff, forfeits, and other nursery games, in which he would frequently spend the greater part of the day. He had a mania for blacksmith's work, and was never so happy as when, covered with soot and sweat, he was hammering a piece of metal. One can make every allowance for Marie Antoinette thus mated to a clown. Had she married a Dauphin with sound judgment, capable of ruling wisely and firmly, her own history as well as that of France might have been very different

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The latest addition to Messrs Macmillan's "Highways and Byways" series will be doubly welcome to Londoners, for it deals with "Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire," thus coming nearer home than any of its predecessors. It is difficult to apportion the due meed of praise between Mr Herbert Tompkins and Mr Frederick Griggs, the author and the illustrator respectively, for each has his heart in his work, and has caught the true *genius loci*. Although so near London, Hertfordshire is one of the most rural of English counties. Its quiet woodlands and winding lanes, its picturesque villages and farmsteads, its venerable churches among the trees, so charmingly etched by Mr Griggs, are at our very doors, and yet how few of us really know them. Cyclists, of course, dash along the Hertfordshire roads in their thousands on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, but you typical cyclist may be described as one who misses as much as possible between his starting-point and his destination. No pleasant pathways through the fields for him, no solitary rambles among the hills or over the beautiful uplands that stud this England of ours. The barren high road is his portion, and he whizzes along, with head well down, fearing a puncture at every flint, and thinking—good, easy man—that he is seeing the country. If we want to know the country, we must walk. There is no other way. We must get over stiles, and even trespass on occasion, pursuing promising paths that lead nowhere and everywhere. Mr. Tompkins is not unmindful of this, and he sets out one spring morning upon his Hertfordshire rambles "on foot and companionless, hoping thus to reap a richer harvest of observation." Wherever he goes he has something interesting to tell us. He remembers that he is in "Lamb's county," and he has much to say about the haunts of Elia. His history is, as a rule, commendably accurate, but one error I have noted. Surely Mr Tompkins is wrong when he mentions the famous "Casket Letters" as among the treasures of Hatfield House. These letters, which formed so important a part of the indictment of Mary Stuart, were lost to the

world from the day they were placed in the hands of James I, who is commonly supposed to have destroyed them—some say unread—out of regard for his mother's memory. But this is a minor detail. Mr. Tompkins's book will be read with delight by all who know the country he describes, and it should attract many who have hitherto regarded Hertfordshire as too near home to be worth troubling about

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Mr. E. B. Iwan-Muller, the author of "Lord Milner and South Africa" (Heinemann), writes from the standpoint of the "old-fashioned Tory," but he is not unmindful of other points of view. "Of all fallacies," he says, "to which the historian is liable the commonest is that of ignoring different points of view." He then proceeds, after the manner of our kind, to demolish these points of view one by one until, on South African affairs, his alone remains. This is only to say that Mr. Iwan-Muller is human, and that he is dealing with personages and events that cannot be approached with historic impartiality for many years to come. The book is not intended to serve as a biography or character-sketch of Lord Milner. Indeed, of Lord Milner himself the author, though a personal friend from boyhood, has very little to say. His object has been to consider the High Commissioner's work and policy in South Africa, and in order to set both clearly before the reader, he has thought it necessary to "begin at the beginning," and to trace from its source the story of "the prolonged struggle for ascendancy in South Africa" between the sixteenth century and nineteenth century ideas of "government." In effect, the book resolves itself into an exhaustive history of South African politics from 1874 down to the despatch of the Boer Ultimatum in 1899, and so thoroughly has the author done his work, sifting an immense amount of material with patience and discrimination, that his volume is practically encyclopædic in its scope, and will, I venture to think, be consulted on matters of fact long after the majority of South African books published during the last few years are forgotten. Mr. Iwan-Muller trenches too closely on subjects of political controversy for me to deal with his book in detail. In the main he agrees with the conclusions arrived at by Mr. E. T. Cook in his admirable book on "The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War," but with one very important reservation in reference to Dr. Jameson's Raid, which he seeks to defend on various grounds. Passing by such debatable points as this, I take a passage from the concluding chapter, which will commend itself to readers of all shades of political opinion. After speaking of the "sordid motives which influenced the narrow oligarchy ruling at Pieterburg," Mr. Iwan-Muller says —

But the lust of gold which infected the capital had not spread amongst the Boers of the Veld. I have always regarded it as one of the most pathetic episodes of history that the one tiny branch of the European stock which had no craving for wealth, but had a passionate

love of isolation, should have faced the appalling horrors and the intolerable sufferings of the Great Trek in order to secure that single boon which was most precious to them—that this tiny race should have pitched its ultimate camp on the top of a gold-mine. It was not for Kruger or for Leyds or for the autocratic clique at Pretoria that the Boer burghers rose as one man at the call to arms. Their response was due to the inbred and inveterate fear of the Boer that British ascendancy and direct control in the Transvaal would extinguish for ever those privileges of proud isolation and of unquestioned absolutism within his own farm for which he had made so many and so great sacrifices . . . He was fighting for liberty as he understood it, and when his training and traditions are taken into consideration, his motives and his actions are very far indeed from being ignoble.

No one who wishes to understand the South African question in all its bearings should neglect this able and interesting book

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Readers of that entertaining book, "Collections and Recollections," will need no further recommendation of "An Onlooker's Note-Book" (Smith, Elder, and Co) than is conveyed in the bare announcement that it is "by the same author" and in the same manner. The present volume contains a series of papers which Mr G W E Russell contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* during the year 1901. They deal for the most part with the changes that have taken place in our social and political life within the writer's recollection and the recollection of friends of an older generation. Mr Russell's memory is as long as it is pleasant, and he is never without an amusing anecdote to illustrate his points. In five very interesting chapters on "Monarchy" he discusses the past and present influence of the Crown, from George III to King Edward VII. For his information of the past he relies almost entirely on "oral tradition derived from people "to whom 'the old King' meant George III, and who had never "quite lost the habit of referring to George IV as the Prince Regent." Passing over the Georges, we come to a most amusing sketch of William IV —

The amiable Greville, whose office brought him into close quarters with the King, says that, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, he was so excited by the exaltation that he nearly went mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange feats.

In illustration of this I have been told that after his first Drawing Room, he loudly complained that the paint on the faces of the older ladies had made his regal lips stick together. His peculiar passion was for speech-making, and he let slip no opportunity, public or private, of airing his extemporaneous eloquence. Archbishop Longley left it on record that when he did homage on his appointment to the See of Ripon the King suddenly addressed him in a loud voice thus: "Bishop of Ripon, I charge you as you shall answer before Almighty God, that you never by word or deed

give encouragement to those d——d Whigs, who would upset the Church of England”

Mr Russell refers to the “imperfect sympathy” which is known to have existed between Queen Victoria and Mr Gladstone. The estrangement came to a head during the struggle over the Eastern Question in 1876-79. To the astonishment of society, Mr and Mrs Gladstone were not invited to the wedding of the Duke of Connaught in 1879, and an even more remarkable rebuke was administered behind the scenes. Mr and Mrs Gladstone had been in the habit of visiting the late Dean Wellesley at the Deanery at Windsor —

An Illustrious Personage wrote to the Dean suggesting that, as Mr. Gladstone was engaged in violent attacks upon the Government, it might be better if his visits to the Deanery were discontinued. “Whereupon,” said the stout old Dean, Wellington’s nephew and counterpart, “I wrote her a tickler.” Imagination boggles at the thought.

The later chapters in the book are devoted to a scathing criticism of modern Society, and especially of that section of Society which is called and calls itself “smart.” As one speaking without authority, I can only hope that Mr Russell has occasionally forgotten to distribute his middle term, and that things are not quite so bad as he would have us think. Society—with a big S—is, after all, a very insignificant part of humanity, and even Society as represented by Mr Russell to-day is not one whit more vulgar and foolish than Society as represented by the satirists of yesterday and the day before. It is true, Vanity Fair changes the *fashion* of its folly from generation to generation, in much the same way as it changes the fashion of its dress, and that, perhaps, is the reason why the older generation always thinks that the younger generation has deteriorated. It finds it difficult to recognise the new folly as nothing more than the old re-dressed

A READER

The editor and the publishers of Dr Hastings’s Dictionary of the Bible (T and T Clark) are to be congratulated on seeing the end (or almost the end, for a supplementary volume of miscellanies and indices is promised) of their huge undertaking. A book of this kind is to be judged by what it has professed to do. The promise in the preface is that the reader will find in these volumes an explanation of all the words occurring in the Authorised and Revised Versions of the Bible, and also of the Old Testament Apocrypha, which do not explain themselves. This promise has been amply fulfilled so far as our testing is concerned, and perhaps the general usefulness of a book of this kind depends quite as much on its smaller as on its larger articles.

The contributors are almost all British or American scholars, with the addition of one or two from Germany. The Dictionary does not profess to have any critical bias, and the writers have been left to

express their own opinions in their own way, yet it is evident that in the selection of contributors care has been taken to secure representatives of scholarly but moderate critical opinions. The book itself is a witness to the silent, inevitable advance in the application of the principles of the higher criticism to the books of the Old and even of the New Testament during the recent decades. A comparison of the articles with those in Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible* makes this very plain.

Apart from the selection of writers, little attempt has been made to secure uniformity of views, and considerable divergences appear. One writer appears to think that it is almost self-evident that Romans xvi. 3-15 is a fragment inserted from a letter to the Ephesian Church, while the writer of the article on the Epistle to the Romans is sure that the verses belong to the place where they appear. Professor Gwatkin and Mr. Gayford find no trace of bishops, as distinct from presbyters, in any part of the New Testament, the Warden of Keble College has discovered a single bishop controlling the finances, presiding over and caring for the Church at Ephesus. He has made this discovery in the First Epistle to Timothy. He announces it in a somewhat doubtful fashion and with some searchings of spirit which might have gone deeper.

As might be expected, the larger articles differ greatly in expression and evidence of ripe scholarship. A few of them are almost verbose, while many are models of terse, precise statement, almost essential to a work which is meant to supply condensed information on all the subjects of which it treats. The latter applies especially to the articles of Professor Gwatkin, of Cambridge, and Professor Denney, of Glasgow. Professor Gwatkin's articles are as near perfection as it is possible to come. He discusses his subject from all sides, states every reasonable theory that has been held about difficulties suggested, and gives his own opinion, which is always judicious, and his proofs within the briefest space.

Most of the longer articles are from the pens of men who have studied the subjects long before they came to write about them here, and very few show traces that the information they convey was "got up" for the occasion. *Apocalyptic Literature* comes from the hand of Professor Charles, the most competent expert, who has been secured for the same subjects for the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. Professor Salmond writes many of the Eschatological papers. Professor Macalister of Cambridge and Professor Kennedy of Edinburgh contribute most of the articles on what may be called the domestic archæology of the Old Testament. The list might be extended indefinitely.

An interesting feature of the Dictionary is a series of articles on Biblical theology.—the idea of the *Kingdom of God* by Professor Orr, *Salvation* by Professor Adams Brown of New York, *Predestination* by Professor Warfield of Princeton, and *Election* by the Rev

J O F Murray of Cambridge Perhaps the most interesting and suggestive articles in this series are those by Dr Driver and Dr Denney on the conception of *Law* in the Old Testament and in the New

The Dictionary contains the last fruits of the ripe scholarship of the greatest Hebraist of the century, in this country at least The late Professor A B Davidson of Edinburgh, to whom is due more than to any other man the revival of Semitic learning in Great Britain, contributes several of the longer articles.—*Angel, Covenant, Eschatology of the Old Testament, God in the Old Testament, Prophecy and Prophets, Hosea, and Jeremiah* All are valuable, but perhaps those on *God in the Old Testament* and *Prophecy and Prophets* are the ones in which the profound scholarship, the critical insight, and the deep spiritual reverence of the writer are most clearly revealed They contain also flashes of his sarcasm A critical remark of Wellhausen is tossed aside as the "cynical sally of a modern "humourist", and the theory that Jacob and Esau are not real persons but types of the historical peoples of Israel and Edom is dismissed with the reflection that, if so, the historian who depicted his own people as crafty, unscrupulous and godly, and their bitterest enemy as the careless, noble, natural man was a humorous satirist of the highest rank The article on *Prophecy and Prophets* contains more suggestive information than most large volumes on the same subject

Professor Sanday contributes, among others, two long and deeply interesting and valuable articles on *God in the New Testament* and on *Jesus Christ* The latter is one of the longest articles, if not the longest, in the Dictionary It is characterised by Dr Sanday's minute and careful scholarship, his eminent fairness and a certain graceful humility

The long article by Mr C H Turner of Oxford on the *Chronology of the New Testament* is one of the most important in the Dictionary It has already taken its place as one of the first authorities on a most difficult subject and is being universally quoted I am not sure that I quite sympathise with his scanty respect shown to the Eusebian method and to the depreciation of its value, but the writer has dealt with a very intricate and obscure subject in a very masterly fashion

The article on the *Church* by the Rev S C Gayford of Oxford deserves very special mention It is a wonderfully exhaustive account of the condition of the churches of the New Testament, based on a minute analysis of the documents of the New Testament, the one defect being that scarcely enough attention is paid to the possibility of different types in the Pauline and the more specially Jewish Churches But the article is marked by two things which if not altogether new are at least treated in a fuller and a fresher way than is usual I do not know any more thorough attempt to show from the simple basis of New Testament statement the gradual growth of ecclesiastical organi-

sation than what is given in the brief compass of p 434, though I should be inclined to suggest that if the idea of "ruling" does not appear at the very first, its counterpart, the thought of "obedience" does. The other welcome addition to our usual and somewhat stereotyped descriptions of the Church in the New Testament is that Mr Gayford gives its full place to the "prophetic ministry"—a subject commonly passed over in silence by our English writers. The Bishop of Salisbury has said something about it in his *Ministry of Grace* (1901), and Dr Selwyn's *Christian Prophets* appeared the year previous, but in neither have we such a full and clear account of that ministry peculiar to the Church of the New Testament as we find in Mr Gayford's article. The bibliography might have been a little fuller and ought to have included Bishop Gore's *The Ministry of the Christian Church*. The author probably thought the book, at least those parts of it which deal with New Testament times, based more on imagination than on history. Still it is a "type," and ought to have been included.

Dr Kilpatrick's article on *Conscience*, although a little diffuse, is so very good that it is a pity that the article *Ethics* was not also given to him.

The article on *Rome* is perhaps as complete as could be expected from the space allotted, but the writers seem to be too much under the influence of Lanciani, who is not the most trustworthy of guides. Surely room ought to have been found for the name of Commendatore Boni among the list of Italian archæologists. Within the last few years he has done more than all of those mentioned put together, and is besides the official at the head of the excavations. The writers call the *Scala Santa*, which is evidently a mediæval staircase, an Eastern relic. Have they been trusting to Signor Marucchi? Then their list of authorities is curious both from what it contains and from what it omits. It does not contain G. B. de Rossi's *La Roma Sotterreana Cristiana* (1864-89) nor his equally valuable *Inscriptiones Christianae Urbis Romae* (1857-88). The references to *Bulletino* and *Nuovo Bulletino* are vague because there are so many *bulletini*, the *Bulletino di Archeologia Cristiana* is presumably meant, but if the reference be to excavations and discoveries bearing on the history of Rome during the first century then the most important journal is the *Bulletino della Commissione Comunale di Roma*.

The weakest point about this Dictionary is the bibliography at the end of articles. In many cases this work is done as well as could be wished, but in a large number of instances it is disappointing. Yet there is nothing which the student expects more and ought to find more readily in such a work. In particular many of the writers make no reference to articles in journals or to brief monographs on portions of the subject they discuss—references which would be very helpful to a student who desires to pursue his subject into its details.

THOMAS LINDSAY

THE LIBERAL PARTY—PAST AND FUTURE

LORD SALISBURY'S withdrawal is a very different kind of event from Mr Gladstone's. The part which he played in the Government, and the influence which he exerted upon his colleagues have for long been so obscure to the public that it will take many months to discover exactly what has been withdrawn, and in what respect affairs are altered. Lord Salisbury has founded no school, and, though it may be invented hereafter, there is certainly at the moment no Salisburian tradition corresponding to the Disraelian or Gladstonian traditions to which the ardent spirits of the two parties so frequently appeal. We know the part which Mr Chamberlain has played so vividly for these last three years, we are not in much doubt about either Mr Balfour or Sir Michael Hicks Beach. But whether Lord Salisbury took any initiative in the critical months of 1899, when South African policy was shaping, and whether then or since he has attempted to control, guide, check, or inspire his colleagues has not been revealed to us. He has seemed in public to regard the whole sequence of events as an inevitable manifestation of forces in which his own share was determined by fate. And his peculiar detachment in reviewing the domestic proceedings of his own Governments has for long given the public the impression that he had little faith in legislation, and left all details to his colleagues. Certainly, he has bequeathed no legacies to his Party, no policy to which they are committed, no body of doctrine which can be enforced by his authority. They have the free hand and the clean slate, after his withdrawal, as before it.

It would of course be absurd and ungracious to depreciate Lord Salisbury's services to the State because his personality has not been thrust before the public. The mere fact that he has for all these years filled without challenge the highest position in the government of the country, and done it without employing any meretricious arts whatever, is proof of a commanding influence. If still waters run deep, Lord Salisbury's influence will be discovered far down in the history of these times. And the lapse

of time will no doubt gradually reveal to us what we have lost by his withdrawal. But the habitual self-suppression which he has practised during recent years makes the transition from him to his successor extraordinarily easy in its outward aspects. The expected happens—for no careful observer of politics has doubted that Mr. Balfour would and must succeed, must, because the balance of forces in the Unionist Party absolutely determines the matter—and the Government remains in the public eye the Government it was. Indeed, if there is any immediate change, the public judges it to be made rather by the withdrawal of Sir Michael Hicks Beach than by that of Lord Salisbury. For Sir Michael—the Corn-tax notwithstanding—has been regarded as the champion of Free Trade within the Cabinet, and his retirement seems to leave the road open to the advocates of subsidies, Zollvereins, preferential tariffs, and all other devices for the confusion of Cobdenism. It is a very serious thought for the Liberal Party that there is not at this moment a single convinced Free-trader in the Government of this country. Hence, indeed, may come Party developments undreamt of at the present moment.

The precise form which the new Cabinet may take is unknown at the time of writing, and it is useless to speculate about it. The changes will in any case be of little consequence. The new ministry, like the old, will depend on a few individuals, and what we are really concerned with is the tight grip which these few individuals have of the machinery of Government. There is a general agreement that they secure it less by their own virtues than by the shortcomings of their opponents. In the course of nature the new administration ought to be a very brief one. Its chief members have served an intolerably long time, and a period of repose would be as good for them as for the public. It had no mandate from the country except to finish the war and annex the Boer Republics, and, these things being accomplished, it is simply speculating on the unascertained opinions of the electors, and, if one may judge from the legislation of the session, in a remarkably erratic manner. The public, moreover, seem by all outward indications to be wearying of the dilettantism and ineffectiveness which, justly or unjustly, they associate with the House of Cecil. For the moment, the Government has benefited by the peace, but it has gained little esteem from the conduct of the war, and by-and-by the memory of the gigantic miscalculations of the last three years will revive. If ever there was a case in which the two-party system ought to reassert itself, and the pendulum to swing with even an exceptional momentum, it is this. Had we an Opposition of the ordinary type, undivided, fairly disciplined, competently led and in a position, as regards candidates and organisation, to start on even terms with Ministerialists at the next election, the defeat of the present Government would be practically a foregone conclusion, and Mr. Balfour, in succeeding Lord Salisbury, would scarcely, in spite of his big majority, be able to count securely on a longer term

of life than Lord Rosebery, when in 1895 he succeeded Mr Gladstone. If we are without this reasonable expectation of change at the close of the long Salisbury régime, it is not because the Opposition is lacking in men or in brains, nor because, as some think, its principles and its opinions are repugnant to the country, but mainly, if not wholly, because the country imagines it to be too undisciplined and ill-organised to make an effective alternative Government.

Therefore, in spite of any change of Government, a practical instinct tells us that the key to the position is still in the hands of the Opposition. The electors will change the ruling class precisely as soon as they are assured that there is an efficient alternative, and in present circumstances, they will consider this assurance to be more important than any political programme. Hence the inordinate interest which they have taken and still take in the domestic affairs of the Opposition. It would be well for the Liberal Party if it could escape some of these attentions, for they induce a kind of invalidism which keeps it perpetually preoccupied with itself and its maladies. Every Liberal is expected in these days to make a humble confession that his Party is "in a shocking bad way," and then to spend his leisure in discussing the inscrutable reasons which have brought it to this plight, or the still more inscrutable proceedings of leaders who seem bent on keeping it in this plight. Meanwhile, an unceasing chorus of disinterested advisers assists with exhortation and oburgation, until the unhappy patient is quite dazed and wholly discouraged. What to do and how to do it he has not the slightest idea, but it seems manifest that his condition must be critical, or so many people would not be talking at once. Yet, since the beginning of the year, there has been a marked improvement. For the grand discovery of this session has been that instant relief was to be obtained, if the Party talked not about itself but about the Government and its Education Bill and its Corn-tax, if, in short, it did the work which the public expects of a Parliamentary Opposition.

None of us can desire to revive this process of morbid self-analysis. Nevertheless, I think it would be a gain if among the enquiries which are to take place, now that the war is ended, the Liberal Party could sit down quietly and enquire what has happened to itself during these last three years of agitation and distraction. And perhaps not only present-day politicians, but even those who come after might gain by some effort to record this experience while it is yet fresh in memory. It would need very great assurance for any one writer to attempt this task, but perhaps a few points which have impressed themselves on a journalist who has shared in the experience may be submitted as aids to reflection.

Speaking broadly, I believe that very few of the misfortunes that have happened to the Liberal Party these last three years could have been avoided by any skill or management on the part of its leaders.

It was among the real inevitables of South Africa that war between Boer and Briton would, while it lasted, bring confusion to the Liberal Party. War in any case suspends the normal working of the party-system, and when it breaks out, an Opposition finds itself in a dilemma from which there is no escape. It must either support the Government, in which case it abandons the chief purpose of an Opposition which is to displace the Government, or it must oppose the war and attack the Government, in which case it dashes itself against the strongest of popular sentiments. It is, indeed, possible that a war-ministry may be displaced by an Opposition reputed to be more war-like, or by a reconstructed ministry with the same reputation—witness the case of Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen in 1855—and some Liberal Imperialists have supposed that but for the anti-war group, the Liberal Party might have been called to office after the reverses of 1900. To me it has always seemed utterly impossible that a Liberal Opposition could, in the case of South Africa, have presented itself to the country as zealous and united on a war-policy. There never was a case which, among Liberals at all events, could have given rise to more cruelly divided emotions. It was difficult for men of Liberal temperament to accept any of the furious formulas into which extreme partisans endeavoured to squeeze the infinite complications of the South African affair. At the back of the final quarrel was a long and embittered history in which each side had a formidable case against the other, a history which included the Raid and the arrested enquiry that followed the Raid. Though the war came finally by the act of our opponents, the diplomacy which led up to it was of the kind least likely to convince the doubter, whether his doubts were about the moral issues or about the wisdom and the inevitability of using force. There were indeed two groups, each of them, I believe, a small minority among Liberals, which came at once to decisive opinions, the one holding that the war was just and inevitable, and the Government substantially free from blame, the other that it was a crime which should be resisted at every stage. For each of these their course was clear, but the remainder, comprising the great majority of the Party, were in much more difficult case. They saw on the one hand that war was indeed inevitable after the Ultimatum, on pain of losing South Africa, they felt on the other that a war of this nature was at the best a most melancholy necessity which, with prudence and statesmanship at an earlier period, might well have been avoided. Logic said, "If you are not prepared to stop the war and to forfeit South Africa, you must be prepared to fight with all your might and to strengthen the Government in every military measure." Sentiment said, "It is hateful for a great empire to go warring against two little Republics whose heroic resistance kindles the admiration of all mankind."

The judgment has now passed to the historian, and I am not seeking to revive the controversies. My point is simply that, the case being

what it was, it was hopeless to expect that a Liberal Opposition could present itself to the country as an alternative war-ministry or avoid disaster, if an election overtook it, while the war continued. As a matter of fact, the Government actually profited in an electoral sense from their own blunders and miscalculations. Had the war been the short, sharp and decisive affair that they contemplated, politics would have resumed their normal course six months before the appeal to the country. As it was, the whole of the public resentment caused by the early disasters was turned, not upon the Government which really deserved it, but upon the Opposition, which was guiltless. Mr. Chamberlain showed his incomparable skill as an electioneerer in that operation, and his victim was left writhing under a sense of flagrant injustice which he was powerless to resist. But Mr. Chamberlain's electioneering was really the very superfluity of naughtiness. Given that the war continued, the ministry in possession was bound to sweep the board. However much the country might have disliked the Government, it could not displace them in the middle of a war without seeming to waver in a policy to which it was irretrievably committed, and even to weaken in the face of the enemy. No other Government was possible at such a moment except a more war-like Government, and that by the nature of the case a Liberal Government could not be.

Here from the beginning of the war was a chapter of disaster absolutely inevitable, and if all sections of the Party had behaved with the completest discretion and moderation, the result, I believe, could not have been substantially different. If that is a sound view of the case, the different sections of the Party are absolved from recriminations about their respective share of the blame. Each of the political parties has advantages and disadvantages which come into play in different circumstances. The Liberal Party has till now had a long and strong tradition of sympathy with little nationalities, it also—necessarily and rightly—includes in its ranks an earnest group of men specially associated with peace and humanitarian movements. It has had the benefit of this association in other times and will have again, but it is inevitably at a disadvantage in competing with a war-party in times of war.

But, so much being said, it is still useful to ask whether the Party has nothing to learn from the actual experience. Here I cannot expect agreement, but I suggest a few points for consideration.

In the first place, I think, a great many Liberals were genuinely taken by surprise by the vehemence and spontaneity of the war-sentiment. Their miscalculation had much the same natural history as that of the Government itself in regard to the Boer forces. Accepting the general belief that the Boer war would be a little war in a distant part of the Empire, they did not imagine that the same sentiment would apply to it as to a struggle for existence in Europe. They had witnessed Afghan wars, Indian frontier wars, Egyptian wars, and in all alike

opinion was deeply divided and freely expressed, as if the military operations were only a part of political proceedings that were fairly open to controversy. Arguing thus from the comparative insignificance of the affair, they assumed that the same principle would apply to the Boer war. The enemy was not at the gate nor the sequel in doubt. When Lord Rosebery spoke of it at the beginning as a "great war," he seemed to exaggerate. So the political controversy was carried forward into the war, and it was with genuine surprise that the opponents of the war found themselves suddenly branded as pro-Boers and no patriots.

Whether the public divined, as the Government did not, that the war was serious, or whether it simply differentiated a war between white men from all other wars, need not be argued. In either case it fell back on the primitive instinct which applies a kind of informal martial law to politicians and newspapers in time of war. It was intolerant, no doubt, and in some of its manifestations both rowdy and offensive, but behind it was that sense of discipline which, however roughly expressed, or misapplied, is in the last resort absolutely essential to national existence. Well, how should a wise man who honestly thought his country to be mistaken, comport himself in presence of such a manifestation? Wrap himself in his cloak, like Plato's philosopher, and shelter himself under a wall until the storm be overpassed? Write violent letters to the newspapers with a covering note to the editor imploring him to conceal his name lest his windows should be broken, and then afterwards complain bitterly because the editor—thinking perhaps a little of *his* windows—did not see fit to publish them? Or come boldly into the open and test "the limits of human nature"—to use Mr Balfour's phrase—and express an open contempt for the crowd and all its works? All these methods were tried with little result except to fan the flames. And yet the public proved exceedingly tolerant of speakers who used persuasion and who recognised that below the ferment on the surface was a feeling which deserved respect, and which was in most cases entirely creditable to those who shared it. Hold what views we may about the origin of the war, and say what we will about the extravagances of the mob in London or elsewhere, we can still afford to pay our tribute to the doggedness of the British people during the last three years. Their pathetic patience with the Government, their abstention from recrimination, their generosity both to statesmen and to generals, are characteristics of which we may be proud, even though they were displayed by the necessity of the case at our expense.

It is immensely important to preserve the rights of a minority to speak their mind, even when war has been declared. It might even in some moment of emergency be the salvation of the country that an honest and sincere opinion should make itself heard. But the state of war requires a change of tone in an Opposition, requires great modera-

tion on the part of writers and speakers, and a full appreciation of the forces opposed to them. The rapidity with which good and zealous men were used up and cast aside was one of the most depressing features of the early stage of the war. The careless phrase, the exaggerated epithet, the too fervid denunciation, even the little slips and shortcomings which are venial in times of peace became suddenly fatal, while on the other side the most violent language could be used with complete impunity. Not to answer back seemed mean and weak,—to answer back was to be written off as no patriot. Flagrantly unfair as it seemed at the time, these are the inevitable conditions, and a minority in war must make the best of them. To live through the three years without abating convictions or taking shelter in silence, and to emerge at the end undamaged in the eye of the public, required a touch of genius such as Mr Morley, alone among the opponents of the war, possessed. For the rest, patience, caution, forbearance, moderation and all these qualities in higher proportions as the war-feeling rose offered the only chance of bringing any influence for peace to bear on the mass of people when the opportunity came.

The Liberal opponents of any given war are always handicapped by the fact that a certain number of them are known to the public as the opponents of all wars. Kinglake, discussing the impotence of the peace-party before the Crimean war, makes a comment on the failure of Bright and Cobden to impress their countrymen, which may well be recalled in this connection —

Mr Cobden and Mr Bright were honestly devoted to the cause of peace. They honestly believed that the impending war with Russia was a needless war. There was no stain upon their names. How came it that they sank, and were able to make no good stand for the cause they loved so well? The answer is simple.

Upon the question of peace or war (the very question upon which more than any other a man might well desire to make his counsels tell) these two gifted men had forfeited their hold upon the ear of the country. They had forfeited it by their former want of moderation. It was not by any intemperate words upon the question of this war with Russia that they had shut themselves out from the counsels of the nation, but in former years they had adopted and put forward, in their strenuous way, some of the more extravagant doctrines of the Peace party. In times when no war was in question, they had run down the practice of war in terms so broad and indiscriminate that they were understood to commit themselves to a disapproval of all wars not strictly defensive, and to decline to treat as defensive those wars, which, although not waged against an actual invader of the Queen's dominions, might still be undertaken by England in the performance of a European duty, or for the purpose of checking the undue ascendancy of another Power.

The truth of this analysis has been strikingly confirmed by the

experience of the Boer war, but the moral is not quite easy to draw. Perhaps it is that statesmen who desire to influence their countrymen in moments of excitement should, so far as their convictions permit, avoid a reputation for quietism *quand même*. The quietists, however, will always remain a group of the Liberal Party, and politics being what they are, its opponents will always assert that they dominate the Party. Nor is the case improved by any efforts on the part of another group to prove themselves the better patriots by disowning the men of peace. That does but lead to recrimination in which both sides exaggerate their case and give unnecessary advertisement to their differences. Moreover, the impression left on the public mind is so much the worse, for when an opponent calls an opponent unpatriotic, it is regarded as the common form of politics, but when a friend endorses the charge, it is taken seriously. If the public is left to form its own judgment, it will probably come to the sensible conclusion that parties are to be judged by their average opinion, rather than by the views of their extremists, and it will no more believe that the Liberal Party as a whole is for peace at any price than it will believe that the Unionist Party as a whole is for war at all costs. The opponents of the war who imagined that the Liberal Party was paralysed by its Imperialists, and the Imperialists who thought that it would have prospered but for its "pro-Boers" were both, I believe, equally mistaken. They were victims in common of an adversity for which neither were responsible, and for which there was no remedy. When that happens, as it frequently does, in politics, there is nothing for it but to be patient till better times come.

It is a common opinion that the Opposition ought on the outbreak of war to have abandoned all discussions of the steps which had led up to war, and to have confined themselves to criticising the conduct of operations. Theoretically, this course had much to recommend it, and it would have imposed no sacrifice of principle upon the great majority of the Party who believed in the necessity of war after the Kruger Ultimatum. But in practice a political truce of this nature is only possible when respected by both sides, and in the present case the Government not only encouraged, but compelled controversy by holding a general election in the middle of the war, and claiming a complete endorsement of their proceedings before as during the war. Serious men, who thought the Government greatly to blame for their proceedings before the war, could not possibly avoid this challenge, even though they saw quite clearly that the controversy would be to their prejudice. And of course in the turmoil of electioneering on an issue which caused deep feeling, a great many things were said which had better have been left unsaid, and which played Mr Chamberlain's electioneering game to perfection. One need not be very uncharitable to suppose it to have been part of the electioneering calculation that this would be the case, but unless the Opposition were prepared to give

the Government a complete acquittal on the whole case, I fail to see how they could have avoided the snare

But it remains true that the Opposition was not effective in its criticism of the conduct of the war. One can faintly imagine from one's recollection of the Tory Opposition during the Egyptian campaigns of the eighties, how a Liberal Government would have fared in Parliament if it had conducted the Boer war as it was conducted and had been subjected to the daily criticism of the Conservative Party. I am not suggesting that it would have been decorous or salutary for the Liberal Party to have played the part which was played by some Tories twenty years ago. But searching and reasoned criticism of military operations is the natural duty of the Opposition, and a Party which fails to perform it falls short in the administrative part of its duties, and leaves the public under the impression that it is not practical or competent. The reasons which weakened the Opposition in this regard are pretty clear in the retrospect. The relations of the leaders were hardly such as lent themselves to the careful organising and mapping out that such work requires. One group became too much committed to the Government cause to be very faithful critics, another, thinking the war to be a disaster, felt debarred in morals and logic from urging its too vigorous prosecution. Still more felt vaguely that this was not Liberal work, and that it savoured of militarism and jingoism. These reasons were no doubt valid for the little group who considered the war a crime. They could not urge that more troops should be sent, or that more vigour should be shown in committing an iniquity. But the great majority of us who agreed that war was a necessity after the Ultimatum, however strongly we might have been of opinion that it could have been averted by prudence and statesmanship at an earlier stage, were as much committed as the Government to its vigorous prosecution. We were in the position of clients who had been committed to a costly litigation, which we thought could have been avoided by greater prudence and less pugnacity on the part of our solicitors, but being committed, we were anxious to win our case as speedily and decisively as possible. Therefore we were even more entitled than others to urge that the gravity of the case should be realised, and the most vigorous measures taken to shorten the calamity of war. I am not suggesting that we should have canvassed the failures and shortcomings of particular generals, which indeed are better left alone by politicians, while a war is in progress, but we should both have served the public interest and developed our own criticism of the Government's policy by a vigorous protest against the foolish miscalculation of the strength and temper of our opponents, which governed the diplomacy of the first year, the premature rejoicings of the second year, the muddles and miscarriages of the third year,—in brief the whole chain of reasoning which led us to believe in the first instance that the Boers would not fight, and in subsequent stages to assume perpetually that the war was

over The Opposition might well have demanded throughout that the army should be relieved and reinforced on some rational and automatic principle, instead of being hurriedly strengthened on the morrow of some reverse by improvised and necessarily inefficient levies

In December, 1901, the Opposition discovered to its amazement that it was really united on South African issues Lord Rosebery achieved the miracle by his Chesterfield speech, which will long remain in memory as among the most powerful and effective public utterances of our time Lord Rosebery on that occasion reaped the advantages of his long detachment from Party warfare Other leaders like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman who, as the Liberal Party will long remember, had borne the heat and burden of this embittered controversy, had inevitably incurred prejudices and animosities, and had become labelled before the public as members of one school or another Exactly the same remark applied on the other side to Mr Asquith and Sir Edward Grey No blame need be imputed to any of these distinguished men They could neither remain aloof, nor if they plunged in, preserve a reputation as impartial advisers Whatever course they took, they were bound to incur the hostility of one section of the Party, whereas Lord Rosebery had, to use his own expression, a clean slate, as well as other people's experience to guide him No man ever used a great opportunity to better advantage The Chesterfield speech seemed to show in a flash the line on which the Opposition might have been led without serious division during the war Men of the most diverse opinions claimed to discover in it exactly what they thought, and yet it was strong and unambiguous, without hedging or trimming to puzzle plain people It is precisely in producing this effect that the Party leader shows his genius, and one is left wondering why Lord Rosebery cannot bring the same skill to adjusting the conflict of persons as on this occasion he brought to adjusting the conflict of opinions The Chesterfield speech, moreover, was not only a service to the Party, but a service to the country. It moderated the anti-Boer opinion which had been wrought to a dangerous excess by the electioneering of the previous year, and enabled the Government to turn its face towards peace without exciting the anger of the warlike public The ultimate conditions of peace were so like the Chesterfield forecast, that it may even have suggested to the Boers the right method of approaching the Government It is precisely thus that an Opposition can best serve the country in times of war, and public men on the Government side would not, I think, have lost any credit with the country, if they had been more generous in acknowledging that they had benefited by Lord Rosebery's intervention And if Liberal statesmen ever find themselves caught in a storm like that of 1899, a reference to the Chesterfield speech will supply them with extremely valuable hints of the course to take and the dangers to avoid

This retrospect may perhaps suggest a few practical points for the future. It is, first, a crowning mercy that the Liberal Party has come through these bad years without a definite split between Imperialists and other groups. Open schism at all events has been avoided, there have been no secessions in the House of Commons, the old guard in the provinces has remained staunch, and though at many critical moments disaster seemed to threaten, the Party has emerged in being, and during the present session has been united and effective in the House of Commons. The history of these years points to the extraordinary permanence of the two-Party system. The average Liberal will make no terms with seceders or separatists and declines to follow any leader, however influential, whom he suspects of desiring to make a camp of his own. Whoever aspires to lead the Liberal Party must aspire to lead the whole of it.

Next, it is proved that if war divides Liberals, it brings after it a number of issues which unite them. Imperialists who supported the war declare themselves even more zealous than others for a Liberal policy in South Africa after the war. The financial strain brings a threat to Free Trade which puts all Liberals at once on the defensive. There is likely to follow a certain shifting of interest to domestic questions, on which, again, Liberals should have the advantage. The Education Bill also raises issues of the simple kind which throws men back on the time-honoured divisions between Liberal and Conservative. Those who had said that the old Liberalism was dead had assumed that the old Toryism was dead. Manifestly that was untrue of legislation, and it will probably also be untrue of administration. For any serious attempt to promote efficiency in the public services means in large part a conflict with class favour and class prejudice—in fact with what the old Radicals used to call “privilege.”

Some slates no doubt need cleaning, but it would be well if the sponge could first be passed over the particular slate which bears the confused record of quarrels between leaders and sections. Up till now the contending parties have been able to plead certain matters of principle as the cause of their differences, but as these pass into the background, they must either make peace or confess that their differences are “mainly about persons.” This latter confession is rightly considered so disastrous to public men that one may fairly hope for the other alternative. We may perhaps be told that the Irish question justifies a further controversy. But in the first place that question cuts diagonally across recent lines of division—for some of the strongest Home Rulers are to be found among Imperialists, and many who doubt about Home Rule among the anti-Imperialists—and in the second place, the question is not at this moment a burning one. Mr Balfour has, indeed, been talking about “the great Unionist cause,” as if to prepare us for a fresh beating up of prejudice against the Liberal Party, and if he or Mr Chamberlain succeed in drawing the different schools

of Liberals into recrimination on that subject, they will have achieved a chief part of their purpose. But the simple truth is that, while the House of Lords lasts, Home Rule can only be carried by the Tory Party or by agreement between the two Parties. Events may shape themselves surprisingly in one or other of these directions during the next few years, and in the meantime neither the Irish nor the Liberal Home-ruler can possibly expect that the frontal attack method of Mr Gladstone's Bills will be repeated, though both may very profitably consider how best to advance on other lines. The question is of abiding importance, but it is so conditioned by Parliamentary circumstances that a certain opportunism becomes mere honesty. It is useless to promise what we cannot perform, and if we treat the Irish frankly and assume them to possess some degree of common sense, we shall probably discover that they are quite as much alive to our difficulties as we are ourselves. On the other hand, a Liberal leader who so contrived as to divide his own Party and to throw the Irish into the arms of his opponents—who, that is to say, let his opponents secure the British vote on the allegation that the Union was in danger, and the Irish vote on the ground that the Liberals had recanted Home Rule—would not be displaying a genius for political management. One need scarcely be a cynic to say that such a sacrifice is not required by even the most exalted political morality.

Suppose, then,—and it is, I hope, not a too fanciful supposition—that the Liberal Party were organised, as the British people have been accustomed to see Oppositions organised, its leaders working actively together, its various organisations in no rivalry except that of friendly competition to do the best for the Party, its rank and file showing the spirit which to their credit they do show and have shown throughout all this difficult business, what could hinder it from coming rapidly to the front? The conditions are precisely those on which a Liberal Opposition should thrive—a Government which has exhausted its energies and its mandate, and which, apart from all questions of politics, bores the public by its intolerable longevity, measures to fight which touch great principles, the natural re-action after war which sets men thinking of domestic reform, new questions arising in all departments of life which call for careful study from fresh minds. Internally, the difficulties of the Party are no greater than most Parties in Opposition have to face and overcome as part of the day's work. The succession to the Prime Ministership hereafter depends merely upon whether the man who has the first chance is in such a relationship to his colleagues and to the Party in general that he can form a Government. Canvassing before the event will never settle that question, though it may bring the Party to such a pass that the public will judge it unfit to govern, or that, when the time comes, each leader in turn will find himself helpless. A very small secession can prevent the Party from returning to power, but no

group by seceding can gain power for itself. Everyone, of course, assents to these propositions in the abstract, but the difficulty of acting on them has hitherto been unaccountably great. Nevertheless the consequences of not acting on them are by this time so apparent, and the excuses for neglecting them are so inadequate, that one begins to hope that the Liberal Party may at length apply to its own case the policy of reconciliation and amnesty which it prescribes for South Africa. The present session at all events affords some justification for this thought.

J A SPENDER

ENGLAND AND GERMANY AFTER THE WAR.

IT is impossible to blink the fact that the belief in our country that Germany has become impregnated from north to south and from east to west with envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness towards England is the sequel to the campaign of outrageous calumny waged against us as a nation by a portion of the German Press during the war in South Africa. This belief permeates all classes of society and is accompanied by surprise at the conduct of the Germans, mingled with disappointment as well as indignation. Many go so far as to say that Germany ought never to be forgiven for the malice and base meanness displayed by her people, whilst others amongst us, and not a few publicists and politicians enjoying more or less influence in their respective spheres, are deriding the Germans as a dull, uninteresting and envious set of people whom we can afford to ignore. I do not hold a brief for Germany or the Germans, and have no desire or intention to whitewash those Teutons who are answerable for this regrettable state of affairs. On the other hand, as I have lived for twenty years amongst the Germans, holding a responsible post during that time, and have come into close contact with all classes, whereby I have acquired an intimate knowledge of their character and aims, I claim to be in a position to form an opinion on the interpretation that should be given to the public ebullitions of their sentiments. My experience has always induced me to strongly protest against the generalisations drawn from recent manifestations against us, on the ground that they are not supported by adequate evidence, and that they involve egregious and dangerous errors. I prefer not to look upon the German nation as dull, or as a factor to be neglected in any branch of modern life, and the charge advanced against them that they are envious of England more than of any other nation is, in my judgment, too vague and too little supported by specific proof to be deserving of special attention. The last few years has been a period of strange psychical aberration in Germany, and Teuton thinkers will themselves be astounded in future days, when the

authentic history of these times shall have been written, on discovering with what amazing facility their people were duped by liars and libellers. Moreover, the outburst of violent and excessive aversion to England was sudden, and has now fizzled out, so that there can be no justification for political generalisations against the whole race.

Germans are a strange mixture of sentimentality and cold-heartedness—sentimentality prevailing. They designate us as frigid and calculating, whilst Englishmen in general look upon them as only sentimental. A remark made to me in a letter from a distinguished literary friend a few years ago, just after the late Prince Bismarck's fall, strikes me as peculiarly apt and to the point just now—"You know the old English feeling against kicking a man when he is down" still lingers amongst us. It is not known or dreamt of in Germany." The writer, a great admirer of Bismarck, was angry when he saw the very Germans who owed their position in the world to the genius and work of the great master-mason of the fabric of the new Empire pouncing upon him and pelting him with uncharitable abuse in the hour of his fall, when he could no longer combat them with adequate weapons. Herein they showed the frigidity of their temperament, having learnt too well from Bismarck himself the lesson not to allow one's feelings or sentiments to interfere in politics.

As soon as the English reverses in South Africa were announced, and England was believed "to be down," the Germans turned upon their great European rival, but before, and at the commencement of the war, their attitude was mainly determined by sentimentality. To side with the Boers against the English could in no wise further their political interests, but they allowed their hearts to get the better of their heads, and yielded to the belief that the English were acting as the strong oppressors of the weak Boers. A clique of Boers and German Anglophobes later on secured in the most adroit and skilful manner the co-operation of a section of the German Press, whereby fully eighty per cent of the population of the Empire were duped into the belief, seriously and honestly entertained, that the war was one of unrighteous plunder, criminally commenced and cruelly conducted. Having succeeded so far, it was easy enough for the wire-pullers to mesmerise the public mind in such a way that newspaper readers would notice nothing but tales of slander and atrocity, and the news about British successes was almost invariably followed by a cynical note of interrogation. An American diplomatist, whom I met this summer, when conversing with me about the Anglophobe agitation in Germany, said "There is not much difference between their attitude" and feeling towards you during the war and the treatment we were "subjected to a few years ago. The German outbreak against us was "equally violent, spiteful and malignant at the commencement of our "war with Spain, but it was of shorter duration, because they discovered they were backing the wrong horse and yielded sooner to

"semi-official warnings Now they want to make us believe they "were always our best friends!"

It was no doubt the long duration of the outburst of virulent anger, and the steady purpose of the carefully-devised plan of the Press campaign, that eventually embittered the British public against Germany, but I believe I am not wrong in endorsing the view current in England that a large share of the cause of this embitterment belongs to the German Chancellor. No intelligent German, who is occupied with politics and is in touch with his own country, refuses to admit that the patience of Englishmen was sorely tried by the long series of indecent, disgusting, calumnious and ribald caricatures and writings, fabricated in Germany and directed against the British Royal Family and nation, that came to their notice, nor does he deny that they were produced for the entertainment of Germans, and that during the war they afforded very great entertainment to Germans. Attempts have been made to exonerate the Teuton libellers on the ground that in 1896 Kaiser Wilhelm was insulted and caricatured in England, but the argument cannot hold water. At that time the British nation felt itself aggrieved and wantonly insulted, but yet nothing of a really ribald nature was said or drawn against his Majesty even amongst the lower grades of the population, though it is true that there was often a want of respect for the Kaiser in certain music-halls and such-like places where large crowds foregather. The people there, however, acted under provocation, whereas in the case of the Boer War we did not provoke Germany. It was no quarrel between Great Britain and Germany, and it was no business of Germany to interfere.

If the head of the German Government had recognised the danger of permitting the fomenting of calumny and malignity, and had thought fit to publicly place this on record, the very unnecessary and very unedifying quarrel between the two peoples might have been easily avoided. Of course the German detractors were exposed in England, and those who did so may be excused, if the circumstances of the case beguiled them into an exaggeration of the import to be attached to the calumnies. Germans at all events can lodge no reasonable complaints against them, even if, when exposing the vilification of the British nation, they at the same time fomented hostility between England and Germany. The seed of discord was sown on Teuton soil. It was left to anybody to reap the harvest. It could be foreseen by politicians that exaggerations would inevitably get mixed up in the comments, and yet Germany's responsible Minister did not interfere, even if it was only to enlighten the public. We all know that by his direction the representatives of the German Press were cautioned to exercise moderation, nay more, were implored to modify their attitude towards Great Britain, but what was the use of this when he himself remained silent in public?

An English Correspondent was upbraided in every way for his

interpretation of the Anglophobe Press, but it was repugnant to the views of the enlightened portion of German publicists that a foreigner should be condemned for using criticism on what undoubtedly had been said. As the German Government was in possession of the whole truth concerning the charges made against England's conduct of the war, against English Ministers and the British Army and nation, many of those publicists who did not join in the hue and cry against us wanted to have an official statement on the subject from the Ministerial bench in the Imperial Diet. But Count von Bulow let himself be cowed by the Pan-German League and would not raise his voice in the Reichstag to expose the calumniators of a friendly nation. What then was the use of officially entreating and advising the German Press to abstain from vituperation and detraction on the ground that both were as unjust as they were impolitic, when, at the critical moment, the leading Statesman had not the courage to stand up for his own inmost judgment and publicly support his subordinates who at his injunction had been endeavouring to restrain the Press? Till a couple of days before his notorious speech in the German Reichstag it was believed that Count von Bulow would make a speech such as he might have delivered long before, one that would have stemmed the tide of animosity. At the last moment, however, to the consternation of his subordinates, he wavered. He over-estimated the strength and influence of Herr Hasse and his Pan-Germanic party, and did not deem it wise to expose himself to their wrath! He thought it more expedient to arouse a storm of indignation in a foreign land, already irritated by the vile lies of his own country's ill-informed and vindictive Press, than to take his fellow-countrymen into his confidence and warn them that they were being duped and were wronging a friendly nation! When that opportunity was allowed to slip by, the anger of the British nation was aroused, and the German Government—and, above all, Count von Bulow—was surprised! He is reported to have declared that when he came into office the chief legacy inherited from his predecessors was a state of strained relations between Germany and England. He claims to have restored these relations between the two Governments, and to have re-established a better order of things, and to have always acted as a friend to England!

If you complain to German politicians of Count Bulow's neglect to enlighten the nation from his seat in the Reichstag, you are frequently confronted with the reply that Ministers in England do not stand up in Parliament to correct the Press or public opinion when foreign countries or Governments are falsely attacked, and that therefore the British public cannot claim from the Chancellor of the German Empire what they do not get from their own Ministers. This answer is not sound, it is a sophistical way of diverting the point at issue. As a matter of fact, if the tables had been turned, a question would

undoubtedly have been put at Westminster, and would have been replied to by a Minister of the Crown. In Berlin a question was put in the Reichstag, and the whole German nation, and especially the Press of the Empire, looked forward to an instructive speech from the Chancellor about the justice or injustice of the Press campaign in Germany. Count von Bulow's own subordinates anticipated a declaration of this kind from their chief's mouth. As matters turned out the Chancellor only succeeded in pleasing the Pan-Germanic League and the Anglophobes who declared with smiles in unctuous terms that they thought Count von Bulow had made a very proper speech! The Berlin Foreign Office was forced to adopt the same tone, but the effect on that section of the German Press that had been endeavouring to keep down the storm against England was disappointing, whilst the Chancellor's remarks were considered in England to be not only flippant but highly offensive.

Even now, six months after this memorable speech, Count von Bulow is looked upon in all parts of England as the Statesman who through carelessness and cynicism has wantonly severed the ties between the British and German peoples. That writer who was recently over in North Germany and has since said that the English are beginning at last to see that the vast majority of the German nation and of the German Press are inimically disposed towards us was of course prejudiced by the sentiments now current in England. he would not have found evidence in Germany at this time which justifies such sentiments. Unfortunately ultra-susceptibility has seized on all classes in England when they talk or think or write about Germany. Even cool-headed diplomatists are apt to read in every unbecoming phrase or word, no matter where it comes from, a proof of the sentiment just quoted, and often their opinions are formed from a misunderstanding of the meaning of the German original. For example, on June 26th the *Germania*, a Roman Catholic journal, published in Berlin, that enjoys no great circulation, printed an article on the King's illness in which there was an unbecoming sentence commencing, "Instead of receiving homage from his people as a triumphant hero *elated with*," etc. The paper was shown to me, and I found that the word signifying "elated" (*trunken*) had been mistaken by my interlocutor for "drunk" (*betrunken*). Read as he had read it, the passage was brutal and indecent as well as unbecoming. Again, a well-known Anglophobe print, called the *Staatsburger Zeitung*, a journal having about five thousand subscribers, wrote a very good article on the King's illness, but wound up with the statement that the "finger of God" was to be seen in the tragedy. We all know what the writer meant by the "finger of God" in this instance, but such an expression can be applied to the loser as well as the winner in a war, and in this particular case the remark was uncouth as well

as irrelevant. Taken, however, from an insignificant journal with so relatively small a number of readers it could not be said to voice the feeling of Germans.

A little more attention ought to have been paid during the recent crisis to the intrinsic influence of the chief newspapers that led the campaign against England. This was not done, and more stress ought to have been laid upon the fact that most of them are also opponents of the Government at home.

In the June number of the "National Review" I note that Sir Rowland Blennerhassett speaks as follows — "It is exceedingly difficult for the people of this country, from the circumstance that the German language is not widely known amongst us—at the present moment there is not a single Cabinet Minister who can read it with ease,—to understand the intense animosity towards England which prevails in Germany, or to follow the plans advocated by persons of position and seriously discussed by men of light and leading for the overthrow of the British Empire."

The writer is one of those who are trying to persuade the people of England that animosity towards England in Germany is too deep-rooted to be capable of extinction, that the dreams of the Pan-Germanic League are shared by the vast majority of the Empire, that the historian Treitschke's motto, "*Britannia delenda est*," has been adopted by all Germans, and that the German navy is being strengthened solely with a view of a war with England, and that when strong enough it is to provoke a combat for England's annihilation. He says a few lines lower down, after the quotation above cited — "Germany therefore is now preparing to wage with England a similar war to that she waged with France. The Pan-Germans are its enthusiastic prophets, but every party or political group in the Empire, even the Socialists, are ready and willing to support every proposal to increase the German fleet, no matter how enormous the sacrifice may be." It is obvious that Sir Rowland Blennerhassett is not only blinded by unreasoning prejudices, but that he has an exceedingly short memory. On the introduction of the German Estimates* in the Reichstag in the autumn of 1899, Prince Hohenlohe, then Chancellor, informed the House that the Government deemed it necessary to bring in a Bill to amend the Navy Act of April 10th, 1898, and Count von Bulow, then Foreign Secretary, delivered a speech dilating on the reasons for the step. He went into considerable detail and said — "We must build ourselves a fleet strong enough to exclude the possibility of an attack being made upon us. I underline the word 'attack' because there can be no question of an attack proceeding from us in view of the absolutely peaceful character of our policy. Why do all other States strengthen their navies? Without a great navy we cannot maintain our position in the world alongside of these

* Cf Annual Register for 1899

"States" Herr Eugen Richter, the leader of the Radical party, criticised in a very sharp reply the above speech and submitted that by declaring to the whole world how many ships they intended to build before 1907 they were simply provoking other countries to enter into a race with them in naval construction. Germany would very probably have reached by that time a greater relative naval inferiority than ever. On February 8th in the following year, 1900, the Bill* was introduced by Admiral von Tirpitz, the Secretary of State for the Imperial Navy. The Clericals and Radical Left received his speech unfavourably, and the Socialists went so far as to hold a number of public meetings protesting against the Bill. The Socialist leader, Herr Bebel, declared in the House that a conflict with England would be the greatest misfortune that could befall Germany, and Admiral von Tirpitz, whose opinions on this subject are well known, declared in reply that what Herr Bebel said about a conflict with England was shared by the Federated Governments and by the whole of the German people. The Bill was sent to Committee, and, after being amended in the sense of *rejecting the Government proposal to increase the number of cruisers to be employed on stations abroad, thereby reducing the proposed expenditure by £19,500,000*, was passed by a majority of 201 to 103 on June 12th, the extreme parties of the left—*i.e.*, the Socialists and extreme Radicals—voting against it. This does not bear out what Sir Rowland Blennerhassett says. Yet, in face of the above, he wants to make people in England believe that every party in the German Empire is ready and willing to support any proposal to increase the German fleet with the view of annihilating England! The idea of a war with England does not exist in the brain of more than an insignificant minority of Germans. When, during the recent Press campaign against England, animosity was at its height, the possible consequences of their agitation was pointed out to the most ardent instigators of the campaign, but they instantly denounced the idea that they advocated war with England. Their campaign was one of blind and senseless prejudice. It was brought about by the concentration at one point of a number of causes that were agitating the German Empire during the past few years. The primary cause was sentimental sympathy for the Boers, who, as the weaker, were, in the mind of the Germans, being oppressed by the stronger, the English; and this was skilfully and adroitly pushed forward as the sole cause. In reality the agitation would never have been so violent, and the Boer delegates in Europe and the Anglo-phobes and Pan-Germans would never have been able to control it but for the other causes—namely, bitter discontent within the Empire against the Kaiser and the Imperial Government. One has only to cast a retrospect on domestic matters in Germany during these recent years whilst the South African war has been waging. There has been widespread discontent amongst financial circles, disappointment and

* Cf Annual Register for 1900

distress amongst the public on account of the many bank-failures, and irritation caused by the rashness or indecision of the Government in a number of internal questions

To talk of the jealousy, the envy and the hatred of the German people, as a nation, for England is to betray very significantly a want of knowledge of them. Englishmen are on the whole very well received all over Germany; and, in cases where there is want of courtesy, the exception proves the rule. From what one has read lately people would imagine that they hate us "with a hate found only on the stage" Allow me to paraphrase the poet's words and say it must be with a hate "found only in the perverted imaginations" of those who think this. At a time of great political excitement, when sentimentality had the upper hand, such as during the Boer war, a good deal of political hatred and ill-feeling was displayed, but it was superficial and only destined to last a short time. If you ask an intelligent German if he is envious or jealous of England, or if he hates England, he will wonder what you are talking of. Certain English travellers declare that Germans are jealous of the English because they cannot spend so much money or make such a show as the English. People who talk so must pardon me if I reply "rubbish". A German who travels to India, or Egypt, or to other distant parts is fully provided with the "sinews of war" for travelling; and in most cases belongs to the more intelligent portion of his countrymen, who, to my knowledge, are Angliophile, or at least kindly disposed towards England. I have known a number of them who have travelled in India, Australia, New Zealand and Egypt, and I have invariably remarked that precisely those Germans who have intelligently travelled in the colonies and dependencies of the British crown are those to whom any anti-English agitation at home is painfully repugnant. But why should Germany be envious of England? Statistics will show to anybody who takes the trouble to study them that Germany has made enormous strides within the last thirty years, that is since the Empire was proclaimed at Versailles. Anybody who visits Berlin, Dresden, Magdeburg, Cologne, or any large town in the Empire will be surprised at the changes and developments and at the increased area of the towns. Similar developments, *ceteris paribus*, are to be discovered in the country towns, hamlets and villages. And all this forward-movement has been possible despite the obligation of young men to serve in the army for the defence of their country and despite a hedge of protective tariffs. Germany has been able to pose as a dangerous manufacturing competitor of England. She is a powerful rival and must accordingly be watched and can occasionally be taken as a pattern.

There would be much more ground for affirming that Germans sometimes winced and experienced a feeling of irritation at the haughty indifference to their position as a great power not seldom affected in England. I happen to know a gentleman who is thoroughly well up

in commercial matters and in the powers of manufacturers in America, England and Germany. He has a good deal to do with some of our Colonies which seek for the supply of their wants in the best markets. We have often discussed this point together, and, being a real friend of England, he has turned up his eyes with fear and trepidation on finding that a portion of the British Press and a large section of the British public are now disposed to relegate Germany to a sphere of indifference. "That is a vast mistake," he always says, "and your people will learn to rue it." The very distrust of Germany on account of the attention now being paid to her navy is as stringent an argument as could be put forward against the fatal desire to neglect her. A writer in the "Fortnightly Review" of July believes that "England's only great danger in foreign policy is upon the side of Germany," and that "we are stimulating the naval preparations of Germany by increasing the hostility between the two peoples." I do not agree with him in the deductions he draws, but the experience of many years has shown me that the last country to neglect in any field of life is the German Empire.

Because Germany considers it necessary for the defence of her commerce and coasts to increase her navy, it need not be inferred that she is aiming at the overthrow of England's world-wide Empire. We should be the first to express astonishment if a foreign power interfered with our domestic arrangements should we decide that it was necessary for our safety to materially increase the size of our army. We should ridicule a suggestion that we contemplated the invasion of any given great Power. Still, the fact that Germany contemplates becoming a naval as well as a military power will of course not be neglected at Whitehall any more than it is neglected at the Admiralties of the great Continental Powers.

It is absurd to suppose that all the members of the Pan-Germanic League, an association that was only formed six years ago, contemplate the realisation of the fantastic dreams blazoned by some of their writers in glaring and histrionic language. The main object of that League is to promote the cult and preservation of everything German wherever Germans have settled, just as the English never throw off their nationality or national ideas wherever they go. It is the acme of fanaticism to suppose that either this League or exalted personages in the German Empire are planning the overthrow and annihilation of the British Empire. Should there ever be a possibility of realising such a scheme, it could only be because the British nation had become internally degenerate, sunk in sloth, no longer virile as heretofore, incapable of accepting necessary reforms and abandoned to lethargy and absolute indifference. Should that fatal day ever dawn, we should as a race succumb to Germany or to any other people that displayed the qualities for a nation's existence that we have hitherto shown to such advantage!

The artificial and ephemeral nature of Germany's outburst of virulent hostility and hatred, artificial and ephemeral as I maintain it was, could hardly have been better exemplified than by the changed attitude of Press and public opinion since the conclusion of peace and since the illness of King Edward. The terms of peace conceded by England to the Boers, the fraternisation of the latter with their whilom foes, and their rapid and facile surrender have made a profound impression all through Germany. Few people like to proclaim in the market that they have been wrong, however strongly and keenly they may feel it. Germans cannot now but admit that they erred egregiously when they believed all the "foul and filthy" lies disseminated against the British mode of warfare and against their treatment of women and children. They were astounded to witness the fraternisation of Boer and Briton the very hour after the peace document was signed, and their imagination has been fascinated and absorbed by the intelligence that many a Boer has expressed a hope that he may one day, should opportunity occur, fight side by side with British soldiers under the banner of the King.

When King Edward's sudden and dangerous illness was announced in Germany there was an outburst of sympathy throughout the Empire. The tragic side of the catastrophe could not but strike a chord of compassion and human feeling in a race of people by nature sentimental. Commiseration was expressed for the King, the Queen and the Royal Family, and the disappointment of the British nation was fully appreciated. It is not true that there was a frigidity about the expressions of German sympathy. In all classes of the people one noticed a spontaneous desire to express and to feel regret. Wherever one went one was immediately greeted with a question concerning the nature of the last news of the King. People must have become excessively susceptible to have found the Germans frigid on this sad occasion, and as for the exceptions in a small minority of incorrigible Anglophobe prints, it is assuredly justifiable to remember that as one rose does not make a summer, in like manner the individual brutality and uncouthness of one-sided journals does not reflect the genuine feeling of a great nation.

It was always foretold that with the conclusion of the war in South Africa there would be a revival of the normal feeling of Germans towards England. The generous way in which this war has been brought to an end, and the share that King Edward is believed in Germany to have had in bringing about its conclusion have served the German nation as a golden bridge for abandoning an agitation which was becoming irksome to the Government and people alike. A glance at the daily papers now shows that the agitation against us has broken down, and this is an undeniable proof that animosity and hatred of England were not deep-rooted in the German Empire.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THERE seem to be very few instances in history in which the *métier de Reine* has not proved a difficult one—it is rarely held to the universal satisfaction of private and public opinion. From the remotest days of the Middle Ages to the more brilliant centuries of the Renaissance, in Italy, France and England, whenever the envied title is mentioned it brings to the memory a world of legends, poetical or gloomy. It is endowed with a magic all its own, although the fact of being a queen means suffering, high and arduous duties, daily self-sacrifice, and we all know how many a gentle and proud heart has been crushed by the purple, how many a pure woman's brow has been darkened by the shade of the diadem.

The Royal Consorts of modern Europe, each in her turn and according to the differences of race, education and natural feelings, have had their own manner of understanding the *métier de Reine*, yet they have been guided by the same sentiment predominant among them—the sense of duty.

When the joyful rumours that proclaimed Elizabeth of Bavaria Empress of Austria had subsided, after the rush of enthusiasm and love that saluted her young beauty, she lifted up her proud head and listened to the callings of Destiny. She remembered that in her veins rolled the blood of a Royal artist whose spirit, as mysterious as that of Hamlet, as sacred as that of Tasso, might well have inspired Wagner's dreams with harmonies as savage as the roarings of the elements, as terrible as the pangs of a desperate human heart. She looked around her. All the fetters thrown by Court life and Court etiquette on the free movements of her soul appalled her. She really believed her duty lay in the endeavour to become an ideal of independent and silence-seeking womanhood, an image supernatural, almost like the forms of fairies invisible, of phantoms and of dreams. She thus became the Silent Queen, the Queen of deep solitudes, green woodlands, snowy mountains. She passed along the routes of Scot-

land and Italy, ever in search of peace and beauty. She learnt to know the secret haunts of ancient goddesses and walked accompanied by their shadows, dramatic or serene. She had hated constraint and hypocrisy with all her force, and she would have no other friends than the wild sea foam, the mad torrent, and the restless wind. She had given up her earthly grandeur and chosen to be guided along moss-grown paths by the twitter of a little bird or the low cooing of a dove. And she wandered from land to land, bearing her strong soul like a banner till, one day, without a cry, without a word, she fell, on the banks of one of the lakes she had loved so well. And they bore her on a couch made of oars, and the smell of the waters still clung to her garments, and the Empress of Silence was no more. The familiar loveliness of her form and steps will long remain present to every eye, float in the intense azure of the Greek sky, mingle with the verdure of the Tuscan *pinetta*, or dance lightly to the music of southern seas. She accomplished her duty and her fate, she became to her own subjects and to the world a symbol strange and fair, whose everlasting smile will ever render dearer to us the palaces she inhabited, the mirrors where her eyes dwelt.

Elizabeth of Austria's favourite talk never referred to the topics of the century in which she lived. Her thoughts were always bent on discovering the hidden tragedy of existence and comparing it to the tales and myths bequeathed to us by antiquity. When her wounded soul tried to seek consolation after her son's death, she found comfort in Homer's rhapsodies, and, remembering Thetis and her grief when her heroic son Achilles was killed, built the famous Achilleion, and spent her time among the roses and statues of the Greek gardens that overlooked the sea. Thus she will remain linked to the glorious remembrances she so well understood and cherished.

Margherita di Savoia now Dowager Queen of Italy, was, from the very moment in which she entered public life, meant to adorn the profession, and prove to what extent of perfection the thorny *métier de Reine* can be brought. Her duty has always lain quite plainly before her. She immediately felt that although she belonged to an old and time-honoured race she was placed at the threshold of a dynasty, the dawn of Italy's kingdom shed timid rays on her ardent golden hair. She also comprehended that in the land of art, poetry and music, a woman's smile would win more battles than a skilful warrior's sword, and her indefatigable smile waged war against the enemies of the throne till they all sued for mercy. She is so well versed in the science of placing a word, encouraging or pitiful, a look of recognition, or of curious and amused wonder, in the right place, that her policy wears an air of complete genuineness, and even the slightest sentence she naturally drops *en passant* bears the import and flattering importance of a very considerable attention bestowed by the Queen. She is at the same time the confidante and guide of her

ladies of honour Her mandates are strict, dictated by a conscience whose principles have never swerved from their task Queen Margherita loves to be rapidly and constantly informed about not only public but private events Even in these she sometimes interferes in her own soft and compassionate way, pointing out several solutions to a hard problem, smoothing the way out of a difficulty She is invisible and omnipresent whenever kindness can be dealt and misfortune spared Sometimes she astonishes her *entourage* by what appears to them a childish, petty wilfulness, which, however, always proves to be promoted by a serious cause, and ever finishes by obtaining a happy effect Thus her high appreciation of Giosue Carducci's poems astounded and even frightened the Court, as Carducci was considered a staunch Republican, and, though everyone felt aware that he would never show any want of courtesy to a lady, still his attitude towards the Queen might have proved cold, and this all the subjects of Margherita would have resented But the poet's revolutionary principles gave way before the charm of the Queen, and from the very day of their first meeting and conversation together he became her staunch admirer and devoted servant

In close connection with Margherita di Savoia, because they both reign and live in Latin kingdoms, we may find a Queen whose political task is just finished and who quietly exchanged her title of Queen Regent for that of Queen Mother only a few weeks ago, one also whose private existence has been completely veiled and hushed by the daily cares of her situation in the Spanish State, by the fear of losing the throne destined to her son And in this task, which involves so great difficulties for a woman unaccustomed to the intricacies of Cabinet Councils and Parliamentary speeches, Maria Christina has not failed She came to Madrid a laughing, girlish archduchess who, after having been the centre and magnet of the Austrian Court, prepared herself to enjoy all the pleasures and comforts that a juvenile Queen felt entitled to The death of her husband and the birth of her son changed the fair picture to one stern and full of dark pre-occupation It is almost needless to recall how the Queen of Spain has interpreted the high meaning of her *métier* The great love and devotion which the Spaniards are now bestowing on their charming young King may well prove to the world what a careful training his mother has given him, and the great success of his first appearances in public during the Coronation festivities went straight to the mother's heart and proves to be the best eulogy and gratitude she can receive

Not unlike their ancestors, the *conquistadores*, who went in search of gold and of marvellous lands, the Spaniards ever discover some new quality in Alfonso XIII The Queen Regent very judiciously took good care to prevent him from showing himself often to his subjects before he attained his majority, so that the delight and wonder at finding him so accomplished, bright and amiable, is ever on the increase.

No one but a mother could have had this idea, and no one but a real Queen could have succeeded in carrying it out so well

Elizabeth of Roumania, Queen by the wish of the nation, poetess by the will of God, as she so often laughingly calls herself, has chosen a path apart, and far from those of her Royal Sisters. She discovers that regal duties lie beneath the flowers of cadence, sweet, deep words, high thoughts, and the blessed influence spread over all human hearts by a heart ever open to their sorrows, by a soul whose experience is gleaned from an intense insight into the universal laws of Fate and Science. Well might one say of Carmen Sylva what that extraordinarily strange genius, Barbey d'Aureville, wrote about Madame de Staël: "She always seems to hold a laurel leaf between her fingers." But Carmen Sylva's hand is ever open, and heedless of the laurel leaf, she ever points with her fingers towards some noble aim or towards Heaven. She is equally inclined to dreaming and action, she recalls by her taste for the fine arts some of the Princesses of the Italian *Quattrocento*, and yet in many points she resembles the ladies pure and mystical whose sole delight during the fierce epochs of the Middle Ages was to spend their days and nights in some dreary convent cell and paint away at a missal, on whose rich pages they traced hosts of angels and virgins kneeling before their God. The Queen of Roumania is an excellent painter. She designs beautiful prayer-books and adorns them with flowers copied from the wild nosegays she brings back after a long stroll through the mountains. Her passionate love of music is well known, Marcello, Pergolesi, Palestrina, Bach and Beethoven are each in turn the companions of her solitary hour, when she may be seen seated at the foot of her tall organ, like the stem of a lily in the lap of a surf-beaten rock. Her master Rubinstein counted her among his most remarkable pupils, and when Paderewsky speaks of her talent he says, "There is not a single woman in Europe who can feel, understand and decipher music like the Queen of Roumania." Carmen Sylva's chief joy is to assemble round her, in her palace at Bucharest or her Royal Castle of Sinaia, all the artists, poets and writers she can bring together. She possesses the art of making them talk of their works and their aspirations. She draws them out in some way and bestows upon each of them the distinct sentiment that they have been a great solace and revelation to her. She enters into their views and projects with candid excitement and fervour, she encourages their hopes of glory and dreams of perfection. Her nature is abundant, fresh and gushing like the waters of a wild stream. Her eyes seem created to see and reflect only forms of beauty and gladness, and she voluntarily becomes short-sighted when she would have to contemplate defects and errors. Her voice is harmonious and soothing and floats as lightly as a feather on the summer breeze. Called upon to spend her life in a country almost entirely ignored by the occidental and civilised nations of Europe, she became

the slave of its traditions and national history, and closely associated all her endeavours with the purpose of making the weird folk-lore of her people familiar to universal literature, of attracting the attention and sympathy of Europe towards the spot of earth now dear to her even more than her own native land. In the beginning the talented Queen had to strive hard, as her presence on the banks of the Danube seemed to be somewhat like a painful anachronism, but with time she finished by becoming quite a Roumanian herself, and many Roumanians followed her strong, clear-sighted impulses.

The indefatigable Queen, the toiling Queen who, even before the light of the early dawn glides along the balconies of her palace, is at work and patiently stoops over her writing desk, whose brush and pen are never dry, and who, in behalf of her subjects, felt the necessity of partaking all the troubles and labours of a professional poet or novel writer, is now the Symbol of the Oriental Latin race, the living image and joy of Roumania, a Queen any great Empire might be proud to call its own, and in her soul all the thousands who bless her name and revel in her conquests and achievements seem to dwell.

From the Poet Queen Elizabeth of Roumania to Alexandra Queen Consort of England there is but one step—despite the immense distance that separates their kingdoms and their races, they have many points of striking resemblance, they are very near each other, first because of their mutual appreciation of each other's merits, then because they are equally good and high-minded and possess the same quiet and heroic virtues. The same grief, the loss of a beloved child, wraps their souls in folds of secret gloom. Two white tombs glimmer among their thoughts, and are ever present to their memories.

In one an infant, a darling little girl, a fairy ray as her mother used to call her, sleeps her immortal slumber, in another a youth has been gathered away from his brother and sisters, away from his happy home . . .

I remember well every minute and hour of the day when I first saw Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, when she in my presence met Carmen Sylva at Balmoral. Nay, I remember all so vividly that it seems to me as if they were still there, before my eyes, wrapped in close embrace. It was one of those soft autumn afternoons that can render Scotland rosy and gray like the silver veil of a bride. We reached Ballater not without experiencing an emotion subtle and grave at the thought of all we should have to see and salute that day. When the pomp of the official reception was extinguished and left far behind us, when we had passed the picturesque Highland regiment whose flag whispered welcome while the kind beaming faces of the mountaineers smiled upon us and peeped curiously at the Royal train, we entered into the land of dreams, the unknown realm whence ballads and legends had come to us in the seasons of infancy and early girlhood. A low forest, chiefly composed of trembling trees whose

foliage of a whitish green had the hues we are accustomed in imagination to bestow on Ophelia's light dress, and on the flowers and leaves she entwined in her dishevelled hair, a forest and a river, dark blue as the colour of slate and lightning, followed our drive. And I said to myself: Is this Scotland at last? Is this the enchanted land where so many times I have already wandered on the wings of the wind and of my swift desire? Is this Scotland with its dark, haunted castles, its crags and witches, its bards and heroes, with its lakes whose waters open at midnight like the bosom of a silver flower to let some horrible or sweet vision appear? The land of phantoms, seers, giants and fierce clans? And the trembling trees answered—We are the branches whose every movement becomes a voice and sings the ballads and legends you love. Our roots drink the salt of the fabulous soil. We are the trees of Scotland, we have sheltered fairies and witches beneath our foliage. This is indeed the land of mists, the land of valiance, heroism and mystery. And the river sighed, saying—"I am Scotland too. Each little wave of mine whispers the charm of Scotland. I am the mirror of the veiled moon and the weakened sunlight. The breeze that kisses my water, once kissed the lips of Diana Vernon and Flora Mac Ivor, the flowers whose breath I feed with humidity and fragrance have the same smell as that of the infernal plants that boiled in the cauldron of the three sisters whom Macbeth consulted." "We are the sky of Scotland," said the clouds as they glided to and fro. And this eloquent though mute colloquy with the landscape and the skies led my thoughts astray and even succeeded in making me forget the aim of our journey that we had looked forward to so eagerly. We were about to see Queen Victoria!

All at once, the trees, the waters and the skies faded away from our minds. The forest sunk in the distance, as if it were pushed back by the road where our swift carriages rushed on ever more rapidly. A host of violet and pink hills rose on all sides, and a castle, or rather a high, proud dwelling, stood before us, so massive and so high that all the landscape appeared to be edging on it for protection. Its whiteness was like the whiteness of dawn that chases the shades of night and explains all its mysteries. The beautiful legends, the scared ballads with elfs and fairies, and all the grandeur of the past seemed to fall off before the triumphant present, and hidden in the deep recesses of the neighbouring forest awaited the hour when that castle itself would become like them a thing of the past, a thing precious and glorious indeed. My breath came quickly. We reached and then traversed the hall. I did not look around, but felt more and more awed and abashed. At last the dreaded and solemn moment came. I stood trembling before the Queen, and felt what Bourget calls *le frisson de l'histoire*, the great shiver of history in seeing before me so many years of glory represented by a kind old lady whose clear blue eyes looked straight into my heart, whose voice, distinct yet gentle,

questioned me pleasantly on our journey and our first impressions in Scotland. Still the deep emotion kept hold of me, and I could not have answered had I not perceived by the side of the Queen a face so soft, beautiful and reassuring that I kept wondering who the dazzling unknown might be. I immediately said to myself, led on by the habit of finding out images to express my thoughts: 'Her eyes have the azure, intense and bright, of the water where Syrens meet, her eyes have the colour of moonlit seas. But who may she be? What is her name? How well she comprehends my emotion, and how much her smile is striving to help me? Is she one of the youthful daughters of the Prince of Wales?

While my thoughts ran thus Queen Victoria had spoken to me of our native land, and declared how deeply interested she felt with everything that Carmen Sylva and myself had written about Roumania. I now answered without the slightest hesitation. The sweet apparition of the unknown lady had put me quite at my ease. The dark blue eyes had beamed upon me and I was happy. A sense of peace and courage entered my soul. Now the unknown fairy had walked up to our Queen and they fondly embraced each other. I can see them now, as they stood together, and I listened with reverent attention to the tones of the ancestral Queen whose voice is now never more to be heard by human ears. Queen Victoria left my side, the youthful apparition came to me. As I have already mentioned, I knew not that she was the Princess of Wales, the daughter of the Northern King, the darling of a nation, the star of a Court and Empire; and my admiration and worship went towards her only because of her smile and the intense azure of her eyes. As she stood thus I could not guess that she possessed the power of majesty and rank. I divined not that thousands had sued for that look whose meaning was one of kindness and gentle amusement as she looked at me.

I was far from hearing in the soft rustle of her violet velvet dress the adoration of those who would have felt happy to kiss the hem of her garment. To me the beautiful unknown was not the Princess of Wales, but a vision magnificent and unexpected, and I found the Royal dwelling hospitable and friendly because she was there. She put one or two questions to me, and I noticed that she somewhat hesitated. Then after the preliminary sentences she laughed a little and said: "O, how you trembled just now, when the Queen spoke to you. I never saw anyone more embarrassed than you. Yet, you cannot be very timid usually, am I not right?" This was but an "exceptional case." Well, it is natural. I understand you. Although "I have seen the Queen very frequently during so many years, I always feel meek and reverent in her presence and intimidated." And the more one sees and hears her the more one reveres, admires "and loves. Yes, how much one can love Queen Victoria." And the deep blue eyes were hidden for a few seconds under the shadow of the

long, fair lashes. Then she laughingly resumed. "You need not be
"ashamed of your emotion. Try to enjoy your stay here."

"O, Madam, I should like to be introduced to Her Royal Highness
"the Princess of Wales."

"But you have just been speaking to the Princess," said our Queen,
who immediately related the incident to Queen Victoria and the Princess
herself, at which all three began to laugh.

Then Carmen Sylva and the Princess retired together to the recesses
of a deep bow window, where I could see them and hear their conversation. The
window was open and the damp September breeze entered freely, bearing along
the smell of the trees and the discreet breaths of the purple heather, an odour so
modest and slight that it was difficult to discern it. Before us, long swift vapours
danced along the trees, and the leaves themselves were bathed in blue mist as if
they were also formed of the same delicate tissue as the clouds.

For a few minutes I listened to Carmen Sylva, who described the steep
heights of her haughty Karpathians bathed in the glamour of a summer noon, the
torrents rushing madly from rock to rock, valley to valley, the towering pine trees,
and her rambles across the summits that surround her Royal residence at Sinaia. She
recalled how the savage grandeur of the landscape had delighted the Prince of Wales
during his short stay in Roumania. The Queen's voice faltered, all the beauty
unspoken and unknown of the distant land, now her own, pressed to her lips and
burst into burning syllables and proud accents. One would have thought she defied
the gloomy silver skies of Scotland, and, like the goddess of light, threw her
shivering arrows across the mists and vapours and dispersed them. In fact, the
clouds had begun to melt away. The very heather-covered hills sent a soft fragrance
to the place where the two Princesses stood, and an eloquent appeal in favour
of Scotland and its charms floated in the autumn atmosphere.

Princess Alexandra spoke in her turn. The Northern Fairy stood up in
favour of her country and clime, and I remembered, while I curiously followed
every word she said, the famous dialogues imagined by Victor Hugo between the
Peri and the Fairy, the Oriental Queen, and the star of occidental skies. The
Northern Princess related the soft and fearful voyage of the moon along the
clamorous ocean, the sudden and red apparition of the sun between wreaths of
smoke and mist, she spoke of the forest whose every wave moves vaporous
veils, the pools blackened by rushes and falling leaves, the violent awakening
of spring-time in its glory, and its short-lived ardour.

I left the place. The Fairy and the Peri still went on speaking demurely
as I went up to my own room, a snow-white chamber, clean, bright and cosy,
a place to revel in during long hours, with a splendid view commanding the
road, the forest and river, and the square castle tower. On the pure, smiling
walls I discovered a portrait of Empress Victoria in her girlish attire of
blue and pink muslin, with eyes keen

and apparently intent on following me everywhere. On the panes of the window many a name was written with the point of a diamond, as I guessed soon, traced there by the happy hands of some youthful Princess, or by the Queen's grandchildren during their gay leisure hours, at the time when they were still school-girls, and inhabited this snow-white room before they went away, so far from the forest and waters and heather of Scotland, to become sovereigns in countries remote and powerful, to remember with a pang the days when they sat here looking at the square tower, at the gray threads of rains and mists, just as Mary Stuart had looked and seen them fall under these same skies in her palace of Holyrood, where she embroidered steadily from dawn till eve the tapestry representing Jacob's Ladder and Jacob after his dream. And I filled my room in Balmoral Castle with the images of all these Princesses—Princesses of the past, Princesses of the present—and they came there towards me in their vernal robes, light as the mists and rain.

The adjoining room was small also—a tiny bureau and a table covered with books filled all the spare place. Had the Princesses written and read in that arm chair, I wondered? But dreams and suppositions fell to dust and abandoned me soon, because my mind again travelled towards the beautiful Fairy, the meek Unknown, whose fate and mystery lay unravelled before me,—the Princess of Wales. Vivid remembrances of all I had heard and perused concerning her, crowded my memory. Like the sculptors of old, who before taking the chisel in hand and calling a pure and divine statue out of the depths of its marble shrine, looked around them and tried to hear the breath and steps of the goddess in every sound and every ray, I gleaned in the fields she had trodden all the flowers that flourished beneath her feet. I recalled everything that had been said of the Danish bride, the wife and mother of England's future Kings. It is in general a most arduous task, some would call it impossible, to form an open opinion of a Princess and a Queen, and speak it out openly. Princesses and Queens are meant to be all virtuous, pious, and good—the adjectives here are inseparable from the nouns,—and when all is said of the august lady, when the usual homage due to her exalted rank is rendered, no one takes the trouble to understand and explain how difficult purity, virtue, patience and kindness must be to keep up under the circumstances, how strong and bent upon accomplishing duty a human soul must prove who can endure the constant worry and strain, the disheartening conviction that not a single person comes near them who has not some favour to sue for or reap, some interpretation to give to the slightest word or gesture, how perilous nerves and natural instincts can prove which are ever held in bondage and finish by devouring the body whose will enchains them, just as lions devour the keepers before whom they have crouched. No one cares to remark how painful the perpetual abolition of a King's or Queen's personality in favour of the people, the

incessant sacrifice of individualism to humanitarianism, may prove for those among the reigning sovereigns who have not only qualities and defects of their own, but also the desire to communicate with those who could enter into their views. For the poet as well as for the philosopher, the soul of a Queen is a study passionately attractive and varied, because a Queen's culture, education and intellectual development takes place in conditions quite apart from the ordinary training of women, whether belonging to the high or middle classes. The possibility of studying a being in many ways superior to others, and yet who feels the inferiority of the means given to her to obtain happiness, the fact that a royal daughter, spouse or mother belongs to a class different from common humanity, yet in so many ways alike, the privilege she possesses of creating history, because symbols and dreams visit every one of her gestures and words, make her attractive to a studious thinker, who is enraptured and somewhat envious when he considers that sovereigns unwittingly accomplish the desire of all those who walk in pursuit of some ideal, artistic or literary. From the hour of their birth to the moment when they die, they represent in their person, without an effort, as naturally as they breathe, a race, a nation, the aspirations of a whole multitude, its pride and glee. Thus Queen Victoria was the image of England's empire and glory.

From the windows of my snow-white chamber I perceived the flickering light of a vigilant lamp, whose glimmer trembled at the foot of the massive tower, and I understood that I had before my eyes Queen Victoria's lamp. The slight ray fascinated me till I actually imagined it travelled and bore my steps along boundless lands and seas, in islands fair, among the numberless multitudes whose destiny somewhat depended on the decisions of that solitary figure working in the night, and tracing with her firm fingers the outlines of her feminine and correct hand-writing.

The next day in the forest we met the Princess of Wales. She did not see us as she walked before us. But her light gait, the bright colour of her hair under the brown fur cap, could not interrupt the vision she was to me. We followed her slowly, thinking of the far-off days when she had first come to England, thinking of her harmonious and simple life, her home at Sandringham, her love for the Prince and her daughters, and how she had taught them to become good and compassionate. "Goodness in woman is the chief virtue, and outshines all other qualities," says Queen Alexandra. "When a woman is good she can do without beauty and talent. Goodness is the eldest sister of intelligence." In the mournful autumn forest where the dripping leaves fell and whirled to and fro, the Princess that day represented Springtime and Hope. All her actions pure and fertile, her gentleness to the sick and poor seemed to be following her in the whirl of the dancing leaves. As I could not see her face, slowly the sweet and earnest visage rose

in my imagination, the physiognomy juvenile and yet full of resolution, the soul-lit eyes, the golden eyebrows running smoothly across the forehead shaded by quivering locks, the mouth that reveals firmness and truth, the flexible nostrils of the nose, and all the beauty of a face whose expression immediately shows a nature strong and high-schooled to bear discipline and sorrow valiantly, a heart open to every emotion, yet able to carry them bravely and measure the part of duty and sentiment. Queen Alexandra has well studied Queen Victoria's genius and steady judgment, and analysed the essence of those admirable qualities that created such a link between the sovereign and the nation, and thus she resolved to be in her turn a beloved Queen, to win popularity by other means but as sure and numerous as her illustrious mother-in-law's. She has well understood and avoided the danger of seeking to resemble one whose situation was so different from that of a Queen Consort. She has taken up a rôle which she has made her own. She has changed virtue into grace, and made grace a virtue. Everything the Queen thinks, wears, and says bears the seal of originality and perfection prepared by long reflections though genuine in their outpour.

The Princess of Wales asked whether I had noticed at Balmoral Queen Victoria's lamp? I answered and related all I had felt and thought during the hours of that solemn September night, and when I looked at the Princess I fully comprehended that her opinion of me and her further sympathy depended much on my answer, and that had I not spoken ardently about the feelings awakened in me by the august lamp, much of her interest in me would have died away. She would then have experienced some disappointment.

The Princess declared she was much amused by the picturesque Roumanian costumes that we wore that evening at Queen Victoria's request. Her nimble fingers played with the bright spangles and golden threads of our veils and aprons, and she required us to tell her all about the traditions that these costumes revealed and celebrated. She wished to hear the songs and legends of our land, and then she spoke of her own native country, her dear Denmark as she called it. Well may she be proud of the sea-washed shores where so much intelligence, scientific enquiry and natural goodness flourish. In speaking of her youth and childhood she found expressions of fresh and gushing eloquence, passing with the greatest facility from one language to the other, from English to French, which the Queen masters so wonderfully, comparing Denmark to England, declaring that she never could discern which she loved most, although of course England was her *home*, surely, her "*nest*."

She then related the Prince's journey to India, all the extraordinary and marvellous things he had told her on his return, the treasures he had brought, and above all the treasure of loyal love bestowed then upon him, and that he would for ever keep in his soul. She

wandered across the history of Denmark, England and India with the same grace as she had in the afternoon paced the autumn forest when she represented Springtime and Hope. The vision of her thus remained in my memory definitely. I had seen a Fairy among the purple hills of Scotland in the dripping September day.

A few years later in Rome a carriage passed me like a phantom, bearing a veiled woman whose hands were folded and fell like hands of lead on the hard, black dress. The face was one so sorrow-stricken and pale that all the beauty of the sultry day seemed faded for having seen that face. The drowsy Italian skies poured showers of perfume on the lazy breeze, and flowers were scattered by thousands on the marble steps of churches and terraces. The odorous wind made windows and doors ring as they opened and closed at each light waving. I turned to look after the swift carriage, and the white, set face, the image that had crossed that spring afternoon like the flash of a sword, but the carriage had rolled away. Where had I seen the face so despairing yet so fair? Where had I seen it? All at once the purple hills of Scotland, the forests and the bluish waters, arose before me and they hid from my sight the pagan splendour of that Roman noon. Grief had broken her radiant smile yet I knew her, she was the Unknown Fairy, the Princess of Dreams, she was Alexandra Princess of Wales. Three months before this gloomy and rapid meeting the heir to a great crown had died, heir to a great crown, a gentle and charming Prince, but also a mother's darling, a mother's eldest son, the child who among all the children had called her "mother" first, had taught her heart a loving mother's tenderness. A Prince, but also the being whose various aspects and accents she had studied from the earliest days of his life, a Prince the hope of a nation, but also, and even more intensely, her own hope and treasure, and who resembled her so much, as so often happens, because sometimes in order to imitate the Creator who made man after His own image, the mother creates her eldest born like unto herself.

Queen Alexandra has a deep-rooted taste for art, and discerns the great part that art is called upon to play in modern society. She not only encourages artists but also explains to them how much she relies on their talent and their help in hours of depression, how much she is awake to every new manifestation of thought and labour. Her hands are as skilful as her smile to adorn a home and make everyone who crosses the threshold of her London palace or summer abode feel at ease. Music is one of her great delights. She insists upon hearing all the celebrated pianists and singers who swarm in London during the season, and afterwards, when she speaks of the pleasure she has derived from their skill and inspiration, one can see to what an extent her attention is awakened and her faculties keenly bent on comparing the various dilettanti and virtuosi, and bestowing upon them such criticism and praise as best suit

them But poetry the Queen may be said to prefer to everything else, and poets are to her a source of perpetual study Their sensibilities and imaginative impulses strike her whenever she is able to give some of her time to reading and reciting aloud, which she does in clear, harmonious tones, provided she be quite by herself

The Queen detests some of the exaggerations which modern *feminism* so openly adopts, and lays particular stress on her disapproval of these doctrines, whereas on the contrary she esteems the labour of womanhood in the lower classes and admires women poets, singers and painters This propensity I have been able to trace in the conversations of many Queens and Princesses who seem afraid of the headlong movement whose symptoms can be discovered everywhere in Europe.

Queen Alexandra's strong love for nature, for horses, dogs and birds, has been so often mentioned and illustrated that it is almost useless to refer to it here, and the more so because it constitutes a necessary completion of her character and instincts such as I have endeavoured to describe them.

Dogs she prefers even to horses, and upon hearing me one day relate that the great French writer Michelet called dogs *candidats à l'humanité*, she exclaimed, "Michelet was wrong to think that a dog would not be content to remain a dog even if he had the choice—" though," added the Queen, pensively, "what would tempt a dog or any other animal to enter the ranks of mankind would be, of course, the prospect of possessing an immortal soul" This little trait and many others prove that Queen Alexandra's faith is anchored in the haven of peace and strength It is impossible to carry on a long conversation with the Queen without being struck by the full evidence of her piety, unwavering and serene, without tracing back her conduct, her words, and hopes, to the source of all comfort and joy When in a few weeks she will stand before the altar at Westminster Abbey a crowned Queen, no prayer more fervent and more humble than hers will be poured forth under the sacred roof of the holy building, no heart be more open to the light of Heaven's blessing than the heart of the gentle Empress and Queen, who by the side of her sovereign and husband will beseech the Lord in favour of the country she loves and adores so well

When I had last year the honour to be received at Marlborough House by Queen Alexandra, Her Majesty said "Do you remember Balmoral, Queen Victoria's little lamp, and the Roumanian legends you related? Ah! we were all happy then" I simply answered "I met Your Majesty in Rome, on a bright spring afternoon," and I saw the rigid white face, and that the smile dear to a whole nation had been broken like a flower from its stem "I met your Majesty then" Big tears shone in the Queen's blue eyes "And since then," added she, "my Danish mother, my good mother is dead, and my mother

"Queen Victoria also . . ." She stopped a few seconds . . .
 "Now a great duty has fallen upon me, a great task is set before my
 "soul. Ah! if love could render people happy and content, I am sure
 "all the English would be happy and content with their Sovereigns
 "because we love them so."

"And how the nation loves you, Madam. The King, the Queen
 "are ever reverently and lovingly mentioned like a prayer, like the air
 "they breathe and are thankful for, because it gives them life, like the
 "salt of their bread and their seas."

"The King, the Queen . . . Yes, the King knows how to make
 "himself beloved. He understands and cherishes the nation. But if
 "they love me it is only because they are so good and true. You cannot
 "imagine how good, how true the people are in England, in all
 "classes everywhere. There are some Princesses and reigning
 "Queens, are there not, who ever feel themselves strangers in the lands
 "that become theirs by marriage? I have never known this feeling,
 "not one single moment, and now I never succeed in discerning that I am
 "not born here, it seems to me as if even my childhood had been spent
 "here, and even when I am away from this land I am not absent. I am
 "here, and I am in every corner of England, as if I belonged to this
 "earth entirely. The people are so good. They partake all our joys
 "and sorrows, and their joys and sorrows are ours."

I looked at the Queen's soft, immaterial form and face—the years
 fell vanquished at the feet of one whose beauty they neither dare
 offend nor touch. I saw again those autumn days at Balmoral, and
 that spring afternoon in Rome. By the open windows the green
 light of the trees entered into the high room at Marlborough House.
 I spoke in my turn. The Queen sat listening, and from time to time
 put in remarks that proved how intently she felt all I said. Her soul
 shone strong and pure on her round forehead, and in her boundless
 eyes that never seem weary of reading life, discovering pain, and
 soothing it. When her Majesty dismissed me she stood there in the
 green light of the neighbouring trees exactly as she had stood in the
 autumn forest, and again she represented Springtime and Hope,
 Serenity and Strength.

I believed the cycle would be closed of my visions of the Northern
 Fairy by the supreme vision of a Queen in Coronation attire, surrounded
 by her Regalia on a glorious June morning, in the sound of bells,
 cannon and song. I was mistaken. Another aspect of hers now rushes
 before the eyes of all who adore her, the sight of a devoted wife
 by the bedside of a King, and bearing in her hands the blessings
 and prayers of all the Empire to soothe his sufferings. Heaven has
 been merciful. The King is saved. The Queen is ready to follow
 him through the glory of their Coronation day. She has accomplished
 all the rites of womanhood, all the duties of a Queen.

THE ALASKA-CANADA BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

THE admission of British Columbia into the Dominion in 1871 caused Canada to become a party to the Alaska boundary dispute. and ever since 1872 urgent and almost yearly requests have been made by the British and Canadian Governments to the Government of the United States for an "expeditious settlement" of the disputed line of demarcation between the newly-joined Province and the Territory of Alaska. The passive resistance of the United States to these requests is inexplicable, unless on the unattractive assumption that the unsanctioned occupation by the United States of disputed British-Canadian territory, and the national insistence in defending that occupation, must ultimately, as in former boundary disputes, assure a diplomatic triumph over Great Britain, and secure to the Republic a further cession of Canadian territory for the enlargement of Alaska. The diplomatic disasters through which Canada has lost some of the best portions of her original heritage* explain why Canadians now look with intense anxiety for the just settlement of the Alaska boundary controversy, for, as was said by Sir Charles Dilke in his *Problems of Greater Britain*, "It is a fact that British Diplomacy "has cost Canada dear"

Ex-President Cleveland, an authority on the diplomatic policy of the United States, has lately furnished in the *Century* what may be an apt foreshadowing of that policy in the Alaska case —

One or the other of two national neighbours claims that their boundary line should be defined or rectified. If this is questioned, a season of diplomatic untruthfulness and *finesse* sometimes intervenes, for the sake of appearances. Developments soon follow, however, that expose a grim determination, behind fine phrases of diplomacy, and in the end the weaker nation frequently awakens to the fact that it must accede to an *ultimatum* dictated by its stronger adversary, or a despoliation of its territory, and, if such a stage is reached, superior

* See *British and American Diplomacy affecting Canada, 1782—1899*: Toronto, 1890

strength and fighting ability, instead of suggesting magnanimity, are graspingly used to enforce extreme demands, if not to consummate extensive spoliation

And he added :—

While on this point we are reminded of the shrewd sharp trader who demands exorbitant terms, and with professions of amicable consideration invites negotiation, looking for a result abundantly profitable in the long range for dicker—a well-known specialty of his countrymen

The Anglo-Russian Treaty of 1825, which described the now disputed boundary line of demarcation in Alaska, was the final settlement of a keen diplomatic controversy between Great Britain and the United States on the one side, and Russia on the other, over a Russian Ukase of 1821, claiming maritime sovereignty over 100 miles of ocean in Behring Sea (This Ukase was suddenly revived by the United States in 1886, and under it about 20 British ships were confiscated or driven away, and some of their crews imprisoned and fined, but these proceedings the Arbitration of 1893 decided to be a violation of the Law of Nations)

The Treaty also settled the long-pending controversy about the territorial boundaries. As was stated by Mr Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court, in the Behring Sea Arbitration —

The positions taken by the United States and Great Britain were substantially alike, namely, that Russia claimed more territory on the north-west coast of America than she had title to, either by discovery or occupation.

During the negotiations for the Treaty of 1825, Russia, while admitting that she had no establishments on the southerly portion of the coast, contended that “during the hunting and fishing seasons, the coast and adjacent waters were exploited by the Russian-American Company, the only method of occupation which those latitudes were susceptible of”, adding, “We limit our requirements to a mere strip of the continent, and so that no objection be raised, we guarantee the free navigation of the rivers” The expressions used by Count Nesselrode, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, in describing the strip of coast, were, “*entrante lisière sur côte*,” “*d’une simple lisière du continent*,” “*d’un médiocre espace de terre ferme*” The free navigation of the waters in the strip of coast was proffered, on several occasions, by Count Nesselrode, with *assuré libres débouchés*, and finally by the Russian Plenipotentiaries in these words —

His Imperial Majesty’s Plenipotentiaries, foreseeing the case where in the strip or border of coast belonging to Russia waters (*fleuves*) should be found, by means of which the British establishments should be made to have free intercourse with the ocean, were eager to offer as a persuasive stipulation the free navigation of those waters

The British instructions to the Minister at St Petersburg were as follows.—

In fixing the course of the eastern boundary of the strip of land to be occupied by Russia on the coast, the seaward base of the mountains is assumed as that limit. But we have experience that other mountains on the other side of the American continent, which had been assumed in former treaties as lines of boundary, were incorrectly laid down on the maps, and this inaccuracy has given rise to very troublesome discussions. It is therefore necessary that some other security should be taken that the line of demarcation to be drawn parallel to the coast as far as Mount St Elias is not carried too far inland. This should be done by a proviso that the line should in no case, *ie*, not in that of the mountains (which appear by the map also to border the coast) turning out to be far removed from it, be carried further to the east than a specified number of leagues from the sea. The utmost extent which His Majesty's Government would be disposed to concede would be a distance of ten leagues, but it would be desirable if your Excellency were enabled to obtain a still more narrow limitation.

The Russian *centre projet* omitted the mountain summit line, and proposed that the strip of border of coast "*n'aura point en largeur sur la continent plus de 10 lieues marines a parter du bord de la mer*." The British Foreign Secretary replied, "We cannot agree to this change," adding —

To avoid the chance of this inconvenience, we propose to qualify the general proposition that the mountains shall be the boundary with the condition, if those mountains should not be found to extend beyond ten leagues from the coast.

The following Articles, and the despatch of the British Minister to the Foreign Secretary, stating that "The line of demarcation along the strip of land assigned to Russia is laid down in the Convention agreeably to your directions," show that the British conditions as to the limits of the boundary line were accepted by Russia, and incorporated into the Treaty —

III The line of demarcation between the possessions of the High Contracting Parties upon the coast of the continent, and the islands of North America to the north-west, shall be drawn in the manner following. Commencing from the southernmost part of the island called Prince of Wales Island, which point lies in the parallel of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north latitude, and between the 131st and the 133rd degree of west longitude (meridian of Greenwich), the said line shall ascend to the north along the channel called Portland Channel, as far as the point of the continent where it strikes the 56th degree of north latitude, from the last-mentioned point the line of demarcation shall follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast, as far as the point of intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude

(of the same meridian), and finally, from the said point of intersection the said meridian line of the 141st degree, in its prolongation as far as the Frozen Ocean, shall form the limit between the Russian and British possessions on the continent of America to the north-west

IV. With reference to the line of demarcation laid down in the preceding article, it is understood, 1st that the island called Prince of Wales Island shall belong wholly to Russia, 2nd, that wherever the summit of the mountains, which extend in a direction parallel to the coast from the 56th degree of north latitude to the point of intersection of 141st degree of west longitude, shall prove to be of a distance of more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the strip of coast (*la lisière de côte*), which is to belong to Russia as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom (*et qui ne pourra jamais en être éloignée que de ten lieues marines*).

VI It is understood that the subjects of His Britannic Majesty, from whatever quarter they may arrive, whether from the ocean, or from the interior of the continent, shall, for ever, enjoy the right of navigating freely, and without any hindrance whatever, all the rivers and streams which, in their course towards the Pacific Ocean, may cross the line of demarcation upon the strip of coast (*sur la lisière de la côte*), described in Article III of the present Convention.

Articles III and IV were incorporated into the Russian Treaty of 1867, by which Alaska was ceded to the United States

And here should be noted the change of expression from "sea" in the draft *projets*, to "Ocean" in the Treaty In the British draft the words were *depuis la mer*, and in the Russian *du bord de la mer*, in the Treaty they are, 10 *lieues marines de l'Océan*, a more accurate expression The reason for the change may be found in the argument of Mr Wheaton before the Supreme Court of the United States "The sea, technically so termed, includes ports and havens, rivers and "creeks, as well as the sea-coasts" And Mr Justice Story in another case decided that only the unenclosed waters on the sea-coast, outside the *fauces terrae*, were high seas (*altum mare*, or *le haut mare*), or ocean The change of expression, therefore, makes the Treaty line free of any possible doubt, and proves that the line of demarcation of the Russian strip of coast was to be 10 marine leagues from the ocean-coast, and not from the upper shores of inlets, bays or other arms of the sea

The following commentary on this Treaty, written by Mr Secretary Blaine to the British Ambassador in 1890, is a diplomatic admission, on behalf of the United States, of "the spirit and intent" of this Treaty —

It will be observed that Article III expressly delimits the boundary between British America and the Russian possessions The delimitation is in minute detail from 54° 40' to the northern terminus of the

coast The evident design of Article IV. was to make certain and definite the boundary line along the strip of coast, should there be any doubt as to that line as laid down in Article III It provided that the boundary line, following the windings of the coast, should never be more than ten marine leagues therefrom

And as to Article VI —

Nothing is clearer than the reason for this *A strip of land at no point wider than ten marine leagues running along the Pacific Ocean from 54° 40', was assigned Russia by the 3rd Article* Directly to the east of this strip of land, or, as it might be said, behind it, lay the British possessions To shut out the inhabitants of the British possessions from the sea, by this strip of land, would have been not only unreasonable, but intolerable to Great Britain Russia promptly conceded the privilege, and gave to Great Britain the right of navigating all rivers crossing that strip of land from 54° 40' to the point of intersection with the 141st degree of longitude Without this concession the Treaty could not have been made It is the same *strip of land* which the United States acquired in the purchase of Alaska; the same *strip of land* which gave to British America, lying behind it, a free access to the ocean

And Senator Washburn, in the debate on the Alaska Treaty of 1867, acknowledged that Great Britain had a Treaty with Russia, "giving "her subjects, for ever, the free navigation of the rivers of Russia "and America"

The contention of the United States, as stated in a late Magazine Article by Mr Ex-Secretary Foster is that "Russia was to have a "continuous strip of territory on the mainland *around all the inlets or "arms of the sea,*" and that the boundary line was not to cross, as claimed by Great Britain, such inlets or arms of the sea at the distance of 10 marine leagues from the ocean And he supports his contention by the *argumentum ab inconvenienti*, that "the purpose for which "the strip was established would be defeated if it was to be broken "in any part of its course by inlets, or arms of the sea, extending into "British territory" Great Britain and Canada dispute this "rounding" theory, and contend that the terms used, the minute details as to mountain summits, together with the expression *ne pourra jamais*, which imports an imperative negative and veto on any uncertainty as to the exact *locus* of the line separating the territories of the two nations, clearly indicate that the Russian territory was to be, in the words of the late Mr Secretary Blaine, "a strip of land *at no point "wider than 10 marine leagues, running along the Pacific Ocean."* And that the Treaty line was to cross inlets and arms of the sea, at the 10 marine league distance, is clear from the Russian "persuasive "stipulation," as well as from the 6th Article, otherwise the reciprocal concession of free navigation would be meaningless

The practical effect of the claim of "a continuous strip of territory "around all the arms or inlets of the sea" would be to nullify the Russian grant of *libres débouchés* through the inlets, or arms of the sea, along the Alaskan strip of coast. Taku Inlet is one-fifth of a mile wide at its ocean mouth, and extends inland for about 23 miles. The United States claim the whole, and ten marine leagues inland, instead of seven miles. Lynn Canal has three ocean mouths (owing to two islands) of four-and-three-quarters, one-and-three-quarters, and one-and-a-half miles wide respectively, and extends inland for about 70 miles, the United States claim the whole as territorial waters, and also ten marine leagues of inland territory. Glacier Bay is three-and-a-half miles wide, and extends inland for about 45 miles from the ocean. The United States claim the upper 15 miles and also 10 marine leagues of inland territory. The 10 marine leagues is equal to 30 marine miles, and the upper waters, beyond that distance, are claimed as British territorial waters. The British territory thus claimed by the United States, beyond the Treaty strip of coast, is 300 miles from north to south, and from 14 to 70 miles wide. These claims completely bar Great Britain's free access to the Pacific Ocean through these inlets and arms of the sea, guaranteed to her by the Treaty of 1825. By the Law of Nations all the above are territorial waters, and have all the legal incidents which pertain to landed territory, except that their waters are subject to what is defined as the "imperfect right of free navigation."

By a strange discordance, however, the United States concede that the international boundary line crosses certain territorial waters, geographically designated "rivers", but deny that it crosses certain other territorial waters geographically designated "inlets, bays and "canals,"—although both classes of territorial waters are governed by the same general principles of International Law as to the territorial sovereignty. The existence of such inlets, bays and canals cannot therefore possibly sanction an increase in the inland breadth of the *lisière de côte*. A converse line also proves this. Were the 10 marine leagues to be measured seaward from the coast, they would be measured from the sea-mouths, and not from the upper shores, of inlets, or other territorial waters, for these had to be expressly mentioned in the Behring Sea Regulations which prohibit seal-hunting within "a zone of 60 miles around the Pribilof Islands, *inclusive of "the territorial waters"*

But the British contention may be further tested by the acknowledged authorities on International Law. From the many judicial authorities on the law, the following may be cited from the judgment of Mr Justice Brett (afterwards Lord Esher) in the *Keyn case*: "By the law of nations,—made by the tacit consent of substantially all "nations,—the open sea, within three miles of the coast, is part of the

"territory of the adjacent nation, as much, and as completely, as if it were the land of such nation"

Wheaton on International Law says, "The maritime territory of every State extends to the ports, harbours, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent parts of the sea, enclosed by headlands belonging to the same State. The general usage of nations superadds to this extent of territorial jurisdiction a distance of a marine league, or as far as a cannon shot will reach from the shore, along all the coasts of the State." An early illustration of this law was given by Mr Justice Story "Where there are islands enclosing a harbour, in the manner in which Boston Harbour is enclosed, with such narrow straits between them, the whole of its waters must be considered as within the body of the county. Islands so situated must be considered the opposite shores in the sense of the adjoining land down to a line running across." And, "in the sense of the common law, such waters seem to be within the *fauces terrae*, where the main ocean terminates." And Daniel Webster argued that, by the common law, ports and harbours are within the body of the county, consequently not part of the high seas, and a navigable arm of the sea, therefore, is not part of the high seas, which is the open ocean, outside the *fauces terrae*.

These rules of International Law as to the sea-mouths of inlets have been incorporated into the municipal law of the United States. Some of their State laws enact "The territorial limit of this Commonwealth extends to one marine league from its shore at low-water mark. When an inlet or arm of the sea does not exceed two marine leagues in width, between its headlands, a straight line from one headland to the other is equivalent to the shore line." These laws have been upheld by the Supreme Court, and in giving judgment the Court held that, "as between nations, the minimum limit of the territorial jurisdiction of a nation over tide-waters is a marine league from its coasts, and bays wholly within the territory of a nation, which do not exceed two marine leagues, or six geographical miles, in width at the mouth, are within the limit, and are part of the territory of the nation in which they lie."

The historic evolution of the limit of shore-defence is given in *Bluntschli's Law of Nations*.—

The sovereignty of States over the sea extended originally to a stone's throw from the coast, later to an arrow's shot; firearms were then invented, and by rapid progress we have arrived at the far-shooting of the cannon of the present age. But we still preserve the principle. *Terrae dominium finitur, ubi finitur vis.*

But while the United States have sought to hold Great Britain bound by the six mile sea-mouth in Treaty and other disputes, they have claimed and exercised the rights of sovereignty over bays and inlets around their coast of much wider sea-mouths. In 1793, they

claimed that Delaware Bay, having a sea-mouth of 105 miles from headland to headland, widening to 25 miles inland, was part of the maritime territory of the United States, and that the capture of a British ship by a French frigate "within its capes before she had reached the sea" was a violation of the territory and sovereignty of the United States. In 1807 Congress decided that Chesapeake Bay, having a sea-mouth of 127 miles from headland to headland, "was within the acknowledged jurisdiction of the United States."

Senator Seward during a Debate in the Senate in 1852 declared that the contention of the United States that only bays six miles wide, or less, at the mouth, could be considered as territorial waters, proved too much, for it would divest the United States of Boston Harbour, Long Island Sound, Delaware Bay, Chesapeake Bay, Albemarle Sound, and others.

This six miles width, however, has been varied in some cases by Treaties which make the sea-mouth ten nautical miles, such as the Anglo-French Treaty of 1839, the Anglo-German Treaty of 1866, and the unratified Anglo-American Treaty of 1888. In the *Netherlands Manual of International Law* it is said —

The littoral sea, or territorial water, is reckoned to begin from a straight line drawn between the headlands, shoals or islands, which form the mouth, or entrance, of the closed bay or river, and between which the breadth is not more than ten sea miles.

These authorities show that landward of the ocean coast, though indented by, and inclusive of, rivers, inlets, or arms of the sea, of the mouth width of six miles, is the territory of the nation which is sovereign of the coast, to the defined limit of its *dominium eminens*. It must therefore be conceded that, as inlets and land are the same in International Law as to sovereignty, the boundary line must cross each at the ten marine league distance from the ocean.

An American apologist has lately asserted that "no strenuous protest" was made by Canada, and he attempts to excuse the United States' occupation of British Canadian territory by suggesting that the United States may reply "For some twenty-five years out of the thirty which have elapsed since our purchase of Alaska, it was not worth your while to make any serious effort towards a permanent boundary settlement." The history of the persistent efforts of the British and Canadian Governments to induce the United States to settle the boundary will prove the falsity of the suggested excuse.

(1) The Treaty ceding Alaska to the United States was signed on the 30th of March, 1867, possession was obtained the following October, and the necessary legislation to give effect to the Treaty was enacted by Congress on the 27th July, 1868. Canada became territorially a party to the dispute on the 20th of July, 1871. On the 12th of March, 1872, attention was called "to the necessity of some

"action being taken at an early date to have the boundary line properly defined" To this Mr Secretary Fish replied on the 14th of November, 1872, "that he was perfectly satisfied of the expediency of such a measure, but he feared that Congress might not be willing to grant the necessary funds"

(2) On the 12th of February, 1873, in response to another appeal, "Mr Fish expressed a doubt whether the necessary expenditure will ever be sanctioned."

(3) On the 12th of March, 1873, Canada agreed to pay one-half of the British expenditure in marking the boundary

(4) On the 23rd of May, 1873, the United States officials in Alaska forbade to British subjects the free navigation of the Stikene and Yukon Rivers, guaranteed to them by the Russian Treaty of 1825, and the Washington Treaty of 1871 The Canadian Government protested, and requested that Treaty rights should be observed

(5) On the 16th of January, 1874 the Canadian Government again strongly urged that immediate steps should be taken to define the boundary, as "an alleged conflict of authority had arisen"

(6) During the same year certain British settlers laid out a town claimed by them to be on Canadian territory, but which the United States officials claimed to be within their territory The difficulty was discussed with Mr Secretary Fish, who asked the British Minister what he thought could be done His reply was, "that the occurrence went to prove the wisdom of the recommendation of Her Majesty's Government, made two years before, that no time should be lost in laying down the boundary between the two territories" Mr Fish again "feared that it would be difficult to obtain the necessary grant during the next Session of Congress," and suggested that "the settlers should be called upon to suspend operations until the question of territory should be decided,"—now a wearisome suspense

(7) On the 23rd November, 1875, the Canadian Government again pressed for "an expeditious settlement of the boundary," and offered to join in measures for fixing the line on the Stikene River, but there was no response

(8) In September, 1876, one Martin, a Canadian prisoner (with a bad gaol record), who was being conveyed down the Stikene River, made an assault with a gun on his guards, but was overpowered, brought to Victoria, tried and convicted Mr Secretary Fish demanded his release, and, on the advice of the Foreign Office, he was released,—“an action very gratifying to this (U S) Government”

(9) During the same month a Canadian merchant was notified by a United States official to remove his goods from his store, which he claimed to be on Canadian territory, or pay United States Customs duties,—the official alleging that it was "within the jurisdiction of the United States" The store was afterwards, on a survey, found to be seven miles within Canada.

(10) The same year, the Secretary of the Treasury intimated that, immediately after the opening of navigation in the spring, the Government would treat certain places as United States territory, and enforce against Canadian settlers the collection of United States customs duties. The Canadian Government reported these facts to the British Government, "so that the rights of British subjects, as they now exist, may be maintained inviolate, pending a determination of the boundary line by the joint authority of the two nations," and "that it was wholly the fault of the United States Government that it had not been so determined," adding, "It seems very remarkable that while the United States Government should have hitherto refused, or neglected, to take proper steps to define the boundary, they should now seek to establish it in this manner, in accordance with their own views, without any reference to the British authorities, who are equally interested in the just settlement of the international boundary"

(11) On the 26th of March, 1877, an urgent appeal was again made to the United States to join in appointing a joint commission to settle the boundary. Mr Secretary Fish's only reply was that "the attention of Congress had been requested to the matter"

(12) During the same month the Canadian Government again protested against the action of the United States in treating certain localities as being within United States territory, and urged that British settlers should not be interfered with, and warned the Foreign Office that if a conventional, instead of the Treaty, boundary was proposed, the United States would redouble their pressure for the removal of the British traders, and continue their declinature to investigate the settlement of the boundary, "as they had hitherto declined our proposals for the settlement of the true boundary"

(13) On the 1st of October, 1877, Mr Secretary Evarts was asked to consider "the unsatisfactory state of uncertainty as to the exact boundary between Alaska and Canada," but he only returned the stereotyped reply that "the subject would again be brought before Congress"

(14) On the 6th of December, 1877, the Canadian Government again complained of the attempt of the United States to collect Customs duties from British settlers, and protested that the Treasury order was a direction to its officials "to assume that to be Alaska territory which had hitherto been tacitly assumed to be Canadian soil, and which the Canadian Government believed could be proved to be so under the Russian Treaty of 1825" No answer having been received, the Canadian Government next proposed that a survey which had been made at Canada's expense on the Stikene River,

* This has been disregarded, and now, by conventional lines, which are over twenty miles from tide water, arranged between Great Britain and the United States in 1899, Canada's access to the Pacific Ocean, through the Lynn Canal, has been completely barred.

which had ascertained the locality of "10 marine leagues from the coast," should be accepted by both nations as the boundary line on that river. Mr Secretary Evarts agreed to this, on behalf of the United States, "on the understanding that the provisional arrangement should not be held to affect the Treaty rights of either party."

Subsequent correspondence up to the Treaty-Convention of 1892 was much to the same effect. But the above facts seem to indicate that there has been no definite Cabinet policy on the Alaska question, and that each department has acted on its own initiative.

Mr Secretary Fish's despatch on the Martin case may be cited as a rebuke to the *ex parte* action of his Government.—

The absence of a line defined and marked on the surface of the earth, as that of the limit or boundary, between two nations, cannot confer upon either a jurisdiction beyond the point where such line should, in fact, be. That is the boundary which the Treaty makes the boundary, surveys make it certain, and patent, on the ground, but do not alter rights, or change rightful jurisdiction. It may be inconvenient, or difficult, in a particular case to ascertain whether the spot on which some occurrence happened, is, or is not, beyond the boundary line, but this is a question of fact, upon the decision of which the right to jurisdiction must depend.

And the remarks of the author of a work on *American Diplomacy* are substantially to the same effect —

It is not competent for one of the contracting parties to import into a Treaty a construction based upon an *ex parte* interpretation of its text which is not accepted by the other party.

Some years earlier the United States acknowledged that "a generous spirit of amity" had guided Great Britain in the following declaration —

It is, therefore, the wish of Her Majesty's Government neither to concede, nor, for the present, to enforce, any rights which are, in their nature, open to any serious objection on the part of the United States.

There is, however, some hope, that by recent Treaty Conventions between the United States and Great Britain the controversy has been simplified, and that the boundary line of 1825 has been affirmed, and restored to its original authority and international force.

By a Treaty-Convention of the 22nd July, 1892, approved by the Senate on the 25th of the same month, reciting that the United States and Great Britain—

Being equally desirous to provide for the removal of all possible cause of difference between their respective Governments, in regard to the delimitation of the boundary line between the United States and Her Majesty's possessions in North America, in respect to such

portions of the said boundary as may not in fact have been permanently fixed, in virtue of the Treaties heretofore concluded, the Convention proceeds —

The High Contracting Parties agree that a co-incident or joint survey (as may in practice be found more convenient), shall be made of the territory adjacent to that part of the boundary line of the United States of America and the Dominion of Canada, dividing the Territory of Alaska from the Province of British Columbia and the North West Territory of Canada from the latitude of $54^{\circ} 40'$ north (Prince of Wales Island), to the point where the said boundary line encounters the 141st degree of longitude westward from the meridian of Greenwich (Mount St Elias), by Commissions to be appointed severally by the High Contracting Parties, with a view to the ascertainment of the facts and data necessary to the permanent delimitation of the said boundary line, *in accordance with the spirit and intent of the existing Treaties in regard to it, between Great Britain and Russia, and between the United States and Russia*

The High Contracting Parties agree that as soon as practicable, after the Report or Reports of the Commissions shall have been received, they will proceed to consider and establish the boundary line in question

By a subsequent Convention the above was re-affirmed, and the time for making the Reports was extended to the 31st December, 1895. The joint Reports were submitted to the respective Governments on that date, but as yet no settlement of the disputed line has been arrived at.

On the 30th January, 1897, another Treaty-Convention between the two Governments was signed for the appointment of Commissioners to make the survey of the 141st degree of west longitude, with a conditional right to deflect slightly, in case the summit of Mount St. Elias did not lie on the said 141st meridian.

Prior to this latter Convention, the town of Forty-mile had been laid out by the United States on the Alaska side, as was supposed, of the 141st parallel of longitude. A joint survey, made under this Convention, proved that the town was locally within Canadian territory, and the United States thereupon conceded that it was "subject to the jurisdiction and laws of the Dominion." No claim was made that it was "a town settled under the authority of the United States," and should therefore "remain within the territory of the United States."

To give effect to the conciliatory, and almost yearly, efforts of Great Britain and Canada, a High Commissioner was appointed in 1898, *inter alia*, to establish a boundary line by a friendly diplomacy, or to refer the settlement of the boundary line of 1825 to Arbitration. Here unfortunately "diplomatic *finesse*," with no result except "damaging and dangerous delay," and indicating "a grim determina-

"tion, behind fine phrases of diplomacy, to enforce extreme demands, "if not to consummate extensive spoliation," so graphically described by ex-President Cleveland, became the policy of the High Commissioners of the United States. Though Great Britain was entitled, by the Convention of 1892, to hold the United States bound by their re-affirmance of the boundary line of 1825, she made a generous and conciliatory offer to waive, for the advantage of the United States, the absolute terms of that Convention, and to concede to the United States the benefit of the fifty-year occupation, or settlement, conditions, imposed by the United States on Great Britain in the Venezuelan Arbitration. The British conciliatory offer was nominally accepted, but was met by a *contre-coup*, which practically nullified the fifty-year limitation, by proposing, as a condition of arbitration, that "all towns and settlements at tide-water, settled under the authority of the United States, at the date of this Treaty, shall remain within the territory of the United States,"—in effect a realisation of ex-President Cleveland's "extensive spoliation," and a reversal of the Forty-mile town case, just referred to.

The proposition may be cited as a sample of the superb daring of American diplomacy. The most exhaustive eclectic in diplomacy would vainly search for precedents of a similar *contre-coup* in previous diplomatic protocols.

Lord Clarendon once said in a debate on the Oregon question —

If the United States did consent to negotiate, it would seem that it could only be upon the basis that England was conditionally to surrender whatever might be claimed by the United States.

Ex-President Cleveland has aptly illustrated how unsanctioned occupations influence international diplomacy —

An extension of settlements in the disputed territory would necessarily complicate the situation, and furnish a convenient pretext for the refusal of any concession respecting the territory containing such settlements.

And again —

It is uncharitable to see, in reference to possession, a hint of the industrious manner in which [a nation] had attempted to improve its position by permitting colonisation, and other acts of possession, since the boundary dispute began.

The condition in effect proposed that the United States should withdraw their Treaty-pledge of 1892, and that Great Britain should abandon all the sovereign rights, or territorial claims, she might be able to establish before the arbitral tribunal, respecting "towns and settlements at tide-water settled [even wrongfully on British territory], under the authority of the United States," up to the future date of the proposed Arbitration.

The proposal was entirely inapplicable to the cases of tide-water towns or settlements located by the United States along the ocean coast, or to those along the tide-water shores of the rivers, or inlets, within the ten marine leagues' strip of coast, described in the Treaties of 1825 and 1867. It could only be necessary for determining the fate of towns and settlements located by the United States on the tide-water shores, or inland waters, on the British side of the Treaty line, and the United States, in proposing it, evidently assumed that International Law would warrant the Arbitrators in deciding that such towns and settlements were unlawfully settled by the United States on British territory. Constructively, it proposed a condonation of the unlawful occupation of British territory, and the usurpation of British sovereignty by, and a consequent cession of a portion of the territorial domain of Great Britain in Canada, to the United States.

The British Commissioners declined to consent to such "a marked and important departure from the rules of the Venezuelan Boundary reference," or "that an effect should be given to the occupation of the United States of land in British territory, which reason, justice and the equities of the case, did not require." The *dona ferentes* proposal was thereupon jettisoned, but Arbitration unfortunately suffered shipwreck, and all that survived was a *tabula ex naufragio* of protocol sorrows.

The United States have acquired their present great territorial domain partly by Revolution, and partly by the voluntary gift of Canadian territory from Great Britain,* by purchase from France, Spain and Russia, and by conquests from Mexico and Spain. Under what guileless term should be placed the unsanctioned appropriation of the Canadian Naboth's vineyard, on the British side of the boundary line? For it is now established, beyond question, that during the time Great Britain and Canada were urgently pressing for an expeditious settlement of the boundary line, and protesting against the irritating treatment of British settlers on Canadian lands, the United States were exercising the powers of sovereignty, and were making grants of land within the disputed territory.

If the British contention as to the boundary line shall be ultimately sustained by International Law, and the judgment of an arbitral tribunal, the United States cannot invoke, in support of their present occupation of what shall be found to have been British territory since 1825, any of the rules of that law which are applicable to military occupation, by right of war, or to insurgent occupation, by right of revolution, nor can the doctrine of mistake of title avail, for the British claim was early known, and was supported by conclusive American precedents.

Questions affecting the civil status and citizenship of persons born

* The gift was that part of old French Canada, now the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, comprising about 300,000 square miles of the Canadian territory ceded by France to Great Britain in 1763.

on, or married, or taking oaths of citizenship within such territory; questions affecting the transfer or descent of property, and of titles acquired under forfeiture laws, questions affecting the administration of civil and criminal jurisprudence, and the imprisonment or execution of criminals, and questions affecting official appointments and municipal and other corporations, and the exercise of legislative and delegated powers of sovereignty, must arise respecting the civil rights, and public relations, and land titles, of the inhabitants of the territory which shall be adjudged to belong to the British Crown, and may lead to far-reaching and expensive litigation, and these questions Great Britain, in view of the urgent and continued protests made, and passively slighted, cannot justly concede

Citizenship is determined by birth on the soil. The only exception to the universality of this rule was made in the cases of children born in Oregon during its joint occupation by the United States and Great Britain, under the Treaty of 1818. The Courts held that between 1818 and 1846 children born there of British parents were British subjects, and that children born there of American parents were citizens of the United States.

Legislative and Executive Sovereignty and judicial power over territory are incident to the national ownership of the soil. The Supreme Court of the United States has so decided, and has furnished precedents affecting the rights of property within a similarly disputed territory. While Spain was sovereign of Florida, and prior to its cession to the United States in 1795, her Government had made grants of land within a certain disputed territory, which were subsequently impeached. In giving judgment, Chief Justice Marshall said —

There was no cession of territory. The jurisdiction of Spain was not claimed or occupied by force of arms against an adversary power, but it was a naked possession under a misapprehension of right. In such a case, the United States, within whose sovereignty the land was in fact situated, was not bound to recognise the grants of title by the Spanish Government. We think the Treaty settling the boundary an unequivocal acknowledgment that the occupation of the territory, now acknowledged to be United States territory, was wrongful. It follows that the Spanish grants can have therefore no intrinsic validity.

And in other cases, the Court has held that Patents of land dated before, but not delivered until after, the ratification of a Treaty ceding territory to the United States, were invalid. Similarly, where two States, under a mistake in surveys, granted lands which, on a corrected survey, were found to be within the territory of another State, their grants were adjudged nullities, and inoperative to vest any title in the grantees.

As is stated in *Hall's International Law* —

To infringe the rights of others remains legally wrong, however

slight in some respects may be the moral impropriety of the action. If a State commits a trespass upon its neighbour's property, which may, or may not be, morally justified, it violates the law as distinctly, though not so noxiously, as a neighbour would violate it by making a track through a neighbour's field to obtain access to a high road.

The moral accountability of the Government of a nation to kindred nations necessarily involves the moral duty of imposing a reasonable restraint on its political actions, and of so acting in its international relations with such kindred nation as it would reasonably expect such kindred nation to act towards it. President Woolsey has tersely stated one of the rules: "A State is a moral person capable of obligations, as well as rights, and no acts of its own can annihilate its obligations to another." And Senator Sumner in supporting the Alaska Treaty of 1867 used words specially pertinent to the Anglo-American Treaty of 1892 —

It is with nations as with individuals: a bargain once made must be kept. I am satisfied that the dishonour of this Treaty, after what has passed, would be a serious responsibility for our country. As an international question our act would be tried by the public opinion of the world.

These principles of national responsibility logically affirm the general rule that the Government of a nation (and the same rule will be universally admitted to be obligatory on land-holding neighbours) is morally bound by the national honour of its sovereignty not to aggressively occupy the territory the title to which is disputed, with some show of Treaty right, by another nation. A passive resistance to, or a positive refusal of, a reference of the disputed claim to what ex-President Cleveland designates as "the honourable rest and justice found in Arbitration,—the refuge which civilisation has builded for the nations of the earth, and from which the ministries of peace issue their decrees," would warrant the judgment of the tribunal of nations that the nation so resisting, or refusing, was attempting a denial of international justice, and was thereby degrading its national honour.

Some writers in the United States advise against submitting the boundary dispute to Arbitration, because the United States "have nothing to gain and everything to lose," others because "an adverse decision would greatly lessen for the United States the present and future value of the Alaska *lisière*"—a morality illustrated by the maxim, *nous avons l'avantage, profitons en*. And a writer in an English periodical, whose notions of international justice seem equally tainted, has said: "In asking America to submit the whole question to Arbitration, with evenly-balanced chances of success or failure, we are asking her to take chances which no democratic Government can afford to take." One fair inference from these avowals is that international justice and national rectitude are alien principles of action.

to democratic Governments. Another logical sequence is that a democratic Government may be the party litigant before itself, as judge and jury, and on its own view of its one-sided and biased evidence, may decide against the territorial rights of an unwarned, because a monarchical, though friendly, Government. The mere mention of such inferences should ensure their universal repudiation, for the people of the United States have not, even in their demagogic outbursts against England, lapsed from the principles of international justice and national rectitude which form the warp and web of their political responsibility to other nations, and which have long been consecrated by the homage rendered to Christian ethics in their churches, and enforced by the teachings of moral and political science in their colleges.

In the Behring Sea case the United States conclusively showed that "there is an International Law by which every controversy between nations may be adjudged and determined," that its rules are moral rules, dictated by the general standard of natural justice, upon which all civilised nations are agreed, and that, though there are differences in the moral instincts, or convictions, of people of different nations, and no enactments in the ordinary sense of the term, for all members of the society of nations, nor indeed regulating the larger part of the affairs of ordinary life,—there are always existing laws by which every controversy, national or individual, may be determined.

The United States have made themselves the champions of, and have declared their national faith in 'the honourable rest and justice found in International Arbitration,' and at the Hague Peace Conference they pledged their nation "to use their best efforts to secure a "pacific settlement of International differences," and joined with Great Britain and other nations in affirming that, "in questions of a legal nature, and especially in the interpretation of International Conventions, Arbitration is recognised by the Signatory Powers as the most effective, and at the same time the most equitable, means of settling "disputes which Diplomacy has failed to settle." After urging Great Britain into Arbitration over the Alabama claims, and the Behring Sea fisheries, and especially after driving her into Arbitration over the Venezuelan Boundary Dispute (which in no way affected their territorial or national interests), will the United States refuse to recognise these precedents, or to give effect to their compact with the nations as expressed in the Hague Convention?

THOMAS HODGINS.

BIRD LIFE.

IT is, or before the days of School Boards was, a common article of faith of country boys that no bird can count beyond three

The imaginative powers of man reach a little farther, but they also have their limitations. But for this poverty of imagination, which is to blame for half the uncharitableness and harsh judgments of everyday life, the feelings with which a thoughtful man would put down any honestly-written book telling the latest conclusions of research in any branch of science would be a mingling of abasement, reverence and encouragement. Abasement at the thought of the very small spot in the scheme of the universe which the individual man at best can occupy, reverence in the presence of the stupendous mysteries which it is the fashion just now to speak of as "Natural laws," which lie hidden behind the veil, small corners of which seem to have been lifted by modern searchers for the truth, encouragement to hope for, if in the past and present are to be seen things which it could not have entered into the heart of man to conceive, no promise for the future can be beyond possibility of belief only because the conception of its fulfilment may be beyond our present powers.

But imagination fails and this is why good men in the past have shrunk from enquiry and too often sought refuge from doubts in abuse of enquirers.

It was only by publicly recanting the blasphemous heresy that it was the earth that moved and not the sun, and by undertaking to repeat once a week for three weeks the seven Penitential Psalms that Galileo escaped from the torture-chamber of the Inquisition. "The thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord."

"*It moves all the same*," was his whispered aside to the friend and disciple who stood by him as he rose from his knees.

We can, after a fashion, picture to ourselves a six-day creation of perfected forms, and poets such as Milton may even venture to fill in grotesque details. "The tawny lion," like a great daddy-long-legs escaping from its underground nymph case, "Pawing to get free his "hinder parts," and birds bursting full fledged from eggs

But the grander idea of a creation of infinite progression such as that of which from their different points of view geologists, astronomers and biologists seem to be catching glimpses, is "Broader than the measure of man's mind" We cannot take it in, nor picture an endless creation, begun when, before time, itself a created thing, was, forces were set in motion, which, working in obedience to "Laws which never can be broken," should spin a beautiful world from floating atoms, and people it with ever-changing forms of life

Of the many dissolving views which the light of Science is now throwing on the screen, none is more wonderful or more perplexing than the evolution of birds from reptiles And yet, up to a certain point at least, the pedigree seems fairly conclusively proved Birds and reptiles alike are produced from eggs The framework of both is, with modifications, the same, and, in an immature stage, the likeness is often marked A newly-hatched cormorant is much more like an exceptionally ugly reptile than a bird

The missing link has been found in the *Archæopteryx*, of which fossil remains have been discovered in the lithographic rocks of Bavaria It was a bird about the size of a rook, with three free fingers tipped with claws It had teeth, a lizard-like head, and a long tail like a rat's, from each joint of which at an angle of forty-five sprang pairs of feathers

Three-toed footprints, left ages ago in mud which has since hardened to limestone rock, were until lately believed to be those of gigantic birds They are now commonly accepted as having been made by extinct lizards

The three clawed fingers on the wings of the *Archæopteryx* are met half-way by two serviceable claws on the wings of the young of an existing bird, the Hoatzin, the "stinking pheasant" of the Valley of the Amazon With the help of their claws and the beak, which is used like a parrot's, as an extra hand, the nestlings of this strange bird, which commonly builds its nest over a stream, before they can fly crawl about the bushes The young birds if they fall into the water swim and dive like newts

The Hoatzin is the only known bird still retaining two clawed wing-fingers, but a single claw or spur on the wing is still to be found in several birds The Spur-winged Geese, and the Horned Screamers, whose concerts on the plains of La Plata Mr Hudson has graphically described, are instances of the kind

But in such deep matters as the origin or special use of anything we see in Nature it is prudent to accept with reserve even the most apparently self-evident conclusions For proof of this, if proof is needed, it is unnecessary to look beyond birds' bones These are in most cases hollow, and connected with air sacks—a wonderful contrivance, in the days of our youth we were taught to believe, for lightening a body which was to be lifted in flight

Nowhere in the realm of Nature was a clearer or more beautiful adaptation of means to end, unquestionable,—until a meddlesome anatomist went out of his way to notice that there were exceptions to the rule and that these were the birds of greatest powers of flight. The Albatrosses, Swifts and Swallows have, like ourselves, honest well-filled marrow bones. We are apt, the best of us, to read into the text our own ideas and to see the things which best fit in with them, like the boy with a taste for birds and sport who, when asked in his examination what he knew of the circumstances of the death of Ahab, answered, "One drew a bow at a *Vulture* and killed the king."

To form some notion of what the evolution of a bird from a lizard implies it is enough to read two articles in Newton's Dictionary of Birds by Professor Gadow, the one on 'Feathers,' the other on "Colours," and then,—remembering that no lizard has, nor so far as we know ever had, a feather,—to pay a visit to the Natural History Museum.

In an alcove to the west of the Great Central Hall is a case containing, with other marvels, magnified models of a section of the web of a flight-feather—a perfect mechanical contrivance for combining, by means of elaborate hooks and eyes and other devices, lightness and strength. The arrangements for decoration are even more amazing than the mechanism of the frame.

In the box used for painting birds, Nature, so far as the learned have as yet been able to ascertain, has only five cakes of actual colours. There is a black, more than half of it pure carbon, two distinct reds, one of which, containing a good deal of copper, dyes the water when the bird painted with it splashes itself, a yellow and a green, the last containing no copper but a good deal of iron. All colour effects seem to be produced by combinations of these, mixed or laid one over another, with or without the help of surface cuttings and polishings. Strange as it may sound when we think of the numbers of Kingfishers and other blue birds to be found almost all over the world, "blue has not yet been discovered as a pigment." The shot metallic colourings of our English Starlings and of the more gorgeous tropical birds are due to surface chisellings on the feathers which (Nature is not wasteful of labour) are to be found only on the parts of the feathers exposed to view.

Without quoting at length Professor Gadow's article, which is a model of condensation, it is impossible to do justice to his subject. But a few lines extracted from the section dealing with "Structural, Prismatic, or Metallic Colours" are enough to give some idea of the wonders of contrivance described. These "prismatic colours change," he writes, "according to the position of the observer," and "they always change in the order of those of the rainbow." They are restricted as a rule to one particular part of the web, "the metallic portions of which are composed of one row of compartments, which

"often partly overlap each other like curved tiles. In the inside black or blackish-brown pigment is collected, and each compartment is covered with a transparent colourless layer of extreme thinness, e.g., 0.0008 mm in *Sturnus*" (the Starling family). "The surface of this coat is either smooth and polished as in *Nectarinia*" (the Sunbirds), "or exhibits very fine longitudinal wavy ridges when the feather is violet, or numerous small dot-like irregularities as in *Galbula*" (bright-coloured South American birds which, to the eye of the uninitiated, look many of them not unlike Kingfishers). "The coating seems to act like a number of prisms. All metallic feathers appear black when their surface is parallel to the rays of the light in the same level with the eye and the light. To the eye of the observer the metallic collar of *Ptilorhis magnifica*" (the Rifleman, Bird of Paradise) will in one position "appear absolutely black," in others "bright coppery red" or "rich green, the metallic feathers of the sides of the breast in the same bird will change" with the position from which it is seen "from black to green and to blue." The "beautiful *Pharomacrus Moccino*" (the Trogon which Montezuma in the days of Cortez kept as a royal bird and with a staff of attendants to wait upon it, and which is now the national emblem of Guatemala, as is the Eagle of a more northerly American Republic) "changes from greenish bronze through golden green, green, and indigo to violet." *Oreotrochilus Chimborazo* (one of the humming birds) "exhibits the whole solar spectrum, namely violet and red on the head, followed by orange and green on the back, blue, violet, and lastly purple on the long tail feathers."

When we remember that every feather thus marvellously built and decorated is changed, probably, at least once a year, the marvel is not lessened. Many birds are known to moult much oftener than once in the year.

On the same floor of the Museum as the case arranged to show the structure, uses, arrangement and differing forms of feathers (to the left of the entrance of the Bird Gallery), is another which, though not designed with this object, shows the perfection to which the colour-decoration of birds is carried. It contains twenty-six varieties of Birds of Paradise, no two at all alike. One is richly dressed in plain black velvet, and carries as a tiara six emeralds mounted, three on each side of the head, on long spikes. Others are almost vulgarly gorgeous in reds and greens and yellows. Some wear long Court-trains of filmy feathers, in buff, or cream, or strawberry and cream. One, over a mantle of orange gold, wears an Elizabethan ruff tipped with emeralds, another, a still broader ruff brightening gradually to sparkling amethysts at the outer rim. The black head of another is seen, half-hidden through a haze of pale blues and browns. One or two carry tails of honest feathers of which, for length, an old cock pheasant might feel proud. In another the only apology for tail

feathers visible when the wings are closed are two stiff little wires curled in circles in opposite directions

Another—more wonderful, perhaps, than all,—of which there are specimens in the Museum, but which is as yet too rare and precious for exposure to the bleaching effects of sunlight in a glass case (the King of Saxony's Bird of Paradise), carries on its head two long wires, reaching beyond the tail, gemmed from tip to base with turquoises

The development of even a cormorant from a featherless reptile by the mere operation of blind laws would be a tough morsel to swallow To believe, if any could be found now to believe it, that in birds of the same internal structure, living under like conditions, and in the same surroundings, effects so exquisitely varied as are to be seen in the group of Paradise birds could result without aid from some Omnipotent directing intelligence without, would demand a surrender of reason to faith even more complete than would the acceptance of the inspired poetry of the first three chapters of Genesis as history true to the letter

Another fact which cannot altogether be put aside in considering the possible limits of such forces as "Natural Selection," far stretching as they seem to be, is the apparent permanence of existing forms of animal life

The habits of a bird may change rapidly to meet altered circumstances Within the memory of middle-aged colonists, a harmless vegetable-eating parrot has become a mischievous bird of prey, feeding when it gets the chance on the kidneys of the sheep on the backs of which it alights Wood-pigeons—in the country among the wariest and most difficult to approach of birds—in St James's Park and the gardens of the Tuileries think it scarcely worth their while to move out of the way of the perambulators Another pigeon—the tooth-billed—the nearest surviving relation of the dodo, has during the last few years completely changed its habits It is, writes Doctor Sharpe in his "Wonders of the Bird World," only "found in the "Navigator's Island, as Samoa is sometimes called It has perfectly "formed wings, but until recently never used them as it had no "natural enemies in its island home, and was accustomed not only to "live on the ground, but to breed in colonies and to deposit its eggs "on the side of a hill As Samoa became civilised, however, the "usual accompaniments of civilisation prevailed in the shape of cats 'and rats, the former devouring the birds, the latter their eggs, and "speedy extermination appeared to be the fate in store for the "Didimculus" These birds have taken the hint in time and are now, happily, a thriving and prosperous colony, "building, feeding and "roosting on the high trees"

While on the subject of relations of the poor old Dodo, it is worth while noticing in passing an odd instance of adaptation of form for special ends On the island of Rodriguez, not far from the Mauritius,

which was the home of the Dodo, lived in former days another bird, in many respects like it—the Solitaire. It seems, according to the accounts left of it by Leguat, a Huguenot, who took refuge in Rodriguez in the seventeenth century, when the Solitaire was still plentiful, to have been a pugnacious bird, and, having little or no use for its wings in other directions—it was a flightless bird—used them mainly as a weapon in free fights for the favour of the females. Nature, apparently with this object in view, doubled the bird's fists. On the wings, wrote Leguat, whom nobody until lately believed, "were knobs of bone as big as a musket ball." Of late years many bones of the Solitaire have been discovered in caves and elsewhere, and have fully confirmed the story. "The number of the bones that had been broken and crushed in life contained in the collections brought to this country is,"—writes Professor Newton, whose brother, Sir Edward, was one of the most successful collectors—"considerable, showing the effects of the *cestus*-like armature of the wing."

As Leguat's story has proved true in one incredible particular, we may accept another tale he tells of this strange bird. "We have often," he says in his narrative, "remarked that some days after the young one leaves the nest a company of thirty or forty brings another young one to it, and the new fledged bird with its father and mother joining with the band march to some bye place. We frequently followed them and found that afterwards the old ones went each their own way alone or in couples and left the two young ones together, which we called a marriage." The French have a precedent for their weddings by family arrangement.

Birds can only too easily disappear either locally or entirely. But for the timely change of habits described above, the "Dodlet" would probably before now have joined its distinguished cousin in the Valhalla of extinct birds. One of the effects of the great hurricane of September, 1898, was the entire, and so far as can yet be seen, permanent extinction in St Vincent, in little more than an hour and a half, of a humming bird which the day before had been one of the commonest birds in the island.

Among domesticated birds artificial varieties are produced without much difficulty. A pigeon with a perfectly webbed foot, evolved at Cambridge by only three years' selected crossings, was in January last exhibited as a curiosity at the meeting of the Ornithological Club.

But it would be difficult—perhaps "impossible"—would not be too strong a word to use—to point to a single instance in which a wild species has structurally changed in the slightest particular of any importance within the knowledge of man. The eider duck, which now on the Farne Islands sits as closely as an Aylesbury in a farmyard, and the drake which rides at anchor watching to join her in the open the moment she leaves her nest, are, so far as we know, feather for feather the same as those which twelve hundred years ago were blessed and tamed by St Cuthbert.

In the vegetable world—as if by way of compensation for disabilities in other directions—forms seem to be more easily changed. A white geranium found in South Africa is said to have adapted itself to the thirsty life of the veldt by developing a bulb like an onion.

But fascinating as such speculations are, it is pleasant to step from the mists and find oneself in the sunshine with the birds as they now exist. On the threshold we are met by a wonderful instance of the care of Nature for her children—a present mystery as great as any in the past.

“The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind.”

No one who has only seen dried egg shells in collections can at all realise the perfection of the protection afforded by imitation colouring to the eggs when in their natural surroundings. An enthusiastic collector not very long ago made a trip to the North of Scotland with the object of taking with his own hands the eggs of the Dottrel, which, as he had learnt, was breeding on a mountain side. On reaching the spot the birds rose close by him, and, from the way in which they behaved, he was satisfied that eggs were not far off. But, with practised eyes, he hunted in vain until, when on the point of giving up the search as hopeless, he had put his foot upon them and broken all.

Coots' and Snipes' eggs are other instances of colour adaptation to surroundings. Conspicuous as are the flattened heaps of dry sedges which are the usual nests of the coots, it is very difficult, unless very close by, to say whether or not they contain eggs. Not only is the groundwork of the egg an exact match to the general colour of the dry nest, but the black spots with which they are freely dotted are perfect reproductions of the “little pitted specks” on the decaying sedge.

The writer, when a few years ago exploring with a friend a marsh by a Broad in Norfolk, was shown by a keeper the exact spot—“five feet from yon bush in line with you”—where the day before he had put a snipe off her nest. The bird rose as the spot was approached, but ten minutes' search or more by two pairs of eyes, not unpractised in looking for birds' eggs, failed to discover the nest. It was not until the keeper who had been called in to help had freely relieved himself by strong language levelled at “them d——d carrion crows” which won't leave a thing in the place that a glossy Maltese cross of four pear-shaped green and brown eggs, mottled in exact imitation of the wet moss around it, revealed itself to all three at once, in the middle of a tuft of sprits.

A favourite breeding-place of the “Lesser” and “Common” Terns is a pebble-covered flat not far above high-water mark near the mouth of a tidal harbour in Norfolk. Here, too, the likeness of the eggs to their surroundings is so close that only a very sharp eye, unless by accident, is likely to find a nest. A few handfuls of selected stones

from the beach have, as an illustration of protective colouring, been placed in a glass-covered box (11 in by 6 in) with a few scraps of dry seaweed and other odds and ends gathered on the spot and among them two or three eggs of each species. When the box, placed in a good light, is uncovered for a quarter of a minute or even longer, it is the exception for anyone seeing the contents for the first time to count the eggs correctly.

The "survival of the fittest" seems rather a heartless and not, perhaps, very convincing explanation of a beautiful provision for the safety of a helpless embryo. But, so far, it is the best that pure science can offer.

"It is," writes Mr Pycroft in his "Story of Bird Life"—a wonderful shilling's worth—"almost certain that originally all birds laid white eggs, as do their cousins-german the reptiles. But as there is at least one reptile in which there is a distinct tendency to produce a coloured, rust-spotted shell, viz, the Tautera lizard of New Zealand, so there may have been many birds in which the same tendency developed itself. Of these many would produce eggs much more strongly marked or spotted than their neighbours'. If a number of such birds migrated, say, from the forest-land of their ancestors to the plains or meadows, a process of weeding-out would quickly begin. For they would probably at once come in contact with new creatures, who would rapidly discover how good eggs were. Thus, those which were even slightly coloured would be in so far disguised. Having a taste for *white* eggs their enemies would pass the coloured so long as white were to be had. In this way white eggs would become more and more rare, for in course of time the birds which produced these would die, and die without leaving offspring, or so few that they would be swamped by inter-crossing with the newer and more vigorous race who had succeeded in laying coloured eggs."

The same process would go on—the nearer the approach of the colour to its surroundings, the larger the proportion escaping detection—until in the process of the centuries such perfect imitations as the eggs of the Dottrel and Snipe would result, and survive as the abiding type.

Birds, if uneasy for the safety of their eggs, will not unfrequently move them. A Dabchick a year or two ago built her nest in a rather exposed place in the ornamental water in St James's Park. Before she began to sit she thought it prudent to move it. The nest was cut adrift from the dipping bough, to which it had first been made fast, and towed several yards to a more secluded corner under an overhanging bush, to which it was lashed.

A move of the kind when a nest is a floating raft like a Dabchick's is easy enough. But birds with fewer facilities will occasionally do as much. Mr Pycroft tells a pathetic story of a pair of Merlins who, after having been fired at several times when on the nest "trans-

‘ ported the eggs to a bank forty yards distant, placed a few leaves “under them and succeeded in hatching them out’

The Bar-tailed Pigeon of North America has he adds, several times been seen, when frightened, to carry its eggs from the nest to another tree. But it is not perhaps very generally known that one at least of the larger Penguins habitually carries its eggs about. An interesting note on the subject, very kindly sent to the writer by a member of the staff of the *Challenger*, shortly after the return of the ship from her long voyage of discovery, has unfortunately been for the moment mislaid. To quote it from memory, there is a fold of bare skin, with muscles unusually developed, which practically forms a pouch between the legs. From this the egg of more than one bird killed for skinning was only dropped when the tension of the muscles relaxed after death. It is not difficult to conceive the advantage of such an arrangement to a bird breeding upon ice. It is a curious coincidence that the only approach to a pouched bird should have been found in the hemisphere in which the marsupial is a common type in mammals.

The devices of a Partridge or Lapwing to lead away from the nest are familiar enough to everyone who has lived in the country. But to see the perfection to which such deceptive arts can be carried one of the breeding places of the little Arctic Skua in the Shetlands should be visited. The mother bird can limp like a partridge or drop as if shot from the sky, and lie on her side feebly flapping one wing, and not content with this, will deliberately, when hard pressed, lead on to the nest of a common Gull and then go through an elaborate pantomime of distress.

The Shetland shepherds say, and profess to believe, that the young of the little Ringed Plover, which breeds in the islands in quantities, when they want to escape notice throw themselves on their backs and hold a leaf, clasped between the legs, over their stomachs.

“Elusive colouring” plays a scarcely less important part in the protection of birds than of their eggs. This is the case—to a greater extent probably than we yet realise—not only with such birds as the Night-jar and Woodcock, which, unless the light happens to glance from an eye, may easily be passed on the ground within a couple of yards without attracting notice, but with others which, looked at as dried skins in the hand, seem very conspicuously marked. Mr Pycroft quotes as an instance of this the Hoopoe—a bird to which, by-the-bye, more than one curious legend is attached. “It is of a rich buff or sand colour with a large and beautiful crest on the head and the wings conspicuously barred with black and white. Yet on the approach of a hawk or other enemy it throws itself flat on the ground, drops its chest, and spreads out its wings, and—heigho!—as if in obedience to the magician’s wand, our bird has vanished—what appears to be a bundle of rags remains in its place.”

The little Bearded Tit, “the fairy of the fens,” is an even more

beautiful instance of the kind. Visitors to the Norfolk Broads in mid-summer who may have caught a glimpse of the beautiful little bird showing itself for a minute or two, a conspicuous object against the green of the young rushes, may find it difficult to believe that when invisibility is most important it is almost invisible. The eggs—to quote from an earlier chapter,—are laid in April when the tall reeds among which the nest is built, an inch or two from the ground, are ripe for cutting. The prevailing tints of the entire district—land, water and sky—are then the cinnamons, straw colours and pale blue greys miraculously reproduced in the feathers of the bird.

The efficacy of elusive tricks and colours is even more surprising in the case of large birds. The Bittern, which as it stands stiffly with beak pointed upwards is difficult to see among the reeds, which are its usual hiding place, is an often quoted instance, but one, unluckily, not often now to be found in England,—though, according to a writer in the *Spectator*, a pair has lately nested not far from London.

At Blickling,—the home of Anne Boleyn, in days before the additions were built which now make the Hall one of the most stately examples of Jacobean architecture in England,—there has been for a great many years a flock of Cinnamon Turkeys. The birds, which are a small and slender variety of rather doubtful origin, coloured as the name denotes, are bred and live in a half-wild state with the pheasants. On the occasion of a shooting party a few years ago, a cover had been driven. Two or three only of the beaters remained inside the fence, poking about in a rather bare corner for a possible skulking pheasant or rabbit. The guns were already moving on, when, like the springing of a mine, thirty or forty great birds rose together and scattered themselves, flying strongly, in different directions over the park. Two were required for the house, and a keeper, borrowing a gun from the writer, who accompanied him, followed, with murderous intent, a party of five or six which had lit on a clump of old oaks in the open, a couple of hundred yards or so away. It was not until the trees, which were leafless, had been searched for some seconds, and a suspicion was beginning to suggest itself that a mistake had been made in the marking, that first one and then all were discovered. They stood rigid and motionless, with bodies stretched and wings pressed closely to the sides, most of them not across but in line with the branches on which they had perched, looking more like broken boughs than birds. No one passing under the trees who had not known the Turkeys were there could, unless by the purest accident, have noticed them.

The “*eclipse*” of the Mallard Drake during the moult, which is described and illustrated in all its stages in Mr John Millar’s lately published “History of the British Surface Feeding Ducks,” is an even more marvellous tale. For the fortnight during which the Drake is without flight feathers, and as helpless as an Apteryx, bright colours

of every kind are dropped and the male wears the homely and inconspicuous dress of his mate, blending perfectly with the fading reeds among which he hides. Even the legs and beak change colour.

The devices adopted by birds themselves for the protection of their eggs and young would fill a volume, and very pleasant reading if well written it would be. But the patience of the most long suffering of editors has, like the imagination of man, its limits, and one only—perhaps the most curious yet known—can be mentioned here. The Hornbills, like our own Woodpeckers, are birds which breed in holes in trees. In the forests of Borneo which they frequent are snakes and lizards and many little carnivorous mammals with a taste for eggs and young birds. As a protection, presumably from these, when the hen begins to sit, her mate almost completely plasters up the entrance, leaving only a crack open through which she puts her beak for the food which he diligently supplies to her and her family. The European Nuthatch in much the same way plasters up with mud the door of the hole chosen for a nesting-place, but only to reduce it to a convenient size through which both birds pass freely in and out.

A Scottish maiden in olden days would have thought it beneath her dignity, however well her future husband's house might be provided, to set up housekeeping without a complete outfit of homespun linen. On the same principle, perhaps, birds in like interesting circumstances seem to think it incumbent upon them to collect nest materials, whether or not they are likely to be of practical use. A pair of Nuthatches lately took possession of a nesting-box placed in a garden in Norfolk. The entrance hole, which had been cut for Tits, was barely large enough for the Nuthatches. The "untempered mortar" was none the less collected, and as it would have been inconvenient to use it in accordance with precedent at the door, the far end of the box was plastered over.

Almost exactly the same thing was noticed in the case of the second brood of a Swallow whose nest with a first family had been taken down and placed in a soap-box. The feathers of the old nest were used again in their old position, but before an egg of the second clutch was laid, a far corner of the box—a foot or nine inches off—was carefully built up with clay.

The highest place among the birds was until comparatively lately assigned to the Hawks and Eagles. They have now been dethroned, and their post of honour assigned to the "Passeres" on the ground of higher development of brain.

The London sparrow at least has no hesitation in assuming his rights. A gentleman a year or so ago was amusing himself by feeding the birds in St James's Park. A Wood Pigeon had waddled close up to him and was picking up the crumbs at his feet, when a loose projecting feather—one of the under tail coverts—caught the eye of a sparrow,

which at once seized it in its beak. The feather did not at once give way. The pigeon strutted off with offended dignity, the sparrow followed, tugging hard at the feather, and in the end flew off with it in triumph to its nest in a neighbouring plane tree.

With Rooks, too, which belong to the same order, if only half the stories told of their well-ordered commonwealths and rigidly-enforced laws, etc., are true, the position which anatomists have assigned to them as birds of a high order of intelligence is amply justified on other grounds than bones and nerves.

The following was given to the writer as a fact, for the truth of which he could vouch, by a general officer of repute, who had then lately returned from a visit to a friend in whose park it had occurred. A gentleman who had succeeded to a property in Dorsetshire was anxious to people a clump of his ancestral elms with a rookery. Having found three or four Jackdaws' nests in unusually exposed situations, he obtained as many clutches of Rooks' eggs from the nearest colony some miles off, and put them in the place of the Jackdaws' eggs, which he removed. His hope was that the Rooks, if reared at the place, might return there to nest and that thus a rookery might be established. With one exception the birds deserted; but one pair accepted the change and the eggs were hatched off. Feathers had already shown themselves on the young birds, and the experiment was promising success when a small party of Rooks visited the park, and, after a short stay, left in an evidently excited state. A few days later a larger party appeared. They attacked and drove the unfortunate Jackdaws from the nest and then went away, leaving two of their number in charge of the young birds which, as soon as they were fit for the journey, were taken away, and unless in flocks with others were never seen in the neighbourhood again.

Between reason and instinct a gulf is fixed for which no bridge has as yet been or is likely to be discovered. But the one at times seems very near the other. In ornithology, as in every other branch of the knowledge of Nature and Nature's laws, the wisest is still the child picking up pebbles on the beach. Since Newton's apple tumbled from his tree, a few more rocks have been laid bare by the receding tide. But beyond still lies the "untrodden floor" of the ocean.

A man may puzzle himself into headaches as much as he likes in search of causes and meanings, but in the end he will find himself very little farther forward than was the poet of "the Seasons," who—in days when geology was not yet in its infancy, and "Nebular theories" and "Darwinism" were undreamed of, wrote as the only possible summing up of his conclusions —

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God."

. I lose myself in Him, in light ineffable,
Come then expressive silence muse His praise."

T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

THE ECONOMIC TAPROOT OF IMPERIALISM.

NO array of facts and figures adduced to illustrate the economic nature of the new Imperialism will suffice to dispel the popular delusion that the use of national force to secure new markets by annexing fresh tracts of territory is a sound and a necessary policy for an advanced industrial country like Great Britain. It has indeed been proved that recent annexations of tropical countries, procured at great expense, have furnished poor and precarious markets, that our aggregate trade with our colonial possessions is stationary, and that our most profitable and progressive trade is with rival industrial nations whose territories we have no desire to annex, whose markets we cannot force, and whose active antagonism we have provoked by our expansive policy.

But these arguments are not conclusive. It is open to Imperialists to argue thus —

(1) We must have markets for our growing manufactures, we must have new outlets for the investment of our surplus capital and for the energies of the adventurous surplus of our population: such expansion is a necessity of life to a nation with our great and growing powers of production. An ever larger share of our population is devoted to the manufactures and commerce of towns, and is thus dependent for life and work upon food and raw materials from foreign lands. In order to buy and pay for these things we must sell our goods abroad. During the first three-quarters of the century we could do so without difficulty by a natural expansion of commerce with Continental nations and our Colonies, all of which were far behind us in the main arts of manufacture and the carrying trades. So long as England held a virtual monopoly of the world's markets for certain important classes of manufactured goods Imperialism was unnecessary. During the last thirty years this manufacturing and trading supremacy has been greatly impaired: other nations, especially Germany, the

United States and Belgium have advanced with great rapidity, and while they have not crushed or even stayed the increase of our external trade, their competition is making it more and more difficult to dispose of the full surplus of our manufactures at a profit. The encroachments made by these nations upon our old markets, even in our own possessions, make it most urgent that we should take energetic means to secure new markets. These new markets must lie in hitherto undeveloped countries, chiefly in the tropics, where vast populations live capable of growing economic needs which our manufacturers and merchants can supply. Our rivals are seizing and annexing territories for similar purposes, and when they have annexed them close them to our trade. The diplomacy and the arms of Great Britain must be used in order to compel the owners of the new markets to deal with us and experience shows that the safest means of securing and developing such markets is by establishing "protectorates" or by annexation. The present value of these markets must not be taken as a final test of the economy of such a policy, the process of educating civilised needs which we can supply is of necessity a gradual one, and the cost of such Imperialism must be regarded as a capital outlay, the fruits of which posterity will reap. The new markets may not be large, but they form serviceable outlets for the overflow of our great textile and metal industries, and, when the vast Asiatic and African populations of the interior are reached, a rapid expansion of trade may be expected to result.

(2) Far stronger and more important is the pressure of capital for external fields of investment. Moreover, while the manufacturer and trader are well content to trade with foreign nations, the tendency for investors to work towards the political annexation of countries which contain their more speculative investments is very powerful. Of the fact of this pressure of capital there can be no question. Large savings are made which cannot find any profitable investment in the country, they must find employment elsewhere, and it is to the advantage of the nation that they should be employed as largely as possible in lands where they can be utilised in opening up markets for British trade and employment for British enterprise.

(3) However costly, however perilous, this process of imperial expansion may be, it is necessary to the continued existence and progress of our nation. If we abandoned it we must be content to leave the development of the world to other nations who will everywhere cut into our trade, and even impair our means of securing the food and raw materials we require to support our population. Imperialism is thus seen to be not a choice, but a necessity.

The practical force of this economic argument in politics is strikingly illustrated by the recent history of the United States. Here is a country which suddenly breaks through a conservative policy, strongly held by both political parties, bound up with every popular instinct and

tradition, and flings itself upon a rapid imperial career for which it possesses neither the material nor the moral equipment, risking the principles and practices of liberty and equality by the establishment of militarism and the forcible subjugation of peoples which it cannot safely admit to the condition of American citizenship

Is this a mere wild freak of spread-eagleism, a burst of political ambition on the part of a nation coming to a sudden realisation of its "destiny"? Not at all. The spirit of adventure, the American "mission of civilisation" are, as forces making for imperialism, clearly subordinate to the driving force of the economic factor. The dramatic character of the change is due to the unprecedented rapidity of the industrial revolution in the United States during the last two decades. During that period the United States with her unrivalled natural resources, her immense resources of skilled and unskilled labour, and her genius for invention and organisation, has developed the best equipped and most productive manufacturing economy the world has yet seen. Fostered by rigid protective tariffs, her metal, textile, tool, clothing, furniture and other manufactures have shot up in a single generation from infancy to full maturity, and having passed through a period of intense competition are attaining, under the able control of great trust makers, a power of production greater than has been attained in the most advanced industrial countries of Europe.

An era of cut-throat competition, followed by a rapid process of amalgamation, has thrown an enormous quantity of wealth into the hands of a small number of captains of industry. No luxury of living to which this class could attain kept pace with its rise of income, and a process of automatic saving set in upon an unprecedented scale. The investment of these savings in other industries helped to bring them under the same concentrative forces. Thus a great increase of savings seeking profitable investment is synchronous with a stricter economy of the use of existing capital. No doubt the rapid growth of a population, accustomed to a high and an always ascending standard of comfort, absorbs in the satisfaction of its wants a large quantity of new capital. But the actual rate of saving, conjoined with a more economical application of forms of existing capital, has exceeded considerably the rise of the national consumption of manufactures. The power of production has far outstripped the actual rate of consumption, and, contrary to older economic theory, has been unable to force a corresponding increase of consumption by lowering prices.

This is no mere theory. The history of any of the numerous trusts or combinations in the United States sets out the facts with complete distinctness. In the free competition of manufactures preceding combination the chronic condition is one of "over-production," in the sense that all the mills or factories can only be kept at work by cutting prices down towards a point where the weaker competitors are forced to close down, because they cannot sell their goods at a price which

covers the true cost of production. The first result of the successful formation of a trust or combine is to close down the worse-equipped or worse-placed mills, and supply the entire market from the better-equipped and better-placed ones. This course may or may not be attended by a rise of price and some restriction of consumption. In some cases trusts take most of their profits by raising prices, in other cases by reducing the cost of production through employing only the best mills and stopping the waste of competition.

For the present argument it matters not which course is taken, the point is that this concentration of industry in "trusts," "combines," etc., at once limits the quantity of capital which can be effectively employed and increases the share of profits out of which fresh savings and fresh capital will spring. It is quite evident that a trust which is motivated by cut-throat competition, due to an excess of capital, cannot normally find inside the "trusted" industry employment for that portion of the profits which the trust-makers desire to save and to invest. New inventions and other economies of production or distribution may absorb some of the new capital, but there are rigid limits to this absorption. The trust-maker in oil or sugar must find other investments for his savings: if he is early in the application of the combination principles to his trade, he will naturally apply his surplus capital to establish similar combinations in other industries, economising capital still further, and rendering it ever harder for ordinary saving men to find investments for their savings.

Indeed the conditions alike of cut-throat competition and of combination attest the congestion of capital in the manufacturing industries which have entered the machine economy. We are not here concerned with any theoretic question as to the possibility of producing by modern machine methods more goods than can find a market. It is sufficient to point out that the manufacturing power of a country like the United States does grow so fast as to exceed the demands of the home market. No one acquainted with trade will deny a fact which all American economists assert, that this is the condition which the United States has reached within the last few years, so far as the more developed industries are concerned. Her manufactures are saturated with capital and can absorb no more. One after another they are seeking refuge from the waste of competition in "combines," which secure a measure of profitable peace by restricting the quantity of serviceable capital. Industrial and financial princes in oil, steel, sugar, railroads, banking, etc., are faced with the dilemma of either spending more than they know how to spend, or forcing markets outside the home area. Two economic courses are open to them, both leading towards an abandonment of the political isolation of the past, and the adoption of imperialist methods in the future. Instead of shutting down inferior mills and rigidly restricting output to accord with the profitable sales in the home markets, they may

employ their full productive power, applying their savings to increase their business capital, and, while still regulating output and prices for the home market, may "hustle" for foreign markets, dumping down their surplus goods at prices which would not be possible save for the profitable nature of their home market. So likewise they may employ their savings in seeking investments outside their country, first repaying the capital borrowed from Great Britain and other countries for the early development of their railroads, mines and manufactures, and afterwards becoming themselves a creditor class to foreign countries.

It is this sudden demand for foreign markets for manufactures and for investments which is avowedly responsible for the adoption of imperialism as a political policy and practice by the Republican party to which the great industrial and financial chiefs belong, and which belongs to them. The adventurous enthusiasm of President Roosevelt and his "manifest destiny" and "mission of civilisation" party must not deceive us. It is Messrs Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan, Hanna, Schwab, Wanamaker and their associates who need imperialism and who are fastening it upon the shoulders of the great Republic of the West. They need imperialism because they desire to use the public resources of their country to find profitable employment for their capital which otherwise would be superfluous.

It is not indeed necessary to own a country in order to do trade with it or to invest capital in it, and doubtless the United States can find some natural vent for their surplus goods and capital in European countries. But these countries are for the most part able to make provision for themselves: most of them have erected tariffs against manufacturing imports, and even Great Britain is being urged to defend herself by reverting to protection. The big American manufacturers and financiers will be compelled to look to China and the Pacific and to South America for their most profitable chances. Protectionists by principle and practice they will insist upon getting as close a monopoly of these markets as they can secure, and the competition of Germany, England and other trading nations will drive them to the establishment of special political relations with the markets they most prize. Cuba, the Philippines and Hawaii are but the *hors d'œuvre* to whet an appetite for wider imperialism. Moreover, the powerful hold upon politics which these industrial and financial magnates possess forms a separate stimulus; the public expenditure in pursuit of an imperial career will be a separate immense source of profit to these men, as financiers negotiating loans, shipbuilders and owners handling subsidies, contractors and manufacturers of armaments, and other imperialist appliances.

The suddenness of this political revolution is due to the rapid manifestation of the need. During a period of ten years the United States has nearly trebled the value of its manufacturing export trade, and, if the rate of progress of the last few years continues, within this decade

she will overtake our more slowly advancing export trade, and stand first in the list of manufacture-exporting nations

	<i>Agriculture</i>	<i>Manufactures</i>	<i>Miscellaneous</i>
1890	£125,756,000	£31,435,000	£13,019,000
1891	146,617,000	33,720,000	11,731,000
1892	142,508,000	30,479,000	11,660,000
1893	123,810,000	35,484,000	11,653,000
1894	114,737,000	35,557,000	11,168,000
1895	104,143,000	40,230,000	12,174,000
1896	132,992,000	50,738,000	13,639,000
1897	146,059,000	55,923,300	13,984,000
1898	170,383,000	61,585,000	14,743,000
1899	156,427,000	76,157,000	18,002,000
1900	180,931,000	88,281,000	21,389,000

This is the avowed ambition, and no idle one, of the keenest business men of America, and with the natural resources, the labour and the administrative talents at their disposal, it is quite likely they will achieve their object. The stronger and more direct control over politics exercised in America by business men enables them to drive more quickly and more straightly along the line of their economic interests than in Great Britain. American imperialism is the natural product of the economic pressure of a sudden advance of capitalism which cannot find occupation at home and needs foreign markets for goods and for investments.

The same needs exist in European countries and, as is admitted, drive Governments along the same path. Over-production in the sense of an excessive manufacturing plant, and surplus capital which cannot find sound investments within the country, force Great Britain, Germany, Holland, France to place larger and larger portions of their economic resources outside the area of their present political domain, and then stimulate a policy of expansion so as to take in the new areas. The economic sources of this movement are laid bare by periodic trade depressions due to an inability of producers to find adequate and profitable markets for what they can produce. The Majority Report of the Commission upon the Depression of Trade in 1885 put the matter in a nutshell. "That, owing to the nature of the times, the demand for our commodities does not increase at the same rate as formerly, that our capacity for production is consequently in excess of our requirements, and could be considerably increased at short notice, that this is due partly to the competition of the capital which is being steadily accumulated in the country." The Minority Report straightly imputes the condition of affairs to "over-production." Germany is at the present time suffering severely from what is called a glut of capital and of manufacturing power. She must have new markets, her Consuls all over the world are "hustling" for trade, trading settlements are forced upon Asia Minor, in East and West Africa, in China and elsewhere the German Empire is impelled to a policy of colonisation and protectorates as outlets for German commercial energy.

Every improvement of methods of production, every concentration

* EXPORT TRADE OF U.S.A. 1890-1900.

of ownership and control, seems to accentuate the tendency. As one nation after another enters the machine-economy and adopts advanced industrial methods, it becomes more difficult for its manufacturers, merchants and financiers to dispose profitably of their economic resources, and they are tempted more and more to use their governments in order to secure for their private uses some distant undeveloped country by annexation and protection.

The process we may be told is inevitable, and so it seems upon a superficial inspection. Everywhere appear excessive powers of production, excessive capital in search of investment. It is admitted by all business men that the growth of the powers of production in their country exceeds the growth in consumption, that more goods can be produced than can be sold at a profit, and more capital exists than can find remunerative investment.

It is this economic condition of affairs that constitutes the taproot of imperialism. If the consuming public in this country raised its standard of consumption to keep pace with every rise of productive powers, there could be no excess of goods or capital clamorous to use imperialism in order to find markets. Foreign trade would indeed exist, but there would be no difficulty in exchanging a small surplus of our manufactures for the food and raw material we annually absorbed, and all the savings that we made could find employment, if we chose, in home industries.

There is nothing inherently irrational in such a supposition. Whatever is, or can be produced, can be consumed, for it forms part of the real income of some member of the community, as rent, profit or wages, and he can consume it, or else exchange it for some other consumable with someone else who will consume it. With everything that is produced a consuming power is born. If then there appears a quantity of goods which cannot get consumed, or which cannot even get produced because it is evident they cannot get consumed, and if there appears a quantity of capital and labour which cannot get full employment because their products cannot get consumed, it is evident that the only explanation of this anomaly is the refusal of owners of consuming power to apply that power in effective demand for commodities.

It is of course possible that an excess of producing power might exist in particular industries by misdirection, being disposed in certain manufactures, whereas it ought to have been engaged in agriculture or some other use. But no one can seriously contend that such misdirection explains the recurrent gluts and consequent depressions of modern industry, or that when over-production is manifest in the leading manufactures ample avenues are open for the surplus capital and labour in other industries. The general character of the excess of producing power is proved by the existence at such times of large bank stocks of idle money seeking any sort of profitable investment and finding none.

The root questions underlying the phenomena are clearly these "Why is it that consumption fails to keep pace automatically in a community with power of production?" "Why does under-consumption or over-saving occur?" For it is evident that the consuming power which, if exercised, would keep tense the reins of production is in part withheld, or in other words is "saved" and stored up for investment. All saving for investment does not imply slackness of production, quite the contrary. Saving is economically justified, from the social standpoint, when the capital in which it takes material shape finds full employment in helping to produce commodities which when produced will be consumed. It is saving in excess of this amount which causes mischief, taking shape in surplus capital which is not needed to assist current or prospective consumption, and which lies idle, or tries to oust existing capital from its employment, or else seeks speculative use abroad under the protection of the Government.

But it may be asked, "Why should there be any tendency to over-saving, why should the owners of consuming power withhold a larger quantity for savings than can be serviceably employed?" Another way of putting the same question is this, "Why should not the pressure of present wants keep pace with every possibility of satisfying them?" The answer to these pertinent questions carries us to the broadest issue of the distribution of wealth. If the tendency to distribute income or consuming power according to needs were operative, it is evident that consumption would rise with every rise of producing power, for human needs are illimitable, and there could be no excess of saving. But it is quite otherwise in a state of economic society where distribution has no fixed relation to needs, but is determined by other conditions which assign to some people a consuming power vastly in excess of needs or possible uses, while others are deprived of consuming power enough to satisfy even the full demands of physical efficiency. The following illustration may serve to make the issue clear—"The volume of production has been constantly rising owing to the development of modern machinery. There are two main channels to carry off these products, one channel carrying off the product destined to be consumed by the workers, and the other channel carrying off the remainder to the rich. The workers' channel is in rock-bound banks that cannot enlarge, owing to the competitive wage system preventing wages rising *pro rata* with increased efficiency. Wages are based upon cost of living, and not upon efficiency of labour. The miner in the poor mine gets the same wages per day as the miner in the adjoining rich mine. The owner of the rich mine gets the advantage—not his labourer. The channel which conveys the goods destined to supply the rich is itself divided into two streams. One stream carries off what the rich 'spend' on themselves for the necessities and luxuries of life. The other is simply an 'overflow' stream carrying off their 'savings'. The channel

"for spending, *i.e.*, the amount wasted by the rich in luxuries, may "broaden somewhat, but owing to the small number of those rich "enough to indulge in whims it can never be greatly enlarged, and at "any rate it bears such a small proportion to the other channel that "in no event can much hope of avoiding a flood of capital be hoped "for from this division. The rich will never be so ingenious as to "spend enough to prevent over-production. The great safety overflow "channel which has been continuously more and more widened and "deepened to carry off the ever-increasing flood of new capital is that "division of the stream which carried the savings of the rich, and this "is not only suddenly found to be incapable of further enlargement, "but actually seems to be in the process of being dammed up"*

Though this presentation over-accentuates the cleavage between rich and poor and over-states the weakness of the workers, it gives forcible and true expression to a most important and ill-recognised economic truth. The "overflow" stream of savings is of course fed not exclusively from the surplus income of "the rich", the professional and industrial middle classes and to some slight extent the workers contribute. But the "flooding" is distinctly due to the automatic saving of the surplus income of rich men. This is of course particularly true of America where multi-millionaires rise quickly and find themselves in possession of incomes far exceeding the demands of any craving that is known to them. To make the metaphor complete, the overflow stream must be represented as re-entering the main stream of production and seeking to empty there all the "savings" that it carries. Where competition remains free, the result is a chronic excess of productive power and of production, forcing down home prices, wasting large sums in advertising and in pushing for orders, and periodically causing a crisis followed by a collapse, during which quantities of capital and labour lie unemployed and unremunerated. The prime object of the trust or other combine is to remedy this waste and loss by substituting regulation of output for reckless over-production. In achieving this it actually narrows or even dams up the old channels of investment, limiting the overflow stream to the exact amount required to maintain the normal current of output. But this rigid limitation of trade, required for the trust economy, does not suit the trust-maker, who is driven to compensate for strictly regulated industry at home by cutting new foreign channels as an outlet of his productive power and his excessive savings. Thus we reach the conclusion that imperialism is the endeavour of the great controllers of industry to broaden the channel for the flow of their surplus wealth by seeking foreign markets and foreign investments to take off the goods and capital they cannot sell or use at home.

The fallacy of the supposed inevitability of imperial expansion as a necessary outlet for progressive industry is now manifest. It is not

* "The Significance of the Trust," by H. G. Wilshire

industrial progress that demands the opening up of new markets and areas of investment, but mal-distribution of consuming power which prevents the absorption of commodities and capital within the country. The over-saving which is the economic root of imperialism is found by analysis to consist of rents, monopoly-profits and other unearned or excessive elements of income, which, not being created by labour of head or hand, have no legitimate *raison d'être*. Having no natural relation to effort of production they impel their recipients to no corresponding satisfaction of consumption they form a surplus value which, having no proper place in the normal economy of production and consumption, tends to accumulate as excessive savings. Let any turn in the tide of politico-economic forces divert from these owners their excess of income and make it flow, either to the workers in higher wages, or to the community in taxes, so that it will be spent instead of being saved, serving in either of these ways to swell the tide of consumption, there will be no need to fight for foreign markets or foreign areas of investment.

Many have carried their analysis so far as to realise the absurdity of spending half our financial resources in fighting to secure foreign markets at times when hungry mouths, ill-clad backs, ill-furnished houses indicate countless unsatisfied material wants among our own population. If we may take the careful statistics of Mr Rowntree* for our guide, we shall be aware that one-third of the population of our towns is living at a standard which is below bare physical efficiency. If, by some economic readjustment, the products which flow from the surplus saving of the rich to swell the overflow streams, could be diverted so as to raise the incomes and the standard of consumption of this inefficient "third," there would be no need for pushful imperialism and the cause of social reform would have won its greatest victory.

It is not inherent in the nature of things that we should spend our natural resources on militarism, war, and risky, unscrupulous diplomacy in order to find markets for our goods and surplus capital. An intelligent progressive community, based upon substantial equality of economic and educational opportunities, will raise its standard of consumption to correspond with every increased power of production and will find full employment for all its capital and labour within the limits of the country which it occupies. Where the distribution of incomes is such as to enable all classes of the nation to convert their felt wants into an effective demand for commodities there can be no over-production, no under-employment of capital and labour, and no necessity to fight for foreign markets.

The most convincing condemnation of the current economy is conveyed in the difficulty which producers everywhere experience in finding consumers for their products—a fact attested by the prodigious

* "Poverty a Study of Town Life"

growth of classes of agents and middlemen, the multiplication of every sort of advertising and the general increase of the distributive classes. Under a sound economy the pressure would be reversed: the growing wants of progressive societies would be a constant stimulus to the inventive and operative energies of producers, and would form a constant strain upon the powers of production. The simultaneous excess of all the factors of production, attested by frequently recurring periods of trade depression, is a most dramatic exhibition of the false economy of distribution. It does not imply a mere miscalculation in the application of productive power, or a brief temporary excess of that power: it manifests in an acute form an economic waste which is chronic and general throughout the advanced industrial nations, a waste contained in the divorcement of the desire to consume and the power to consume.

If the apportionment of income were such as to evoke no excessive saving, full constant employment for capital and labour would be furnished at home. This of course does not imply that there would be no foreign trade. Goods that could not be produced at home, or produced as well or cheaply, would still be purchased by ordinary process of international exchange, but here again the pressure would be the wholesome pressure of the consumer anxious to buy abroad what he could not buy at home, not the blind eagerness of the producer to use every force or trick of trade or politics to find markets for his "surplus" goods.

The struggle for markets, the greater eagerness of producers to sell than of consumers to buy, is the crowning proof of a false economy of distribution. Imperialism is the fruit of this false economy, Social Reform is its remedy. The primary purpose of Social Reform, using the term in its economic signification, is to raise the wholesome standard of private and public consumption for a nation so as to enable the nation to live up to its highest standard of production. Even those social reformers who aim directly at abolishing or reducing some bad form of consumption, as in the Temperance movement, generally recognise the necessity of substituting some better form of current consumption which is more educative and stimulative of other tastes and will assist to raise the general standard of consumption.

There is no necessity to open up new foreign markets: the home markets are capable of indefinite expansion, whatever is produced in England can be consumed in England, provided that the "income" or power to demand commodities is properly distributed. This only appears untrue because of the unnatural and unwholesome specialisation to which this country has been subjected, based upon a bad distribution of economic resources which has induced an overgrowth of certain manufacturing trades for the express purpose of effecting foreign sales. If the industrial revolution had taken place in an England founded upon equal access by all classes to land, education and legislation, specialisation in manufactures would not have gone so

far (though more intelligent progress would have been made, by reason of a widening of the area of selection for inventive and organising purposes) foreign trade would have been less important though more steady, the standard of life for all portions of the population would have been high, and the present rate of national consumption would assuredly have given full, constant, remunerative employment to a far larger quantity of private and public capital than is now employed. For the over-saving or under-consumption that is traced to excessive incomes of the rich is a suicidal economy, even from the exclusive standpoint of capital; for consumption alone vitalises capital and makes it capable of yielding profits. An economy that assigns to the "possessing" classes an excess of consuming power, which they cannot use and cannot convert into really serviceable capital, is a dog-in-the-manger policy. The social reforms which deprive the possessing classes of this surplus will not therefore inflict upon them the real injury they dread: they can only use this surplus by forcing on their country a wrecking policy of imperialism. The only safety of nations lies in removing the unearned increments of income from the possessing classes and adding them to the wage-income of the working classes or to the public income, in order that they may be spent in raising the standard of consumption.

Social reform therefore bifurcates according as it seeks to achieve this end by raising wages or by increasing public taxation and expenditure. These courses are not essentially contradictory, but are rather complementary. Working class movements aim, either by private co-operation, or, by political pressure on legislative and administrative government, at increasing the proportion of the national income which accrues to labour in the form of wages, pensions, compensation for injuries, etc. State Socialism aims at getting for the direct use of the whole society an increased share of the "social values" which arise from the closely and essentially co-operative work of an industrial society, taxing property and incomes so as to draw into the public exchequer for public expenditure the "unearned elements" of income, leaving to individual producers those incomes which are necessary to induce them to apply in the best way their economic energies, and to private enterprises those businesses which do not breed monopoly and which the public need not or cannot undertake. These are not indeed the sole or the best avowed objects of social reform movements. But for the purposes of this analysis they form the kernel.

Trade Unionism and Socialism are thus the natural enemies of Imperialism, for they take away from the "imperialist" classes the surplus incomes which form the economic stimulus of Imperialism.

This does not pretend to be a final statement of the full relations of these forces. When we come to political analysis we shall perceive that the tendency of Imperialism is to crush Trade Unionism and to "nibble" at or parasitically to exploit State Socialism. But, confining our-

selves for the present to the narrowly economic setting, Trade Unionism and State Socialism may be regarded as complementary forces arrayed against Imperialism, in as far as, by diverting to working class or public expenditure elements of income which would otherwise be surplus savings, they raise the general standard of home consumption and prevent the pressure upon foreign markets. Of course, if the increase of working class income were wholly or chiefly "saved," not spent, or if the taxation of unearned incomes were utilised for the relief of other taxes borne by the possessing classes, no such result as we have described would follow. There is, however, no reason to anticipate this result from Trade Union or Socialistic measures. Though no natural economic stimulus exists to force the possessing classes to spend in further luxuries the surplus incomes which they save, every working class family is subject to powerful stimuli of economic needs, and a reasonably governed State would regard as its prime duty the relief of the present poverty of public life by new forms of socially useful expenditure.

But we are not here concerned with what belongs to the practical issues of political and economic policy. It is the economic theory for which we claim acceptance, a theory which, if accurate, dispels the illusion that expansion of foreign trade and therefore of empire is a necessity of national life.

Regarded from the standpoint of economy of energy the same "choice of life" confronts the nation as the individual. An individual may expend all his energy in acquiring external possessions, adding field to field, barn to barn, factory to factory, may "spread himself" over the widest area of property, amassing material wealth which is in some sense "himself" as containing the impress of his power and interest. He does this by specialising upon the lower acquisitive plane of life at the cost of neglecting the cultivation of the higher qualities and interests of his nature. The antagonism is not indeed absolute, as Aristotle says, "We must first secure a livelihood and then "practice virtue", so the acquisition of material property as a reasonable basis of physical comfort is held true economy by the wisest men, but the absorption of time, energy and interest upon such quantitative expansion at the necessary cost of starving the higher tastes and faculties is condemned as false economy. The same issue comes up in the business life of the individual: it is the question of intensive *versus* extensive cultivation. A rude or ignorant farmer, where land is plentiful, is apt to spread his capital and labour over a large area, taking in new tracts and cultivating them poorly; a skilled, scientific farmer will study a smaller patch of land, cultivate it thoroughly, and utilise its diverse properties, adapting it to the special needs of his most remunerative markets. The same is true of other businesses: even where the economy of large-scale production is greatest, there exists some limit beyond which the wise business man will not go,

aware that in doing so he will risk by enfeebled management what he seems to gain by mechanical economies of production and market

Everywhere the issue of quantitative *versus* qualitative growth comes up. This is the ultimate issue of empire. A people limited in number and energy and in the land they occupy have the choice of improving to the utmost the political and economic management of their own land, confining themselves to such limited accessions of territory as are justified by the most economical disposition of a growing population, or of proceeding, like the slovenly farmer, to spread their power and energy over the whole earth, tempted by the speculative value or the quick profits of some new market, or by mere greed of territorial acquisition, and ignoring the political and economic wastes and risks involved by this imperial career. It must be clearly understood that this is essentially a choice of alternatives, a simultaneous full application of intensive and extensive cultivation is impossible. A nation may either, following the example of Denmark or Switzerland, put brains into agriculture, develop a finely varied system of public education, general and technical, apply the ripest science to its special manufacturing industries, and so support in progressive comfort and character a considerable population upon a strictly limited area, or it may, like Great Britain, neglect its agriculture, allowing its lands to go out of cultivation and its population to grow up in towns, and fall behind other nations in its method of education and in the capacity of adapting to its uses the latest scientific knowledge, in order to expend its pecuniary and military resources in forcing bad markets and finding speculative fields of investment in distant corners of the earth, adding millions of square miles and of unassimilated population to the area of the empire.

The driving forces of class interest which stimulate and support this false economy we have explained. No remedy will serve which permits the future operation of these forces. It is idle to attack imperialism or militarism as political expedients or policies unless the axe is laid at the economic root of the tree, and the classes for whose interest imperialism works are shorn of the surplus revenues which seek this outlet.

J A HOBSON

IMMORTALITY. II.

FROM THE SCIENTIFIC STANDPOINT

IN approaching the subject of Immortality from the side of Science, we must be clear what it is we want to do, and what we may reasonably expect to do. By Immortality is meant the persistence and continuity of individual life after death. This is a matter which (unlike the existence of God) is conceivably open to scientific proof, that is to say, it turns upon a question of fact which comes, or which might come, within the province of physical experience. If one came back to us in visible form from that bourne whence (it is said) no traveller returns, broke the silence of death and spoke to us, or in some evident and physical way made known his presence among us again, that would be a fact of which Science could take cognisance, which it could examine, test and finally classify, for no unclassified phenomenon has, properly speaking, reached the scientific stage. It is well known that men of undoubted scientific ability and attainment have, among other matters, this very one under consideration and experiment. It is also well known that it presents the most enormous difficulties to investigation, and the greatest facilities for deception and delusion. That is no reason why success should not ultimately be attained, and though in the belief of many such researches are not only doubtful and difficult, but present distinct mental and moral dangers, that again is no reason why those who regard the importance of the end in view (scientific certainty one way or the other) as outweighing all other considerations, should not, so long as they maintain the cool and dispassionate attitude of mind which should be characteristic of all scientific enquiry, continue their investigations.

The course of these and the results so far attained are open to all who choose to study the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, and the present essay is not intended for their reproduction. Its aim is different. Apart from these investigations there is generally

thought to be justification for what may be called a scientific presumption against the persistence of individual life after death, and if this be the case, a greater weight of evidence is rightly demanded than would otherwise be necessary before it can be accepted as proved. Our object will be to enquire whether such justification does in fact exist.

In the first place it will be well to call to mind with what aspect of the universe and of man Science deals, so that we may see how far she has the right and the power of interpretation. She does not occupy herself with the physical alone. The phenomena of mind as well as body fall within her ken, "Mental Physiology" and "Psychological Physics," as well as pure Psychology, are important and well-recognised branches of her domain, and have advanced at least as much as those of older date. Facts, whether psychical or physical, are material for Science, her aim is to reduce their apparent chaos to order, to discover and establish on a firm basis their relationships and sequences, and the conditions under which they are produced, to simplify as far as possible the expression of these relationships, sequences and conditions, making the necessary formulæ as few and as comprehensive as possible,—finally to be prepared at all points for the discovery of fresh facts, discarding any theory with which they are in evident disagreement. There is, however, one essential requisite for the work of Science. It is that the facts which are her raw material shall be located in space and time. If there be such things as facts or experiences which are non-temporal and non-spatial, with these Science in the ordinary acceptance of the term cannot deal. Clearly, therefore, any purely scientific interpretation of the universe or of man must be given in terms of space and time. Science has no vocabulary to transcend them. She cannot say that they are not transcendable or transcended, but she cannot herself pass beyond their bounds. We must endeavour to see what precisely this limitation involves.

Perhaps it may be most forcibly presented by the statement that the Scientific outlook is confined to the external aspect and significance of the universe, to the *body* of experience as we may say. Its soul, its inner meaning, eludes the methods by which Science works, because these are only applicable where space and time are applicable. Consequently no scientific explanation or interpretation can be more than partially satisfactory. There is always a residuum left unaccounted for, and that residuum contains the "why" of all the "hows" that with infinite pains and toil Science has accumulated and co-ordinated. The existence of this residuum can be ignored or held of no account by any who are content to regard the universe as meaningless, but those who are sure that it has a meaning, still more those who hope that the meaning may be discoverable, are fain to seek some method of interpretation which does not pre-suppose space and time. Hence

arises the need for philosophy. Philosophy endeavours to go behind the postulates which Science perforce accepts unquestioningly, and to examine their credentials. It is not proposed to enter upon any such formidable task here. Our present concern is not with Philosophy but with Science, whose real value and importance are only appreciated when her limitations are recognised. She teaches us the course of things, not the reason of their being, she exhibits them in their relation to time and space and to the intellect of man, not in their relation to their ground and source, whatever that may be. Consequently she cannot reveal the secret or the meaning of their existence. Yet let none despise or underrate the work which is hers and which, though misleading, if supposed to comprise the whole range of knowledge, is essential to its truth and validity. We can have no reliable metaphysics unless we have first made sure of our physics. In other words, without a faithful representation of the body of experience we cannot hope to penetrate to that inner significance which we have ventured to call its soul.

So much being premised, let us turn our attention to the teaching of Science with regard to man, remembering that in his case, as in the case of the whole order of which he forms part, she is and can be presenting only one and that the outer aspect of his being.

The first and most important consideration which presents itself is the demonstrated continuity of human life with the organic universe and with itself under very varying phases of existence. For our present purpose we may leave on one side the first half of this thesis, taking it as proved that man as we know him has—as a race—ascended from and through lower types of life to his present position as the crown and cope of the known organic world. We are concerned more immediately with his individual aspect, and this we will proceed to consider in some detail.

Each human individual commences life as a single organic cell, not yet so far differentiated as to present distinctive animal characteristics. The cell undergoes a complicated process of subdivision, multiplies, the daughter cells behave in like manner, their aggregate taking to itself a more and more specialised form until first the vertebrate and then the human embryo comes into existence. The latter grows, its sex becomes apparent, its various organs commence their functions. At the end of a certain time it is ready to be born into the external world as a fully-formed human infant. Through all these prenatal changes and transmutations the individual life has been continuous, the cell is not the embryo, the embryo is not the infant but the life of the infant is one with the life of the embryo and the cell.

After birth further development is undergone. The infant grows, he shows signs of consciousness, then of self-consciousness, he gains the use and control of his limbs, he begins to understand something of himself and his relationship to his environment, he becomes capable

of sympathy, love, friendship, his bodily and mental powers increase, finally through childhood, boyhood and youth, he passes to the stage of fully developed manhood. And through all these changes, as through those that preceded birth, the individual life is continuous. The man differs from the youth, the youth from the boy, the boy from the child, the child from the infant, but the life of the man is the same life that was in the infant. More than this he identifies it as such. Since the first dawning of memory he knows that he has been the same. "It is I myself and not another who have passed through these transmutations. I was that child, that boy, that youth—I who am now the grown man." Nor do the changes cease here. The man has all his experience to accumulate, and as the saying goes this process makes "a different man" of him. He is different at 40 from 30, at 70 from 50,—different, for as he constantly asserts, "*I was so—and-so, and so-and-so, now I am something else,*" yet the same, for the difference does not consist in another individual having come into existence, but in one individual having passed through a continuous series of developments.

This fact of self-identity through difference is so entirely familiar, so completely a part (or rather the ground) of every-day experience, that the plain man simply takes it for granted, guides his actions in accordance with it, and seldom realises that there is anything peculiar or requiring explanation about it. Let us for the moment accept this point of view, and turn our attention to another less immediately obvious truth which a study of modern science brings very prominently to our notice. This is the increase of individuality apparent as we rise in the scale of organic life. It has already been observed that in the earliest stage of the human embryo, the future man is not even so far differentiated as to be distinctively animal. This fact is reproduced on a larger scale. All students of biology are familiar with those lowly and curious organisms which throughout their life-history retain both animal and vegetable characteristics, so that it is impossible to classify them correctly in either of the great divisions of the organic world. In higher organisms we no longer find this confusion existing, save in the earliest stages of their life-history. The adult forms leave no doubt as to the division in which we must place them, and as organic complexity increases, so does the oneness and distinctness of the individual life to which it ministers. Taking for convenience and brevity's sake illustrations from the animal kingdom alone, compare the individuality of an oyster with that of an ant or a bee, that of a bee with that of one of the higher vertebrates, a dog or an ape, that of an ape with that of a man. Individuality, it must be remarked, has a double aspect, the outward and the inward, the outward being that by which an observer distinguishes one individual from others of the same kind, the inward by which each individual distinguishes and identifies himself. Taking man (as we perforce must

do) as our standard observer, we may notice that his difficulty in distinguishing one individual (of the same species) from another decreases in direct proportion with the degree of organic complexity attained. He would be sore put to it to identify an oyster, he would have little difficulty in identifying a dog or a horse, and it needs no argument to show that the oyster is almost if not totally deficient in that sense of self-identity which is the inner aspect of individuality, and which is possessed to a distinct extent by the higher animals and to an incomparably higher degree by man. The inner and the outer aspects develop together, and man, who possesses both in the highest known degree, is the most individual being with whom Science has to deal. That constitutes the great difficulty of Science with regard to him. For despite her attention to details, and her accumulation of minute separate facts, she is very highly abstract in her aims. She descends to particulars only to attain generalisation. Her great end is classification, her search is for types, and too persistent and assertive an individuality is her bane. She cannot away with it. Yet after all the type exists quite as much for the individuals as the individuals for the type, and forgetfulness of this fact has caused a one-sidedness in scientific interpretations of man which need not have been incurred.

Even had this error been avoided, however, Science could never give a complete account of man, and that because she cannot view his individuality from within. None but the man himself can do that. Psychology classifies his mental conditions, feelings, activities, emotions, but that very fact precludes any but an external understanding of him. From the internal point of view he cannot be classified: he is unique. When all his mental experiences have been placed under their appropriate heads, perception, ideation, intellection, and the rest, he himself is conscious that the central point has never been touched, that all this even when he has studied it in himself is knowledge *about* him, but not knowledge *of* him. That is still a closed door to which Science does not possess the "Open, sesame." It was perhaps inevitable, though infinitely to be regretted, that this being the case there should have been attempts to interpret man upon the important but evidently incomplete data that Science could accumulate, and judgment was pronounced from the outside point of view, the result being that man was declared to be nothing but a bundle of impressions—a stream of consciousnesses which somehow or other (it never could be clearly stated how) wove themselves into temporary unity and evolved that illusory but very convenient notion of self-identity. Baldly stated, this doctrine, which Hume initiated and which has commended itself to various leaders of modern scientific thought, notably to Huxley, appears so difficult of comprehension, and when grasped so innately absurd, that the plain man may be safely trusted to discard it. Impressions without a something impressed, a stream of consciousnesses self-deluded into the recognition of a one and

undivided non-existent self, appear to the ordinary mind sheer absurdities

The difficulty of understanding, and the impossibility of classifying individual man have played their part in helping to turn aside thought from looking upon him as of any great importance in solving historical, social and anthropological problems. It is much easier to study him in classes and masses, communities, nations and races. Psychology itself is occupied with generic rather than individual man. It is difficult to see how it could be otherwise, for even in that analysis of consciousness which is one of the principal psychological methods, it is still always man as object who is under observation, *ie*, man as he can be known, not as he knows. This last knowledge is—in the sense in which we are now taking it—only possible to each individual man for himself, and even by him not classifiable, intuitive not reasoned. Self knowledge is impenetrable from without, incommunicable, in each case unique, consequently outside the range of Science, for whom the unique is inadmissible. This being the case it is no matter for surprise that she should assume for her own purposes that man as she knows him, social, psychological man, is man complete, and treat that inner individual aspect which for ever eludes her as of little or no moment. For her own purposes she is justified in doing this, so long as she does not endeavour to impose her point of view as sufficient and satisfactory beyond her own sphere.

To attempt this would be to ignore what Science is pledged never to ignore, a great natural fact, to the recognition of which, as we have seen, all those biological processes which are one of her especial and most successful studies lead up. The increasing stress laid upon individuality, as we rise in the scale of organic life, denotes that in the economy of Nature the individual, however partially understood, is of great and peculiar importance. It is customary to say that Nature ignores the individual, that she cares only for the good of the species, the improved type, and that to secure her end, holocausts of individuals are offered up. Tennyson saw farther than this —

“So careful of the type? But no!
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, ‘A thousand types are gone,
I care for nothing, all shall go’”

But “all” does not go, there remains from stage to stage an election, an election among the “types,” an election among the individuals that conform to the types. The “fittest” survive, and when that abstraction the “species” is brought down to concrete life, the “fittest,” the inheritors at any given moment of all the treasures of evolution so far accumulated, are a certain number of *individuals*. It would therefore be quite as true, and often less misleading, to say that individuals rather than “types” are the special care of Nature.

There is, however, one fact undeniable till we come to man, viz, that the *raison d'être* of each individual existence apparently ceases at death. It seems to have no further possibilities but to have been exhausted by the demand made upon it in this visible course of things. Taking even the highest animals below man, this statement, where their life follows a normal course, is obviously true. With man, as we have seen, the case is different. So far from actual conditions exhausting his individuality, they rather seem insufficient to rouse its highest powers, or exhibit its full scope. His conscious demand for himself and his fellows is more time, fewer physical disabilities and mental limitations, a wider sphere, a fuller experience, a larger life. And making ample allowance for the truth which Weismann has so prominently brought forward, that as things are, the short duration of life among the higher animals is racially good because the function of reproduction is thus reserved to those fittest to exercise it, and a more vigorous vitality passed on to the succeeding generations, we cannot but recognise that in the case of man this benefit is conferred at the cost of an individual loss large out of all proportion to that incurred at any lower stage in the organic world. The possibilities of no human individual are exhausted at death, and the more highly trained, cultured, and intellectually or practically active his life has been, the more do we perceive that his capacity has been greater than his attainment. This fact is certainly no *proof* that his individual life does not terminate at death, but assuming (as in a future essay the writer hopes to show we have a right to assume) a scale of values in Nature, and recognising that if such a scale exists a premium is placed upon individuality, a *presumption* which we may justly call scientific is afforded that the individual man does not cease at death. If this be so, the result, so far as Science is concerned, upon the question of Immortality, would be the same as that in other cases of a scientific presumption. The suggestion would be accepted as a working hypothesis which a further accumulation and study of facts would either disprove or raise to the rank of an accepted theory.

Let us assume for the sake of argument merely that the latter alternative has occurred*. What would then be the position of Science with regard to the persistence of individual life after death? She would accept the fact as she accepts the fact of life after birth. She would note and classify the phenomena upon which her conviction is based. She would incidentally urge that conduct should be such as to subserve the interests (so far as from her point of view she is able to infer them) of life beyond as well as of life before death. She would encourage research into that as into any other unknown, or

* In the opinion of some it has occurred already, but scientific men as a body have certainly not yet reached so far as the working hypothesis stage, and in the opinion of the present writer never will, while they retain the presumption against the possibility of individual survival after death.

partially known, region of investigation. She would endeavour to ascertain, if possible to produce experimentally, the conditions of such life, and in case of success we should doubtless have a body of scientific men devoted to this special study and with continually improving methods of pursuing it. How far this might be an advantage to mankind at large it is difficult to determine, but one thing is certain, the inner significance of individual human life would be as far from the ken of Science as ever. She would indeed be able to assert with even more confidence than she now too often denies its persistence after death, and this might produce a sobering and awe-inspiring effect on the thoughtful, but her material would still be the body, not the soul, of experience, and in presenting this new class of facts she would be as unable to give a complete and satisfying interpretation of them as she is of the facts pertaining to the life of man as she at present recognises it.

These remarks are made in no carping or fault-finding spirit, but to correct what seems to the writer a double misconception, viz., (1) that Science is justified in a presumption against the persistence of individual human life after death, and (2) that were the contrary proved, she would be in a position to give an entirely different interpretation of that life as a whole. The considerations which have occupied us in the present essay show, on the contrary, that the true scientific presumption is rather for than against the persistence of individual life after death and that in any case it is not within the province of Science to attempt a complete interpretation of the life of man, whether or not it persists after death in individual form. In this second statement we are only asserting that in the region of Knowledge, as in that of practical life, there is a division of labour, that though Science can do much, she cannot do all, and that her efforts need to be supplemented by work of another kind, to which her own is indispensable but which it cannot supply.

The presence—we might say the omnipresence—of individuality, not only in the organic world but in the known universe, might be illustrated in many ways. Man is only an extreme instance of that which is foreshadowed with ever-increasing clearness as his own status in the Natural Order is approached. That Order itself in its entirety bears the impress of individuality. It is not one of a class, it is unique. It is this—and not that. Each event occurs because the universe is what it is and not something else, and so complete is its individuality (technically called the Uniformity of Nature) that even its possibilities—the things which may be or may not be—are limited to the kind of things which are in consonance with its characteristics as a whole.

One fundamental characteristic is the persistence of the same thing through manifold changes of form. What is known in physics as the Conservation of Energy is an illustration of this on a large scale. The

technical definition of Energy is capacity for work, and by its conservation is meant that in the transmutations which this capacity undergoes, being now potential, now kinetic, appearing at one moment as mechanical motion, at another as heat, its sum remains the same. No "Energy"—science tells us—is ever lost. Yet this assertion needs to be qualified by another, viz, that in every transmutation some energy is "dissipated," *i.e.*, the exact equivalent does not reappear in usable form. It escapes, and though still in existence is, for practical purposes, whether these be cosmical processes or the ends of applied Science, wasted. The scientific significance of this fact is that the course of things, as we know it, must come to an end in time. The time may be (though so far as the solar system is concerned it appears possibly predicable within some millions of years) immeasurable, but none the less it has a term, and when that term is reached the condition of the known universe will be what is best described as that of death. Its whole available energy will by then be degraded into heat of a low and absolutely uniform temperature, and the result will be absence of light, warmth and life. It should be remarked, however, that the shell—if we may so call it—of the cosmos will apparently remain. Science does not seem able to predict what will become of the agglomerations of matter known to us as Stellar Systems. Apparently the law of gravitation will continue to hold, and dead worlds will revolve round dark suns in hopeless and impenetrable mystery. The death of the universe, if such be a true representation of it, is thus infinitely more desolate and unlovely than the death of organic forms. These at any rate by returning to their elements minister to the continuance and furtherance of life and beauty. Though they themselves perish, their dissolution is instinct with promise and service,—but the dead Cosmos, so far as Science can speak, is devoid of promise and serves nothing. Perhaps this very fact, opposed as it is to all analogy with known cosmical processes during the ages of their duration, may point to the inference that scientific data are here insufficient for prediction, and that there may be, even from her own point of view, possibilities in the decay of the universe which she is not as yet in a position to suggest. However this may be, it is more important for our purpose that we should return to our consideration of the persistence of individual life through organic and super-organic changes.

A favourite analogy with those who believe in the persistence of human individuality after death has been the life-history of insects, the metamorphoses they undergo strikingly exhibiting the possibility of the same individual passing into totally different conditions of life, yet retaining its identity. This is an obvious and a picturesque illustration, but it is not in reality so striking as that which has already been drawn from the life-history of the higher animals. The changes there exhibited are apparently more gradual, but they are as great,

indeed greater than in the case of insects. There is more difference between the ovum of a vertebrate animal, and the adult form of that animal, than there is for instance between the chrysalis and the butterfly. In one respect, however, the latter analogy offers a suggestion which is not found in the case of the higher vertebrates, though in that of reptiles it to some extent exists*. The fully-formed butterfly emerges from the chrysalis case and leaves the latter behind to be resolved into its elements, having no use for it in the new and higher phase of life which has begun. Assuming that the human individual enters at death into new conditions of life, this analogy may assist us to understand that he need not be thought of as bodiless, because the body which sufficed to his needs under the old conditions has been left to return to its elements and be transmuted through natural processes into other forms to subserve other uses. If we may so express it, it is not the body, but the body-building power possessed by all organisms, which is the important matter. Part of the individuality of all living beings consists in the unique way in which in every case the body-building power exhibits itself. In the same organic division the body is always built on the same plan, yet no two individuals have bodies which are identically the same. Even in the case of twins this is true. The difference lies in some subtle individual idiosyncrasy in the body-building power, which so far Science is unable to penetrate. The individuality of the body becomes far more evident, however, as we rise in the organic scale, and is most evident in man. In him too for the first time the body-building power seems to fail in providing adequate expression for the being to which it is linked. The man is more, is capable of more, than owing to his physical limitations he is able to make clear to himself or to others. It is for this reason that we feel impelled to speak of them as limitations. The body of a bird or of any animal does not strike us as limiting its individuality, rather as expressing it in a most complete and appropriate manner. The individuality of many a human being, on the contrary, seems to be fighting its way to expression through bodily hindrances, rather than clothing itself in a suitable and controllable form.

It would be unwise to lay too much stress on such considerations as the above, yet they are worthy of notice. They are among the facts which it should be the part of Science to note and classify, the part of Philosophy and Religion to interpret. In the present essay our concern is with the scientific aspect of the subject alone, and enough has perhaps been said to show that individuality is one of the most salient characteristics of the universe, that it assumes a special importance in the organic region of that universe, and in man is incomparably stronger, fuller, and at the same time less adequately

* The reference of course is to the periodical casting of the skin, but the analogy is not so close or so striking as in the case of insects, which enter into actually new conditions of life. Reptiles remain in the same

expressed than in that of any other living being. Consequently the possibility in his case of its continuance after death deserves to be seriously confronted.

To do this we must have recourse to philosophical considerations, considerations that is, which, while accepting all the conclusions of Science within her own province, that of Space and Time, decline to regard them as final, but seek to penetrate the inner significance of facts of which Science can only give an external interpretation.

From the scientific standpoint, then, all we can claim (apart from those facts adverted to at the commencement of this essay, the reality of which is still under test and discussion) is a presumption in favour of the persistence of human individual life after death, a presumption founded on the prominent place of individuality in Nature, and its presence in so high a degree in man that actual conditions are insufficient to give it scope.

One word may perhaps be added with reference to those alleged occurrences which if substantiated would, it is thought, place individual immortality beyond the pale of scientific doubt. If any reader will be at the pains to seriously question his personal friends and acquaintances, accepting only first-hand evidence, he will be surprised to find how numerous are the instances of *unsought* but apparently indubitable reappearances of, or communications from those who have died to those who are living. They are seldom spoken of for two reasons, (1) that such experiences are usually held too sacred by their subjects to be freely communicated to others, and (2) that there exists so great a prejudice against their reality that sensible and healthy-minded persons (and the evidence of no others in these matters could be accepted) shrink from laying themselves open to the almost certain accusation of an over-excitible imagination, a morbid mental or physical condition and the like. Consequently many occurrences which at first sight might, as it seems, be exceedingly important from the scientific point of view, are either never mentioned at all, or are kept back till owing to the length of time which has elapsed, and perhaps the death of the chief person concerned, they become unverifiable. This would be more regrettable than it is, were it not for the fact that save to this person, the one to whom the communication is made, it can never approve itself as reliable in the present state of scientific opinion. Experiences of the kind which the writer has in view are, if real and unsought, so absolutely impossible to reproduce and so personal in their character and import, that though to their subject they may be absolutely convincing, and to those whose personal knowledge of him places his trustworthiness beyond doubt highly interesting and suggestive, they, like some other individual experiences, are not matter for scientific investigation. The occurrences which do so lend themselves either are or tend to be reproducible under known conditions. Consequently

though as a rule they are infinitely more trivial in nature than the unsought experiences referred to, they are more valuable scientifically and more calculated to overcome prejudice

But the true natural scale of values is not always the same as that of Science, and in another region of knowledge, which it will be our object to explore on a future occasion, it may appear that those strictly individual manifestations have a worth and significance not to be ignored and despised. In the meanwhile we may close with the remark that save to the wilfully ignorant or prejudiced the existence of telepathy, that is communication between human beings under present known conditions, without any traceable physical intervention, is an established fact. Assuming that human beings exist under other and unknown conditions, telepathy offers a means of communication with those living the present visible life which it would be almost impossible to suppose would never be used, and this is a reflection full of pregnant suggestion to those who do not regard the known as co-extensive with the existing universe

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

PREVALENT ILLUSIONS ON ROMAN HISTORY.

THERE are few illusions so difficult to dispel as those so fondly cherished on Roman history. The source of those illusions may be traced without much effort. Very few people, once their schooldays are over, read Roman history, and in youth it is the romantic and poetic which strike and impress the imagination. Now the early history of Rome is said to be more poetical than anything else in Latin literature—native where almost everything else is borrowed, imaginative where almost everything else is prosaic. And fiction, for once, is stranger than truth, it is certainly more fascinating and inspiring. But the ideas of the careful and dispassionate student receive a rude shock when he passes the region of romance and firmly plants himself on the groundwork of fact and reality.

It is no slight tribute to the genius of Macaulay to say that to him is due no small measure of this misconception. His thrilling ballads have thrown a glamour over Roman history which is decidedly pernicious in its effect on the study of that interesting subject. True it is that in a preface of some forty pages he is careful to warn his readers that the *Lays* are pure fiction, that the history of the period covered by them is filled with battles that were never fought, and Consuls that were never inaugurated, except in the glowing imagination of Livy. But where is the boy who could wade through a long preface, be it ever so learned, interesting, and attractive, with a ballad like *Horatius* ready to stir his young blood?

Thus it is that whenever statesman or orator is heard, in a sudden access of enthusiasm, comparing Great Britain with ancient Rome, it may be safely assumed that his sentiments are a survival of the classroom. A more misleading and useless comparison it would not be easy to conceive. There is precious little in the history of the Roman Republic that modern nations might imitate with credit and advantage, and still less in that of Imperial Rome. For at least four centuries after the foundation of Rome there is scarcely a single event which is not enshrouded in mystery. When the mists do roll away plebeian is dis-

covered under the heel of patrician, and Spurius Cassius is hounded to death for daring to espouse the cause of the weak and oppressed. And this fierce and bloody civil discord continues with gathering fury till Julius Cæsar ends it by enslaving both patrician and plebeian alike.

“Then none was for a party.
 Then all were for the state,
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great
 Then lands were fairly portioned,
 Then spoils were fairly sold,
 The Romans were like brothers in the brave days of old.”

A state of affairs which obtained somewhere in cloud-cuckoo-land *Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité*, was a sentiment which found but scant favour and support in the Roman Republic.

We are not infrequently reminded that, like the Romans of old, we are a warlike no less than a great commercial nation. Now ancient Rome was never formidable in commerce,—far from it, but of that anon. Upon its arms it was that Rome reposed its claim to rank with the greatest nations of the ancient world—its arms and its manhood or character. And it would be no exaggeration to affirm that England displayed more character in the last century than did Rome in the twenty-two centuries of its existence. An impartial analysis discloses a lamentable lack of balance and symmetry in the characters of the best and noblest of the ancients. The prowess, too, of Rome might be easily exaggerated. Rome was singularly well placed as to geographical situation. It lay in the very lap of the ancient world, the surrounding climate was fair and the soil exceedingly fertile. “Campania the blessed,” exclaimed Pliny, “where all human delights “meet and vie with each other.” And not less well placed was Rome as to time. The fierce and mighty warrior-kings of Babylon and Assyria had long since spent their strength, and the teeming cities of Magna Græcia had passed the blood and iron stage of civilisation and quietly settled down to the arts of peace, the wealthiest, the most luxurious, and the most highly civilised of them, like Tarentum, were the least warlike. Greek cunning and refinement were destined to yield to Roman greed and ambition.

The splendid and commendable ideal of a citizen army was soon found to be too difficult of attainment. The effect of war and conquest exterminated the small proprietors and the free peasantry which had once tilled the soil of Italy and formed the backbone of the army. As soon as a soldier class was formed, the system of payment by results engendered a fatal thirst for plunder and rapine which ultimately transformed the standing armies of Rome into an organised instrument of spoliation.

The lust of conquest, fighting for its own sake, took possession of the

Romans They added conquest to conquest till the world (as they bombastically phrased it) lay prostrate at their feet, and then they forgot their duty to Rome and turned their arms against one another At one period the mother of empires was surrounded by four armies of her rebellious sons

The achievements of Roman arms, it is important to remember, were recorded by the Romans themselves or their Greek flatterers and parasites And yet they are reduced to confess that 8,000 Numantians held out for ten years against the ablest generals that Rome could produce, that Hannibal maintained himself two years, though ridiculously outnumbered, against the whole power of Rome in the very heart of Italy, that Pyrrhus, the redoubtable "eagle of Epirus," taxed the strength of the Roman Republic to its last nerve and sinew, that it took the Romans full seventy years to crush the Samnites, and a hundred and twenty years to complete the subjugation of Italy—while the Greeks under Alexander effected in ten years the conquest of the East, that the Romans plundered works of art and wantonly destroyed monuments wherever they found them,—the Vulturnians alone they relieved of two thousand statues,—and finally, that the taking of Corinth by the barbarian Mummius was signalised by every horror usual in Roman warfare, and rendered famous, or infamous, beyond similar catastrophies by the recklessness with which they destroyed the masterpieces of Greek art Many and bitter were the jibes hurled by the witty Greeks at their rude and ignorant despoilers The civilisation of Etruria the Romans made disappear from the sight of men, to be rediscovered at the end of twenty centuries among the buried tombs of forgotten Lucumon

The fighting qualities of the Roman soldier differed little either in kind or degree from those of the soldiers whom he encountered. Among ancient nations war was prosecuted with bloody and ruthless severity Acting on the adage that the rapine of an hour was more profitable than the industry of a lifetime, they indulged their passions without control Each combatant strenuously strove for victory, for to survive defeat was worse than death According to the maxims of antiquity the lives of the vanquished were the prize of the victor So appalling was the condition of the captive that in the Assyrian tablets it is no uncommon sight to see defeated king or general offering his sword to his faithful slave, and presenting his bare neck, imploring him to perform the last kind office that remains In Roman history the same practice occurs with painful frequency

The Romans were the last of a group of small states to cultivate the arts of peace, being more barbarous, they were more successful than their neighbours For it invariably happened that in the crash of ancient nations the cultured and voluptuous went down before the virile energies of the semi-civilised To this rule Persia was, perhaps, a conspicuous exception, for the dashing and ubiquitous Persian

cavalry never failed to convince the legions on which bank of the Euphrates lay the boundary of the Roman Empire

The mettle of the Roman soldier was proved in the Punic wars. The flush of pride and the spell of prosperity which succeeded the victory over Hannibal rapidly sapped the virility of the Roman citizen. In two or three generations after that glorious epoch the land that had nourished and reared a race of hardy warriors had been, in the words of Seneca, delivered over to fettered feet, bound hands, and branded faces, and the defence of Rome was reposed on the precarious faith of four hundred thousand mercenaries, many of whom had never seen Rome, and many more had never heard the name. Rome itself no longer produced the material for soldiers. The most warlike of the emperors found it difficult to collect an army, and still more difficult to hold it together when they did collect it. The brilliant exploits of Constantine were not performed by Romans, but by the hardy legions of northern Europe, composed of Gauls, Britons, and Germans. At the head of forty thousand of these warriors Constantine marched into Italy against Maxentius and encountered and defeated an army of Romans consisting of three times their number, but made up of a horde of invertebrates whose fighting qualities had evaporated in the baths and theatres.

— “well fought, we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stand,
Nor cowardly in retire ”—*Shakespeare*.

That the Roman soldier was gifted with no monopoly of courage and bravery the stringent measures adopted and enforced by Roman generals and emperors will bear witness. When hard pressed there was a growing tendency in the soldiers of the able and austere Julian to “devour the paths of flight”, while the armies of the brilliant and heroic Belisarius not only flinched under fire, they deserted *en masse* and transferred their services to the enemy.

“Most excellent prince, we are arrived in Italy destitute of all the necessary implements of war, men, horses, arms and money. In our late circuit through the villages of Thrace and Illyricum, we have collected, with extreme difficulty, about four thousand recruits, naked and unskilled in the use of weapons and the exercises of the camp. The soldiers already stationed in the provinces are discontented, fearful, and dismayed, at the sound of an enemy, they dismiss their horses, and cast their arms on the ground. No taxes can be raised, since Italy is in the hands of the barbarians; the failure of payment has deprived us of the right of command, or even of admonition. Be assured, dread Sir, that the greater part of your troops have already deserted to the Goths. If the war could be achieved by the presence of Belisarius alone, your wishes are satisfied, Belisarius is in the midst of Italy. But if you desire to conquer, far other preparations are requisite without a military force, the title

"of general is an empty name It would be expedient to restore to my service my own veterans and domestic guards Before I take the field, I must receive an adequate supply of light and heavy armed troops, and it is only with ready money that you can procure the indispensable aid of a powerful body of the cavalry of the Huns"

This graphic picture is not particularly flattering to Roman valour and discipline The letter is from Belisarius to his master Justinian.

Rome was much more limited in extent and power than is generally supposed "The city which holds sway over every land and sea," is a mere hyperbole, nothing more Three thousand miles by two thousand was the utmost extent to which it ever attained The most cool-headed and astute of the emperors was not slow to recognise that extent of territory did not make for the strength and stability of the empire The real strength of Rome was confined to the fringe of the Mediterranean As a matter of fact, neither Greek nor Roman civilisation ever did penetrate much beyond those fertile shores From the day that Hanno, the Carthaginian, defied the Romans to as much as wash their hands in the sea to that on which the empire of the East engaged Genoese ships and seamen to chase the Turks out of the Bosphorus, the Romans proved contemptible sailors And universal sway in the domain either of politics or commerce has never yet been held by a race which shrank from the perils and hardships of the sea It is only the master of the sea, runs the ancient maxim, who will acquire the dominion of the land Deprived of all rights and privileges, hampered and restricted in every way which malice and jealousy could devise, the Carthaginians proved more than a match in trade and commerce for their relentless Roman masters, and continued so to do till the Romans annihilated them Not without good cause was it that Cato declared Carthage must be razed, and the ploughshare run over its site The commercial supremacy of Corinth, too, determined the Romans to wreak destruction on that brilliant centre of light and leading, while it was observed with grim humour that many of the Greek cities prospered apace in virtue of the fact that they produced wealth more rapidly than their Roman masters could consume it

Many of the drawbacks of the Roman commercial system were no doubt due to the fact that the Romans preceded us by some twenty centuries The ancients were comparatively slightly endowed with the commercial instinct, the fiscal system of the Romans, for example, was to the last rude and burdensome The state did not afford that protection and stability which are calculated to foster trade and encourage enterprise Security is the spur of industry The system of police which modern nations have invented and perfected was entirely unknown to the ancients The Roman waters were constantly infested with pirates, while the roads were harassed by brigands The policy of Rome towards many of the Italian cities ostensibly under its ægis

was ridiculously narrow and restricted. No such thing as mutual trust existed. With each city Rome made a separate treaty. There were some with whom she refused to trade, while of others she would not permit the citizens to marry with citizens of Rome. The great highways of Rome, in common with those of Babylon and Assyria, were primarily constructed for military purposes, cross-country communication to facilitate trade was entirely neglected. And finally, the slight favour and esteem in which a seafaring life was held by the Romans would always dispose of their claim to commercial supremacy.

The deeds of the patricians are in no way commensurate with the space which that exalted order fills in history. The nobles seem to have been utterly incapable of grappling with a new situation arising out of a changed condition of affairs. They dissipated their strength as well as the resources of the state in blindly opposing every new movement intended for the commonweal, instead of guiding and directing it. Pride, arrogance, and exclusiveness were the traits most conspicuous in their characters. In an aristocracy, a manly pride might be a pardonable vice, theirs was vain and contemptible, their arrogance and exclusiveness knew no bounds. Under the most galling yoke of Venetian tyranny the victim met his oppressor on a footing of religious equality, or was piously supposed so to do. In ancient Rome no such thing as religious equality was tolerated. There were religious rites in which the plebeians were never permitted to participate, and mysteries into which they were never initiated. For centuries the patricians tenaciously clung to all the civil and religious privileges and places of emolument. To them belonged almost all the pontifical offices, and therewith the performance of the most indispensable functions on all public occasions. And the nobles violated this sacred trust to silence and crush their political opponents. In vain did the plebeians extort from their rivals complete equality of suffrage, the suffrage could not be legally exercised unless a patrician officer pronounced the omens favourable, and the assemblies of every class and order were liable to interruption if the priest or augur affirmed that the omens were unpropitious. The nobles affected an air of superior sanctity too, which was not less provoking than their perversion of the power which flowed from the sacred offices.

Then again, for centuries the civil law of Rome was the law of the primitive race, the law of the patricians only, and the patricians alone claimed the right of expounding it. In their dealings with one another the plebeians might follow a common law or custom of their own, but as against the rival order, the real masters of the state—the state itself, in fact—the commons as the inferior or vassal race had no standing in the law-courts. When the plebeians became numerically stronger and began to appreciate the importance of political power, they determined to share in these special prerogatives. The very existence of the commonwealth was imperilled by the discords of the two orders, and

the gutters flowed again and again with the blood of Rome's best and bravest sons. From the foregoing one would be prepared to hear that the ruling class was jealous of its dignity and political purity. But as a matter of fact the nobles were a parcel of crafty intriguers who made and administered the laws with a view solely to their own interest and aggrandisement. In the Roman senate every man had his price. The love of gold was the sordid spring of the most brilliant enterprises of the republic. In this verdict history is unanimous.

The Roman democracy was, perhaps, the cleanest and sweetest that ever lived on the face of the earth. Not Rome is it, but the London of the Tudors, that Shakespeare has in his mind when he makes Coriolanus bid the rabblement wash their faces and keep their teeth clean. "The rabblement," says Casca, in another place, "hooted and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath," etc.—a gross and gratuitous libel. The Romans elevated the use of soap and water to a fine art. Half their time was spent in the baths. For a small coin, something less than an eighth of a penny a day, the plebeian might brush with his betters in those magnificent palaces of voluptuousness and imitate their vices—at a distance. This said, the plebeians have very little more claim upon our consideration, for a more contemptible pack of rascals never sullied the pages of history. The body politic was clogged and hampered by a horde of frivolous and irresponsible citizens, hopelessly abandoned to ease and amusement. Precious little risk did they run of being troubled with chapped hands. Bread, wine, and bacon were freely provided by the bounty of the state, for it was beneath the dignity of "a race of warriors" to engage in trade or the handicrafts which were reserved for slaves and freedmen. Their battles they decided by the tongue in the baths and market-place, for very shortly after the second Punic war the Roman citizen contrived somehow to do his fighting by proxy. The plebeians despised and derided the patient husbandman of the provinces as well as the industrious craftsman of the city, flattered themselves that they were the "ruling race", an illusion which the patricians artfully indulged to divert attention from their own intrigues and political plans. Under the republic the nobles insensibly cozened them out of the substantial rights of citizenship. The emperors increased the number and splendour of free public amusements and triumphs, and suppressed the political aspirations of the citizens by planting in their midst the fierce and bloody Prætorian Guards. The plebeians abandoned themselves more and more to pleasure and distractions till at last they sank into the mere proletariat (*producers of children*). Under the Cæsars the roll of Roman citizenship was swelled by Gauls, Greeks, Egyptians, Jews, and Syrians. *Civis Romanus sum* ceased to have any meaning. So great was the havoc wrought by idleness and indulgence upon the character of the Romans that that once proud title excited only the

derision of strangers. The subjects of Valentinus abjured and abhorred the name of Roman citizen which had formerly excited the ambition of mankind. And whenever the Franks and the Lombards expressed their most bitter contempt of a foe, they called him a Roman, and in this name, says a contemporary, "we include whatever is base, whatever is cowardly, whatever is perfidious, the extreme of avarice and luxury, and every vice that can prostitute the dignity of human nature." Mommsen declares that all the evils inseparable from a great capital were intensified at Rome, and there were others peculiar to itself, while Gibbon asserts that under the empire Rome became a sink into which flowed the vices of the universe.

Dependent and degraded as the plebeians were, they had the proud satisfaction of seeing a slave class hopelessly struggling still lower than themselves in the social scale. It is above all this stupendous system of slavery which renders any comparison between ancient Rome and modern social institutions and political systems so futile and barren of results. If the patricians stubbornly resisted every attempt of the plebeians to share their political power and religious privileges, the plebeians just as steadfastly denied the rights of citizenship to slaves and strangers. The abject state of bondage of the Roman slave is, at this time of day, difficult to imagine, impossible to realise. Often enough have we set forth pictures of the greatness of the Roman world, but seldom of its littleness, of its material unity, extent and magnificence, rarely of its moral poverty and desolation. The servile population of Rome numbered twice that of the free. The conquest of all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, in the 150 years preceding Christ, flooded the Roman world with slaves. The forum is full of the slaves of all nations, and countless thousands are calling for their human prey from the piled up seats of the Coliseum. And these slaves were not of an inferior or even markedly different race from their masters. Drawn from Germany, Gaul, Spain, Northern Africa, Syria, Asia Minor, Greece, and Thrace, the vast majority belonged, like their captors, to the great Aryan race. On the whole the Roman slave was in natural gifts of body and mind fully his master's equal. What then was his social condition in Rome, the centre, the ruler, the presiding genius of the civilised world—she who, in the words of Strabo, "had taught humanity to man"?

A slave was a piece of property, an animated instrument, something absolutely belonging to his master, a being absorbed in his master's being by whom he could be given, lent, pledged, exchanged or sold. This was the fundamental notion of Roman slavery in particular, that the slave was a thing, not a person, so specially a thing, that the Roman word for chattel belonged to him peculiarly. He was *mancipium*, a marvellous expression of the hard Roman idea, by which the human being became a thing which you could grasp in your hand. Varro, in treating of agriculture, wrote

"There are three sorts of instruments, vocal, semi-vocal, and mute
"vocal, which comprises slaves, semi-vocal, oxen, mute, wagons"

The slave had no political rights. An attempt to enter military service or take any civil office was punished with death. He had no power to receive a legacy, no power of legal action. He could not give evidence save upon torture. His punishment was left entirely in his master's hands. The right of the master had no limitation. There was an old law punishing with death the killing of an ox, but the law made no such provision in the case of the slave. The master might condemn his slave, his sentence itself was subject to no control, and its execution to no impediment.

What could be the superstructure of a society reared on a basis like this? Slave labour was continually supplanting free labour: the time-honoured pursuits of the husbandman and the craftsman, and even the liberal arts such as medicine, art, and architecture were rendered ignominious because they became the portion of slaves. Again, not only were servants slaves, but slaves were the only servants.

Yet all this is as nothing to the fountain of moral corruption opened by slavery in every Roman household. It was not merely that the labour, the time, the health and strength of the slave belonged to his master, not merely that he might be poorly fed, miserably lodged, beaten without mercy, cast out in his sickness or age, crucified in his youth, it was that the common nature of man in him was not recognised, that the last stronghold of purity, sanctity and conscience was recklessly invaded and violated. There was, be it remembered, according to Roman law, and what is more according to universal Roman custom, no such thing as adultery, no such thing as seduction, no such thing as outrage in the case of male as well as female slaves. The Roman house was a fortress within which, as concerns the relation of master and slave, the writ of the law did not run. What passed within it was not merely unpunished, it could not be known. A heathen household, observes one writer, is a sink of impurity into which we must not venture to enter.

And what was the social and political temper which slavery generated around and outside of itself? What was the condition and the spirit of the free? This rich man, to whose absolute power the life, the honour, the happiness of so many slaves were committed without a check upon passion or caprice, what else could he be but a tyrant, regardless of human life and suffering? By the original constitution of the Roman family he was made master with power of life and death over both wife and children. But when in addition to this his household was founded upon slavery, when from his tenderest youth he had been received in the arms of slaves, heard their language, witnessed their habits, beheld them not merely sacrificed to their master's advantage, but crouching before his feet in helpless impotence, where was he to learn the spirit of a father or of a citizen? And the poor freedman,

supplanted by the slave of the rich in the great field of trade and industry, indisposed moreover to work of all kinds, as being the lot of the slave, what had he left to him but his quality of a Roman, dependence upon the imperial largess of corn and money, and servile flattery of his patron as client?

And what was the strength and quality of the moral fibre of society when ancient Rome sat a queen? Her gods were deified men, who carried out the enjoyment of every lust with superhuman power. Despair and depression had seized on the higher class of minds, while the lower wallowed in gross sensuality. The poison of voluptuousness ran in her blood through every vein. In the age of Augustus Cæsar no virtue had become so rare and so little esteemed as the virtue of moral purity. A profound contempt for human life permeated society. The rich man, after indulging every fancy, and revelling to satiety in every pleasure, would die of weariness. Suicide was deliberately proposed by the most moral of heathen philosophic systems as an escape from pain, disease, bereavement or disappointment.

"Man," observes Darwin, "is more powerful in body and mind than woman, and in the savage state he keeps her in a more abject state of bondage than does the male of any other animal." The condition of women in any society is no unreliable test of the moral tone of that society. In Greek and in Roman civilisation the condition of women was perilously akin to that of the savage state. Woman was not the partner of man's life, but the instrument of his selfish pleasures, or at best, a means to an end, an evil which could not be escaped, in order that there might be house and children, and if made at all from him she was made not from the region of his heart, but his feet. The two great evils of human life, idolatry and slavery, fell with crushing weight upon her. Whatever honour a woman could hope for was as wife and mother. A glance at the writings of Seneca and St Paul will reveal that as a wife she had formidable rivals not only in her own but in the opposite sex, and the authority and influence of a Roman mother must have been contemptible, for she herself was regarded by law as an overgrown infant, and custom answered only too well to the law. Women were condemned to the perpetual tutelage of parents, husbands, or guardians, a sex created to please and obey was never supposed to have attained the age of reason and experience. Her condition might be expressed with the utmost severity of philosophic truth in the prophetic words of Genesis: "I will multiply thy sorrows in thy conceptions, in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee."

Rome was the centre of the world, and from every subject province streamed a host of slaves, the most accomplished and refined, soon to become the most abandoned of both sexes. In them an inexhaustible supply of fresh victims made up for the rapid waste of life,

and a slave-market, fed by a subject world, was always at the flood. But what was the result to the masters? That fearful miasma of unnatural immorality extended and increased its ravages and threatened to destroy the race. We find a series of laws passed by Augustus and the succeeding emperors to encourage, to enjoin, marriage, giving rewards and privileges to those who had families, fining and censuring celibacy. But all in vain. Under Augustus the number of unmarried citizens far exceed that of the married. Poets, historians, philosophers, complain that the Roman will not marry, that Roman families decrease in number. But their example is more powerful than their complaint. Horace and Virgil, and Catullus and Tibullus, and the very ministers of the monarch who enjoins marriage, remain themselves voluptuous celibates. But few will marry, fewer still claim the privileges granted to the parent of three children, for the unnameable advantages of the childless far exceed any reward, immunity, or honour which imperial power can devise for the married. And if even in compliance with the law they live in marriage, yet their married life is destitute of its natural fruit, and so Ovid, Lucan, Statius, Silus Italicus, Seneca, the two Plinies, Suetonius, and Tacitus are married but childless. The rank and file of Rome follow with fatal fidelity the lead of their masters and teachers.

In describing the nations of antiquity a writer observes that "Judged by what we know of their history, the Babylonians and Assyrians appear as a busy, pushing, domineering race—sturdy, war-like and ruthless, inflicting on their conquered enemies punishment of "savage cruelty." Think of the Greeks and they instantly recall the peaceful pursuits, laws, and intellectual temper of the ancient Egyptians, while the Romans as naturally associate themselves with the Babylonians and Assyrians. Under the republic and under the empire the Roman ruled by the power of the sword. Every Roman, be he senator, orator, statesman, poet, or soldier, slung a sword at his side, and a thirsty sword it was. An argument was enforced and driven home by a sweep of the sword-blade. Unlike the Egyptians and the Greeks, the gentle arts of teaching and persuasion were unknown to them. The Romans regarded themselves as the rulers of mankind, not their teachers. They shared none of the idealism and the sweet reasonableness of the Greeks. To the Roman mind an ideal which could not be realised was no ideal at all, they believed in nothing but what they could lay hold of with their hands.

The Romans proved themselves past-masters of what Gibbon describes as "The art of destroying the human species." Their voracious appetites refused to be satisfied by war and conquest, for a political opponent was invariably regarded as an enemy and pursued with bloody and implacable ferocity. Not in the barbaric age is it that this state of affairs prevailed, but in what is described as the most intellectual and refined era of the commonwealth. Mark the brutal

and abominable episodes contributed by Marius, Sulla, and Cinna about 86 B C. The following is no uncommon example of their tiger-like ferocity. The morning after the battle of the Colline gate Sulla was haranguing the senate in the Temple of Bellona. As an Imperator commanding a military force the law forbade him to enter the city, and the senators attended his summons beyond the walls. Violent and piteous cries were heard in the distance. "No matter," he calmly remarked to the senators, "it is only some rascals whom I have ordered 'to be punished'." They were the death cries of 8,000 Samnite prisoners whom he had brought to be cut in pieces by his soldiers in the Campus Martius. Sulla, with engaging impartiality, included in the general havoc which he wrought the highest officials and most capable administrators in Rome, senators, prætors, quæstors, and tribunes. And this Sulla was regarded as an exalted type of an enlightened and cultured gentleman.

It is the boast of the immortal Cæsar that his sword drank the blood of a million human beings.

The prevailing impression is that the Roman was an order-loving and a law-abiding citizen; but there was no law, human or divine, which he allowed to interpose between him and his irregular ambition. The Roman was too much engrossed in correcting and punishing, when he could, the transgressions of his political opponents to bestow a thought on his own. In the days of the commonwealth even the very best of the Romans subverted law and order when they clashed with their cherished hopes of power. And in the days of imperial Rome, from the time of Commodus to the reign of Constantine, near one hundred governors of provinces might be enumerated, who, with various success, erected the standard of revolt. Long before the fall of the republic the soldiers took the oath to their general, not to Rome, where he led they followed. Arms were the title of distinction and the measure of allegiance, amidst the sturt and strife the still voice of law or reason was seldom heard or obeyed. The tramp of the legions was as often heard marching against the unfortunate mother of empires as against invading Gaul or Goth. In the pages of Roman history one becomes uncommonly familiar with both patricians and plebeians who resolve to build their own power on the downfall of their country.

The glowing self-appreciation of the Romans is strangely at variance with modern notions. When Metellus, the tribune, reminded Cæsar that the treasure which he was bent upon carrying away was a sacred deposit for repelling a Gallic invasion. "No fear henceforth of a Gallic invasion," said Cæsar, "I have subdued the Gauls." By high and low alike this lofty tone was affected. "Save Rome!" exclaimed an orator to Cæsar, "for if Rome perishes, the world will perish with her in blood and ruin." When Cæsar set out for Spain he remarked, "I go to encounter an army without a general, I shall return to attack 'a general without an army'." And yet under Cæsar Roman arms

sustained the most crushing defeats in the annals of Roman warfare. The characters of the most intellectual and exalted of the Romans disclose a moral cowardice which is directly opposed to the manliness and constancy proverbially associated with the Roman nature. Mark the pusillanimity of the banished Cicero, Seneca, and Ovid. In vain is Roman history sought for a single Roman who would answer Shakespeare's description of Coriolanus —

“His nature is too noble for the world
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth,
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent
And, being angry, forget that ever
He heard the name of death.”

An eminent statesman who is singularly well qualified to speak on the subject has recently assured us of the nobility, responsibility, and happiness of municipal work. This gentleman manifests a decided penchant for Roman methods and Roman institutions, but it is significant that he does not hold up the senate for our admiration and example. Cringing and corrupt, the Roman senate was filled with time-servers and adventurers. Men conspicuous for their integrity and single-mindedness would have nothing to say to politics. The nobles became a set of indolent voluptuaries who could not be prevailed upon to sacrifice their selfish pleasures in the service of the state. An edict of the emperor Majorian gives an admirable idea of the honour and dignity in which public life was held by the Romans. “The ‘Municipal Institutions,’” runs the edict, “the lesser senates (so ‘antiquity has justly styled them’) deserve to be considered as the ‘heart of the cities, and the sinews of the Republic, and yet so low ‘are they reduced, by the injustice of magistrates, and the venality of ‘collectors, that many of their members, renouncing their dignity and ‘their country, have taken refuge in distant and obscure exile.”

“History,” observes Gibbon, “is little more than the register of the ‘crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.” The crimes and vagaries of Nero fill a bewildering number of volumes, while the valorous deeds and the administrative skill of Hadrian and of Trajan have been but barely noticed. It would not be unfair, then, to assume that the Romans possessed more sterling qualities than are set down to them. Certain it is the word of a Roman was more to be relied on than the oath of a Greek. The Greeks themselves declared that the Romans astonished them by their simple performance of the most burdensome engagements. No small thing to be said of any nation or people. This plain and homely virtue, the forces in modern life, Commercial, Industrial, Social, and Political, might endeavour to emulate with advantage. It is the one solitary lesson that Rome has handed down to us.

AUSTEN MERIVALE STEVENS

DMITRI MEREJKOVSKI.*

9

I

THE mass of Muscovite literature must, till the difficult Russian language is more widely studied, be a sealed book to the British reader, those few volumes which reach us from the other side of Europe being the work of exceptional men and scarcely to be considered representative. But of the Russian novels read in England, the first characteristic which strikes us is the bigness of their themes. Their very titles hint at immensity—"Dead Souls," "Fathers and Sons," "War and Peace," "Resurrection," "The Crime and the Punishment"—to mention only a few of the more familiar—suggest boundless expanses in the fields of thought, secular controversies, insoluble problems, eternal relations, distant horizons where the earth and the heavens meet and whither man arriveth not! Nor is it merely in the titles that one finds that exhilarating sense of distance and of size, no less admirable in literature than in landscape painting. The Russian author, even when he aims at realism, seldom fails to suggest a great deal more than he says, to raise great questions (occasionally to answer them), to create an atmosphere of mystery and mysticism, of admiration and marvel, seductive to the most prosaic, giving wings to the reader, encouraging him to scale the heavens and to tempt the abysses of knowledge, of worship,—and of the blackest of black magic.

Let us consider whether the comparatively new writer Dmitri Merejkovski exhibits this characteristic, what and how great are his subjects, and what success he has had in justifying them.

* "*The Resurrection of the Gods*" has been translated into Italian by Nina Romanowsky.

An abridged and not entirely representative version has been published in French by Jacques Sorrèze, under the title of "*Le Roman de Léonard de Vinci*."

The English version, also abridged, will shortly appear, published by Messrs Constable, under the title of "*The Forerunner*."

"*The Death of the Gods*" has been translated into the three languages, and "*Tolstoi and Dostoevski*" will shortly appear translated into English.

Three volumes of his are in our hands, the first, an interesting, symbolic, perhaps fantastic study of his masters, Tolstoi and Dostoevski, the others, historical novels — "The Death of the Gods," "The Resurrection of the Gods," first and second books of an immense trilogy, the general title of which is "Christ and Antichrist" The third book of this trilogy has not yet appeared, its hero is to be Peter the Great, and we may hazard the conjecture that its interest will be more local and unintentionally narrow than that of its predecessors, which give the biographies of the Emperor Julian, and of Leonardo da Vinci, the world-famous painter

II

Merejkovski is a man of profound seriousness naturally not entirely immune from the defects of his quality. Lightness of touch he fortunately has, poetry, dramatic power, wit, insight, and imagination. Sometimes we could wish him less emphasis, more of that delicate sense of humour which cries "Beware!" when an author is approaching the *mauvais pas* which lies so perilously near the sublime. Also his method is exhaustive and over discursive. He is inclined to heap up detail like a pre-Raphaelite painter, occasionally he would seem to confuse himself, too often he confuses his reader. He repeats his effects, harping on one string till it wearies like a reciting note. We yearn for a firm outline, a fixed point of sight, a level horizon, ascertained vanishing points, a steady lighting neither from cross windows nor from moving torches. Neglect of these pedestrian rules makes the books slightly hard reading, if they are to be regarded not as a series of brilliant detached sketches, but as an organic whole. The perfunctory reader, having arrived at the end of the second book, and finding himself bewildered by the tale of the White Hood, by the allusions to Nebuchadnezzar, by the disordered imagination of a new actor who has suddenly donned the mask of the protagonist—will be too apt to think that Pegasus, coming in sight of his journey's end, has taken the bit in his teeth and run away. He will ask himself whether after all the author has been aiming at anything in particular, or at least if he has shot anywhere near his mark. There has been much talk of a Forerunner, but a forerunner of what? Of a new religion? a new creation? Or only of the unsettled opinions and the advancing science of the close of the nineteenth century, of the enlargement and aggressive spirit of Russia?

It is perhaps a fault in a work of art that it should not explain itself clearly. Has not Tolstoi taught us it should be patent to a child of ten and to the peasant in the village street? But the setting of conundrums is no new literary device, Shakespeare left us the perennial riddle why Hamlet did not kill the king, and Dante informs us himself that of every line in the *Commedia* there are *at least* four interpretations, the literal, the allegorical, the moral and the anagogical. Can our latter-

day symbolists outdo this? At least let the perfunctory reader be grateful, when, as in the books before us, the surface, the obvious, the literal interpretation is so brilliant and entertaining

There is, however, no question that these novels do form an organic and ordered whole, dependent on definite ideas, mystical, modern, subversive, in a sense scientific. Merejkovski is a student of Darwin, of Nietzsche, above all, he tells us, of Dostoevski. He assails the axioms of what is still the accepted religion of Europe, justifying the Tempter, questioning the first of the Ten Commandments, bowing the head and perhaps the knee to the Coming Antichrist. But his is not the ingratitude which (to use Leonardo's illustration) at sunrise extinguishes the candle that has illumined the darkness of night. He does not shout with Zarathustra "God is dead! Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!" No. "The Death of the Gods" may refer to more than the pantheon of Olympus, "The Resurrection of the Gods" may be an ironic title, the buried deities may come forth as marble monuments, rosy in the flush of dawn, but uninformed with life, liable to destruction in the first assault of an angry mob, yet, for all that, Gods are immortal, and Merejkovski is no genuine iconoclast. Religion is still vital in Russia, and when a Russian sets forth to curse God's people, he is apt, like Balaam, to end by blessing them altogether.

What our author tells us is this. The Man God is dead, be he Apollo or Another—

"Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town —"

But, thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. And thou sowest not that body which shall be: it is sown a natural body, but, see thou, it shall be raised a spiritual body. Your Man God is dead, but was he very God? was he the whole of God? Was he more than the ideal of the race which worshipped him?—beauty to the Greek, power to the Roman, Creator to the Hebrew, to the Christian, Love. He was the shadow cast before the coming reality, he has disappeared, and his marble image may be broken by the mob, he is buried in dishonour—yet still, Gods are immortal, and he shall be raised in glory, no longer the Man God, but the *God Man*. Lo! he cometh! Already, I say unto you, I hear the rustle of his wings!

This then is Merejkovski's gospel. He preaches the realised ideal of mankind, the being who shall succeed man, the *Overman*. But not precisely the Overman of the German poet whom some have mistaken for a philosopher. Nietzsche's ideal has the very same fault as the Christian ideal, it is too narrow, it "sees one side only", it is retrograde, an attempt to revert to an earlier type long since merged in succeeding forms. After two thousand years of Christianity, to glorify Might as Right, to proclaim Power and the Will to Power as the only virtue and the only good, will not do! The true Overman,

the God-man according to Merejkovski, must step wholly forward, and, following the general law of Evolution, he must represent and combine in himself all which has preceded him. All Hellenism and Christianity equally, nay, he will have in him the beast which gave birth to man! Nay, he must include even Lucifer, Son of the Morning—who is the old Serpent, and the Devil, and Satan! *All*

The Overman is the ultimate epitome and synthesis, the fulfilment of all that was ever dreamed, ever desired, of all that was done, of all that was attempted. He shall be wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove, strong as the lion, crafty as the fox, beauteous, joyous, earthy as the children of paganism, spiritual as He who said, "My kingdom is not of this world", mighty as Fate, benevolent as the Titan, carrying the thyrsus yet wearing the crown of thorns, he shall have wings literal and symbolic—the wings of the eagle and the wings of Antichrist. For him there is no longer good nor evil, no longer above and below, he sees no sharp line between light and shadow, between truth and falsehood. He acknowledges no law but his own law, he knows no fleshly lust, no superstition, he demands no miracle, he fears no sin, he dreads no death. As surely as man has been evolved from the gorilla—the phrase is Dostoevski's—so surely will the Overman be evolved from man. Not yet can we see how he is even possible. It is not for the sons of to-day to combine contraries, we crawl upon the earth like worms, heaven still dazzles us, the abyss still makes us giddy. The followers of Christ and Antichrist are at war, not perceiving that even Christ has two faces—that Christ and Antichrist are one!

To many such doctrines must seem little more than raving, yet stripped of paradox they resolve themselves into the neither ridiculous nor ignoble contention, that there is a soul of goodness in things evil, that the soul is the only real existing part, which cannot be lost, but is immortal, even though its individuality shall dissolve in a larger soul presently to take its place. The homely saying "It takes all sorts to make a world," has therefore a meaning no less in spiritual than in material matters, and unless we are prepared to accept a bewildered dualism, we must believe that all things do veritably fulfil their own end, that in truth there are no failures, no arrestations of the law of development—such as Nietzsche thinks Christianity, such as many Christians consider paganism.

III

These notions have been touched before, more than once by Ibsen "Brand" is a study of the two faces of Christ, each of which would seem to call the other Antichrist.

The following passage may perhaps have been the germ of "The Death of the Gods" —

"*Julian* Who shall conquer, the Emperor or the Galilæan?"

' *Maximus* Both shall succumb, when the right man comes, who "shall swallow up both Does not the child succumb in the youth, the youth in the man? I have never approved your policy You have tried to make the youth a child again The empire of the flesh is swallowed up in the empire of the spirit, neither is final You have tried to hinder the youth from becoming a man You have drawn your sword against that which is to be—against the third empire in which the twin-natured shall reign, Emperor-God, God-emperor, "Logos in Pan, Pan in Logos He is self-begotten in the man who "wills"

Merejkovski, however, studying the history of Europe, and meditating on the future Overman, has observed certain historical personages with enough of his supposed traits, not only to suggest him but even to be considered his Precursors Julian, the so-called Apostate, plays the part easily Educated as a Christian, and with much of the Christian character, he is enamoured of the dying paganism and attempts to revive it in its purest form But the time has not come for the final synthesis and Julian himself imperfectly understands it He fails, as an autumn apple trying to ripen in March Such sons of the future are bound to fail in an alien age, nay, are positively harmful to their contemporaries

Years, centuries, pass on Paganism is dead, the Galilæan reigns Christianity in its turn grows old indolent, degraded The greater minds wax dissatisfied and the cry arises, "Give us back the vigour of youth, the fire and the might of earlier days We must retrace our steps, return to the motives and the ideals of our forefathers" This period, known as the Renaissance, accommodates itself to our author's theory, and in the "Resurrection of the Gods" he has drawn for us its vivid portrait He shows us, dramatically, the different types into which men have divided themselves, all, however, united in this vain business of raising the dead There are scholars and antiquarians who would revive Greek learning and Greek art, there are enthusiasts who would restore the Greek worship for its beauty, profligates who are attracted by its licentiousness The Roman ideal of power appeals to some, and the heads of the Christian Church struggle only for temporal dominion The Sforzas and Borgias are examples of the higher animal qualities, Machiavelli is introduced as their apologist Sorcerers, witches, alchemists would revert to mystic intercourse with inanimate nature, even to forbidden communings with devils On the other hand, simple friars live in the spirit of the Early Christians, while Savonarola, with the thunder of a prophet, would restore a theocracy and bind men anew in the fetters of a creed too narrow for their growth

One and all these persons fail because "they see only one side" To bring back Yesterday is never possible, what comes is To-morrow and widely different We work for and anticipate Resurrection of

gods and men, the result is always Renaissance—a new birth. The scholars and pedants, the despots and copyists and antiquarians of the cinquecento revived neither Greece nor Rome, what they produced was Freethought, Science, the Modern Spirit,—at first the reformation of religion, at last, it may be, her overthrow. A sorry offspring Luther must have seemed to the Medicis and the Borgias! A sorry offspring Galileo and Darwin, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche to Savonarola!

The typical figure of the Renaissance is not however Luther, any more than it is Leo X. It is no one who tries to put back, even temporarily, the finger of the dial. The Forerunner is *the man who thinks for himself*. Merejkovski has found him very satisfactorily in Leonardo da Vinci. For the great painter was modern to his fingers' ends, there is nothing archaistic about him. His methods, experiments, conclusions, inventions, as they have comparatively recently become known by the deciphering of his cryptic note-books, show him to have not merely attained to much which we have thought new in our own day, but to have adopted that reliance on ascertained natural phenomena rather than on supposition, which we believe the peculiar virtue of modern thought.

The French, ay and the English translator with Leonardo for the hero, have refused to call the book "The Resurrection of the Gods," and our friend the perfunctory reader may think Merejkovski has hopelessly strayed from his subject. But Leonardo, taking his stand on futurity, is yet unconsciously in tune with the spirit of the ancients. Unconsciously he has adopted the pagan ideal in art and in learning, the Christian ideal in conduct. At the close of his life he testifies to the enduring qualities of paganism, no less than to the enduring qualities of Christianity.

His last work, "as if in it he desired to lay bare that mysterious secret which all his life he had concealed even from himself," is a picture of John the Baptist, indistinguishable in appearance from Dionysus. The two are blended in one—pointing to a greater who is to follow, the latchet of whose shoes neither John nor Dionysus is worthy to unloose. The figure is a symbol of Leonardo himself, it is wingless, it is not the Overman, it is his Precursor—one born out of due time, not fully equipped, like Melchizedek without descent, finding no mate, begetting no offspring, leaving his work to be done afresh by men of a later age, baptising with water, not with fire, not with the Holy Ghost.

IV

The facts of Leonardo's life are well known, and Merejkovski has taken few liberties with them. Natural son of a Florentine notary, the future artist was suckled by a black mountain goat, a fact which early

* Appeal to experiment was honoured before Leonardo. See "Paradiso II," 94. Dante's illustration shows, however, that he had *not* experimented.

brought him a reputation for sorcery, and which our author uses perhaps as a symbol of the "God-beast" element in him. At twelve years of age he left the bare rocks of Monte Albano to become an inmate of his father's house in Florence. The City of Flowers was never more than a stepmother to him and through life he exhibits no patriotism (Patriotism, it seems, is something too narrow a virtue for the Overman, who must grasp the world, not a tiny corner of it). He studies under and surpasses Verrocchio, he is the most beautiful youth in Florence, but he makes few friends and he loves no woman. Ever his superiority is enough to alienate his companions, not enough to dominate them. He begins early a wandering life serving one patron after another, meeting scant appreciation from any. His longest sojourn is at Milan, in the service of the Sforzas. He is consumed by a passion for Knowledge, but he regards knowledge as the parent of Love, love sublimated, highly spiritualised, and without the appropriating instinct. He has no vices, no frailties, except a certain carelessness about money. He is kindly, fond of children and of animals, beloved by his pupils. At a mature age, and in the mystical manner proper to the Higher Being, he loves a lady, who is described as the counterpart of himself, the echo and the mirror of his own soul. (This incident is not quite historic, and is, I believe, traceable to a French source.) He makes marvellous discoveries and invents wonderful engines, interesting himself little in the moral or immoral purposes they are destined to serve. (Here we have a not very convincing symbol of his aloofness from vulgar conceptions of good and evil.) He paints magnificent pictures, sacred and profane, very slowly, and he is haunted by a perpetual desire to furnish mankind with wings. He is misunderstood, calumniated as an atheist, a sorcerer, Antichrist even. Leo X laughs at him, Michael Angelo holds him up to scorn. He dies in exile, undervalued, apparently a failure, disappointed himself, questioning if he have not the Evil Eye, if he have not walked in the wrong path, if God have not forsaken him. On his deathbed he broods over the crime and the punishment of Pentheus, doubting if he have not himself sinned by the condemning of Bacchus, the Inspirer, by insufficient desire for the wine, the fire, the ecstasy of the Gods. Yet at the last he reconciles himself with the Church, and dies an acknowledged Christian. His grave is forgotten, he himself has been practically forgotten also. But in these later days his note-books have been deciphered, and now he is labelled a god and his resurrection is attempted—by a Russian of course, for it seems that only in Russia has the real truth been known about this great man. A young Russian painter named Eutychius—we are arriving at the point where Pegasus runs away—comes to Italy, sees Leonardo and recognises him as wearing the face of Elias which was to come. He also sees the picture of the Bacchus-Baptist, and falls a-thinking. Presently he dreams a dream, and then he too paints a picture—an Icon, a matter of worship

and religion, which shows a highly symbolical figure, with the face of Leonardo, and *with wings*. It is labelled with a verse from Malachi — “Behold I send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way. And, “the Lord whom ye seek shall presently come to his temple.”

Eutychius and his picture are not a little astonishing, but there is more in these later chapters. The perfunctory reader will rub his eyes and wonder if all along he has not been mistaking the purport of the book. For Eutychius has not only discovered the true character of Leonardo, he has found out an important fact about the God-man who is coming, namely, that he shall arise in the land of Russia, wearing the crown of Nebuchadnezzar and the White Hood of Sylvester, what time the sun shall shine upon the seventeen domes of the *Russian* church of Hagia Sophia, presumably in Constantinople —which being interpreted signifies that Russia shall possess the world, having acquired both the temporal and the spiritual dominion, the coveting of which was sin in the Popes of Rome.

The doctrine is perhaps a little hard for foreign ears, at any rate it might have been announced earlier in the book. After the sublimities of the new religion and the new race, the re-incarnations, reformations and resurrections of men and gods, the abruptness of this descent to politics and the Eastern Question robs us of our breath. We feel like Astro da Peretola, the blacksmith, who having girt him with Leonardo's wings, and been lifted by the *bouffage* of the wind till he seemed like to attain the stars, was suddenly—the pinions and the inflation alike failing him—cast down with a thump upon an unromantic corner of mother earth.

V

Symbolists have probably no wish that the vulgar should translate their symbols, nor demand of them consistency. That frame of mind, however, which the immortal Alice described as being filled with ideas but not quite knowing what they are, is not particularly wholesome, and when a puzzle is interesting it is pleasure no less than profit to make it out. We are not yet at the end of this matter of the Fore-runner.

It is established that Leonardo is the Precursor of the God-man, himself wingless and consequently a failure. But in those last strange chapters we are confronted by a personage who has something of John the Baptist, a good deal of Dionysus, certain attributes of beasts and birds, the face of Leonardo da Vinci, and wings, which he spreads over the land of Russia; clearly the Overman in person. But *he* also is called a Precursor. Then there cometh one greater than the Overman! to whom the Overman shall be shame and ridicule, as the gorilla is to man!

That is all right, that is the theory of Evolution dominant. It is *not* absurd. It is *not* ignoble. Nay, it is a cheerful creed, and, time being

infinite, it is neither impossible nor improbable. Many can reconcile it with the idea of personal immortality—personal evolution through endless time and endless space, with the idea too of a personal God, and what is called Special Providence, believing that nothing can be too intricate for the Omniscient and the Omnipotent, nothing too small, even as nothing too large.

But we are straying from our author, who has not adventured himself too far into the unknown. The Man-god will, he thinks, shortly be superseded by the God-man, he hints that the God-man will find a divine God whom he shall worship. Of personal immortality he says nothing, the immortality of the race must suffice,—“the eternal life, “eternal recurrence of life, the future promised and consecrated in the “past, the triumphant affirmation of life beyond death and change, “true life as the universal continuation of life by generation (the essence “of the Dionysian mysteries)”

We must desire nothing more than this. Strong in this faith, in this enthusiasm not for *Vaterland* but for *Kinderland*, we are to die triumphant, even it may be to extinguish ourselves, “to plunge into “the abyss,” when we have touched the highest point of our life’s circle. I repeat, the creed is not ignoble, not ridiculous.

Of course criticism is easy—involuntary. The symbolists are cheaply told that they are jugglers, using words each and all with a private interpretation.

Dionysus is not what the “man in the street” understands by Bacchus.

Merejkovski’s Christ is not the Christ of the Evangelical Christian. His Antichrist is not the Antichrist of St John.

His Lucifer and his Serpent are not the devil, the wicked one, the principle of evil.

His evil is not evil, it is good disguised.

His falsehood is not lie, it is veiled truth.

But one must allow something for “personal equation,” something for the exigencies of paradox, much for the laudable attempt to penetrate to the essence of all things, to find the substance, divested of the “clothes” in which popular anthropomorphism has wrapped it up. Merejkovski is at any rate no materialist. Hear the speech he gives to Iamblicus, Julian’s teacher.

“If He exist? Nay the body, evil, the universe are all a mirage, “deceptions of the living senses. All we have once rested on the breast “of God, in the bosom of invisible light. Each soul desires to be God. “It has no rest upon earth and aspires only to return to the absolute. “The whole sum of things is yearning for Him.”

Leonardo has many pregnant sayings in the same sense. He has failed with his flying machine, because he “knows not the secret of “life.” “The spirit has made the body which it inhabits.” It is the

false Leonardo (described in a powerful scene as having appeared to Giovanni, the doubter) who says there is no God but blind Force, no Christ but universal Charity

This apparition of Leonardo, his semblance, his double, is an example of the two (or more) faces necessary to make the perfect whole, each of which *taken alone* is a travesty and a lie. The real Leonardo does not disclaim the doctrine of his semblance. There is a sense in which it is true, but it is merged in a wider doctrine, which admits a First Cause—the "Prime Mover," which reverences the Scriptures, which allows the artist to paint the face of Jesus in the *Cenacolo* as the "Word made Flesh," the "same which was in the beginning with God"

VI

The real Leonardo! But there is no shirking the question, how far is all this historic? do we see Leonardo da Vinci, the Florentine who died at Amboise in the year 1519, whose paintings and note-books we know, or a cunning phantasm projected in his likeness by a clever medium?

We are indeed told all about him, but at the last we retain the impression that the real man was greater. This is inevitable, unless we are prepared to admit that our Russian novelist is his equal in genius, for the size of a personage in a work of fiction—and perhaps in a biography also—depends more on the size of the man who writes than on that of the man written about. Were Agamemnon and Œdipus really so great as they loom in the tragedies? Why does Hamlet impress us so much more than—say—Dmitri Rudin?

There are difficulties in the path of the prophet who would tell of the year 5000 and cannot himself progress beyond the 20th century, so also there are difficulties for him who would raise the dead. To be spared the labour of creation might seem an economy of trouble, but the new flesh and blood with which we would clothe the skeleton will not always fit. We fail in the shaping, here and there bones are missing and we are left to guesswork, alas! too, our supply of flesh and blood is woefully short! This Leonardo was a tall fellow, can we manage to cover him? Even Julian was more manageable; for, lost in the "dim backward and abysm of time", fewer of the original bones remain, and we can deal with him more arbitrarily, it may be furnish him with smaller limbs.

Perhaps too Julian is better suited than Leonardo to his part in Merejkovski's drama. His character and history may have suggested the entire trilogy, he himself coming forward as a ready-made hero for the first epoch to be described. But for the second epoch it may have been necessary to seek a hero. This man and that offered, none precisely the right one. Leonardo was the best. With a little squeezing and accommodating he could be fitted to the idea, now and then the idea must be squeezed and accommodated to fit him. Dare we suppose

that Leonardo, painting his Forerunner, *really* thought of fusing Bacchus with Christ? Was it not perhaps inconvenient for the theory that Leonardo on his deathbed called for the Sacrament? If it is hard to clothe dry bones with new flesh, it is doubly difficult when they must be straitened in a theory as well!

Frankly, Merejkovski has been more successful with some of his secondary characters than with his hero. Giovanni Boltraffio, Ludovico Sforza, Machiavelli, Mercia, Cassandra the prophetess—surely conceived from Leonardo's wonderful head of the dead Medusa—Charles the Eighth, Beatrice d'Este, are all living, convincing figures, some sparkling with wit, some touched with poetry, some profoundly pathetic. Even Savonarola, though drawn by an unloving hand, is an imposing and interesting figure. Monna Lisa, on the other hand, is little more than an abstraction, necessary to the theory, as representing the "eternal feminine," which also must be included in the ultimate synthesis. (The Bacchus-Baptist has the aspect of a woman, it resembles Leonardo, it resembles Monna Lisa, as a child resembles its parents, it is the offspring of the mystical union of their two souls.)

It would be hard to surpass the poetry of some of Merejkovski's descriptive passages, the vigour, picturesqueness and movement of others. For an example take the scene in the Piazza dell' Arengo, or the picture of Leonardo's workshop —

"It was the second night he had passed without sleep, for a month he had scarce set foot outside the house, but had worked unceasingly at his flying machine. The branches of a white acacia intruded through an open window and sometimes cast on the table their tender odorous blossoms. The moonlight softened by a mist of clouds, tinted like mother o' pearl, flooded the chamber and enhanced the murky illumination from the tallow candle. The room was choked with machinery and instruments, astronomical, physical, chemical, mechanical. Wheels, levers, springs, screws, chimneys, pistons, arcs, suction tubes, brass, steel, iron and glass, like the limbs of half-seen monsters or colossal insects, peered out of the darkness. There was a diving bell, beside it the dull crystal of an optical apparatus resembling a great eye, then the skeleton of a horse, a stuffed crocodile, a human abortion preserved in spirit, a pair of boat-shaped shoes for walking on the water, and lastly the clay head of an angel strayed hither from the studio and smiling slyly and mournfully at its surroundings. In the background were a crucible and blacksmith's bellows, coals lay red upon the ashes of the furnace. The gigantic wings, one still bare, the other already invested with its membrane, were spread out over all the room, dominating the whole from floor to ceiling. And, sprawling on the ground, with nodding head, lay a man, Astro, Leonardo's assistant, who had fallen asleep at his post, oil flowing from the blackened ladle which he held in his hand. One of the wings touched the chest of the sleeper, and was softly vibrating

"as he breathed, it seemed alive, and its sharp upper end rustled
 "against the rafters of the ceiling In the uncertain light, the machine
 "with this man between its extended and moving wings, was like some
 "stupendous vampire ready to rise and fly"

Or this —

"The clock in the Castle tower struck the hour of midnight and
 "everywhere was the silence of sleep, saving only on the *altana* where
 "the duchess was wont to gild her hair, for thither Morgantina, the
 "dwarf, had fled, and there, alone in the darkness, she bewailed the
 "loss of her baby

" 'They have slain my son! Wherefore, O Lord, wherefore? He
 " 'had done no wrong to anyone, and he was my only joy!'

"The night was serene, the air so pure, so transparent, that against
 "the horizon the icy summits of the Alps rose like everlasting crystals,
 "the stillness was long rent by the mournful cries of the madwoman,
 "like the keening of some bird of evil omen. Suddenly she gave a
 "sigh, raised her eyes to heaven, and was silent The quiet of death
 "followed, and the fool smiled at the stars, which far above in the
 "measureless blue of a summer night were shining upon her—like her
 "own eyes, innocent and mysterious"

Or any of the descriptions of Leonardo's pictures, notably that of
 the Virgin with the Holy Children, in our own National Gallery

"The face of the Madonna shone with the delicate brilliance of
 "alabaster within which glows a light Queen of Heaven, she was shown
 "in the gloom of twilight, in a subterranean cavern, in the most secret
 "of the recesses of nature, perhaps the last refuge of ancient Pan—she,
 "the mystery of mysteries, the mother of the God-man, in the very
 "bosom of mother earth"

Or some of the more dramatic incidents, such as the finding of the
 marble goddess, the Burning of the Vanities, the destruction of
 Leonardo's Colossus Or a simple sketch, like the freeing by the aged
 painter of the wild birds

"Over the city (Rome) brooded the great peace of autumn twilight
 "The last rays of the sun, streaming from between heavy clouds, lay
 "across the landscape in broad zones of brilliance and shone on a
 "herd of white cattle which scarce turned their heads at the sound of
 "footsteps The chirp of the grasshopper, the rustle of the breeze on
 "the stalks of the withered flowers, the dull sound of the distant bells,
 "but enforced the stillness, it seemed that here in this immense plain,
 "so desolate, so solemn, had already been fulfilled the prophecy of
 "the angel who swore by Him that liveth for ever, and ever there
 "should be time no longer The modest supper ended, Leonardo
 "rose, let loose the hawk and the finches, then opened the last and
 "largest cage, that one containing the wild swan The great white
 "bird came out noisily, stood for a minute flapping its wings, then
 "flew straight towards the sun Leonardo watched it with eyes full

"of unspoken grief. It was for the idle dream of his whole life, for the human wings, for the 'Great Bird' of which he had written in his diary, 'Man shall fly like a mighty swan.'"

VII

The books then are historical novels, brilliant and varied pictures of early Christian and Renaissance times. They are also a setting forth of, an apology for, modern ideas. There is nothing new under the sun, these notions, says our author, which vex us now have vexed the men of our type in all ages.

Ah, yes! But with a difference, and in shutting his eyes to the difference our author commits himself to an anachronism. He knows it of course, but he feigns ignorance, and hopes we shall not find him out. Now and then our Russian naps. The criticism of Leonardo's model town is too subtle for pre-socialistic days. Scruples about war engines and carnivorous diet cannot have come in much before the Quakers. Would any contemporary really have been surprised that Ludovico kept mistresses?

And the "blue Italian weather" would seem at that time to have been conspicuous by its absence. There is rain, snow, hurricane on every page. One scents the northern author.

Merejkovski has it is true lived and studied in foreign countries for a long period. His knowledge is enormous. His delight in Italy, in the past, in the great names and great ideas of old, breathes from every line. The books have been written, as they should be read, *con amore*. Yet no change of place, no course of study, no enthusiasm of love can rid a man's soul of the atmosphere of his own country and of his own century, of his instincts and his prejudices. There is no other atmosphere in which he can breathe. "Personal equation" must always be allowed for. Happily, the stronger the deviation the more conspicuous is the personality, the more vigorous and interesting is the personality's work.

KATHARINE WYLDE

DO WE NEED DOGMA ?

ONE of the most significant signs of our time is the widespread revolt against Theology as a science of realities which can speak with authority and claim the submission of the human mind. From all sides, the philosophical, the scientific, the literary, and even the practically Christian, voices are raised which unanimously proclaim not merely that the once proud Queen of the Sciences is dethroned but that she is driven forth a poverty-stricken exile from the conscience and intellect of the world. The organs of science and the popular pulpit lay aside their immemorial grudge and join in flinging gibes at the departing potentate. "Theology," says one, "has been shorn of its influence, like the Pope of his power. It is confined to the region of the unverifiable. The atmosphere of our time is fast being cleared of the deadly fumes and gases that arose during the carboniferous age of Theology. Theology is anthropomorphic. Man projects, as it were, a mighty shadow of himself and calls it God."* "God gave the Gospel," says another, "the Father of Lies invented Theology."† "Away with Dogma," cries the pulpit, echoed by the pew, "give us the simple Gospel of Jesus in its purity and freshness uncontaminated by theological theories that only darken and repel." And the conception here rudely and crudely enunciated has found powerful expression and splendid exposition at the hands of a German school that has much to say of the Gospel while it puts Dogma under the ban.

It is a most depressing reflection that two of the finest prophetic spirits of the nineteenth century have arrived at diametrically opposed conclusions in the matter before us. Martineau preaches an undogmatic Christianity, a spiritualised and Christianised Theism, Newman knows no time when religion presented itself to him in any guise save that of Dogma. The former charges the latter with want of immediate-

* *North American Review*, Vol. CLVI, pp. 582-579.

† Froude, "History of England," Vol. IX, p. 324.

ness of religious vision, with failure to pierce to the primitive roots of Faith, where, apart from any distracting media, the Divine and human mingle; the Catholic, on the other hand, can scarce detect in the face of the Unitarian even a fugitive gleam of Christian light. Clearly it is an urgent task to endeavour to clear up the relations of Dogma and religion, to define the rights and value of the former for the Church and the individual, and to investigate whether indeed it is, as some imagine, not a living branch of the Tree of Knowledge but a dead excrescence and therefore of no permanent value for the spiritual life of humanity.

I

What, then, is Dogma in the genuine sense? An analysis of the idea will give three elements (1) Truth to be believed (2) The reasoned form or articulated expression of the truth (3) The authority which imposes the Dogma. Now in the sense of truths to be believed, it is clear that all thinking men, whether they call themselves dogmatists or anti-dogmatists, have dogmas. Emerson and Carlyle are theologically most undogmatic, yet the calm and serene optimism of the one, the troubled and turbulent pessimism of the other rest on dogmas backed up by the sternest sanctions. Is not Carlyle, indeed, our greatest preacher, threatening us with the dire fate of "Shooting Niagara" if we turn a deaf ear to his oracular pronouncements? Hence the theologian who retorts upon his undogmatic opponent that there are dogmas in every field, and just as there is an intolerance of intolerance, so there may be a dogmatism of anti-dogmatism, is laboriously beating the air. Not here is the quarrel with theology, nor should there be much dispute about the second point. Genuine Christian Dogma can lay no claim to infallibility, because it is not the absolute and unadulterated Truth of God, rather is it the truth refracted and coloured by the human media of reflection, reason, elaboration through which it passes. Nay, we are bound to go further and say that in all relations of the finite and Infinite there is an element which no dialectical process however subtle can disclose, and which therefore in the present order of existence is for ever inaccessible to the human intellect. In all genuine Christian dogmas there is what Coleridge calls a "transcendent" element hidden in the inscrutable recesses of the Divine mind, which refuses to be imprisoned within the categories of the logical understanding. Take, for example, the Dogma of the Atonement. "The article of Redemption may be considered in a two-fold relation—in relation to the antecedent, that is, the Redeemer's act, as the efficient cause and condition of the Redemption, and in relation to the consequent, that is, the effects in and for the Redeemed. Now it is the latter relation in which the subject is treated of, set forth, expanded, and enforced by St. Paul

"The mysterious act, the operative cause, is transcendent *Factum est*, and beyond the information contained in the enunciation of the "fact it can be characterised only by the consequences" *

Every act in the drama of God's revealing and redemptive working for the restoration of humanity to sonship and eternal life has an inscrutable side, the point, as it were, of transition from the realm of Divine ideas to that of historical actualities. Hence from the nature of the case, Dogma is imperfect, fragmentary, and relative. And even those aspects of truth which are apprehensible by man in direct religious intuition become dimmed, distorted, take on the hues of feeling and thinking, of the inescapable moral consciousness of a given period. Hence it is that in each age the moulds in which Divine truth has been run, in St Paul's words, "the earthly vessels" which bear "the Heavenly treasure" must be broken, that new ones may be formed more worthy of its imperishable worth. The third notion which Dogma seems to involve is that of Authority. And it is here that we hit upon the real *crux* of the dispute. There is a widespread idea that Dogma is differentiated from all other kinds of Truth in that it appeals not to reason (taken in its genuinely philosophical sense) but to Authority, for its credentials. And it must be confessed that theologians have often spoken as if Dogma had a right to override reason and conscience, the Roman Catholic appealing to the Church, the High Anglican to the Bible as interpreted by a consent of the Fathers of which history knows nothing, the Evangelical to the *ipsissima verba* of the sacred writings. Now all these theories, at bottom, are, paradoxical as it may seem, sceptical—on the one hand, of the inherent sovereignty and convincing energy of Divine truth, and on the other, of the moral reason of man. And yet theology must appeal to reason, taken, as has been intimated, not in the narrow sense of the discursive understanding but as expressing the totality of man's spiritual powers, for, says Butler, "reason is indeed the only "faculty we have wherewith to judge concerning anything, even "religion itself."

But in thus robbing Dogma of all external supports, of all claims to infallibility, do we therefore deprive it of authority? By no means. It has not indeed the authority of a scientific generalisation, or of a proposition of Euclid which has but to be studied and grasped to gain the consent of all rational beings. To crave for such a coercive function in religion is the last infirmity of the theological mind, forgetting that it is only in the lower and less important spheres of truth that demonstrative certainty is gained, that the higher we go the more our certainty depends on our apprehension of our moral and spiritual needs, and on our attitude towards the objects of faith. Genuine Dogma, then, is clothed with *moral* certainty. Its appeal is ethical, its word is, "He that is of the truth heareth My Voice." The

* "Aids to Reflection," Vol II, p 258

Divine revelation—the unveiling of God’s will and purpose—is not something fixed in stark and rigid outline to be imposed on the intellect by any authority, ecclesiastical or other, it is a living process whose grandest products may be found in Holy Scripture—a process which for us culminates in the Person and Work of Christ, who offers Himself to each succeeding age for fresh interpretation, for the unfolding of the unsearchable riches of His Spirit. But, it may be said, in thus depriving Dogma of all authority from without, and simply leaving it alone with the individual consciousness, are you not cutting religion loose from its moorings and sending it adrift in a boundless sea of speculation, doubt, and uncertainty? Is there no organon of truth, no Court of Appeal by which this or that Dogma can have its claims tested, approved or disproved? If there be no such tribunal, scepticism is as justifiable as faith, and religion resolves itself into a play of subjective individualistic fancies which have no footing in reality. All past attempts to discover such a standard have in our age utterly broken down. For centuries men believed that the Church was an infallible authority, but at the Reformation the conscience of Europe broke with this theory. In its place the Bible was exalted as the only infallible rule of faith and practice, but the doctrine was never logically realised, for when it was discovered that there was no uniform understanding of the Biblical contents, creeds and confessions were formulated which, as standards of dogmatic truth, take the place of Scripture. And these creeds and confessions in many of their details imply a theory of revelation no longer held by Christian divines. In the last century the ultimate criticism of doctrine was found in reason, or the logical understanding. In the hands of Toland, Tindal, Collins and their followers, Christianity was not so much explained as explained away, it became a mere republication of what was as old as creation. The question, then, before the Church to-day, is Where shall we find a genuine doctrinal standard? The problem, if frankly faced, can admit of one solution only. It is in the Christian consciousness of the individual and of the age that the Court of Appeal is to be found. In other words, the ultimate standard is the religious consciousness in which all men have a share, enlightened, moulded, penetrated and shaped by the teaching of Christ in the Gospels, in the history of the Church, and in the illuminating influence of His Spirit. Each age has its own vision of Christ. In the ultimate analysis it is by this vision that all things must be tried. It represents the best conclusions of the age as to the contents of the Bible, the meaning of the world and of life, and while its decisions are not final in the sense that posterity may not advance beyond them, they are for us the measure of our apprehension of the truth. Christ grows in the individual soul, He also grows in the soul of an age. Centuries, as they pass, unfold in ever-increasing richness the ideal significance of His Person. Our ideal,

as Emerson says, is "a flying one," the goal ever recedes as we advance. Before His bar all dogmas must be arraigned. Whatever stands His criticism justifies its right to be, whatever shrinks from before His eye, though it has grown grey in the service of human thought, is doomed to death.

II

The way is now clear for the discussion of our second question. What is the relation of Dogma to religion? Is it accidental or necessary?

Professor Harnack in his recent book *Das Wesen des Christenthums* has boldly and clearly expounded his favourite thesis, that Dogma as the product of the theoretic understanding stands outside of religion, is not an immediate truth of the Christian life, a necessary element in the experience produced by the Gospel, but is generated by a philosophical interpretation of Christianity. Even St Paul, as a dogmatist who "made Christology the fundamental substance of his Gospel," unmistakably "exercised an influence in the wrong direction." Hence for Dr Harnack, the history of Dogma has been, as Pfleiderer remarks, "the progressive obscuration of the truth, in the progress of disease" "in the Church, produced by the sudden irruption of Hellenic "philosophy and other secularising influences." But Dr Harnack cannot consistently carry through his postulates. "The Gospel," he says, "is no theoretical system," yet, "it is doctrine in so far as it "proclaims the reality of God as Father." Now this concession argues too much or too little—too much, if Dr Harnack's presupposition that in theology knowledge is a symptom of disease, not of health, is to be rigorously pressed, too little, if the necessities of logic compel its modification. How can we be in earnest with the idea of the Divine Fatherhood, if we cut it off from everything that makes it intelligible and credible? The Gospel, it is true, says to every man "You can "claim God as your Father", but if this saying should exhaust its content, would not the message hang in the air, an alien element intruded into a world that knows it not? The Fatherhood of God—this is the kernel of Christ's message, all else is husk and discolouration. And truly many a poor soul may take the truth home to itself without fully realising all that lies folded within it, may feel the impact of the Divine grace and love, without knowing any need to raise in answer the problems arising out of such a wonderful experience. But the spirit awakened to self-reflection cannot but realise that unless the message is to work only in the region of emotion and phantasy, and never pour its vital currents into all the channels of the spiritual life, questions emerge that will not be silenced. You say, "God is "Father", but I live in a world which in moments of despair I am tempted to call "blind and brutal." How does God stand related to this world? Is acosmism true, which merges the universe in God?

Or theophantism, which dissolves God in the universe? Or deism, which puts a gulf between them? Is God immanent in nature or transcendent over it? Or must we say that both positions are true?

Once more, Dr Harnack defines or describes the Gospel as "a glad message assuring us of life eternal, putting the living God "before us" Now whence comes this message? From God? If so, the doctrine of a revelation emerges, and this in turn raises fresh material for dogmatic analysis and formulation. Attenuate and refine the Gospel as much as you please, there is yet a residuum left which needs for its explanation much that you have shorn away.

What Paulsen says of philosophy is equally valid of theology. "Philosophy is not a matter which we may or may not have. In a certain sense, every man who raises himself above the brutishness of the animal life has a philosophy. The only question is: What kind of philosophy has he? Is it one rudely put together out of some accidental fragments of knowledge and disjointed notions, or is it one thought out and based on a full-orbed view of reality?" All men are theologians, whether they will or no. Who does not know that the layman's proudest possession is his theology, though too often it is a property which he has but meanly cultivated and of which he has most cause to be ashamed? Whence, then, the popular outcry against Dogma, the formula with which our time is so familiar. "Back to Christ," the demand to go behind creeds and theological systems to the informal teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, or the Parable of the Prodigal Son? Now it is here that the popular consciousness has a relative justification. Dogma is not religion; theology is not faith. "Not the astronomical system," says Schleiermacher, "but the glance directed to the starry heaven is the highest and most appropriate symbol of religious contemplation." Religious intuition grasps truth as a concrete whole, dogmatic reflection analyses it, dissects it into its component parts and seeks to show the links of connection, the inner consistency that binds them into a unity. Now in this process of reflection a certain element is lost—the infinitude in which the experience of faith lives, moves and has its being. "The categories of the understanding are narrow and finite, they can express only separate aspects of the truth, and what they can give us is only a number of intellectual abstractions standing in hard and fast distinction from each other. The popular mind, confounding theology with some given traditional system, the incompetence of which to embody adequately Christian experience it vividly feels, falls into the misconception that Dogma is inimical to religion and spiritual freedom, and in the interests of faith denounces "systematic thinking about Divine truth"* The ordinary man cannot rid himself of the idea that Dogma is something hard, rigid, stationary, whereas it is really something fluid, vital and inextricably involved in

* J. Caird "Fundamental Ideas of Christianity," Vol I, p. 38

the deepest elements of the religious consciousness. And if one form of dogmatic reflection be found unworthy of the great moments of Christian experience, it does not follow that a nobler and more spiritual one may not be found. Herein lies an antinomy of the religious life. Dogma can never fully express the contents of the life, yet must ever seek to do so. This antinomy is grounded in the constitution of the human spirit as finite. Here, as elsewhere, the schoolman's maxim is true *Omnia exeunt in mysterium*. Why then trouble ourselves about Dogma if in framing it we are doomed to an impossible task? Because it is an absolute necessity for the integrity of our moral and intellectual life, it satisfies reflective and practical needs. Man is "a thinking animal," says Aristotle. "The key to every man" "is his thought," is a striking remark of Emerson. There is an impulse in the mind which urges it to reflect upon its perceptions, emotions, purposes, to seek in them law and order, source and cause. It is an inevitable necessity of Nature. We cannot rest in religious impressions merely—we must ask, Do they point to a spiritual Reality as their origin and goal? The answer is Dogma. When in some moment of spiritual stress the face of Christ looks out upon us, quelling the power of passion, and sending mysterious streams of healing and strengthening influences into the soul, we do not ask How? or Why? But when the fire of feeling cools, and reflection awakes, then we question ourselves. Who is this Christ? Is He Divine or human? Is it true indeed that

"That one Face, far from vanish, rather grows,
Or decomposes but to recompose"?

And whatever reply we make is Dogma. Every attempt to cut off religion from its metaphysical roots has proved, and must for ever prove abortive. Whether it be Kant's moral law in the conscience as the Voice of Heaven, or Fichte's subjective mysticism in which the soul sees all things in God, or Jacobi's faith as an inward sense of an abiding Divine presence in the pious heart, or Harnack's historical realism which confines us to experience and opens no door to a spiritual universe without, we are doomed to a dualism that cuts to the very foundation of our rational life, and we can but echo the despairing words of Jacobi. "I am with my whole understanding a Pagan, with my whole heart a Christian; swimming between two currents of which the one pulls me down, while the other raises me up." Man "is a being of a large discourse, looking before and after," and he is driven by the principles of unity and causality which enter into the structure of his reason to enquire whether his experience is explicable save through objective realities corresponding to it. Even Matthew Arnold, the English apostle of "religion without metaphysic," is a metaphysician in spite of himself. God is for him "the eternal Righteous who loveth righteousness." But what is

righteousness if it be not a quality of personality? It is an empty abstraction, "a bloodless category," except we postulate a being to whom it belongs. Its proper analogue would be found in the famous cat of "Alice in Wonderland" which grinned, then slowly disappeared, leaving its grin behind. We may by a process of logical abstraction insulate qualities, and make them an object of thought, but we recognise at the same time that *as such* they have no existence. Further we have moral and practical as well as reflective needs. Popular religion with its "revivals," "conventions," "evangelistic" activities and so forth is a prey to weakness, folly, and the mischiefs bred of individualistic conceits, simply because it is without the guiding and directing influence of theology. With the exercise of reason in religion there comes a certain largeness and balance of view that preserves the mind from the fanaticism that so greatly disfigures the popular faith, and from the shallowness which is the curse of so much modern philanthropy. Not by ecclesiastical machinery but by the energy of noble ideas has any uplifting religious movement taken hold of the minds of men. The Reformation of the sixteenth century, the Puritan protest of the seventeenth, the Evangelical revival of the eighteenth, and the Anglo-Catholic movement, were, primarily, the fruit of great ideas working like a ferment in the spirit of the age. And if our generation is to be saved from impotence and despair in face of the grave intellectual and social problems set it for solution—the difficulties raised by Agnostic science on the one hand, and by the pressure of sociological study on the other—it can only be by a doctrine large, rich, generously human which, while not dishonouring the past, will yet be loyal to the present.

III

What now of the future of Dogma? For the traditionalist and the Agnostic alike there is none. To the mind of the former theology is a fixed quantity, eternally unchangeable, its existence is a death-in-life, in the view of the latter, it is slowly but surely advancing to the grave dug to receive it. Neither position will stand the test of criticism. However divine the content of theology may be, as a science it is earthly, and makes advances, like all earthly forms of knowledge, from less to more adequate conceptions and principles. Ideas are like seeds, they germinate in the intellectual soil of an age, gather nutriment from all sides, grow, and in growing are transformed. There is much talk of a "new" as compared with an "old" theology. The terms, strictly taken, are inept and irrelevant. The best religious thinking of the best minds of any given period is "new" in the sense that a tree is new at any moment of its growth, it is "old" in the sense that the tree preserves through all its changes conformity to the type given in its earliest germ. Each age must have its own theology, that is, its reasoned system of beliefs, expressed in

terms of its own consciousness. As Dörner remarks: "Each age must accomplish the task for itself, however valuable may be the aid of the past, and however assured the continuity of past and present. Each age must again acquire the certainty of truth as truth, if it would have truth, and it must do it in accordance with its own sense of truth." The faculties by which religious doctrine is shaped grow in fineness, in intensity and in power. With the growth of intellect, of holiness, of purity and clearness of vision there comes an ever-increasing insight into the meaning of Divine things, which in turn demands fresh doctrinal forms within which the spiritual life may feel itself at home. It has been so all through the Christian past. Theology has not, like the Bourbons, learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Nay, it has been through forgetting that she has learned. Genesis has been taken from us as a scientific school-book to be given back to us as a prophetic scroll, exhibiting not the transitory face but the divine meaning of Nature. The dread phantoms that haunted the imagination of an Augustine or a Dante, as they speculated on the fate of unbaptised infants, have vanished before the more Christ-like thought of a later age. The strange fantastic fictions that theologians have woven around even the Cross of Calvary—such a notion, for example, as existed up to Anselm's day that, in dying, Christ, so to say, played a trick upon the Devil, baiting the hook of His Divine nature with His humanity, and thus subjugating him by a clever stratagem—excites a repulsion of mind that is a measure of the distance we have travelled in the things of religion. The Zeit-geist, as Arnold says, has turned its fierce light on the text of Holy Scripture, and while much has shrivelled up and grown thin before it, the spiritual splendour and exhaustless meaning of Divine revelation have been brought home to us in a way unknown to an Athanasius or an Augustine, to an Aquinas or a Calvin.

But the Agnostic, by a curious myopia, sees in every advance of religious thought a sign of disintegration, decay and speedy death. All that we know of what lies behind the inner and outer worlds of appearance is the Unknowable, and we are bidden to bow before this *caput mortuum*, this residuary phantom of a barren dialectic, as though it were the supreme Reality. Now that the metaphysician has shown that Agnosticism cannot even be stated without involving a contradiction in thought, the way is open to the theologian to remove the mask that hides from us the face of the living God, and reveal Him as the Father of Spirits made in His image and crowned with the hopes of immortality. And are there not signs that, as Browning says, "The acknowledgment of God in Christ" is needed "to solve for us the problems" which science and criticism have helped to evoke but are impotent to explain? For one thing, even Agnosticism no longer confounds man with non-human nature, or makes him, like a plant or an animal, a product of the cosmic process. Who that heard

could ever forget the noble protest of the late Professor Huxley, conceived in the best spirit of Stoicism, against the de-ethicising of man, the explication of all that is distinctive in him by purely physical causes, in which, as a reviewer said, the lecturer "made an approximation to the Pauline dogma of nature and grace"?

Man's moral nature is a possession which is of eternal worth in a cosmos otherwise transitory. Be the links that bind him to the lower creation however many and subtle, there is within him an element, a nature, that claims affinity with the Divine. As a sentient being he seems the sport and plaything of cosmic forces, but as a being who alone can hear the categorical imperative of conscience, can lend, as Goethe says, permanence to the moment, can hearken to the whisper of immortal hopes, he is, where theology has always placed him—at the centre of the universe. Thus science leads us to the threshold of religion and leaves us there.

The second cheering consideration for the theologian is that materialism, which threatened to swamp the spiritual life of men a few years ago, is now everywhere discredited. "The story of our earthly days is no longer a detected failure, a disenchanted romance," but instead "a rudimentary eternity." Idealism has won all along the line. "Matter may win recognition by its appeal to the senses, but it cannot supplant spirit, for spirit is implied in the very fact that there is such a thing as recognition at all. But spirit, when once its claim is recognised, will not permit us to rest here. The spiritual principle which has thus come to light is the most potent critical weapon ever forged. In the hands of T. H. Green it cut down all the respectable dualisms which were dear to our forefathers as well as the insolent materialism which, a generation ago, was frightening all the respectabilities. When matter itself is subjected to critical examination, it is discovered that there is not an element in it, or aspect of it, which is not dependent throughout on spiritual conditions. Thus it has come about that not only has materialism received its death-blow, the apparently invincible dualism of matter and spirit has been resolved, spirit has come off victorious, and is disclosed as the only and ultimate reality." Thirdly, the theory of evolution which was at first considered both by Agnostic and believer to be the foe of religion has turned out its friend. For criticism has made it increasingly clear that while all animals are modified descendants of more simple types, and that probably every form of life originally sprang from some monad germ, it remains true that Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest cannot bear the strain put upon them, and do not account for all that is implied in the evolutionary process. As someone has said, "Evolution, instead of obscuring our ideas of the Divine Omnipotence, only increases a thousandfold our reverence for the Being who could endow an

* C. F. D'Arcy "Idealism and Theology," pp. 5, 6

"amorphous cell of protoplasm with such infinite potentialities" Nay more, the application of the evolutionary principle in theology has been productive of the richest results. Modern divinity is not an analysis and co-ordination of texts merely, it is above all concerned with doctrines as vital growths, originating in the simple and informal thoughts of the early centuries, and under the influence of the general intellectual life of the world unfolding in ever-augmented richness and complexity, until their full fruit and flower are manifest in the higher religious conceptions of the modern Church.

Historical criticism, too, which has done so much to purge theology of accidental accretions, has also contributed very materially to its substance and strength. It used to be said that our knowledge of Jesus of Nazareth was very dubious, that it was impossible to discover what He really did say and do, and how much that is attributed to Him is the embroidery of the various parties which constituted the primitive communities. Whether He ever prayed the Lord's Prayer or delivered the Sermon on the Mount, has been declared exceedingly doubtful. It is a reassuring reflection that now, after the critical labours of such men as Wendt, Weiss, Weizsacker, and Harnack among the Germans, and of Hort, Westcott, Sanday and Bruce among British divines, this Agnostic despair of history is no longer possible. Professor Harnack being witness, the fire of the most stringent criticism has failed to dissolve such facts as these: (1) That Jesus claimed to be the Messiah, the prophetically-announced Deliverer of God's people, (2) that the Logos-doctrine of St John cannot be traced back to Philo, (3) that the marvellous (if not the strictly miraculous) cannot be eliminated from the records without utterly destroying them. These positions established, consequences flow from them in the light of which we see theology to be not, as some think, a more or less dexterous manipulation of abstract notions, but a sympathetic interpretation of the realities of history. They give us a fulcrum in the real light of humanity for all our constructive endeavours. Christ is the inspiration of the Christian religion, and therefore the main source of a Christian theology. Theology is thus humanised by the vision of God in the humanity of Christ. Men are asking to-day not, Is there a God, but, What kind of a God is He who is involved in all thought and life, what is the character of the Will behind the universe? Theology answers. Look at Jesus as He lives and breathes in the Gospel history, and you will find God, His reason and heart lie at the centre of all things, in Him you will discover the clue to the winding mazes of history, the baffling perplexities of thought, the dire mysteries of Nature. No doubt, we have here rather a faith and a conviction than a reasoned and a demonstrated conclusion. But truth can afford to wait. We see a light shining in the darkness, and as we have been compelled to interpret Nature in terms of man, so our thinking seems now forced to interpret man in terms of Christ. The

noble and ennobling thought that humanity is organically related to Christ, that He is the Archetype to which in the creative purpose of God all men are called to be conformed, has sunk deep into the heart of our age and is already bearing fruit in the humaner spirit, the more gracious and winsome service, and the wider social sympathies of all religious men. The labours and conflicts of such spirits as Coleridge and Maurice, Stanley and Robertson, McLeod Campbell and Erskine, Westcott and Dale, are not fruitless of their due nor void of power to guide the steps of a newer generation. Touched with the spirit of these and others like them, enriched with the knowledge of a new time, the students and teachers of religion are equipped for the task to which the new century calls them, that of restoring to theology her ancient throne, no longer to tyrannise over human thought and life, but to illustrate the Master's gracious Word. "He that would be greatest of all, let him be the servant of all."

SAMUEL MCCOMB.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

FOREIGN politics during the past few weeks, while marked by interesting little episodes indicative of the trend of future developments, have been devoid of important events. Even the renewal of the Triple Alliance is no exception. That document was signed precisely because the contract it embodies has no longer any binding force. None of the parties could carry out its stipulations even if they would, and two of them would not if they could. The idea that Italy, for example, would mobilise her army in order to defend the German frontier, if war were to break out between the Republic and the Fatherland, is too preposterous to be entertained. China or the United States would be just as likely to take up arms in the cause of Germany as the Government of Victor Emanuel III. Twenty-three years ago the Triple Alliance was indeed a powerful influence for peace, but even the genial Statesman who created it—mainly for the behoof of his own country—lived long enough to see it dwindle to a mere formality. Bismarck, eager to insure Germany against France,—then pledged to a policy of revenge,—persuaded Austria that her future in the Balkans was threatened by Russia's projects in Turkey, and he further hypnotically suggested to Italy that her national existence was in peril from France. That was the origin of the mutual insurance company which delighted all three parties and guarded the possessions of one. It did even more—for that one—it hindered a Triple Alliance of France, Russia and Austria, which was then in the air.

Europe has not been standing still since then, and the changes that mark its progress have cut the ground from under the Triple Alliance. The bonds of common interests which linked Germany to Austria and Italy have been snapped asunder, and the obstacles that stood in the way of a friendly understanding between the latter countries and Russia have been removed. Moreover, Muscovy is become a world power, whose aims in Eastern Europe have been dwarfed into utter insignificance by her vast interests in the Far East. Instead,

therefore, of running formidable risks in attempting to annex Turkey, she is now content to govern that country through her vassal, Abdul Hamid. Hence Austria's fears have been dispelled, and the Governments of Franz Josef and the Tsar have found it possible to come to a businesslike understanding as to their attitude in the Balkans. Italy, too, having first discovered during and after the Abyssinian fiasco that her hopes of receiving help from her allies were vain, has since become alive to the fact that her fears of an anti-clerical French Republic are groundless, and since her ruler married a daughter of the late Tsar's "only friend," she too has been drawn within the magic circle of Franco-Russian influence.

Meanwhile Austria has become a mere conglomeration of conflicting states, races and religions, in which the Slav element is now largely predominant and rapidly growing in numbers, wealth and political power. Hence the interests of the two central European empires, far from being identical, are to a considerable extent incompatible. The two most powerful currents in Germany at the present moment are the Polish Coercion policy and Pan-Germanism, and both run counter to the main political currents in the Dual Monarchy. The Poles of Austria speak their own language, cultivate their national customs, maintain their schools and universities and make local laws in their own Parliament. In a word, they enjoy the fullest measure of home rule. And what is more to the point, that self-government and their own political tact and discipline have won for them the position of the leading race in the Habsburg Empire, so that their leaders preside over the political machine, and their Parliamentary rank and file constitute the nucleus of every Government Party. The hounding down of the Poles in Germany, therefore, cannot well contribute to strengthen the bonds of friendship between that country and the Empire thus governed by the brothers, cousins and friends of the persecuted people. One cannot simultaneously blow hot and cold even in politics. Pan-Germanism in its positive aspect is an influence equally hostile to friendship between the two allies, one of its avowed aims and objects being to bring the Teutonic subjects of the Habsburgs within the fold of the Hohenzollerns. A more powerful Germany, a Germany which should come forth victorious out of a war with Russia or France, would by the sheer force of attraction draw the German-speaking provinces away from Austria. Hence even the Habsburg State cannot sincerely desire any increase in power to her present "ally."

Why then, one may reasonably inquire, was the Triple Alliance prolonged for another term? The Russian *Novoye Vremya* hit the nail on the head in the following passage of a leading article on the subject —

The Central European Powers have again bound themselves together solely because they could not afford to keep apart. The

Dual Alliance represents a much too mighty force, which has taken up strong positions not only on the flank of Europe but also on that of the entire old continent. Besides, misunderstandings between Germany and Austria-Hungary and between the latter country and Italy have grown apace. Now by prolonging the treaty it is possible to set aside those misunderstandings, to keep clear of overt conflicts, whereas if the footing of the powers is no longer that of allies various entanglements are bound to result. And that is why the lesser of the two evils, the renewal of the Alliance, was chosen.

All those dangers were long ago foreseen by Bismarck, who sought to ward some of them off by a secret understanding with Russia which he concluded behind the backs of his hypnotised allies. To-day the perils are visible enough to everybody, and they are rapidly growing. In the near or distant future, when a clerical Emperor sits on the throne of the Habsburgs, a return to the policy of Count Kaunitz,—the grouping together of Russia, Austria, perhaps a quadruple Alliance including Italy and France,—will prove to the man in the street what every politician knows already, that the Triple Alliance is no more than a misleading name.

The attitude of the King of Italy ought to make this clear enough even as things stand to-day. After having prolonged the Triple Alliance, Victor Emanuel III set out to pay a visit, strange to say, not to one of his allies, but to the head of the opposition group of Powers. And this almost before the ink with which he had written his signature was dry. Naturally the announcement caused poignant grief, and effectually extinguished the artificial enthusiasm which the German Press was endeavouring to enkindle. Moreover the moment chosen and the ostentation with which the arrangements for the journey were made intensified the bitterness felt. But the most cruel cut of all was the circuitous route which the young King of Italy took, going to and returning from Peterhof, in order to keep out of the way of his "ally," Franz Josef. In this particular case the Tsar, like the Pope, objects to guests coming to visit him immediately after they have enjoyed the hospitality of his rival.

Theology too is here mixed up with politics. Twenty years ago King Humbert paid a visit to Franz Josef in Vienna, and having lived thereafter for many years, died without having had that act of courtesy returned. The Emperor indeed would have gladly gone to any part of Italy except the capital, to pay his respects to his friend and ally, for urbanity and courtesy are ingrained in Franz Josef, but in Rome itself he dared not show himself, because of the offence his presence would give to the Sovereign Pontiff, who has not yet become reconciled to the loss of his worldly possessions. The late King, on the other hand, having gone to Vienna, insisted on receiving Franz Josef, if at all, in Rome, and both monarchs stood firm. The former could not yield because of the strong feeling of the

people, the latter by reason of the attitude of the Pope. This incident necessarily embittered the feelings of the Italians, who at the best of times were never very well disposed towards Austria. Nor was the irritation soothed by the conduct of the heir of the throne of the Habsburgs, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, who recently visited Rome on two occasions without once discharging the traditional duties of courtesy.

At every point, therefore, the edifice built by Bismarck has given way, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the scaffolding has been allowed to stand for a few years longer. This was clearly shown at the Austria-Hungarian Delegations, which closed recently after sharp debates and ominous resolutions. The Delegations are an Imperial Parliament which meet together for the consideration of affairs common to the whole Habsburg Monarchy. The members are chosen from among the deputies of the Austrian and Hungarian Reichsrath, who deliberate one year in Vienna and another in Budapesth. Hitherto the Delegations have been wont to show themselves as enthusiastic for the maintenance of the Alliance with Germany as the Germans themselves. And the Poles were perhaps even more favourably disposed towards it than any other section of the delegates. The President of the Austrian Delegation was generally a Pole, Jaworski by name, a calm, unemotional politician. This year he refused the chairmanship in order that he might enjoy a greater degree of freedom for criticism. And he and his compatriots certainly made the best of their opportunities, their strictures, caustic and deserved, left no doubt in the mind of friend or foe that not only the Triple Alliance but even the close friendly relations between Austria and Germany are yielding to a degree of tension which bodes no good to Pan-Germanism. They did not actually vote against the estimates, they even accepted them, but on condition that "the entire liberty of action of the Monarchy and its full independence of the German Empire, now swayed by Prussia, should be guaranteed." This is one of the most significant signs of the times that has been chronicled in Central Europe for the past twenty years, and looks like the opening of the chapter of accidents for which the enemies of Germany have been so long yearning in vain. The Poles and Czechs have the destinies of Austria in their hands, and they are not disposed to submerge them in the interests of their secular enemies, the Germans. One of the latest outer symbols of their political preponderance is the appearance of their representatives side by side with a German and Hungarian,—with the Austrian special Embassy destined to be present in London at the Coronation festivities. This incident, however insignificant it may at first sight appear, foreshadows the remodelling of the Dual Monarchy into a federation of four States—a Hungarian, a German, a Polish and a Bohemian.

Church and finances continue to be the leading "motives" of French

politics The Minister President, M. Combes, delivered a speech on the former question which was so greatly relished that the Chamber ordered it to be posted up in all the Communes of the Republic. The occasion was an interpellation calling the Government to account for a decree (issued on the 28th June) peremptorily closing one hundred and twenty-five Catholic schools, whose existence was alleged to constitute an infringement of the Law of Associations. According to that law, monasteries, convents and all establishments depending upon these must be sanctioned by the State, otherwise they are deemed to be illegal. When that measure was passed, many of the unauthorised congregations sent in petitions for the State sanction, but many more declined to court a certain refusal. The religious orders which conducted schools were especially anxious to remain, and nearly all of them obeyed the law which requires that for each school founded by an ecclesiastical body a permit must be obtained.

Like our own Acts of Parliament, through which "a coach and six" might sometimes be driven by a clever politician, the French law seemed open to various interpretations on several points, especially respecting the schools. That was the view taken by some eminent Catholic lawyers, and acting upon it the leading Catholic deputies counselled the congregations not to register their educational establishments. "The utmost the Government can do," they affirmed, "is to bring the matter before the Courts, and then we can await the result with serenity." The law courts are rightly or wrongly believed to be in sympathy with the religious orders, and it was anticipated that this favourable disposition would be manifested in their decision. But before the advice had been tendered, over two thousand petitions for the sanction of existing schools had been drafted, signed and sent in by the congregations. These requests were thereupon hastily withdrawn, in the hope that the administrators of the law would undo the work of the lawgivers. But one hundred and twenty-five new schools were opened besides, and many members of the abolished orders, dispensed by the Pope from their vows, are said to have found a new sphere of activity within their hospitable precincts. Then they awaited the setting in motion of the clumsy machine of the law and the results that rewarded this same line of action twenty years ago.

The Government, however, refused to follow suit. Holding that the question is one to be dealt with by the administration, they submitted it directly to the Council of State, which emphasised the letter of the law and declared that schools which lack the required authorisation are illegal and may be closed without more ado. Thereupon the decree of the 28th June was issued, and acted upon, and the interpellation followed in the Chamber which drew from M. Combes the speech that caused such keen satisfaction in the country. "With the help of the law we will crush every opposition," the President exclaimed, "and lead the spirit of the Revolution to victory in the sphere of

"ecclesiastical policy We shrink from no responsibility!" It was a formal declaration of war against the Ultramontane party in France, and he wound it up by an announcement which makes it clear that he means to keep unswervingly to the lines marked out by M Waldeck-Rousseau "That," he observed, "is the first act, it will soon be followed up by others . France has sent to the Chamber a majority of representatives who are resolved to secure the decisive triumph of lay society over monkish obedience"

Some congregations, however, have received permission to remain on and continue their work, besides nine hundred and five women's congregations—with two thousand eight hundred and seventy establishments attached But a larger number have been suppressed, and the device of the Catholic leaders to baffle the objects of the Chamber has been completely checkmated The various fractions of the Opposition, which numbered two hundred and five votes as against three hundred and eight on the Government side, have now taken to squabbling among themselves Some blame one, others another, but the consensus of Catholic opinion seems to fix on the Holy Father as the unconscious cause of the present hopeless welter The *Gaulois* newspaper, which represents the most numerous clerical following, assures its readers that the original sin was the recognition by the Pope of Republican principles and his instructions to the French Episcopacy to abandon their monarchical leanings and bow their heads before Liberty, Equality and Brotherhood

In Spain the Liberal Government claims to be marching in the footsteps of MM Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes, and keeping the rapid growth of monasticism within reasonable bounds In reality it is walking backwards Last year the leader of the Spanish Liberals, Señor Sagasta, was called to power, in order to restore peace and quiet to the country, which was then in the throes of a powerful anti-clerical movement People were bitterly complaining that the army and the Church had grown out of all proportion to the population, and that the cost of their maintenance had become a heavy burden which the country could not bear much longer Spain, they pointed out, possesses four cardinals, nine archbishops, 51 bishops, 543 ecclesiastical dignitaries, 1,239 ordinary canons, 692 with free board at the canons' table, 172 with half board, 16,931 curates, 23,698 incumbents, 5,471 parish chaplains, 10,876 sacristans, 13,224 auxiliary ecclesiastics, 5,774 clerics in minor orders, 37,363 monks, 2,290 male novices, 7,802 lay brothers, 151 priests of congregations, 20,550 nuns, 1,005 female novices, 1,130 lay sisters, without counting a number of other minor servants of God The total amounts to more than 150,000 persons who live on the Church, which lives on the people Spain, therefore, which is a poor country, and numbers but 18,000,000 inhabitants, pays more for her public worship than France France, which is the wealthiest country on the Continent of Europe, and numbers

38,000,000 inhabitants, spends only 43,000,000 francs on the men and women devoted to the service of God, whereas Spain, which possesses less than half that number of inhabitants, pays 70,000,000. The high ecclesiastical dignitaries in Spain, people contended, should not cost the country $5\frac{1}{3}$ millions, while their *confrères* in the Republic live fairly well on $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions. As no attention was paid to these demands for economy, street riots superseded constitutional agitation, an armed rising was feared, and the Conservative Ministry resigned.

It was then that Sagasta, the "Liberal," undertook to pour oil on the troubled waters. His programme was hailed with acclamations of joy, his mere promise accepted as part fulfilment, and riotous manifestations ceased as by the waving of a magician's wand. This clever politician pledged himself among other things to enforce the decree of the 19th September, 1901, whereby all religious associations, in order to be legalised, must be entered in the registers of the Prefectures, together with a declaration respecting their aims, organisation, wealth, revenue and number of members. Further, all congregations were to be divided into two classes—those which existed by virtue of the Concordat and the merely "tolerated" * bodies which had been established since then, moreover careful statistics were to be published of all congregations in Spain.

This programme took away the breath of the clerical party, influential Catholics, abbots, priors and ladies, with Cardinal Sancha at their head, are said to have besought her Majesty the Queen not to allow the Liberal premier to carry it out. And for a moment it seemed as if the crown were minded to prevent the formation of the Liberal Cabinet, but after a short period of seeming hesitation, Sagasta was permitted to enter upon his duties. His words breathed fire and flame, but they convinced only the masses devoid of memory. Some of his colleagues declared, however, that they at least meant what they were saying, and that unless he speedily redeemed his pledge, they would withdraw from his Government. And within the space of fourteen months three of them had occasion to fulfil that promise. Three times a crisis occurred which ended in the resignation of one of his colleagues, who had come to the conclusion that he harboured no intention of realising his programme. The Minister of the Interior (Gonzales) was the first to go. The reason was that he issued a decree (19th Sept, 1901) requiring the registration of religious associations, with an accompanying declaration as to their wealth, revenue and number of members. Yet that was precisely one of the main points in Sagasta's own programme. The last minister to go was Canalejas, who left a few weeks ago, because the Premier refused to bring in a new Law on Associations congruously with his solemn promise.

Meanwhile a most strange development took place. A letter signed

* The difference between them from a legal point of view is that the religious associations which exist in virtue of the Concordat cannot be expelled the country by a Government decree, the others can.

by the Pope's Nuncio and addressed to the Bishops appeared in the newspapers, and exasperated self-respecting Spaniards to the utmost point of endurance. This diplomatic representative of the Holy Father, who is paid by the Spanish people, advised all congregations to enter their names in the books of the Prefectures, adding that having done so they would not merely be tolerated, but placed in the category of religious orders legalised by the Concordat. This was a concession to clericalism for which even the Conservative Government never ventured to ask public approval. Yet it was by no means all. The Nuncio went on to say that the Government should in no case possess the right to oppose or object to this formal registration, and that once that was over, all the corporations in question would be under the direct authority of the Holy Father.

Thus by a stroke of the pen of Monsignor Rinaldini a question fraught with far-reaching results was solved without the slightest reference to the interests of the State. The Government was deprived of the right of withholding its sanction from communities which it may know to be illegal or believe to be harmful. The State is forbidden by the Pope to legislate on certain matters of private law, public law and economics. Over twenty congregations which even a clerical Cabinet had obstinately refused to sanction were thus legalised in the twinkling of an eye, and the State forced to accept their new status as irrevocable. In a word, Spain forfeited those elementary rights of an independent State to the Roman Curia, which such pious kings as Ferdinand the Catholic, Philip II, Carlos III, and Isabella II refused to part with in spite of their heroic devotion to the Holy See.

The Press of the country, especially the organs of the Liberal Cabinet, condemned the attitude of Señor Sagasta in language which seemed the overture to a revolution, and they justified their verdict by arguments which were unanswerable and facts which seek in vain a parallel in Spanish history. The *Heraldo* wrote —

Article 8 of the Constitution says: "The power to make laws is vested in the Cortes with the King," but after what has passed one must add "with the previous approbation of the Secretary of State of the Vatican." Article 49 of the same fundamental Code says literally "No order of the King shall be carried out unless it be countersigned by a minister, who by this same act becomes responsible", but after what has taken place it must be amended thus "unless it be countersigned by a minister and agreed to beforehand by the Nuncio."

One of the strange facts that were dragged into the light of day during the discussion that followed, had reference to the secrecy with which this one-sided arrangement was brought about by the Nuncio. The *Liberal* newspaper, commenting upon it, remarks —

The new thing, the unheard of, the inconceivable, consists in the circumstance that down to the day before yesterday the other respon-

sible advisers had no knowledge of this so-called *modus vivendi*. And it seems proven that not even the President of the Council had any knowledge of it. So that this clandestine negotiation went on not only behind the back of the nation but even unknown to the majority of those who form or formed the Cabinet.

The calculation of the Nuncio, or of his Superior, Cardinal Rampolla, was ingenious and correct. He played off Carlism against monarchy, civil war against peace with Rome, and the game was won. But the method has one great drawback: it weakens the hold of the dynasty on the country. The Nuncio made it clear that the Pope's good disposition towards Spain was the result of his friendship for the august lady who has governed the country for so many years, and he implied almost as clearly that for the sake of the peace thus guaranteed by Rome the Spanish people must be content to allow the monarch to play a more preponderant rôle in the Government than belongs of right to any one individual in a constitutional country. Only in Spain would such interference be tolerated, and even there the alleged pretext is a chimera. Carlism is no longer a serious danger, neither the Pretender nor his son, Don Jaime, has the slightest chance of obtaining the Spanish throne, and the tenure on which the present dynasty holds it may, nay must, be weakened, if the price paid for a superfluous guarantee be the forfeiture of the independence of the State. For the moment the Cortes are in vacation and all those questions are in abeyance. But they are certain to crop up soon again, and unless appearances are unusually deceptive, they will call for a solution, constitutional or otherwise.

But no solution will be permanent or satisfactory so long as the people, sound at the core, are deprived of education. How sorely they need it will be evident from an incident which occurred in Andalusia during my recent visit to Spain and the significance of which lies in its typical character.

Casarriche is the town, and its inhabitants are most scrupulous in the matter of duly observing all church festivals of the year. One of the latter is known as the feast of "the Virgin of Remedies," and in order fitly to celebrate it, the people demanded a bull-fight in honour of the Mother of God. The parish priest, however, deeming that bloodless amusements would be more in place, put his foot down and refused to grant the request. "The Queen of Heaven," he explained, "could not be expected to regard with favour the slaying of bulls, and it might be the maiming of men." Thereupon the infuriated worshippers broke into the Church in a body and gave vent to their checked religious zeal in torrents of horrible blasphemies and threats, and would probably have damaged the house of God had it not been that the parish priest, entering the pulpit of the Holy Spirit, besought them to calm themselves and promised that the bull-fight should take place. One of the journals which chronicled this outburst of piety called

attention to it on the ground that "Unfortunately the event is not 'exceptional.'"

Another people of whom little has been heard of late have again given signs of life. The Armenians and their friends in France, Italy, England and Germany convened a congress in Brussels for the purpose of hindering the total extinction of the race in Turkey. My friends Quillard and de Pressensé have been endeavouring for years to do something to alleviate the lot of that ill-starred people, and now at last with the help of Anatole France, Loris Melikoff and others, their efforts seem likely to be crowned with success. Their object is not political in the strict sense of the word, though it certainly aims at concerted action on the part of European diplomacy, for the purpose of inducing the Porte to treat its Armenian subjects more like human beings and less like wild beasts. Members of Parliament of almost every country in Europe have promised their support, the Press has expressed its sympathy, and even influential statesmen, with such pressure brought to bear upon them, will, it is believed, get over their hesitation to move in a matter which could have been satisfactorily settled six years ago had they had the courage of their professed convictions. Everyone in this country will heartily wish the fullest measure of success to the distinguished humanitarians at Brussels.

Germany, or rather Prussia, is determined to carry out a policy of coercion against the Poles, whose lot is now become the least enviable of any of the peoples in Europe. They are kept out of the civil service, which includes railways, if they enter the professions or seek for a livelihood in trade, they are boycotted by the German elements of the population. Every means is employed to hinder them from buying land, their landed proprietors are encouraged by high prices to sell it to the Government, who parcel it out among Germans drafted in from the west. And the money needed thus to keep the Poles out of their rights is being supplied partly by themselves, in the form of taxation. Their children are forced to learn German, forbidden to speak Polish, punished for meeting together and learning history, compelled to stay one or two years longer in school than the law prescribes, and to crown the work, a sensational State trial for high treason is announced for the autumn, in which the dangerous criminals are Polish school-girls! No wonder the Polish members of the Prussian Diet respectfully refused to take part in welcoming the Kaiser, who is about to visit Posen. The reason they give, in their extremely respectful address, is their reluctance to mar the festivities by their sadness. The most significant symptom is the growth of sympathy between Poles and Russians in view of the common enemy.

The relations between Russia and Germany have sometimes doubtless been less cordial during the past quarter of a century than they are at present, but not often nor for long. Wilhelm the Second's clever

* *El Español*, 9th May, 1902

way with Abdul Hamid, and the concessions that followed his moral (1) support in the Armenian question, more especially the Bagdad Railway, has made it clear to the Tsar's Government that the honey is being sucked from the flowers in the garden which Nicholas II marked out for his own. With the trade and the communications of the country in her hands, Germany will trouble herself very little to what religion or nationality the ruler belongs. And great though her progress has been heretofore, it is growing rapidly. Whenever a German subject can be helped by a consul, or a new consul appointed with profit, the Kaiser has it done with a rapidity and thoroughness which would cause our own lackadaisical diplomatists to shudder. Albania is the next part of the promised land of Turkey marked out for German trade, and as the best pioneers of commerce are consuls,—not British consuls—the German Government has decided to establish a consulate in Ueskub. It is said that another will be appointed to Scutari. At both places Austria possesses representatives whose services are utilised by German subjects, but as the wares sold by the Germans and appreciated by the subjects of the Sultan are popularly believed to be Austrian, it is high time, say the manufacturers, that they should be known for what they really are, "made in Germany."

Russia, whose economic position is unenviable, for the crisis has not yet passed away, can do little to check the German advance. But what was possible has been effected in a very masterly way by the Finance Minister, M. Witte. The articles which appeared in his official organ on the Bagdad Railway warned his countrymen to give that enterprise the name it merits and a wide berth. It is an anti-Russian undertaking, and the savings of the Tsar's subjects can be much better invested at home. That is the gist of his lay sermons, which were eloquent and well reasoned. And now comes the Roland for his Oliver. One of the most influential monthly reviews in the Fatherland has brought out a formidable article attacking M. Witte's financial system, Russia's credit and the sweating of the peasants, and foretelling the utter breakdown of the alleged house of cards. And this onslaught is to be followed, by another written by the same author—a writer who has for years past evinced a keen interest in the Bagdad Railway and has travelled over a great part of Asia Minor, with which he is believed to be well acquainted. But his knowledge of things Russian is much less trustworthy, and his prophecy of the coming ruin of all things Muscovite is rendered suspect by the bitterness and bias of the writer, whose facts are taken from others and who passionately adjures his fellow countrymen to lend no more money to the Government of the Tsar.

Germany's relations with her neighbours and "allies," therefore, are not nearly so friendly as they might be, and many organs of her Press have been doing their very best of late to embitter still further the feelings that animate their countrymen against Great Britain. The

comic papers, especially, which exercise a widespread influence throughout the Fatherland, have been wantonly and indescribably offensive since the illness of King Edward. English correspondents in Berlin have found it impossible to do more than allude darkly to this fresh outbreak of Anglophobia and those savage manifestations of execrable taste. This is doubtless as it ought to be, so long as the British public is not kept in the dark as to the animus which prevails among their Teutonic cousins against this country. At the same time it is only fair to add that several respectable Press organs in Germany, alive to the practical disadvantages which such scurrilous attacks must bring in their train, have warned their contemporaries that they are running counter to their national interests. The *Borsenzeitung* of July 10th, for instance, unhesitatingly blames the brutal tone of the comic journals, which mould the opinions of millions of Germans and accustom them to regard every British Statesman "as an unprincipled speculator, every general as a liar, and every soldier as a coward." It pertinently asks whether it is not time to curb those papers which represent King Edward VII as "wallowing in the bloodstained corpses of Boer children."

The close of the Philippine war, if indeed it be ended, has followed closely upon our peace with the Boers. On July 3rd Acting Governor Wright telegraphed from Manila to the Secretary for War: "The provincial Government was inaugurated at Laguna on July 1st, thus completing the establishment of civil government over all the civilised people of the Archipelago. The acceptance of American authority is general and the pacification is complete." Aguinaldo has been set at liberty, and the United States army, amounting to some 20,000 men, will be employed chiefly as police.

The attitude of Congress—which adjourned on July 1st—towards Cuba, throws an unfavourable sidelight on the professions of disinterestedness and high-sounding phrases which rang through the debates of that assembly before the war with Spain. President Roosevelt, anxious to do simple justice to Cuba and preserve the honour of the United States untarnished, declared for a policy of reciprocity towards the self-governing island. But the representatives of the beet sugar interests stood in his way, displaying the courage of their conviction that dollars are more precious than justice or any other abstract noun. To the credit of the American Press it should be said that they sharply criticise the dereliction of duty shown by Congress in its dealings with Cuba. If the democratic opposition were as intelligent and honest as its friends would wish to see it, the Republican party would now forfeit its majority in the House at the coming elections. It is already split, weakened and discredited.

The Session just ended, however, will be as memorable for what it has accomplished as for what it neglected, and chief among the former measures are those for taking over and completing the Panama Canal.

instead of the projected waterway in Nicaragua, the abolition of the war tax, and the organisation of civil government in the Philippines

The American invasion of England still continues. It is being illustrated too from time to time by facts which are bruited abroad long after they have taken place. A few weeks ago, for instance, fears were expressed that sharp, bold speculators from the United States might cross the Atlantic and capture our meat trade as they have seized upon our shipping. What, it was pertinently asked, could hinder them, if they only had the will? The reply has come very recently in the shape of a document showing that the meat trade of Smithfield has already passed into the control of an American "ring," and that the price of beef in this country is being artificially raised by a few greedy Yankees, while the conservative Briton still trustingly invokes the comforting "law" of supply and demand. This hoary old "law," like that of natural selection, can be so profoundly modified by man as to be virtually abolished. In the sphere of economics, trusts can and do suspend its action. The beef trust, for instance, settles beforehand prices to be demanded and quantities to be imported. But why, may we ask, cannot British dealers falsify their reckoning by throwing an additional supply upon the market? Because there are no freight steamers to carry it over here, nor will there be any for six or twelve months: they are under contract to the Americans. And if this initial difficulty were overcome, the "intruders" would find that prices had gone down by the time they had sent their imports to market, for the Americans dispose of inexhaustible funds and use them freely to crush out opposition. In this case, as in that of British trade and industry, the problem reduced to its simplest terms is this: if the so-called laws of political economy can be baffled by trusts and rings, whether is it better to let a whole empire be beggared or to meet commercial combines by legislative restrictions?

Russia, or rather M. Witte, has made quite a sensational move in the sphere of economics which will raise that question in a general form, and may yet produce far-reaching results in Europe and the world. The occasion was the Brussels Sugar Convention, concluded with the object of checking the action of trusts and syndicates which, by artificially raising home prices, can export to foreign countries at abnormally cheap rates. The Powers which adhere to the Convention bound themselves to shut out by means of a differential tariff all sugar coming from countries which offer directly or indirectly a premium on export, and to admit the produce of the signatories of the Convention at lower rates. Now Russia fears that she may be held to be giving an indirect premium to her sugar exporters, and that her apprehensions are not groundless is seen from the fact that the United States have already acted upon that view. The reason is simple. The Convention stipulates that the import duties of a country shall in no case exceed its

inland revenue duties by more than 6 francs for refined sugar, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ for the unrefined article. Russia's inland duty, however, is only $1\frac{3}{4}$ roubles, while her customs tariff is 6 roubles. Therefore, according to the letter of the agreement, she is liable to have her sugar shut out.

M. Witte's note points out in the first place that this difference between revenue and customs duty is but a domestic arrangement for regulating home consumption and not a clandestine bounty. In the next place he denies the right of the signatories of the Convention to apply a high tariff to Russian sugar, and in the third place he maintains that Russia has a right, based on the most favoured nation treaties, to share all the special advantages which the Powers had reserved to themselves. This contention, Germans and Austrians maintain, would, if upheld, nullify the Convention. But that is merely the prelude, so to say. The essence of the note lies in the sweeping Russian proposal in which it culminates.

If it be maintained, says M. Witte, that the Russian arrangement is indeed equivalent to an indirect bounty on sugar, calculated to disturb the markets of the world, the Tsar's Government is quite willing to have the subject thoroughly sifted. But on one condition: it must be done thoroughly and must therefore include an investigation into the action not only of the protection given by States themselves, but also of private syndicates tolerated by those States, and not merely of syndicates and trusts which deal in sugar, but of all combines without exception which trade in any wares bought and sold in the world's markets. Syndicates, according to the Russian Finance Minister, undermine industries. Their action is comparable to that of unfair competition. International syndicates are more harmful still. The only means of checking their advance is to protect one's own country's industries by a high tariff. But this measure has serious drawbacks, one of which is the fluctuation of the tariff rendered necessary by the artificial rise and fall of prices abroad. The American Dingley Bill and the Brussels Sugar Convention discourage the export of goods produced either by free labour (by prisoners) or with the help of bounties. But the bounties which they strike at are only those granted by States. Yet syndicates give far greater premiums than Governments, and their disturbing action is the very essence of the question, for they are unscrupulous. Now that many commercial treaties have to be renewed is the time for raising the whole question. All peoples have like interests in the matter, and these should be carefully weighed and protected. The only way to effect this is by a court of international arbitration, preceded by a congress like that of the Hague. And Russia, whose intentions are excellent, would gladly co-operate in this new movement, which might, if properly directed, accomplish great things for the welfare of the peoples of the world.

E. J. DILLON

SOME RECENT BOOKS

M. MAETERLINCK has published, under the title of "The Buried Temple" (George Allen), five essays, three of which — *The Mystery of Justice*, *The Evolution of Mystery* and *The Kingdom of Matter*, have appeared before as magazine articles. The two new ones are *The Past* and *Luck*. They have the same subtle charm which his style and his thought always display. Luck of course raises the question of Justice over again, and the author here revels in that mystery which is the natural home of his mind. He believes in the reality of luck, and thinks he has known persons for whom, apart from any quality of their own, destiny, "the God of whom we know least," works good or evil, as the case may be. M. Maeterlinck holds the curious theory that great catastrophes have fewer victims than might be expected. Some chance keeps away from the spot half or two-thirds of the persons who ordinarily would have been present. This may be an illusion, due to the fact that such chances fix themselves in the memory. But his theory is that we are governed rather by our unconscious than our conscious powers, and that while a few of us may be actually conscious of a presentiment of evil, others are really saved by wholly unknown qualities which take advantage of any chance to turn their course aside from that which their reason would have selected, but which would have led to misfortune. In others the unconscious self seems to fail in its work, and they perish.

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One of the few features of literary interest in a very dull publishing season has been the continuation, after so long an interval, of Messrs Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" series. The first of the new volumes is by Sir Leslie Stephen, who takes for his subject the life and works of "George Eliot." Sir Leslie, as I suppose we must now style the author of "Hours in a Library" (though surely the "Order of Merit" would have been a more fitting recognition for a man of letters than a title which makes no distinction between money and

brains), has high qualifications for what is a very delicate task. Thirty years ago the reputation of George Eliot was at its zenith. Since then it has suffered greater indignities from the battle-axes and shuttlecocks of criticism than perhaps any other first-class reputation in English literature, and to-day it requires careful and judicious handling. It had fallen to its nadir when Mr. Henley, with that characteristic vigour which makes such good reading but such ill-balanced judgments, assailed the creator of *Mrs. Poyser* as "an apotheosis of pupil-teaching"—"a Pallas with prejudices and a corset"—and dismissed *Tito* with the remark that he was "an improper female in breeches." Sir Leslie approaches his subject in a calmer and more judicial spirit, steering a middle course between the extravagant eulogy of the early seventies and the no less extravagant depreciation which obtained a few years ago. If he is without enthusiasm, he writes with insight and impartiality, seasoning his pages with a delightful irony which often touches the truth where more direct methods would fail, and though his estimate may not satisfy the more ardent of George Eliot's admirers, it is, I venture to think, the soundest judgment that has yet been passed upon the novelist's works.

Sir Leslie manages to impart considerable freshness to his account of George Eliot's early life and surroundings, going through the well-known facts with a keen eye for what is essential as affecting her spiritual and mental development. But there is one point in those early years that needs further elucidation. The period of acute mental suffering which George Eliot passed through while working at her translation of Strauss's "*Life of Jesus*" is not sufficiently explained by attributing it solely to the religious doubts which beset her. There are allusions, both in her letters and in her earlier novels (so largely autobiographical), that suggest an unhappy attachment, and if one regrets that Sir Leslie is silent on the point, it is not from any motive of morbid curiosity, but because one feels that a sorrow of this nature must have played an important part in the formation of George Eliot's character, and may, indeed, have been the origin of that gospel of self-renunciation which is found in all her novels.

Turning from the biographical to the critical side of the book, the author makes a marked distinction between George Eliot's earlier and later novels, and with his preference for the earlier works I, for one, am in entire agreement. The charm of the "*Scenes of Clerical Life*," "*Adam Bede*," "*The Mill on the Floss*," and "*Silas Marner*," is that they are "transfigured experience." No novelist—not even Charlotte Brontë—is more autobiographical, or draws more freely on the impressions and emotions of early days. In his chapter on "*The Mill on the Floss*," which represents to his mind "the culmination of George Eliot's power," Sir Leslie says:—

In the "*Scenes of Clerical Life*" she had made use of the stories current in the early domestic circle, in "*Adam Bede*" she had

drawn a picture of that circle itself, and she now took herself for a heroine, and the first two volumes became virtually a spiritual autobiography. "The Mill on the Floss," indeed, considered simply as a story, obviously suffers from the disproportionate development of the earlier part, but I do not think that any reader could wish for a change which would sacrifice the revelation of character to the requirements of plot.

After the publication of "Silas Marner" George Eliot's work takes another direction. The memories of early days and of the quiet country life she knew and loved so well are no longer the dominant factor, and moral and philosophical theories take their place. She compounds, as it were, the literature of the imagination and the literature of science, and the mixture is not always agreeable to the artistic palate. I have not the space to follow Sir Leslie in his adventures among the later novels. He finds much to praise by the way, but with many reservations. And yet an admirable critic, R. H. Hutton, described "Romola" as "an almost perfect historical novel"; and "Daniel Deronda" is, in Mr. Oscar Browning's opinion, "the sum and glory of George Eliot's art." In the face of such conflicting judgments one can only murmur "*Tot homines*," and pass on.

"Hazlitt," by Augustine Birrell—the second volume of this new series—will have appeared before these notes are in print. Other volumes arranged for are "Matthew Arnold," by Herbert Paul, "Tennyson," by Sir Alfred Lyall, "Browning," by G. K. Chesterton, "Ruskin," by Frederic Harrison (the "point of view" of this volume should be especially interesting), "Crabbe," by Canon Ainger, "Jane Austen," by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, and "Hobbes," by Sir Leslie Stephen—an appetising *menu* for the lover of sound critical biography.

With the eighth volume (in two parts) of "Rome in the Middle Ages," published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, Miss Annie Hamilton completes her translation of the great work of Gregorovius. Originally published in 1872, Gregorovius' *Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter* has long since taken its rightful place among the world's classics, and English readers are under a heavy (though pleasing) obligation to Miss Hamilton for enabling them to read this standard history in a version so admirable in every way. The highest praise that can be bestowed on a translation is to say that it reads like an original, and the present work fully deserves that comment. The concluding volume, covering the period between the death of Alexander VI. in 1503 and the death of Clement VII. in 1534, is, in many respects, the most interesting of the whole work, for it gives us the spirit of the Renaissance at its zenith, that strange mingling of sublime artistic inspiration and moral depravity which produced a Michael Angelo and a Cæsar Borgia, a Raffaele and an Alexander VI. With an insistence

that cannot be overlooked by the warmest artistic sympathy, it points the moral that culture in itself is not civilisation, that the progress of the arts does not necessarily connote the progress of mankind. Nay, Gregorovius goes further. "It is," he says, "one of the strongest proofs of the imperfection of human nature that in almost every great epoch of culture the Beautiful reaches its greatest perfection side by side with the decay of morals and political life." He finds confirmation of his statement in the history of the Greeks and Romans, and in modern times in that of the Italians and French, and he propounds the theory that "creative artistic energy probably requires a sensuous atmosphere, electrified by passion, this atmosphere, which is created by the currents of the time, remains sunny and clear in the higher realms of genius, while in the lower it shows itself merely as a precipitate of vulgar vice, and is fatal as a moral pestilence"—a subtle speculation which reduces the souls of good and evil to a single essence whose character is determined by its medium. But whether we accept the theory or not, one thing is clear—the good of the Renaissance is for all time, the evil died with its generation, Michael Angelo and Raffaele are living forces to this day, while Alexander VI and his like have long since mouldered in their graves, mere synonyms for iniquity.

Leo X is traditionally regarded as the Augustus of the Renaissance. Fortune favoured him in this respect. He does not seem to have possessed a spark of native genius, his intellect was merely receptive, and did not in any way impress the period with his ideas. With a catholic appreciation of the general culture of the time, he reaped what had been sown by his greater predecessor, Julius II. It was Julius who, as patron of Bramante, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, gave the impetus to those great works of art which added a lustre to Leo's pontificate. He collected in the Belvedere, which Bramante had constructed at his orders, the masterpieces of ancient sculpture discovered in his reign—the Apollo, the Laocoon, the torso of Hercules, and the Ariadne—thus founding the Vatican Museum, "that great Pantheon of ancient sculptures in which the work and the continuity of the civilisation of centuries, the infancy, the maturity and the decay of human genius, and the inmost thoughts of the ancient religions and peoples have found their monumental expression." Under the guidance of Bramante, he widened the streets, and enriched the city with many of its noblest buildings, and, above all, he conceived the idea of rebuilding St Peter's. The foundation stone was laid by Julius on April 18th, 1506; and the finished structure, after the work of building had been protracted throughout the reigns of twenty popes, was consecrated by Urban VIII on November 18th, 1626. Like other historians, Gregorovius regards the taxes for building St Peter's as "the first actual causes of the German Reformation," and quotes Pallavicini's confession: "The material structure of St Peter's was thus responsible for the fall of a great part of his spiritual building, since in order to collect all

"the millions consumed by the colossal work, the successor of Julius II "was obliged to resort to means that gave rise to Luther's heresy, and "this has made the Church the poorer by many more million souls" It cannot be denied that the sale of indulgences was a cause of the Reformation, as the wind is a cause of unsound fruit falling from the tree, but to regard it as anything more than a minor cause is to ignore the whole history of the Papacy With the kindling of intellectual life which took place in the fifteenth century, papal despotism, both temporal and spiritual, was doomed, and though the building of St Peter's, and the consequent indulgences, helped to precipitate events, nothing less than the destruction of the printing-press could have arrested them

I cannot dwell, as I could wish, on the second part of the volume, which deals with the papacies of Adrian VI and Clement VII, and contains probably the best account of the sack of Rome to be found in all history The chapters on the Fine Arts are, as the period demands, of great archæological and artistic interest I quote a passage from the author's criticism of St Peter's —

The traveller who stands for the first time in front of St Peter's must admit that a Gothic cathedral is the ideal of a church, and perhaps that Christianity itself is there expressed in a clearer and more historic aspect than in this world-famous building In the interior the masses of the piers, the arches and barrel-vaulting suggest immensity but not infinity We breathe no air of sanctity, and that spell of mystery, with which the ancient and simple basilicas of Rome and Ravenna are filled, is entirely absent In St. Peter's the language of religion is translated into the modern, secular and profane style of a period of soulless splendour. The wealth of magnificent mosaics is here spread with astounding lavishness over walls and vaults, but these mosaics produce a merely decorative effect and exercise no religious influence such as their legitimate predecessors in ancient basilicas And yet if the spectator deplores the absence of æsthetic or religious effect, he will at any rate find himself encompassed by an architectural world of incomparable extent, complete in its smallest details, a world of embodied ideas and events, the creation of which presupposes the course of centuries When finally he gazes upwards to the radiant heaven of the dome, he will probably admit that St Peter's is the temple of all temples, where even in the remotest future, when the dogmatic face of religion shall have become spiritualised in a higher culture, the human race, united in this new spiritual life, will there be able to give solemn expression to its noblest feelings

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Mr Fisher Unwin has added to his excellent "Story of the Nations" series a volume on "Mediæval Rome 1073—1600," by William Miller Fresh from the striking narrative of Gregorovius, I should be doing Mr.

Miller a manifest injustice by approaching his work in too critical a spirit. A book must be judged by the author's design, and in the present work the author does not seek to emulate the great German historian, but to furnish a short history of Mediæval Rome for those who lack the leisure or the inclination to study a larger canvas. Measured by this standard, Mr Miller's work leaves little to be desired. It is both useful as an outline and readable as a book. The main events in the history of the city between the middle of the eleventh and the end of the sixteenth century are told in a concise yet interesting manner, and considerable attention is paid to sculpture, painting, and architecture, the writer in all cases following the best authorities. Goethe spoke truly when he said that the traveller sees in Rome only what he takes to Rome. One thing that he should certainly take with him is a knowledge of its history during the Middle Ages, without which he will be unable to appreciate a great part of its artistic treasures. To the busy Briton the recommendation of Gregorovius' eight volumes as a preparation for a trip to Rome may seem a counsel of perfection, if nothing worse. But failing Gregorovius, Mr Miller's "Mediæval Rome" will serve

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A very important work has been recently issued by Mr John Murray under the title of "Dangerous Trades. The Historical, Social, and Legal Aspects of Industrial Occupations as Affecting Health," written by a number of experts under the editorship of Dr Thomas Oliver, Professor of Physiology in the University of Durham. I cannot pretend to have read the volume from cover to cover (it runs to nearly 900 pages, and is practically an encyclopædia of its subject), but I have read sufficient to recognise in it one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of practical sociology published within recent years. The work covers the whole field of industrial hygiene, bringing into focus an enormous amount of information hitherto unrecorded or inaccessible. For purposes of reference its value, not only to medical men, but also to employers of labour to Members of Parliament and of local boards, and indeed to everybody who is interested in the hygienic side of industrial questions, cannot be easily exaggerated. In dealing with the conduct of the various trades and occupations in respect to their dangers to life and health, Dr Oliver has secured the co-operation of many distinguished specialists, whose names alone are a guarantee of the trustworthy character of the work. Thus, among other writers, Miss A. M. Anderson, Principal Lady Inspector of Factories, contributes a historical sketch of the development of legislation for dangerous industries in England, and a chapter on the regulations in force in some of the chief European countries; Mr H. J. Tennant, M.P., Chairman of the late Dangerous Trades Committee, writes on the "Principles of Prospective Legislation for Dangerous Trades," Dr John Tatham, of the General Register Office, Somerset House, on the "Mortality of

"Occupations" and on "Dust-Producing Occupations," Dr William Collingridge, Medical Officer of Health to the City of London, deals with "Health in the Marine Service," Mr. Henry H. Cunynghame, of the Home Office, with "Railways," and Mr D'Arcy Power with "Agriculture, Horses, Cattle" The articles on "Arsenic" and "The Air of Mines" are written respectively by the well-known specialists, Mr Malcolm Morris and Dr John Haldane In the case of an industry which can be more or less localised, Dr Oliver has adopted the wise plan of calling in an expert living in the district in which it is principally carried on For instance, the article on "The Manufacture of Cotton" is by Dr. Jas Wheatley, M.O.H., Blackburn, and that on "Steel Grinding" by Mr Sinclair White, Lecturer on Surgery, University College, Sheffield Dr. Oliver has himself contributed several articles, and with his special knowledge as medical expert on various committees of the Home Office, he writes with authority on such subjects as "Lead and its Compounds," "China and Earthenware Manufacture," and "Phosphorus and Lucifer Matches"

In his introductory chapter Dr Oliver advocates the extension of the Workmen's Compensation Act of 1897 so as to include all trades that are considered dangerous, though he admits that there are many difficulties in the way As the Act stands at present it makes accident the sole circumstance that enables a workman to receive compensation It is clearly meant to distinguish between accident and disease Ought the law to impose a further burden upon the employer by making him compensate a workman injured in health when the disease can be directly traced to the trade in which he is engaged? Dr Oliver says —

It is a disputable point how far a fatal disease like anthrax caught in a wool-combing factory is not as much an accident . . . as the fatal burns caused by the sudden ignition of some spirit paint in a shipyard A similar line of argument might be made to apply to other trades. The man who gets his arm broken by a piece of machinery in motion or by a barrel falling off a trolley in a colour factory receives a weekly allowance from his employers, but another man who becomes paralysed in both hands as a consequence of having filled the barrels with white lead in the same factory does not receive any part of his wages when off ill

The crux of the matter lies in the question, What is industrial or occupation disease? Dr Oliver does not minimise the difficulty of arriving at an exact definition He quotes Dr Glibert, Medical Inspector of Labour in Belgium "Every disease recognised as particularly frequent in a profession ought to be considered as an industrial disease to the extent that it is clearly due to the risks in the trade" But industrial disease, so defined, does not differ from other disease inasmuch as it is produced by several factors, some remoter than others, but all contributory Where one person may resist a certain disease, another

person, working under precisely similar industrial conditions, may succumb. The home life and surroundings of the individual, his habits when not working, his weakness or strength of constitution are but a few of the conditions that cannot be ignored in making an employer liable for an occupation disease. With the exception of anthrax there is no occupation disease that, from the suddenness of its development, can be compared with an accident. Such diseases generally take the course of a gradual deterioration of health, and their exact causation is, therefore, so often disputable that the inclusion of industrial diseases under the Workmen's Compensation Act would lead to endless litigation. To my mind, a better solution of the problem is offered by a system of mutual trade insurance which, Dr Oliver tells us, is now being formulated by a committee of pottery manufacturers, representatives of the operatives, and the Ocean Accident Insurance Company. Under this scheme all workers in dangerous processes in potteries will be able to insure against lead poisoning, the premiums to be supplemented by contributions from the employers. The experiment will be watched with interest, and should it prove successful, the system will, no doubt, be adopted in other industries, and may go far towards making any further extension of the WCA unnecessary.

When one considers the authoritative nature of this volume, and the national importance of its subject, one cannot too strongly recommend it as a work that should be added to the reference department of every public library in the United Kingdom.

A READER

NOTE.—Mr. Auberon Herbert writes to say that the little scene of the endless rolls of five-franc pieces and gold pieces, which he mentions in his article in the July number of this REVIEW (p 48), took place, as Mr Capper informs him, not at Belfort but at Montbeliard.

LESSONS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.*

HAS the war in South Africa afforded any lessons which would be of use to the armies of Europe?

Certain of those who profess the arts of war say no, especially men who base their gospel of strategical and even tactical science on the history of the Napoleonic campaigns and who persistently endeavour to keep up ancient usages with modern armaments. According to this method, in most of the great European manoeuvres it is still the practice, after preliminary firing of longer or shorter duration, to deliver what is called the "decisive" attack by infantry in compact masses, straight at the enemy, to the sound of music and the beating of drums. "Decisive" for the troops which attempted them such attacks have certainly been, from the 18th August, 1870, onwards. Without exception they have ended in bloodshed and disaster.

But the officiating priests of this imperial cult allow of no developments. They cry up the massed fighting which prevailed at the beginning of last century, and, supported in their theories by the special character of those sections of an army which tend to increase in effect by being closely grouped, and dominated by preconceived notions, they fail to appreciate the principle propounded by the master that "an army should change its tactics every ten years."

This feeling of resistance to all progress prevails chiefly in armies which date their existence from several centuries ago. Ancient methods have become sacred legacies which it is the duty of every man to hand down intact. Prussia suffered in consequence at Jena. At the outset of the French Revolution military art was reduced to a servile copy of the procedure of Frederick the Great. At that time the effect of the musket in the hands of a sharp-shooter constituted a factor which was just beginning to appear. Frederick had

* This article, reproduced by permission from the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is universally, and without contradiction, ascribed to General de Négrier, a French officer of the highest distinction. In the translation "yards" have been substituted for *metres*.

not made use of it, for in his time firing was of little account, the white arm determined a battle. The Prussian army, like the French, considered that the secret of victory lay in these same manœuvres and they contemplated no change.

A select group of officers, such as Bourcet and Baron du Theil, Bonaparte's professor at Auxonne, were nevertheless preparing the tactics of the Revolution, which superseded those of Guibert and Gribeauval. But what a laborious evolution! The patient researches of the eighteenth century to discover the tactical consequences of the use of firearms would probably have remained long in the shade had it not been for Napoleon. His genius grasped their importance. In the face of the Prussian school, crystallised in its own doctrine, he made use of fire to blind his enemy and arrest all movement during the time required to lead up to the decisive act—the attack.

The crushing battles of the Emperor induced the armies of the nineteenth century to model themselves on his methods, just as those of Frederick had been imitated at the end of the eighteenth century.

But blind infatuation for the past leads to mistakes such as plunged the Prussian army into the disasters of 1806. Like everything else that surrounds us, the art of war is in perpetual evolution. It is not a dogmatic science which can be studied in its complete state in the past. A genius like Hannibal or Napoleon leaves his mark on the military science of his epoch, carrying it forward to the highest degree of perfection attainable at that period. He leaves admirable examples of the dispositions most suitable to the institutions and circumstances of his time, but no more. It is useless therefore to imitate them in our day, when the instruments of war are so absolutely different from his. The art of war is quite simple, it has been said, and is entirely a matter of application. Ought not the application to be in conformity with the means at our disposal and to vary accordingly?

Military history shows that changes of this kind are difficult to realise in times of peace, unless an actual experience comes to throw light on the new facts. In this case the armies who witness the conflict are in a position of singular good fortune.

The South African war in this respect has many lessons for us. Evidently the conditions under which it has been conducted are too peculiar to permit of definite deductions, though it clearly demonstrates the inadequacy of the methods hitherto employed in battle. The object of this article, therefore, is not to point out the tactics of the future, for in general they will depend much more on the moral condition of the nation at the beginning of the war and on the individual energy of the soldier, than on the power of the armament. The latter is none the less a most important factor, the effects of which it would be dangerous not to forecast. But in analysing the new conditions of war it is now possible to take account of its requirements and thus to base instructions to the troops on actual experience.

Quick-firing rifles and smokeless powder have forced the English to abandon entirely their former methods. New tactics, totally different from those now in use in most European armies, had to be improvised and in the event adopted. But at the cost of what sacrifices! The army which has the wisdom to profit by the experience acquired by another army during two years of bloodshed will avoid such sacrifices itself. We will not pursue the matter further. We need not try to copy the tactics evolved by the English army, but we should study them with care.

First of all it is our duty to examine the criticisms, at times ill-natured, coming from the Continent, which have been levelled against the English commanders and the English troops.

Without stopping to consider strategic dispositions, which our study will indicate later on, we may as well point out that it is always easy to discover the weak side of any operation. We are too apt to forget also the strong and sometimes fatal influence on the movements of armies exerted by political considerations. But, in the sphere of tactics, opinions may be based on facts which anyone can examine for himself. From this ground we are justified in affirming that the history of this war will redound to the great honour of the body of officers and of the regular army of Great Britain. On all occasions these men sacrificed their lives with a devotion which demands our homage.

As regards the troops, those engaged in the campaigns of 1899 and 1900 were excellent. Their morale was perfect. It has been accepted on all sides and confidently repeated that English soldiers are capable of effort only when they are well and even copiously nourished. Lord Roberts' remarkable operations have proved that this belief was not justified. Starting on the 8th of February, 1900, they led in a few weeks, owing to the army's endurance of hunger and fatigue, to the raising of the sieges of Kimberley (Feb. 15th) and of Ladysmith (March 1st), to the surrender of General Kronje (Feb. 27th) and of the capital towns, Bloemfontein (March 13th), Johannesburg (May 31st) and Pretoria (June 6th), together with the occupation of the chain of railways of the two Republics. These operations took place on a line of territory extending for some 400 miles in a country destitute of resources. The privation was therefore great. The army had scarcely entered the Orange River Colony when they were put on half rations. On February 16th, 1900, at Watervaal Drift, at the beginning of the movement, the Boers had captured a convoy of 200 waggons carrying food for four days. This was a serious misfortune. At that moment only two days' food remained either in the men's haversacks or in the transport waggons. The least delay would have permitted General Kronje to escape. To add to the difficulty, the army was advancing in a wild part of the country where there were no railways within immediate reach. In spite of his

critical position Lord Roberts allowed nothing to hinder his advance. He simply ordered the rations to be halved. The 6th and 9th Divisions, which fought at Paardeberg on February 18th, consumed their last half-rations the same night. Did not the sequel prove that the Field-Marshal was right in placing full confidence in the energy of his troops?

Frequently these privations were endured for long periods together. During the march on Bloemfontein the quantities of the rations, kept down to facilitate movement, never reached the tariff fixed by regimental regulations, they were sometimes even less than half. Nevertheless not a complaint was ever made. The soldiers drew from their own self-control reserves of energy sufficient to pass through the crisis. The officers, living with their men and having, from the first, shared with them the resources of their mess, set the example and met with the devotion they had expected. On the whole, from the beginning of the campaign the troops always did what their leaders expected of them. They proved themselves to be energetic, brave and capable of endurance, and if in many engagements they were unfortunate, the cause must be attributed not to want of valour but to the use of superannuated methods of warfare.

This fact was discovered too late. It had already brought about the death of the *élite* of the army, men who could not be replaced.

In order to examine the tactical evolution which has now been achieved, it will be necessary first to describe the enemy's methods of warfare.

I

All that there is to say has already been said on the subject of the nature, character and mode of existence of the Boers. Rural life in a vast country which must be traversed on horseback, rifle in hand, from infancy upward, the chase, and above all frequent warring with Kaffirs, had specially prepared them for war. The way in which they used their talents is less well known. The facts which I will proceed to give are taken from the agreeing portions of reports drawn up by officers of different nationalities who have lived and fought with the commandos.

Amongst these groups of men, based on territorial divisions of the country, no other discipline exists besides that resulting from each individual will. The number of the effectives in these bodies varies continually. Those who feel the necessity of visiting their homes leave the commando, sometimes even without informing the commandant that they are going, certain to return a few days later, with no further formalities.

But we must first of all bear in mind that the Boers had already fought the English. The Transvaal, annexed by England on April 12th, 1877, had revolted on December 16th, 1880. The independence

of the Republic was proclaimed and insurrection became general. The English forces, few in number, experienced a series of checks such as that of the 20th of December, at Bronkhorstspuit, near Middelburg, where two companies of the 94th Infantry were obliged to surrender, leaving 56 killed and 83 wounded on the field. Five hundred Boers took part in the engagement, their losses were one killed and five wounded.

England sent reinforcements to save the besieged garrisons. General Sir Pomeroy Colley did not wait for all his troops to arrive, he started from Newcastle on Jan. 26th, 1881, for Laing's Nek, where the Boers had taken up their position. On the 28th he attacked with two infantry battalions, one detachment of bluejackets, 170 cavalrymen and six guns, according to the tactics prevailing at that time.—preparatory action on the part of the artillery, wing engagement by the cavalry, frontal attack by the infantry, bayonet charge—all the regulation processes. The result was deplorable. In a few seconds the cavalry with 17 men killed and wounded and 32 horses, had been driven back. The 58th, which had behaved with the greatest bravery and had come within thirty yards of the Boers, had been obliged to retire with a loss of seven officers and 76 men killed, and two officers and 111 men wounded.

On the 8th February, 1881, at Schain-Hoogte, there was another repulse, and General Colley lost five officers and 66 men killed, and 136 wounded. Finally on the 27th February the celebrated engagement at Majuba Hill took place which still causes the English some heartburning. Indeed it cost them the loss of the Transvaal and put an end to this first war. This battle was singularly important on its own account, for it exhibited special methods of attack on the part of the Boers. The English, who took no notice of them at the time, suffered repeated reverses on that account in 1899 and 1900. A few details will bring out this fact.

The pass of Laing's Nek, where a railway runs from Newcastle to Volkspruit, was guarded by the Boers, who had neglected to occupy the heights of Majuba Hill, situated two or three miles to the west, which dominated the country. During the night of the 26th to 27th February, General Colley, taking advantage of their mistake, led up to the little plateau at the summit three companies of the 58th, one of the 60th, three of the 92nd, and 64 bluejackets, keeping in reserve one company of the 92nd and 140 men. With painful efforts the troops arrived at the plateau, but, instead of guarding the slopes, they took up their position on a peak overlooking the Boer camp, under the conviction that the latter would abandon their position as soon as they saw the heights occupied.

The contrary happened. The Boers, perceiving the English on the summit, at once resolved to attack them. One hundred and fifty volunteers began climbing the slopes on the most precipitous sides,

filings off behind bushes and rocks. A second detachment of older men, all splendid marksmen, followed at a certain distance, firing on everything that showed itself on the edge of the plateau. A third detachment had meantime gone round and was attacking from the other side. The two first detachments were advancing in echelons, the one supporting by their fire the forward rushes of the other.

The moment the English showed themselves on the crest of the hill they were hit. The line broke and the reserve men were brought forward, they were obliged to fall back in spite of the efforts of their officers. Suddenly they were caught in flank by a volley of fire from a rocky peak they had neglected to occupy which had been climbed by a Boer detachment. A moment later the same thing happened on the opposite flank. The Boers were now shooting at the backs of men who were lying down. General Colley was killed and fifty of his men. The rest were wounded or taken prisoners. The Boers, thanks to their tactics, had but one killed and six wounded.

These remarkable results were naturally the subject of comment, but only from the point of view of mistakes in the English command. No one was prepared at that time to believe in the change in the methods of warfare, and the troops engaged in 1899 and 1900 made use of the old tactics, which cost them dear.

Another important point in the campaign of 1881 was that the Boer morale was considerably superior to that of the English. Their correct aim, rendered always more effective by great *sang-froid*, made them enemies to be feared by troops exposed to their fire in regular close formation and unaccustomed to the use of the ground for concealing their advance.

This was the attitude of the two sides from the point of view of morale when war was declared on October 6th, 1899.

It was their qualities as hunters which were of most service to the Boers. From the European point of view their military instruction was almost nil, except for a portion of the artillery and some bodies of police which had been permanently maintained. But, unembarrassed by the heavy baggage prescribed by the old formulæ, and knowing how to occupy the country and how to shoot straight, they solved their problems by their own common sense and for the most part intelligently. For the fortification of the country they used novel plans and sections, cleverly arranged to shelter them from shell-fire. For long months they made considerable use of them. Their warfare, offensive from a strategical point of view, was tactically defensive. In sieges they contented themselves with surrounding the towns they were attacking with earth-works and with defending the trenches in order to beat off attempts at relief. It was only at the end of a year that the seasoned commandos abandoned their passive defence to engage in a partisan war, all movement, surprises and attacks, which lasted until so recently and brought them so many successes.

In attack, as in defence, the Boers employed no other method than that of Majuba Hill, namely, to deploy a certain number of groups of riflemen, without supports or reserves, occupying salient points at wide intervals. When on rare occasions reinforcements were sent up they prolonged to right and left the firing line already deployed. To ward off flank attacks they would disengage part of the front line and portions would be rapidly transferred to the threatened wing. Such movements are only possible by the aid of horses stationed in readiness in small groups close to the sharpshooters.

In the case of prolonged halts the horses are tethered *à la rime*, a special arrangement which allows of their moving slowly and cropping the grass. The head is tied to one of the fore legs by a cord or rein fastened just above the knee. If for some reason, such as a surprise, the horses have to be brought together quickly, a horseman, mounted on the first animal he comes to, assembles them by galloping round them closer and closer until he drives them before him to the required spot. During an engagement the Boers simply leave the rein to drag on the ground, like the Arab Cavalry, the horse does not move and his master finds him where he has left him.

The Boers confined themselves almost entirely to defending their positions from the beginning of the war until the 2nd of June, 1900, the date on which the Government of the two Republics, at a council held at Machadodorp, decided by the vote of the Secretary of State, Mr. Reitz, that the war should take the character of a partisan war. A few rare attacks, though fortunate, had not then induced them to take up the offensive. Their defence consisted chiefly of trenches, hollowed out either on the side of a hill or at the foot of its slopes, and occupied by their best marksmen. The crests of the hills, generally strewn with blocks of stone, which afforded good shelter, were usually held by a few riflemen who used black smoke-producing powder in order to attract the attention and the fire of the enemy. When the English, marching towards this very evident goal, had come sufficiently near to the low trenches, action would suddenly commence from below, and heavy losses were experienced in the course of a few moments. Even at a short distance these trenches were invisible. At nightfall when the firing could be seen, the flash, according to eye-witnesses, seemed to come out of the earth. These trenches were frequently in two and even three lines, one commanding the other. In such cases communications from one to the other were effected by passages. They were developed on a much larger scale than was called for by the effective force intending to occupy them, and a variety of designs answered the requirements of various hypothetical attacks. They were not occupied simultaneously, but partially and according to the need of the moment. Such considerable works, rapidly executed, can only be accounted for by the hand labour of natives. The Boers are not fond of digging the soil. In their laagers were a number of black

servants and drivers They treat the Kaffirs as the Israelites used to treat the Amalekites They have conquered them and attached them to their farms The whip and, if necessary, the revolver insure good will

As for the musketry, so for the guns a large number of emplacements had been prepared The Boers, who had very little artillery, usually brought their pieces into action singly They had four Creusot guns of 155 millimetres calibre, called Long Toms on account of their great range, for which the Boers had an almost superstitious infatuation, a few 75-millimetre Krupp, Creusot and other field guns, and finally some new machines, viz, the automatic 37-millimetre cannons commonly called "pom-poms," which had been sold to them by the firm of Vickers and Maxim, of London

This cannon, in use for the first time, projects a small percussion shell of 400 grammes (the minimum weight fixed by the St Petersburg Convention for explosive projectiles) The cartridges are mounted on a canvas belt which is drawn into the breech The discharge of each shot mechanically ejects the empty case, recharges the gun and lets off the next shot, according to the desire of the gunner This gun can discharge more than 100 shells per minute The points where the projectiles fall can be easily seen at a distance of 3,000 yards The adjustment is rapid The engineer, after a preliminary shot close at hand, can prolong his range with as much precision as he would with the nozzle of a hose, so that the shells appear to run after one another along the ground, all that is needed is to stop when they reach the desired point

The moral effect of these automatic guns was considerable The English were obliged to obtain some also They received their first on February 26th, the night before General Kronje's surrender at Paardeberg, and since then these guns have had a recognised place in the ordinary artillery stores

To the Transvaal artillery must be added that of the Orange River Colony, comprising 14 Krupp and several machine guns

In the most extensive engagements the Boers were hardly able to bring more than eight or ten guns of these various kinds into line They were generally well concealed and protected, so that in spite of a crushing superiority in numbers the English batteries rarely managed to dominate them The artillery was systematically dispersed besides, each commando was anxious to have its gun The pieces were moved in order to open fire from behind some other shelter, as soon as ever the gunners saw that the enemy had found the range

With very few exceptions the Boers did not make continuous trenches, but short lengths of 10 or 20 yards, tortuous and separated by intervals of five or six yards Viewed from above they give the impression of disjointed fragments of a long reptile These entrenchments are not all alike either in length or in internal plan, although

they all have the general characteristics of deep ditches, narrow at the opening, wide at the base. The excavation is in the form of a silo or earthenware cistern, the two internal walls slanting so as to provide shelter for the head from the shot of bursting shells. The windings and the relatively forward or retired positions of the sections prevent a raking fire. The angles of certain of the trenches also afford flankings in a slanting direction from the general line.

General Kronje's trenches at Paardeberg were furnished with battlements cut out in the thick parapet and built up with sacks of earth or plates of corrugated iron, a metal found in great quantities in South Africa.

Besides his arms and ammunition each rifleman had in the trench the articles necessary to life—bedding, cooking utensils, surgical dressings. These trenches were secure, but it was difficult to escape from them.

Fences of barbed wire were frequently found 150 or 200 yards in front of the trenches. Material for these could be obtained in almost any part of the country from the cattle enclosures.

To avoid being hemmed in, the Boers extended their fighting line to an extraordinary degree in comparison with their effective force. They exhibited the greatest tenacity in defending this line, even when parts of it but feebly occupied were attacked by the English in considerable numbers. As long as they had before them an open field for shooting, they confined themselves chiefly to rapid firing at close range. They attached so much importance to this method that it was by no means unusual to see them established on the descents, that is to say on the slope of the hill opposite to the enemy, in order to secure a glacis of 400 or 500 yards.

This system succeeded so long as the English made no movement to outflank them. But from the moment either of the wings of the line was attacked in rear an almost incredible breakdown ensued. Without orders, without warning, the commandos flew to their horses and departed. The scattering hosts never drew rein until they reached their convoy which had been left in the rear. If the English pressed on too far, however, a few groups of riflemen would act as rearguard to keep the enemy at a distance.

From June 29th, 1900, when the guerilla war was entered upon with so much vigour by De Wet, a change of tactics took place on the Boer side. They became more confident and advanced to the attack. The commandos moved rapidly from place to place by night. The gait of the horses may be described as an amble, they travel at the rate of about five miles an hour for several hours on end. Each rider took with him a blanket, a canvas bag filled with water, a small quantity of biltong or dried meat, and his cartridges on a bandolier. Before daybreak the commando would halt in a dip of the ground, and station their scouts at points well screened from view, where they

would remain motionless the whole day long, while the horses cropped the grass and the men rested until the fall of night brought round the hour of their departure again. Thus the country appeared to be empty, and reconnoitring parties of the enemy would pass close by large companies of the Boers without suspecting their neighbourhood.

When an action was resolved upon the commandos divided into groups varying in force according to the task allotted to them. Thus on the 16th of July 900 Boers divided into seven groups to attack a series of posts held by 4,000 Australian, Canadian and other Colonial troops in a long line of about 12 miles. The groups first approach some spot affording shelter where they slip off their horses and leave them. The riflemen then creep towards the positions they intend to occupy. The horses are led up behind each position as it is occupied. Generally they take advantage of the night in order to come within the most effective range for rifle-fire, about 400 or even 300 yards from the enemy. By day they only advance at points where the ground affords concealed approaches. No one is ever stationed on open ground, so that the points of attack are often far apart. Each group is subdivided in such a manner as to avoid open ground and to obtain cover. They do not hesitate to make long *détours* in order to keep clear of a dangerous zone, and they prefer crowding behind shelters to travelling in the open. As it is impossible absolutely to avoid open ground, they cross it in small parties of from three to six men, or even one by one, by means of short runs of 10 or 20 steps. The shots of the English always arrive too late to intercept these runs.

As long as the Boers think they can advance without being seen, they do not fire a shot. When "spotted" at a distance of 600 or 700 yards, they protect their march by an uninterrupted fire from small groups of men alternately firing and then creeping on a few steps. The less shelter there is and the nearer they are to the enemy, the smaller are the groups of riflemen, the more restrained the creeping movements. The commandants give no orders. Each group advances in this manner as long as the ground is favourable, or remains in a crouching position if there is an absence of shelter. In this way the attacking parties approach the enemy in very irregular order. At the last moment the Boer attack in open ground takes the character of an unflinching conflict of fire, while in covered ground the Boers will creep up to within 50 yards of the enemy. Owing to these methods, in circumstances where the ground has been favourable to their advance, and when they have been in a position to attack from several sides at once, the Boers have had crushing successes. Creeping nearer and nearer, whilst they kept up a continuous fire ever increasing in intensity, they have acquired greater and greater superiority in spite of enormous disproportions in numbers. The English on their line of defence could no longer raise their heads, and the bodies in the rear were overcome with the fire and unable to move forward.

The object of the enormous frontage from which the Boers move to attack is primarily to make use of the ground for covered marches, and to concentrate their fire on salient points or angles of the enemy's fighting line. They also use it to assail any one of these points from several sides at once and thus overwhelm it. It has been by means of these flanking movements at long distances, followed by a continuous march forward and then a creeping approach, that the Boers have managed to overwhelm troops much better provided with artillery and far superior in numerical force to themselves, and to force them to surrender.

With regard to their cavalry, the Boers operate in much the same way as the French dragoons under Louis XIV. In pursuit they have proved themselves masters. They come up with the enemy's columns sideways at a gallop, dismount in some favourable position, and overwhelm them with their fire, but never charge down on them.

The English have often been as much demoralised as if they had been successfully charged by the enemy. They have suffered great losses, while the Boers have had none. The attempts the English have made either to charge home in pursuit or to extricate themselves have always failed. Not only do the Boers take no trouble to group themselves for receiving a charge in the open field, but they have been known to attack the English cavalry by riding up in front of them to within 600 or even 500 yards, jumping from their horses and opening fire. The English cavalry have always been powerless against this mode of attack.

To ransack suspected places the Boers form groups of 25 to 30 men, who approach in scattered units and hide as soon as they have come within effective rifle range. They slip off on foot out of sight, reconnoitring in several directions at once.

The mobility of the Boers has often been quoted by the English to explain their defeats. It has been exaggerated. From the beginning of the operations up to the time when the guerilla warfare became systematic, the Boers had heavier convoys than the English. Their waggons, drawn by oxen, sometimes carried members of their families. They had, indeed, taken the precaution to encamp a long way behind their lines of defence, but in the multitudinous retreats and treks of 1900 it is astonishing that the English did not take everything. Neither cavalry nor mounted infantry were lacking for the pursuit, but the rifle fire of a few Boers remaining with the waggons was sufficient to keep at a distance all cavalry, however brave. Pursuit was never followed up except by shell fire, and had scarcely any effect.

But what disorder everywhere! It prevailed not only in the camps of the combatants but even amongst the *personnel* of the Government. On June 2nd, 1900, a portion of the Government of the two Republics was transferred to Machadodorp. It comprised President Kruger, Mr. Reitz (Secretary of State), Mr. Grobler (Under-Secretary of State

in charge of Foreign Affairs), the Under-Secretary of State for Finances, and the Under-Secretary for Justice. Owing to the difficulty these persons had in finding houses fit to live in amongst the hovels of Machadodorp they remained in their railway carriages. President Kruger had his own saloon, which was fairly comfortable, placed between one car which was used as a kitchen and another fitted up as a telegraph office, besides a truck which conveyed a special carriage destined for travelling across country. His doctor, who was at the same time private secretary and intimate adviser, together with the chief of the police, lived with him. The Secretary of State and Mr Grobler each occupied a first-class carriage, which they shared with certain officials. The others had luggage vans mounted on trucks. By the side of these carriages were closed waggons containing eight millions sterling, most of it in ingots, artillery and infantry stores, a printing-press, and finally the cars of police officers watching over the safety of the Government and its supplies. The whole group was dumped down in disorder on the railway sidings by the station, where Ministers of State, provisions, cases of pickles, gold and dynamite were mixed up in the greatest confusion. In this Government on wheels, a witness relates, habits prevailed which marked the democratic ways of the country and its ideas of equality. The Secretary of State, for instance, might be seen taking his place between a telegraphist and an ordinary Boer in the line of applicants who waited their turn at the door of the dining-room in the humble inn.

One can imagine that military officers of other nationalities, watching the disorder and judging of events from this point of view, must have been impressed with the small power of resistance exhibited by the two Republics. The essential factor, the soul of the Boer nation, that extraordinary combination of high sentiment, fearlessness and bravery, generosity and recklessness, escaped their observation. It is owing to this fact that the greater number of the reports after the end of the year 1900 predicted a swift termination to the war. The war was prolonged beyond all anticipation, and fully justified Kruger's words: "The Boer resistance will stagger humanity."

II

In 1899 manœuvres were carried out on a grand scale on Salisbury Plain under the direction of Sir Mansfield Clarke, now Quarter-Master-General. They took place only a few days before the departure of some of the troops for South Africa. Generals of universally acknowledged skill took part in the manœuvres. We may be sure that the fighting methods employed were pretty much the same as are in use in most European armies, perhaps with some special features in the cavalry and artillery. The artillery tended to operate in strong batteries, in close contact with each other. The cavalry manœuvred in masses. Night attacks were much favoured. The regiments had

an excellent appearance the quality of the war material was unexceptionable

A few days afterwards, at Talana Hill, on the 20th of October, 1899, these fighting methods were exposed to the test of the battlefield General Symons, in command of four battalions of infantry, three batteries, a regiment of cavalry and a portion of the Natal Police—in all about 4,500 men—had pitched his camp close to the little town of Dundee and a little to the west of it. Some 5,000 yards—a cannon-shot—to the north-east, lay a range of hills, Talana Hill and Impati-Mount, separated from the town by a somewhat deep *donga*. General Symons guarded himself, in the direction of the enemy, by outposts placed on these hills. The movements of the Boers who were invading Natal were known as early as the 14th. Glencoe had been evacuated on the 18th. Yet on the night of the 19th-20th no special dispositions were made in view of the imminent approach of the Boers. The encamped troops, covered by outposts some three miles off, deemed themselves secure. They did not realise that a line of outposts, however well placed, is always surprised when it is attacked in the position it assumes when it is not expecting anything. That was the reason why Marshal Bugeaud organised his system of ambushes, which allowed of the rapid transformation of a line of outposts into a fighting line.

The outposts, attacked in force at half-past three in the morning, were naturally driven in by General Lucas Meyer, who had with him 3,500 men and five quick-firing field guns. The Boers immediately got their artillery into position and opened fire on the camp at 5,000 yards. The surprise was complete. When the shells burst in the midst of the tents, the soldiers had just finished morning parade and were at work at their usual tasks, including the preparation of their breakfast. Under the cannonade they displayed perfect coolness. They put on their accoutrements, took their rifles and formed up. The artillery also formed in batteries.

Is not this instance enough to prove to the most sceptical the remarkable firmness of the troops at the outset of the campaign? The rest of the story serves to complete the proof.

The action began and developed according to the usual rules. Artillery first, three batteries placed on the right against the five guns of the Boers, three of the battalions in action in the centre, with one in reserve. The cavalry, on the left, were to operate on the enemy's flank. After an hour and a half's cannonade, General Symons sent forward his three battalions to the attack. The second battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers went first, it was formed into a strong line of riflemen followed at 200 yards by supports, and behind them by a reserve. The two other battalions (one of the King's Royal Rifles and one of the Royal Irish Fusiliers) advanced in the same order and pushed on into line with the Dublins. The artillery supported

the infantry and advanced with them. The troops behaved with remarkable bravery and drove the enemy from the heights. But they had only to do with a screen. The Boers still kept in touch with them, and one of the Boer corps remained for a counter-attack. General Symons was mortally wounded and General Yule took the command. Meanwhile the cavalry, mounted infantry and machine guns which, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Moller, were to act against the enemy's right flank, had been surrounded and caught by the Boer riflemen, all but two squadrons of the 18th Hussars. Forced backward, these latter managed to rejoin the troops as they retreated. Result 10 officers and 31 men killed, 20 officers and 105 men wounded, 9 officers and 21 men taken prisoners or missing. The losses of the Boers were only 10 killed and 20 wounded.

On the 30th of October came a new experience. General Sir George White, who was at Ladysmith in command of about 10,000 men, of whom 7,600 were excellent troops, well trained, and 36 guns, had in front of him about 14,000 Boers who were moving to surround him. He decided to take Long Hill, in order to prevent the investment of the town. With a view to cutting off the retreat of the Boers, whom he made no doubt of beating, since he could attack with his whole force any one out of three positions held by the enemy, General White during the night despatched a considerable detachment with mounted troops beyond the heights of Nicholson's Nek on the enemy's rear. The action proceeded according to rule. After a vigorous artillery action the infantry formed up into firing line, supports and reserve, and attacked. His cavalry turned one wing. The operations began at daybreak and ended at about half-past eleven with the retreat of the troops on Ladysmith, with which the Boers did not interfere. As for the detachment of Lieutenant-Colonel Carleton, which was sent to Nicholson's Nek to cut off a Boer retreat, and consisted of two battalions of infantry, it was surrounded by the Boer rifles, and after a fight lasting from dawn to half-past twelve, had to surrender unconditionally.

In those days it was often stated, in order to account for their reverses, that the English had been ignorant of the numbers and armament of the Boers. That is not so. In June, 1899, the Intelligence Department had drawn up a memorandum entitled, "Military Notes on the Dutch Republics of South Africa." In that document may be found the most detailed information as to the organisation, the strength and the armament of the Republics. The number of fighting men given was indeed remarkably near the truth. 33,500 instead of 30,000. The Boer tactics were accurately described. In a word, the English Government and army were thoroughly well-informed. There was no mistake—except as to the military efficiency of the enemy and the resistance which the English attack would have to encounter. On the 15th of March, 1901, Lord Wolseley said in the House of Lords:

"I frankly admit that, like everyone else who had formed an opinion "on the matter, I had underestimated the personal military qualities of "the Boers"

But no one was willing to acknowledge the fact that the new repeating rifle, with smokeless powder, in the hands of a cool marksman, displayed a power which had never till then been suspected. In order to bring people to that conviction still further reverses were required. We see the same tactics again leading to the same defeats. They were experienced on the 23rd of November at Belmont, on the 25th at Enslin, on the 29th at the Modder River, when Lord Methuen's division, on its way to raise the siege of Kimberley, tried the frontal attack. The infantry set its face to an objective straight before it, was fixed immediately in its usual formation, and was destroyed. Later came the disasters of Magersfontein, Stormberg and Colenso. The troops threw themselves against the enemy without having ascertained the situation by any reconnoitring skirmish. They marched in deep formations, presenting a succession of targets, which received the whole of the enemy's bullets.

At Colenso (16th December, 1899), in the attack on the west side the infantry brigade advanced in close columns. The artillery opened fire at 4,000 yards. The infantry pushed on with one battalion deployed in the first line and the other three in reserve. The three companies of the leading brigade (Dublin Fusiliers) each had one section in the firing line and the other three in support. Behind them came the other three battalions, the Connaught Rangers, Inniskillings, and Borderers. The Boers sent along a few shells but reserved their rifle fire. They let the enemy approach within 1,200 yards, and then opened a simultaneous volley. The orders to the Connaught Rangers were to extend on the right of the Dublins. Naturally they could not stand this violent fusillade, and instead of supporting the Dublins got mixed up with them. The Inniskillings, who were to have marched at the right of the Connaughts, were caught by the fire and pinned to the rear. The Borderers were unable to come on. The whole affair, begun at 5.40, was over by 10. The troops fell back. many of them could not even get away from their shelters, but remained lying there and were compelled to surrender at the close of the battle. In the centre, the second and sixth brigades acted in the same way. The Second West Surreys and the Second Devonshires were in the first line. the rest of the troops supporting and in reserve. The front of the fight extended for 900 yards and its depth from 1,500 to 2,000. Within this space compact groups were placed here and there, which, sometimes visible, sometimes concealed, drew fire the moment they were perceived. The attackers succeeded in getting within 900 yards of the Boers, but could go no further. The artillery was taken forward so as to support the infantry close at hand. Two batteries, led by Colonel Long, tried to take up positions about 900

or 1,000 yards from the enemy. In a very little time they were destroyed. Colonel Long was killed, the teams and the gunners were struck down. Ten guns out of twelve were abandoned. Out of six companies sent to rescue them, four were obliged to retreat, the other two, with Colonel Bullock, were forced to take cover in a dip of the ground whither the gunners had already betaken themselves. At the end of the day, not having been able to escape by reason of the hot fire, they surrendered. By eleven o'clock in the morning the right and centre were in retreat, the left wing by ten. The troops, which suffered heavily, retreated in perfect order, *en échelons*, as if at manoeuvres, and this of course increased their losses. The Irish and the Scotch of Barton's brigade specially distinguished themselves in this respect. The losses were over 1,300 men and 10 guns; the Boers had only 30 men hit.

On the 15th of December, at Magersfontein, things went still worse. Lord Methuen tried a night attack. It was the *élite* of the British army, the Guards and the Highlanders, who this time were engaged. The celebrated Black Watch were given the honour of the first attack. They formed in column by companies in line at six paces distance, as on Salisbury Plain, and in that order arrived within 800 yards of the Boers, finding a network of wire fences beyond, they crossed them without changing their order. The dawn came. They advanced 200 yards further over level and open ground, preserving the same formation, so that the troops might be better kept in hand, as the rules advise. The Boer patrols, however, had discovered the attacking force and accompanied it as it crept along. It was half-past four. General Wauchope, who commanded in front, arrived with his troops at a point 400 yards from the enemy's line. He gave the order to deploy and attack. The movement had hardly commenced when a shot, fired by a Boer patrol from close at hand, gave the signal. A storm of bullets burst on the troops, taking them in front and obliquely. In a few seconds a fifth of the men strewed the ground. "Thanks to the rapid fire of the magazine rifles," writes an English witness, "the fire was uninterrupted and overwhelming." The survivors recoiled in disorder. The officers, trying to hold their ground, fell. General Wauchope was killed and the remnants of the brigade with difficulty reformed in the rear. The whole affair lasted six minutes. 650 men, out of 3,600, were left on the field.

The British artillery, in batteries, and covered by the remains of the Scottish Brigade, prepared the way for a renewal of the attack by the Guards, who at half-past seven came into line accompanied by the Gordon Highlanders, who had been left with the waggons but were sent for in all haste. The artillery supported the infantry attack from close at hand. It is clear that the regular practice was strictly observed. After a vigorous preparatory attack by the field artillery, supported by heavy naval guns throwing lyddite shell, the Gordon Highlanders

were hurled at the enemy. They were decimated and driven back to their former position, where they lay all the rest of the day, unable either to advance or retire. The Scottish brigade had been got together by little groups to the sound of the bagpipes, and placed in advance of the artillery to cover it, but towards two o'clock the Boer fire, which had almost ceased, suddenly began again and the Scotch gave way. The few officers who remained tried to retain them, at great sacrifice to themselves, but about half-past five, the Boer guns having come into action, the wreck of this unfortunate brigade had to retreat again. Nine hundred and seventy-one officers and men had been lost: the Boer losses were hardly 200.

Dating from the 15th of January, in the operations on the Upper Tugela, we see a change come over the English methods of warfare. The night time is utilised for getting near the enemy. Scouting is extended to a great distance. The artillery act *en échelons*. The field pieces go forward when the great naval guns have opened fire. Better still. Lord Methuen now adopts the tactics which the Germans have pointed out as possibly one form of the battles of the future. The troops arrange their night march so as to arrive at daybreak formed up for attack in front of the hostile position. They hope to profit by the darkness to cross the zone of fire and deliver their charge as soon as they have light enough to see clearly.

That was what happened at Belmont on the 23rd of November. General Methuen executed a night march of five miles, and then formed his seven infantry battalions in two lines of battalions in double column. Each company went into battle in two ranks. Such was the disposition of the infantry for the decisive attack. The march was conducted in perfect order and absolute silence. At four o'clock the day began to break. The troops were but 300 yards from the enemy, of whom nothing could be seen, it was even thought that they had fled, or would be surprised. The troops came within 250 yards. All at once the fusillade broke out: a hail of bullets burst on the compact lines. But they were the best troops of the United Kingdom. In spite of the very heavy losses, and after being twice repulsed, they reached the line of defence, but found it deserted, and a new line was unmasked in front of them: everything had to begin again. They began again: the second line was carried. Behind it was a third. At eight o'clock this was carried also. The Boers fell back again, to take up a position further on. Nothing had been achieved. The thinned battalions returned to their camp at Belmont, and to sum it all up, the sacrifice of 26 officers and 296 men killed and wounded had produced no result. Less than 30 Boers had been put *hors de combat*.

On the 20th of January, at Venters Spruit, the change in tactics comes out clearly. We find two battalions of Woodgate's brigade (the first battalion of the South Lancashire Regiment and the second

of the Lancasters) moving forward entirely in extended formation as sharpshooters, while a mass of six battalions is placed in a dead angle to await the signal for charge. At eleven o'clock the signal is given. Taught by the lessons of experience, the leading battalions form in long thin lines and advance by runs. They rush the plateau, which formed a glacis of some 900 yards, and try to get on to it. But there, after serious losses, they fail. The troops had not yet learned how to conduct their attacks.

Lord Roberts pointed out another way, and the tactical evolution was then complete. Its field was the Orange Free State. The army had been concentrated in the direction of the Modder River, and was manœuvring in the first instance against General Kronje. Its strength was 32,000 infantry, 11,000 cavalry and mounted infantry, 11 field batteries, two batteries of howitzers, eight naval guns, and three pom-poms.

In order to understand what follows, I must give a sketch of the territory. The district in which the operations took place is a vast plain easy to traverse, covered with veldt-grass which furnishes the only substantial forage of the animals of the country, horses, oxen and sheep. In some places, hills twenty or twenty-five yards high, called kopjes, rise from the plain, either singly, or, more often, in groups like the islands of an archipelago. In the latter case, the heights being uniform, they look from some distance off like a straight continuous ridge. But that is not correct. Depressions in the ground, gorges on a level with the plain, form passages between the kopjes. Thus they are difficult to defend for troops who do not know how to manœuvre, for their flanks not being supported, it is easy to outflank them. In order to escape the repetition of the severe lessons received in previous attacks, Lord Roberts decided to march in numerous columns on a very extended front. By this plan when one column found itself in contact with the enemy, it halted and kept its place without getting into a serious engagement. The other columns, meeting with no resistance, outflanked the enemy and forced him to retreat or be surrounded.

In this way General Kronje was attacked and then surrounded at Paardeberg Drift, on the 18th of February, 1900. He capitulated on the 27th with 38 officers and 4,010 men, of whom 151 were wounded. It is worth noticing that 500 or 600 women and children, whom he had weakly allowed to accompany their husbands or fathers, had impeded his movements.

This battle of Paardeberg deserves a more detailed notice. The Boers established themselves in the bed of the river, in order to secure an extended and level firing-ground, and the control of the water. The English commanded their camp. The fight was begun on the 18th at daybreak with a surprise by the English mounted infantry of the Boers bivouacked close to the ford, and it lasted till evening. The

Sixth Division (General Kelly-Kenny) and the Ninth (General Colville) were concerned in it. They carried out a concentric march, in order to drive all the Boers to the ford. The artillery operated at 2,500 yards. Towards noon the Boers were hemmed in, thanks to a movement on the part of the mounted infantry. Twenty thousand English surrounded Kronje's 4,500 men on the two banks of the stream. It looked as if the Boers, thus pressed, would be ground to powder, but nothing was yet accomplished.

At one o'clock Knox's brigade and the 3rd Highland brigade attacked. Their two generals were wounded. They could not get within 1,000 yards of the river. At half-past two Knox's brigade, with a battalion of the Yorkshires on its right and six companies of Highlanders on its left, attacked again. It got within 350 yards and could advance no further. At four o'clock the 19th brigade, reinforced by the Cornwalls, made a desperate charge with the bayonet. It was overwhelmed at 400 yards range. The Canadians and Cornwalls vied with one another in energy but under the fire which burst upon them the moment any man was seen upright, their leaders were struck down. The troops had to wait for the darkness to cover their retreat. They had lost some 1,200 men, killed and wounded.

Next day, the 19th, a military attaché had joined Lord Kitchener close to where the artillery of the 5th division, with that of the 7th and six naval guns, was cannonading Kronje's laager, 2,500 yards off. The effect of the artillery fire seemed to be overwhelming. Near these batteries was placed the 18th brigade of infantry in solid line, Buffs, Essex, Yorkshire and Welsh regiments. The men seemed full of splendid spirit and resolution. A redoubled cannonade seemed to be preparing the way for a charge. The attaché asked Lord Kitchener whether he meant to attack. "We can do better," he answered. "If I had known yesterday what I know to-day I should not have attacked the Boers in the river bed. Such an attack is impossible against the rifle."

That sanguinary engagement on the 18th of February was the last in which the English tried to force a position by the old tactics. In the movement from Paardeberg to Bloemfontein they tried new methods. They extended their line. Their front was often more than twelve miles long. The only obstacles to this way of marching in half-extended order were the water-courses. Up to their arrival at Bloemfontein the army only met with small streams falling into the Modder and easy to cross. But afterwards they had to pass large rivers, the Modder, the Vet, the Sand, the Rhenoster and the Vaal, all flowing to the west athwart the direction of the march. Frequently battles took place at these crossings.

Even when the passage was disputed, the troops maintained their order of march. Each column was so made up as to be superior in numbers to any hostile force it might encounter. Those which, owing

to the facility of the ground, got in advance of the rest, struck at the rear of the enemy and so helped the progress of their neighbours. With an enemy so weak in enterprise as the Boers, there was advantage in multiplying the columns, and in any event, the sub-divisions were so arranged that each division could be concentrated, with all its fighting elements, in an hour.

The divisions marched in linked brigades, often at 1,000 or 1,200 yards interval, having between them the non-brigaded elements, artillery, engineers, ambulances, ammunition columns, regimental transport, etc. The Head-quarters followed the centre line of march, marked out by the field telegraph, which was unrolled on the ground by those sections of the first line which followed the cavalry or mounted infantry. In the infantry brigades the four battalions formed the components of a sort of double column in very open order, with some 250 or 300 yards between the battalions. The eight companies of the battalion, each aligned in one rank, were about 100 or 120 yards one behind the other, and in each company the men were two or three yards apart.

The troops, being thus in the same formation as at the opening of an engagement, had not to change from the order of march to the order of battle. All that had to be done was to increase the distances between the different bodies. This very open formation, which goes by the name of "awaiting shell," has come in the end to be that of preparation for battle.

In the cavalry and mounted infantry the men, always in single line, but usually by sections or half-sections, rode at four or five yards distance from each other. This interval, while diminishing the vulnerability of the group, allowed the horses to browse at their ease at every halt without losing time. The divisional groups of artillery marched with their three batteries in fighting order, each followed by their ammunition waggons.

Throughout the march the different columns were in contact by means of the heliographs, which were installed rapidly on the heights, and in the evening, at the end of the march, were replaced by the field telegraph.

The change in tactics is simply deduced from these dispositions. Following the development of the battle, from the first contact to the end of the engagement, one may readily point out the modifications which have been introduced.

From this time onward, the general in command depended very little upon information supplied by the cavalry and mounted infantry, beyond the limits of the actual conflict. The latter, who marched half a day's journey away from the main army, with the horse artillery and the flying batteries of pom-poms, were occupied in fighting rather than scouting. Their mobility enabled them to turn the flank of any opposition, if they could not at once crush it. In a word, they did the scouting by fighting on foot. Often the action of a few groups of

them at great distances sufficed to clear the ground. If it did not, the arrival of larger forces accomplished the same end. It gave a respite of 12 or 18 hours, which the Boers frequently employed in beating a retreat. The classical programme of the introduction to a battle. contact of patrols, gradual engagement of the vanguard, etc., was never seen.

The defence was usually met with in the form of a line of marksmen, more or less sinuous, formed by groups of from 12 to 20 men, widely spaced out, and with intervals between the groups of sometimes as much as several hundred yards. The marksmen were absolutely invisible, and their presence was only revealed by the singing of the bullets as they passed. Neither the point from which the shots came nor their direction could be perceived. Even the report could not be heard. On the attacking side, along the whole front, bands of from 20 to 30 horsemen, placed at five or six yards distance, were scattered, as if independent of each other. At the sound of the bullets, these groups took what shelter they could and watched. Nothing could be known of the enemy unless their artillery opened fire, and often the Boers held it in reserve. Then came, just out of rifle range, a period of observation, waiting and groping, during which every one hoped for some favourable event to occur—at a point away from himself. Thus the opening of the action was often marked, not by redoubled energy on the part of the skirmishing sections, but by a pause. The invisibility of the enemy, the sense of the unknown, weighed on the spirits of every one. The English had a word for this special and depressing atmosphere, they called it the "war-cloud."

The attackers were thus reduced to the information which could be obtained from field glasses within a range of 2,000 or 2,500 yards. The general lie of the defensive position could be ascertained pretty nearly. But if it ran along heights, no one could tell whether the fighting line would be on their crests, as at Driefontein, on the hillside, as at Belmont, or at the foot of the slopes, as at Magersfontein. If the enemy made use of the line of a watercourse, as at the Modder River, the Vet River or Rhenoster, it could not be known till after the fight whether they were established on one bank or the other, or on both. The Boers, being mounted, sometimes changed their position in the course of an engagement. They also changed the position of their guns as soon as they found that their opponents had got the range. Thus the information which might be obtained by enterprising and lucky patrols was of very little value. Useful information was yielded only by the battle itself.

The artillery of the defence, having opened fire, compelled retirements, in which the companies of mounted infantry and squadrons of cavalry, and sometimes even larger units, found a post behind cover. The size of the shelters determined the number of men who occupied them, their locality fixed the distances and the

intervals between the groups. Behind these sheltered positions nothing happened the "war-cloud" prevailed.

The general in command took advantage of the pause to examine the field. He summoned his subordinates and gave his orders, while the guns of the mounted troops, which had remained 1,000 or 1,500 yards behind them, replied to the enemy's fire. The duel was at from 2,500 to 3,500 yards range, and generally led to no result. Some of the guns would move nearer to the troops, sometimes up to their line, behind some ridge which served as a shelter. These batteries would generally remain in that position during the engagement, aiming at the guns of the enemy and trying to silence their pom-poms. The remaining batteries would go with the mounted men when they received the order to attack, accompanied by the flying sections of pom-poms and some of the galloping Maxims. They would move towards the wing on which they proposed to act, opening fire as soon as they got near the extremity of the line.

It was during this forward movement of the first group or the side-ward movement of the second that the defending artillery were most effective. Several times the officers in command of the English batteries thought they had silenced Boer guns which were after all only reserving their fire. The re-opening of their fire, with a range correct from the very first shot, while the English batteries had to run a distance of sometimes 1,000 or 1,500 yards, was a critical ordeal. but this dangerous space was always covered with spirit. The shells only hit one point of the column and the sound parts went on their course, carrying along with them, in the mass of horses and material, everyone who might be tempted to hesitate. These columns, however, would probably have been checked if the Boers had possessed real quick-firing artillery.

"The English artillery on the battle-field," wrote a French officer who was an eye-witness, "was the arm which most produced the illusion of being on the manœuvring ground and gave the most striking example of a contempt of danger. Under fire from guns in position, field guns or machine guns, I have seen the batteries served with as much coolness as on the practice ground. I could almost fancy myself at a sham fight. When the illusion was dispelled by the sight of men hit, I felt a genuine pride in seeing their comrades behave with such courage."

The English projectiles were comparatively ineffective. Said Lord Methuen: "Our shrapnel frighten the Boers but do not kill them; the shells have not velocity enough."

Under cover of the artillery fire the cavalry and mounted infantry took up their positions for attack. Part were detailed for the front attack and dismounted, and the rest, still in the saddle, advanced on the flanks, up to the point at which, the defensive line being no longer occupied, it became possible to turn it and take it in rear.

The general features of the British attack are very clearly described by an eye-witness I quote his account.—

In general, the duty of leading the front attack fell to the mounted infantry. They dismounted, behind shelter, at about 2,000 yards, left their horses and, forming lines of riflemen, set to work to gain ground. Advance was usually impossible within the zone of 800 yards, at which point the shooting became very exact, thanks to the absence of smoke and the bareness of the ground. It seemed as if at about 800 yards they came to a barrier which could not be crossed. The formation for crossing the space between the 2,000 and 800 yards ranges was a single line of men at intervals of 3 or 4 paces, without supports or reserves. Every one was in line. There was thus no attempt to make any violent movement against the enemy at this part of the field. Reliance was placed on the action of the wings, the effect of artillery fire, and lastly on the arrival of the divisions. The object was to gain time, and more often than not nightfall stopped the front attack before it had got as far as the 800 yards zone.

Advance was alternated with firing, and was made from one shelter to another. Open ground was avoided, not only for positions, but even for crossing. At the outset of the operations the officers gave the signal to move by example. They took advantage of a slackening of the fire, and tried sometimes to preface the rush by a more active volley, which they interrupted by a whistle. But it was acknowledged that this plan could not always be adopted. Some men—always the same men—hesitated to follow their leaders.

Most of the officers then got into the habit of sending on the non-commissioned officers and the willing men to the next shelter, while they took care of the movement of the whole group. The contagion of example has always been a more effective device for getting men to advance than merely urging them from behind. The newcomers tended to take to the same shelter as their comrades.

The line of riflemen, straight to start with, quickly changed its form as it got over the ground. The shelters drew in everyone who came near them, and so regulated the spacing and the form of the fighting line. If one went over a battle-ground the next day, the different densities of the fighting line were indicated by the numbers of cartridge cases, empty or full, which marked it out. In the open plains not a case was to be found.

Let us suppose that the contending line has now engaged the enemy in front, the artillery occupying them on both wings. As the enemy do not give way, the enveloping attack takes a wide range. The object is to find the end of the defensive line and to turn it. The men detailed for this have remained on their horses. They emerge from their shelters by groups of 20 or 30, moving 5 or 6 yards apart. The four sections of each squadron remain at about 100 or 150 yards from each other. Each group manœuvres in complete independence. They have the same direction, but no fixed objective. They advance from shelter to shelter in oblique lines which often cross each other. This zig-zag movement gives to a spectator from behind the impression of mere going and coming, without any actual advance. The men and horses who are hit measure the progress of the different groups.

This way of advancing gives to the enemy the general impression of a number of horsemen galloping across their field of fire, instead of moving towards them. The marksman thus sees a number of fugitive objects one after another with constant changes of distance and direction, and is confused and disordered in his aim. No sooner does he catch sight of an object, than it shifts to right or left, and then disappears. He gets the illusion that his objective is moving further off.

This method of advance was not authorised by any regulations, it was improvised owing to the necessity of new tactics. The zig-zag movement utilised the rapidity of the mounted troops, took advantage of the lie of the ground for halting and concentration, and allowed freedom of action to very small groups of combatants. When, in this way, the enveloping attack had got grip of the enemy's flanks, the larger units were reconstituted by the successive arrival of their fractions, as were also the mounted batteries and the flying batteries of machine guns. The mounted troops alighted, and proceeded to deploy, but by this time the day was nearly over. The Boers, their defensive line taken in rear, began their retreat, a few horsemen first moving to the protection of the waggons and others following by degrees, until by nightfall the retirement became general.

The retreating enemy were generally followed up only by a few shells fired at the waggons. The front line meanwhile advanced as the defenders retired, not stimulating the retreat by any definite attack.

This abstaining from pursuit, which has already been noticed in recent wars, was very marked, both in the English and the Boers, especially in the first year of the war. When the English retreated after the sanguinary checks of Magersfontein, Colenso, Spion Kop, etc., the Boers remained in their trenches, without attempting to convert retreat into disaster. It was the same on the English side; notably at Poplar Grove, where General French, who had turned the enemy's left flank, might have taken President Kruger prisoner, if he had pushed forward more vigorously in the line of the retreat.

This laxity has been excused on the ground of the fatigue of the men and the horses, or the approach of night. In fact, it was due to nervous exhaustion. The moral tension produced by danger causes physical fatigue so great that some men who have not stirred the whole day, but have been under fire for many hours, are rendered incapable of any exertion whatever. With the new weapons this tension is more severe than it used to be, and the depression is by so much the greater.

This mode of action of the mounted troops, formed into a number of outposts, often served to clear the way for the infantry divisions. It was so at Sand River on the 8th of May, 1900, at Kronstadt on the 12th, at Rhenoster on the 21st, at Vereeniging on the 28th. But it sometimes happened that it missed its object, either because the enemy held their ground, or because the defending line was too long. Then the infantry had to come on the scene. They deployed simply by lengthening their front. The columns on the wings moved obliquely, while those in the centre slackened pace, so as to form a crescent. The divisional artillery came into action. If the Boers opened fire with large guns, the English field batteries replied, while

the nearest 47 guns and the quick-firing 12 pounders operated at 3,500 to 4,000 yards to counteract the Boer pieces

The divisions marched in linked brigades with 250 or 300 yards intervals and distances between the battalions. During the fire of the heavy guns the heads of the centre columns halted level with the batteries. Then came the pause which has been described as the "war-cloud." All along the field the heliograph-signals kept the general in command in touch with the head-quarters of the divisions. The artillery continued to fire. After three-quarters of an hour or an hour the order was given to advance and the leading battalions moved on and became the first fighting line. The battalions behind allowed them an advance of some 2,000 yards, and remained as a reserve out of the enemy's range. As soon as the battalions came within range of the hostile cannon-shot, about 4,000 or 3,000 yards, the first projectiles began to fall among the companies. Their noise, perceived some seconds before they fell, made the soldiers turn their heads, rather from curiosity than fear. Many of them did not burst, and when they did the broken formation of the troops prevented their having much effect.

When the first line had thus got forward about 1,000 yards, the divisional batteries came up at a rapid pace, took position in line with the battalions, either on the wings or in the intervals, and opened fire. Most of the time one might well ask at what they were aiming? Nothing could be seen in the direction of the enemy. When the guns began to fire the first line halted. Instinctively the infantry waited for the effect of the shells. Orders came from behind and the advance continued. Then came the first losses from rifle-fire: the distance was about 2,000 yards. It was still possible to pick up and carry off the wounded. The officers could still come up on horseback to the troops, and the lines could still, after the halt, move on without drawing a heavier fire from the enemy.

At about 1,500 yards the attacking party began to fire, individually, from the recumbent position, using the magazine. In order to avoid movement the men charged their pieces lying on their sides. The opening of the fire caused a slackening of the attack. When the advance was resumed, every pretext was seized on to halt again and begin firing: the fall of officers or men, a favourable shelter, a halt of any of the nearest companies, etc.

Among the battalions the desire to take part in the firing and not to suffer losses without trying to inflict them urged the companies in rear into the front line, so that, without any particular orders, the column deployed. The arrival of a new company did not tend to a forward movement, for the newcomers, anxious to take cover and to fire, stopped at the same obstacles which held back the first line.

The last four companies of each battalion were held in reserve 500 yards behind. They formed a line, opened out in single rank, of equal length with the fighting line. The reserves remained some 1,500 or 2,000 yards away from their companies, the battalions of which they consisted keeping their march-formation in columns formed of companies deployed in single rank with spaces between the men. But the distances between the companies were constantly changing, like the bellows of an accordion, with the changes in the nature of the ground. In firing at troops in this order the enemy's marksmen were

disconcerted by the indefiniteness of their object, which was rendered the more indistinct by the clothing being of the khaki colour which is the same as that of the veldt

The density of this loosely-woven human carpet was everywhere far too slight for it to be easily injured. No one point attracted special notice, and the objective thus subdivided and reduced to a kind of human dust dispersed the fire and brought down its efficiency. If the second line was thus protected by its formation, the fighting line relied mainly on the inequalities of the ground. The different shelter points deprived the line of all symmetry, and governed both the intervals between the groups and their density. Squads, sections, whole companies, assembled behind these shelters according to their extent. They exercised an irresistible fascination over the men, and the groups also had the same attraction for an isolated soldier.

This state of things lasted until the troops arrived at a zone, which, by an instinct derived from experience and grounded on certain indications, was estimated at some 1,000 or 800 yards from the enemy. The indications which, in default of any visible enemy, guided the men in their estimate of this distance, were these (1) Any general movement forward drew a heavier fire from the enemy, (2) The men lying down would no longer allow without protest any of their neighbours to stand up and the officers had to adopt the same position as the men, (3) It had become very difficult to pick up the wounded and impossible to carry them off without attracting a hail of bullets, (4) The machine guns were advanced no further.

The companies in the first line often took several hours to cover the space between the 3,000 and the 800 yard ranges. At 800 yards began the last act of the battle. Those men who had before them ground without cover paused, went on firing, and attended to what was happening to right and left (6th division, Kelly-Kenny's, at Paardeberg, Feb 18th). On the other hand, those who had in front of them ground broken or full of obstacles, got nearer to the enemy. (This was the rôle of the 9th division, Colville's, in the same fight at Paardeberg. On horseback on both banks of the Modder River, it was able to utilise the windings of the valley and the brushwood on the river bank.)

To advance within the 800 yards zone was the hardest of the problems to be solved. The obstacles on the ground favoured different groups unequally. Some found themselves unexpectedly close to the enemy, while others were still a long way off. The result was a very irregular fighting line, part 400, other parts 600, 800, 900 yards, etc., from the line of defence. It was at short ranges like these that the front lines of the 9th division at Paardeberg, the heads of the columns of the Scotch Brigade at Magersfontein, and the 2nd, 4th, and 5th brigades at Colenso engaged the enemy. Different officers who were in these close range combats say that the direction of the fight passes absolutely out of the hands of the generals and superior officers. It rests entirely with the non-commissioned officers and men, now and then guided by the gesture or example of a subaltern.

In this intense combat, every man fights for his life and tries above everything to get cover. He does not fire except from behind shelter. When he gets near enough to his adversary to catch sight of him

during the lightning glance of a rush at full speed, he has no thought for his chiefs or his neighbours. He wants no support which might draw a heavier fire from the enemy. The nature of the shelter is the main thing, it renders the man immobile, but it also weakens all temptations to retreat. He knows that whether he quits it to advance or to retreat, the danger is the same. This clinging to shelter, especially at short distances, has proved an established fact with which commanders have been obliged to reckon.

At this moment of the battle it has been necessary to make the most urgent appeal to all the natural or trained qualities of the soldier, his personal courage and contempt of death, his power of taking advantage of the ground to get forward, his decision, his marksmanship. It is this supreme test, and this alone, which gives the true value of a body of men.

It thus appears that the personal qualities of the soldier were the decisive factor.

The officer, often separated from the main body of his band of riflemen, and for the moment involved in the fate of his two or three immediate neighbours, had but a very restricted opportunity of action. The affair was usually decided only on those parts of the field where the engagement seemed most vigorous, for at these points, owing to the very fact that the struggle was one of life and death, it maintained a certain character of prudence. The Boers remained fixed in their shelters and their attackers hesitated to quit theirs to face the storm of lead.

Nevertheless, actual charges took place in some circumstances. For instance, the celebrated attack of the Essex and Welsh battalions of Kelly-Kenny's division on the 10th of March, 1900, at Abraham's Kraal, upon the Johannesburg Police Force. Twice repulsed by the Boer fire, the English succeeded in the third charge —

Some groups of riflemen, creeping along, had found a way to get upon the flank of the Boers, who left 100 dead and wounded upon the field. Another frontal attack, made on the 20th of August, 1900, at Machadodorp, under similar conditions, was also crowned with success.

The English, having felt the enemy's line by actions begun at close of day on the 26th and 27th of August, and so directed that the Boers had the setting sun in their eyes, resolved to pierce their centre. On the 26th the fire of a number of guns, concentrated on a narrow and not deep position, was so violent that the Boers durst not discover themselves, and not being able to take aim, could not employ their rifles as usual. Then the English infantry succeeded in creeping unperceived into a marshy hollow which the Boers had thought impracticable, the riflemen got very close to the defensive line, and when some of them managed to take a position on their flank, the Boers had to give way.

In these difficult front attacks it was always the initiative of groups of riflemen which brought success, never any impulse from the rear.

It sometimes happened that the battle was decided by the unexpected appearance of troops upon some part of the field which had remained more or less outside the scope of the action. The enemy's flanks were the objective, and might be placed between two fires. Such an intervention was sometimes made at a quite different point. The one thing important was that the troops should be able to get forward under shelter from fire and without loss of spirit or fighting power. Their line of approach and their objective were determined not by anything in the defensive line, but simply by the direction and the issue of the topographically-sheltered passage which had enabled them to get near. So that the result of the struggle was often decided by a mere incident of the battle, and not led up to by a series of convergent movements and increasing energy, directed by command of a general.

This combination of a front attack with an intervention on one flank or at some other point, must not be considered as certain of success for the offensive. It has indeed been remarked that as soon as the defenders are able to turn to meet these attacks from new directions, they convert them into frontal attacks, which are soon paralysed.

When the war began, the English were versed only in front attacks, but experience taught them to avoid such methods as much as possible. The front came to be considered impregnable and action was levelled at the flanks and rear. These new tactics, requiring great mobility and a wide range of action, found their instrument in the mounted arm, which accounts for the large and sudden development of mounted infantry. In February, 1900, General French's cavalry consisted of two brigades of cavalry of four regiments each, eight regiments of mounted infantry, and 1,970 Colonials, about 9,500 men and horses in all. It was soon found insufficient.

"We shall beat the Boers with their own weapons," it was said. A very talented poet, Rudyard Kipling, whose satirical verve is praised throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, cried, "Let us recognise the fact 'like the practical people we are.' We have spent many millions 'in order to prove once more that horses run faster than men on 'foot, two and two make four, and horses have four legs while men 'have only two. The lesson is not too dear, let us profit by it. We 'have forty million reasons for explaining our want of success, but 'not a single excuse. And now the less we talk and the more we 'act, the better things will go." Then in the United Kingdom, as in the Colonies, the levies of mounted men were multiplied, and it was generally admitted that it fell to them to finish the war, while the old regiments of the Queen's Infantry, solid and well organised, were of no use but to serve as garrisons and hold the railways and block-houses. The temptation of high wages brought in volunteers, who, as soon as they were got together were sent into the field, even without being made into soldiers. Thence many mortifications.

III

The experience so dearly bought has introduced into the British army a set of ideas on which most of its officers are agreed. These are the chief of them —

The massed warfare of the beginning of the nineteenth century, which is still cherished in most of the European armies, must be superseded by a warfare of screens and of combined operations of numerous mixed columns.

The power of the rifle and the invisibility of the objects render it difficult to reach the enemy's front by actual charge. The decisive point of the engagement must therefore be sought in the combination of frontal and oblique fire. This result is often obtained by a wide enveloping movement followed by concentric action. But this manœuvre will not always succeed in putting the enemy to flight, especially if his force be superior to that of the attack. The assailant must then resort to a frontal attack.

In such a contest numerical superiority is not the decisive factor. That consists in approaching the enemy by an advance, protected by combined artillery and musketry fire, and carefully spaced out. Then when the zone of fire at close range has been reached, the personal valour of the soldier, whose initiative and courage are in free exercise without the possibility of control, becomes the condition of success.

Even in this case, it may be remarked, a charge may be repulsed. It is not enough for troops, numerous and brave, to get within short distance (say 200 yards) in order to succeed in their assault. The account of a German officer who was in the ranks of the Boers at the battle of Thabanchu (published in the *Militär-Wochenblatt*) brings this out clearly —

The English cavalry had almost rushed our rear. Their artillery were commanding our right flank. We had been obliged to occupy several kopjes, to resist a threatened flank attack from the infantry. On that on which I was placed there were about 30 rifles, at three or five or more paces, behind solid boulders. On account of the shrapnel fire we could hardly raise our heads. With this support the English infantry had got close to a thicket of thorns, some 200 yards off, from which they kept up an incessant fire. Several times small groups of men had tried to make a rush, but were always forced to lie down again. At last the whole line, some 300 or 400 men, prepared to charge. We could clearly hear the voices of the officers ordering the men to cease firing and to fix bayonets, and the cry, "God save the Queen," gave the signal for the charge. All jumped up. As they moved upon us I had the impression of a thick grey-yellow line, almost elbow to elbow, starting to run two or three deep, as we do when charging in peace time. At that moment we began to fire. At first our fire was disorderly, but quickly it was brought within regular limits by the advice of some of the older Burghers. "Gently, young men, not one of them will arrive." The line came on,

thicker than ever. But at about 80 paces its spirit failed. Some threw themselves down among the rocks and fired from thence, others turned aside and sought the shelter of the thickets, whence they could not emerge again. The battalion was destroyed, as a fighting unit. The losses, so far as one could judge, were heavy, but so many men remained lying down that it was impossible to count the dead.

It was by creeping movements of small bodies of men who got within a few yards of the enemy that the Boers succeeded in taking positions defended by superior forces, never by attacks of sheer force. But these flanking movements are more certain and rapid in their effects. In them the cavalry and mounted infantry find full employment. To the cavalry belong quick surrounding movements, pursuit, and the guard of the rear. Their importance is actually increased, but their mode of action is completely transformed.

The day of grand charges is over. It had already gone by in 1870. Those which were attempted at that time, both on the French and German sides, led to nothing but useless slaughter. No troop of horse, even small in number, can any longer show itself in close ranks within the range of cannon fire, still less within rifle shot. Scouting, checked at great distance by the long range of the weapons and the rapidity of fire from invisible points, can no longer discover anything except that the enemy were not present at certain points at given times.

This evident fact was not at first accepted. At the beginning of the war small parties of horsemen were sent out scouting. The Boers spied them from afar off, lured them on by displaying a few men, drew them under fire, and cut off their retreat. It was also apparent that the information obtained by these patrols was only correct when they had found nothing. When they had been fired at, their reports were diffuse, incoherent and valueless.

On the 15th of December, at Colenso, the cavalry who were ordered to reconnoitre the enemy's front did not succeed in doing it. The patrols got as far as the limit of the effective fire of the Boer rifles and then skirted the dangerous zone, but could not penetrate it. The attack had to be opened by the infantry without any preliminary knowledge.

This failure of the cavalry to answer the expectations of its utility for exploring purposes was so complete that the troops ceased to rely on it for security. After the affairs of Elands-Laagte and Nicholson's Nek the general in command gave up sending scouts out in front. The cavalry were equally unable with sabre or lance to pierce the screen by which the enemy was surrounded. Their chief method of action became that of fighting on foot, which they carried on with their carbines and machine guns, like the infantry. The English cavalry are so thoroughly convinced of this change that they have discarded the carbine and lance, and adopted the infantry rifle.

They dress like the foot soldiers. the only difference is that they wear a hunting spur on the infantry boot. The artillery are trying to combine the effects of powerful pieces with those of light quick-firing guns. They endeavour to place their batteries along an extended front and throw a converging fire, both direct and oblique, against a single point. The results obtained by the large lyddite shells have been slight. Their effect on men sheltered behind boulders or posted in deep trenches was nil. This was proved at Paardeberg, when 98 pieces of various calibre bombarded Kronje's camp—a square of less than 1,000 yards—at 2,500 yards range, for eight days and nights, and only put *hors de combat* some 100 men out of 4,140. The demoralisation produced by the noisy explosion of the lyddite soon passed away, the effect of the shell being so feeble. Boers were seen to be thrown down by the wind of the projectile bursting close by them, and even their clothes were torn off, but they got up again without a scratch. The effect of shrapnel, on the contrary, was always dreaded.

The artillery duel, which used to be generally considered the first scene of the battle, is gone. The Boers have shown that it is often the true interest of the defenders to delay the opening of their fire and reveal their position as late as possible. With the intuition bred of novel requirements, they preferred to see the attack develop and let it take a definite form within practicable range, in order to overwhelm it by a well-directed rifle fire. It has become the rule to split up great masses of artillery. Every body of infantry, however small, has in principle to be accompanied by horsemen to direct the march and guns to protect it.

The old maxim, "Fire draws fire," is changed into, "Visibility draws fire."

The infantry have now to fight lying down. When at close quarters, they can only advance by crawling along. In order to meet these conditions, and to allow of quick, short runs from one shelter to another, the soldier is equipped without knapsack, with a haversack, a forage-cap and a few other things, besides his own cooking pot slung at his back, and above it a waterproof sheet rolled up. A bandolier carried from left to right contains his cartridges in their sockets. His clothing is khaki, his head-gear a slouch hat. Nothing he wears is brilliant. His buttons are of horn. The officers, even the captains, are dressed and equipped like the men. They carry the haversack, bandolier and rifle. When Lord Roberts ordered them to do this and to abandon the sword, there was no remonstrance. The necessity of it was obvious. Armies with plumed helmets are an anachronism. A striking hat serves only to bring a bullet to the head. The brown felt hat, which shelters from the rain and sun and allows of firing when lying down, will have to be adopted everywhere, as it has been by the English. Cartridge boxes carried at the waist have been abandoned in favour of the bandolier, which has become universal for both foot and horse. In

firing prone, as well as in rapid movement, the rifleman loses his cartridges

The equipment of the Continental soldier has been hitherto designed for fighting upright or on the knee, it does not meet the new necessities of prone fire, runs at full speed from shelter to shelter, and the creeping advance. War will compel our æsthetes in military costume to give up their fancies, whether they like it or not, and the new arrangements will be cheaper, besides avoiding a great deal of bloodshed

The essential point is to get near the enemy without being spied. In order to lead their men into the firing line the officers make use of formations narrow, sinuous and deep. Often they go in Indian file, because, as they say, a man follows the leader of his file more easily than he finds his own way. The invisibility of the enemy is the new factor which instructions given to our soldiers have hitherto left out. Thus the difficulty of making any use of his rifle has from the first disconcerted the infantryman. Do not our instructors proceed upon the assumption that the first condition of hitting the mark is to see it? In this war, on getting within 1,000 yards gunshot wounds have been frequent, but the men had not the slightest means of finding out where the bullets came from. An eye-witness says —

It was of no use to watch the places where the bullets fell, so as to get any hint from the direction of the streak they made on the ground. The impact left no trace on the grass of the veldt, and penetrated rock without crumbling it. Sound gave no better indication than sight. The bullet struck the air like the blow of a hammer, instead of producing a whistle, the course of which might be caught by the ear. When the wind blew in the direction of the fire, the report did not reach further than 1,000 yards, when the wind was contrary it could not be heard 200 yards off.

The English regulations, as also the existing regulations of the other European armies, ground all their fighting and firing rules upon the observation of the enemy. What becomes of these prescriptions if the adversary be invisible? The enemy burrow in trenches level with the ground, or behind ridges which have no profile against the sky. From the fall of their bullets one can gather nothing. For whole days together, as at the Modder River on November 28th, English troops have remained under fire without seeing anything. There were, however, transitory and brief exceptions to this general rule of invisibility, such as the appearance of an officer on the line of fire, or the arrival of reinforcements. In order to give confidence to his men, an officer was apt to stand up and brave death. The first ill-effect of such an act was to furnish the enemy with the indication needed as to his whereabouts. Any section of the field on which such an indication was discovered at once became the object of a concentrated fire and lost all the benefit of invisibility.

It is no longer possible to ascertain the strength of the enemy's forces. In this respect estimates are generally exaggerated. At Colenso the number of Boers was appraised at 18,000. It has since been proved that Sir Redvers Buller was confronted by from 2,500 to 3,000 men only. With the accelerated fire of a repeating-rifle, one man shooting rapidly can produce the same effect as ten riflemen with ordinary firearms, and it is impossible to distinguish the difference.

One most important fact which must be insisted upon has been manifested in all the conflicts and that is the attraction exerted by shelter and by the recumbent position. These two enemies paralyse the action and diminish the ardour of the combatant. A commander must now take them into account, as he does the forces of nature. The moral education of the man and the technical instruction of the soldier are the two levers by which the combatant may be drawn out of shelter and pushed forward. Not only is great effort required for this, but it is equally difficult to draw him to the rear again when he is once well engaged.

This explains the disaster at Spion-Kop. Under cover of night the English had gained a position which was exposed on three sides to artillery and infantry fire. All day, in virtue of this adhering force, and in spite of enormous losses, they hung on. The survivors could not bring themselves to abandon the imaginary shelter they had taken until night fell.

At Colenso, after the retreat, when the Boer ambulances were perambulating the field, they found troops crowded into depressions of the ground from which they had been unable to escape.

The duration of the struggle under such conditions induces great physical exhaustion in the troops, owing to nervous tension. This is the explanation of the inability of certain troops to recommence the struggle on the day following a defeat, and even after a success. Much less were they in condition for pursuit at the close of a conflict.

It will be said that this has always been so. No doubt. But nervous exhaustion has increased to an unsuspected degree, owing to the invisibility of the enemy. It acts directly on the man's morale, on the very sources of his energy and courage. That is why it is of such grave importance. The combatant who cannot see his enemy in front of him is tempted to think he sees him everywhere. There is but one step from such a sensation to uncertainty and then to fear. For whole days at Magersfontein, Colenso and Paardeberg, troops at 800 yards from the enemy were paralysed, not by the actual effect of their losses, but by the moral depression produced at the edge of the zone covered by the firing.

There is a still more important fact which now dominates close combat. It is the impossibility of exercising any control over the firing lines when deeply engaged. Even the action of officers advancing with these lines is hindered. They are hardly able to com-

mand the three or four men at their side. The battle is in the hands of each man, and at no previous epoch has the valour of the individual soldier been of greater importance.

Whatever military knowledge the commanding officer may have, however successful his strategic combinations, however correct his concentrations, whatever the numerical superiority he may have been able to acquire, the victory will escape him unless the soldier acts for himself without needing surveillance, and is personally driven on by a resolve to conquer or die. He requires a much greater amount of energy than was needed in past times. He is no longer carried away by the intoxication of massed fighting, as in ancient times. Formerly the agony of suspense created a dangerous desire for violent action, but it soon passed off. Now for long hours all his forces, moral and physical, are drawn upon, and in this ordeal he has only his own firmness and courage to sustain him. No doubt a nation of several millions of souls, with money enough to buy arms, and sufficient resource to be independent of other nations, is in a position to reject all coalitions, if she is well trained in shooting and prefers to go to war rather than accept the yoke of the foreigner. It is not numbers which make a powerful nation, but resolution to endure without flinching the whole burden of personal military service.

It is often contended that an increase in the number of births is an essential factor in the growth of power. This is not always true. Fifty years ago the population of England was 27 millions. Her agricultural products barely sufficed to feed the people. To-day, with 41 millions, she is dependent on other countries, to the extent of 42 per cent, for her immediate needs. In order to live she must have open seas and trade which will bring in the means necessary for her purchases, hence the need for extension at any price, for new markets to conquer, by war if necessary. She cannot stop. Is she much more powerful than before?

The events in South Africa do not go to prove it. If we look at the facts in the light of a comparison of numbers, we see a force of 240,000 English soldiers opposed to 12,000 Boers. In justice we must add to the 240,000 men about an equal number of servants, Kaffirs, Indians, who relieved the troops of all the extra duties involved. Besides this a large fleet must be added to the account, engaged in the transport of provisions from all parts of the world to meet the necessities of the war.

And yet these two disproportionate forces preserved an equilibrium.

Like all rich countries, England still believes that gold will buy for a nation the army she needs. This is only true within very narrow limits and for troops which are not to be subjected to a very long strain. The spirit of sacrifice is a quality not to be had for money.

Just now, while questions of compulsory military service are being brought forward again, it is curious to recall a passage in Machiavelli's

Discourse on the first Decade of Livy, which Napoleon carried about with him on his campaigns —

The commonalty is mistaken in saying that the sinews of warfare consist in money. Did the Greeks quell the Romans? and in our days did Duke Charles conquer the Swiss? No. They all proved that the sinews of war are not gold, but the courage of the soldier. It is with iron and not with gold that wars are waged. If we consider the work achieved by the Romans, all the gold in the world would not have sufficed if they had wished to conquer by money and not by iron. Because they fought with iron, gold was never lacking. All who feared them brought it to them in their camp. Gold does not produce good soldiers, but good soldiers can always find gold.

When you enter on a war, say the French, make it short and fierce. The Romans never undertook a campaign unless with enormous armies, in this way they despatched in very little time all their wars with the Latins, the Samnites and the Tuscans. Hardly was war declared before they hurled themselves with all their force at the enemy, delivered battle at once, and imposed their conditions as conquerors.

We must not lose sight of these ancient principles. We must accept the new fact that the arms of to-day have brought rifle-shooting up to its highest point under a new system, in which each soldier must act in his individual capacity and rely on his own will in order to grapple with the enemy and destroy him.

The Frenchman was always an excellent marksman, intelligent, adroit and venturesome. He is naturally brave. The steel is good, it only needs to be tempered. We must recognise that in the present epoch the task is no easy one. The increase of material comfort, life in the towns, and international theories which, relying on this slackening, encourage servile economic notions and work for the benefit of the foreigner, to the detriment of all struggle—these things do not inspire men to give their lives for the salvation of their brothers. Neither do the refinements of civilisation, together with intellectual scepticism, which creates a contempt for arms in order to escape military service, incline our upper and more cultivated classes to the task. China has slipped down this dangerous slope, so that, in spite of enormous armies provided with the most perfect engines of warfare, she has been unable to withstand a mere handful of Europeans. Is the Chinaman a coward, then? Not at all. He is not afraid of a passive death and can look it in the face without dismay. But he is incapable of braving a death to which he must march up without trembling limbs or blurred vision. Not infrequently Chinese soldiers commit suicide rather than brave the battle. Fear is a disease, like other diseases it has its proper prophylactic, which consists in the systematic development of the physical qualities, the will and the energy of the child and the young man.

In this system of ideas the mother of the family in the first place, and the schoolmaster in the second, must become a veritable priesthood. The regiment is incapable of producing these qualities, the spirit of sacrifice is not acquired by studying theories in a room. The work of the officers can do no more than develop it in the course of technical instruction, and they must always beware of destroying, under pretext of discipline, the initiative and individuality of the young man who has become a soldier.

The new arms are almost valueless in the hands of faint-hearted soldiers, however many there may be. On the contrary the demoralising power of quick-firing rifles and smokeless powder, which some armies still refuse to recognise, produces more and more effect on the enemy in direct proportion to the courage and coolness of each combatant.

So that a nation should, above all, strive to develop its moral powers. They alone will later on sustain the soldier in the anxious ordeal of battle, where death comes from the invisible.

This is the most important lesson of the South African war. Small nations will there find proof of the principle that in preparing their young men for the duties of soldiers, and in raising the courage of all up to the point of voluntary sacrifice, they are sure to remain free, but only at that price.

THE PROPOSED SUSPENSION OF THE CAPE CONSTITUTION.

ALTHOUGH the question of the suspension of the Constitution of Cape Colony has been deprived of much of its practical urgency by the refusal of the Government to accede to the proposal at present, it gives rise to constitutional considerations of intricacy and importance, the inherent difficulties whereof, by no means despicable in themselves, are certainly not lessened by the extravagant theories as to the authority of the "Imperial Parliament" which have been put forward, and have apparently received more or less countenance in quarters where one might have looked for more discriminating appreciation of constitutional principles. Even the official despatch negating the proposal, though unexceptionable in substance, is couched in terms which, while not expressly asserting the competence of Parliament to effect this "suspension" of its own authority, are calculated to lend too much countenance to the idea.

The suggestion of Mr Swift M'Neill—who at one time, unless my memory is greatly at fault, knew better—that as the Cape Constitution "was created by an Act of the Imperial Parliament its suspension could "be effected by legislation in the Imperial Parliament,"—a suggestion insufficiently discouraged in Mr Chamberlain's reply—puts one forcibly in mind of the argument of North and Allibone, that because Magna Charta owed its existence to the grants of King John and King Henry, it might properly be "dispensed with" by King James or King Charles. It is, one would have thought, only necessary to state the proposition clearly to expose its inadmissible character. And yet, so loosely do we think and speak about a point of considerable intricacy, that there are not wanting utterances in high places, and even on the judicial Bench itself, which might easily pass for a claim of legislative omnipotence in this respect. For instance, only the other day, a case came before the Privy Council on appeal from one of the Australian Colonies, in which the question turned on the effect to be given to the common clause in restriction of legislation "opposed to the Law of England." In the course of his judgment—to which I do not presume to take

exception, and with which I even venture humbly to agree—the Lord Chancellor used some expressions which might easily be taken to amount to a claim of a right on the part of Parliament to override Colonial Legislation. I admit that this was merely an *obiter dictum* not necessary to the decision of the point at issue, and further, that if strictly limited—as was probably intended by the speaker—to the particular enactment under review, it would not be open to criticism, but in the form in which it was reported it was capable of being taken as a reiteration of the claim of legislative supremacy which cost us the North American Colonies, which bid fair, had it not been promptly withdrawn when challenged with any show of force, to have brought about a revolution in Ireland, and which would inevitably, if seriously attempted in any of the great self-governing colonies (including the one then in question) be hotly resented and promptly repudiated.

A striking illustration of this misconception occurred in the course of my experience in India. A question, which the military authorities there considered of great importance, arose as to the position, relatively to British officers, to be occupied by the officers of the “Imperial Service Troops”—who are not even British subjects—when within the limits of British India, or brigaded with British troops outside those limits, and it was seriously proposed to ask the Home Government to settle the question by Act of Parliament! It was vainly pointed out —

- (1) That to subject these troops to the provisions of such an Act would be to make them part of our army—a position inconsistent with the terms on which they had been offered to and accepted by the Government, and the thing which of all others we were most anxious to avoid,—and
- (2) That the desired object could be readily and legitimately effected by arrangement with the Native princes concerned

So strong was the feeling in favour of Parliamentary intervention that a despatch was actually sent requesting the Home Government to undertake the requisite legislation. The good sense and sound constitutional instincts, however, of the then law officers of the Crown in England promptly negatived the suggestion, and pointed out the proper course to pursue.

I quote these cases merely in illustration of the widespread confusion of thought on this question, and not as otherwise germane to the subject.

In point of principle, the establishment of Representative Institutions anywhere is a grant—however obtained—from the pre-existing supreme authority (and, therefore, in this country a grant by the Sovereign, emanating, in form at least, *ex mero motu suo*, and only requiring the concurrence of Parliament for the protection of the ministers on whose advice it is made). Such a grant, once perfected,

is obviously obnoxious to the maxim that "no one may derogate from his own grant" even more unreservedly than is the case with ordinary Crown grants. For in this case the ordinary rule of construction in such cases, by which all presumptions are to be made in favour of the Crown, is excluded by the nature of the case, and the more general rule, that all grants are to be taken most strongly against the grantor, necessarily applies. To hold the contrary would be to subject the grantees in every such case to the liabilities from which it was the very essence of the transaction to deliver them.

It does not follow, however, that the sanction of the House of Commons would be, under the circumstances of the present case, either superfluous or inoperative. Because the King cannot, either with or without the sanction of Parliament, legitimately derogate from his own grant, or that of his predecessor,—and if he could do so all constitutional right would be reduced to a mockery—it by no means follows that such a grant must be in all cases irrevocable. *Cuiusque licet renunciari juri pro se introducto*. Though it would be unjust and tyrannical for any authority in this country, Parliamentary or other, to tamper with the grant of autonomy freely—and somewhat improvidently—made upwards of thirty years ago to the people of Cape Colony (the objectionable consequences of which were foreseen and foretold at the time by at least one of the leading officials in the colony), there is nothing in the world to hinder the colonists themselves from "releasing" the grant, if they think it advisable to do so. The case is by no means unprecedented. After the disastrous troubles in Jamaica, when Governor Eyre made shipwreck of a promising career by a lamentable want of ballast, and thereby involved the Colony in difficulties which it shrank from facing, the local legislature surrendered the constitution of the Island into the hands of the Crown, and after an interval received in return the amended constitution now in force there. No Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom was asked for or required for the acceptance of such surrender.* It is conceivable, however, that if there had been any strong feeling in either country manifested against its acceptance, the Government might have thought it necessary, *for their own protection*, to obtain the concurrence of Parliament.

Again, every grant of political authority contains implicitly, if not expressly, a condition of fealty, and though in case of revolt the proceedings in *Quo Warranto* take of necessity the form of military operations, the principle is the same—forfeiture is the legitimate consequence of breach of condition. Even in the case of the American Civil War the seceding States—whose position was not so much that of revolted colonies as of dissentient partners—found themselves in the

* It is noteworthy that one of the last acts of the discredited Legislature was to pass an Act of Indemnity in favour of Governor Eyre, which the Court of Queen's Bench—*dissentiente* L. C. J. Cockburn—decided effectually to protect him not only from criminal proceedings but even from a civil action at the suit of an aggrieved private person.

result "in mercy", and it was from reasons of policy, not as a matter of right, that they were re-admitted—after an amendment of the Constitution designed to render future secession impracticable—to the position of Sovereign States

Mr Chamberlain says in his despatch that the case is "unprecedented," and although in many respects similar to both the precedents mentioned, it must be admitted that it is not exactly on all-fours with either. The request for what is somewhat euphemistically called a "suspension" of the Cape Constitution—in reality its revocation, and the grant after a longer or shorter interval and in a more or less amended form of another similar—does not come with the formal authorisation of the Colonial Legislature, as did the Jamaican surrender, nor even on the authority of the responsible Executive Government, who alone have the right to give official expression to the wishes of the country. Neither can it be contended that there has been any such general uprising on the part of the colonists—as occurred in the case of the Confederate States—as would *per se* justify anything approaching to a claim of forfeiture on the part of the Imperial Government, even in the not inconsiderable districts which were temporarily occupied, and formally annexed, by the enemy. So far, therefore, as depends on purely technical considerations, any interference by the Government here with the normal constitutional course in the Colony would bear the aspect of arbitrary injustice. An Act of Parliament might lend the sanction of *power* to the usurpation, but could not alter the question of *right*. On the other hand, the proposal is supported by a strong manifestation of public feeling within the Colony, and is consonant, certainly with the interests, probably with the wishes, of a majority of the population, and there is every reason to anticipate that, if complied with, it would not only meet with no resistance, but would even be accepted with practical unanimity, to the permanent advantage both of the Colony itself, and of the Empire at large. And there are not wanting reasons why the views of the dissentients, be they few or many, should be disregarded. The same class of considerations which justified the political ostracism of Jacobites 200 years ago (whether that ostracism was or was not too sweeping or too long maintained is irrelevant to the present question) would seem not merely to justify but to demand that a considerable—and easily separable—section of the community which displayed, as will be generally admitted, so widespread a sympathy with the cause of the rebels, so conspicuous an absence of co-operation (to say the least) in their suppression, should be, at least for the present occasion, reduced to silence. And it is perfectly reasonable that, if called upon to act in a matter of such delicacy, the Government should decline the responsibility of giving the necessary advice to the Crown, unless assured beforehand of the approbation of the House of Commons. This is, I venture to think, the true interpretation of Mr Chamberlain's statement that he

understood that "for the suspension of the Cape Constitution an Act of the Imperial Parliament would be required," and it is the only one consistent with the constitutional position of Parliament

It is not an immaterial consideration that the Colonial Government have already been guilty of technical illegality in this connection. For the unduly prolonged prorogation of Parliament, so far as not caused by the military occupation of the country, there can be but one legal protection to the ministers responsible, an Act of Indemnity by the Parliament to which they are responsible. An Act of the Home Parliament might, indeed, so far throw over them the shield of its might that they could not be made amenable in the courts of the United Kingdom, though, if such an indemnity had previously been asked from the Local Parliament and refused, it would probably be disregarded in the courts of the Colony. The idea, which has found utterance even in the columns of the *Times*, that the choice lies between irregular action by the Cape Ministry and a "legal settlement of the question" by Act of Parliament may be dismissed as untenable, the real and only question is. In what manner can a state of things, already illegal—or at least irregular—be best brought back to a normal condition, having regard to the practical difficulties involved? The suggestion of Sir William Harcourt that the requisite indemnity *must* be given and *could only* be given, by the "Imperial Parliament" errs both in the way of defect and excess, and Mr Balfour's reply (repeated, if I remember aright, by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords) that the question could only arise in case of the refusal of indemnity by the Colony, though right as far as it went, did not reach the kernel of the problem. The constitutional effect of such an Act would be substantially a formal grant of asylum to a political offender, and it is at least questionable whether—having regard to the possible effects of the Act on the susceptibilities of other self-governing colonies—it would not be better, should the contingency unhappily arise, to afford such an offender the asylum extended at Common Law to all political refugees, without any special legislative intervention on his behalf. This observation, however, must be strictly limited to the case of a minister responsible to the Colonial Parliament, and has no bearing upon that of a Governor or High Commissioner, who is not responsible for his acts as such to any authority in the Colony, and who is liable in the courts at home for any excess or illegal exercise of his delegated authority*.

The Government have decided, rightly, as I believe, to throw the entire responsibility of action on the local authorities, but, though this practically disposes of the question for the time being, it may be worth while to consider how the proposed action could be taken, on

* See *Mostyn v Fabrigas*, Smith's Leading Cases. The judgments in *Phillips v Eyre*, Law Rep. Q. B., assume the principle, though the decision turned on the effect of the Act of Indemnity by the Colonial Legislature.

the—I believe improbable—hypothesis that the course of events may even yet render it necessary or expedient to do so

Lord Hobhouse, when he was a Member of Council in India, is recorded to have recommended on a certain occasion "the exercise of "a little benevolent illegality" As applied to the particular case the advice was judicious, and the expression apt, unfortunately however, as I learnt to my cost, it was relied on by less constitutionally-minded politicians as a precedent for acts of "zuberdusti" (high-handedness) from which no one would have recoiled more decidedly than he *

For this purpose it is unnecessary to consider the alternative not obscurely hinted at in Mr Chamberlain's despatch, that the Colonial Legislature may itself come to the conclusion that such an alteration of the Constitution is desirable as is beyond its own competence to effect, and may therefore propose formally to follow the Jamaican precedent, and surrender its franchise into the hands of the Crown, on such terms as might be agreed upon beforehand with the Government at home Such a course would, I conceive, be free from constitutional difficulty, and it would lie with the Central Government to accept or reject the proffered surrender, with or without the authority of Parliament It would probably be sufficient for their security to obtain concurrent resolutions of both Houses, without the elaborate machinery of an Act of Parliament

But supposing the Colonial Parliament to refuse to take this course, and yet the circumstances to be such that the intervention was deemed by those responsible for the peace of the colony to be unavoidable or imperative, the question for consideration would be, How can this be effected with least violence to constitutional principles?

In the emergency suggested there are three distinct authorities, any one of which might assume the responsibility of cutting the Gordian knot the Cape Ministry, the Colonial Governor, and the High Commissioner

Of these alternatives it would, so far as the Home Government is concerned, be eminently desirable that the initiative should be taken by the ministers As between them and the Central Government their acts are the acts of the Colony, and whether their action were or were not justified by subsequent events, it could not, if adopted, give rise to any feeling on the part of the colonists that their liberties were being tampered with

On the other hand, as these Ministers presumably command a majority in the Colonial Assembly, the only case—in the circumstances contemplated—in which they could be called upon to take action of this nature would seem to be the highly improbable contingency of an Act for the purpose having passed the Assembly and been rejected

* The recent observations of Mr Seddon—not by any means a "carping critic"—on this question show with what jealousy any arbitrary interference on the part of the Home Authorities would be looked upon in the rest of the Empire. *Verbum sapientibus*

by the Council. In such a dilemma it is at least conceivable that the intervention of Parliament as a sort of *Deus ex machinâ*, if not easily reconcilable with *principle*, would be accepted as a convenient working expedient. But this contingency is in the highest degree improbable.

Supposing, however, that the ministers should, under the circumstances supposed, decline to act, either because they shrank from the responsibility or differed from the expediency of the desired course of action, or for any other reason, it would be open to the Governor, should he think it advisable, to dismiss them of his own motion, and call to his counsels others in whom he had more confidence. This is at all times within the constitutional rights of the Crown, and has been exercised in the United Kingdom itself so lately as the year 1834. That under ordinary circumstances such a proceeding would be nugatory, and would merely entail the humiliation of having the discarded ministers brought back with increased credit, renders it a weapon resort to which should be had sparingly, and with reluctance, but does not militate against its legality, nor the utility of its adoption if confined to certain extreme cases. Even the Sovereign himself might conceivably be justified, should the ministry of the day, backed by a majority in the House of Commons, persist in a course which he felt to be ruinous, in dismissing them on his own responsibility, though the step is one not likely to be taken except in the last resort; but the position of a Colonial Governor, though in many respects analogous to that of the Sovereign, is not identical therewith, and differs therefrom especially in this very point, in that, while the King is personally absolutely irresponsible, and therefore *cannot* legitimately act except through responsible agents, the Governor, though not responsible to any authority in the Colony, *is* accountable personally even (as Governor Wall discovered) with his life to the courts in England, and therefore may reasonably exercise a wider discretion than would be possible in the case of the Sovereign. This power was, if I am not mistaken, actually exercised in the dismissal of the Schreiner Ministry after the outbreak of the war, and it is at least doubtful whether, if its application to the Sprigg ministry should be thought necessary or advisable under the circumstances, it would be resented or regretted by anyone but themselves. At any rate, the great majority of their habitual adherents are against them on this question, and the Bond members, whatever their view on the main point at issue, are hardly likely to take up the cudgels very heartily on their behalf. If therefore the present ministry should refuse to act, or should determine on action which the Governor thought so disastrous as to call for an extreme exercise of authority on his part, this course,—and this only, as it appears to me,—is open for his adoption.

But supposing that neither the Colonial Government nor the Governor are willing to act in the matter,—or to act in the manner

which he considers *essential* to the well-being of the Colony—and nothing short of this would justify his intervention at all—it would be within the power of the High Commissioner, by an exercise of arbitrary discretion, to suspend for the time being all the ordinary machinery of government, in the same manner as the course of civil administration is superseded by military law. That such a course would be greatly to be deprecated it is needless to say, that it would be intolerable if taken in any but the most judicious manner is self-evident, that nothing but the last necessity would induce any British statesman to adopt it may, I hope, be taken for granted, that if adopted without sufficient cause it would justify, even if it did not provoke, an outbreak of rebellion. I am ready to admit, but nevertheless there are conceivable cases—I am far from thinking that this is one of them—when such a course would be not merely right, but imperatively necessary. *Salus populi suprema lex*, a maxim containing a great truth, though too often perverted to the defence of questionable actions. It is probably needless to add, that neither Lord Milner nor any other conceivable High Commissioner would have recourse to so high-handed a step, unless backed by the authority of Parliament. All that we know of the situation, however, points to the conclusion that no such heroic remedy is required or will be resorted to.

The foregoing has proceeded on the assumption that when the Colonial Parliament meets in August* it will be found that the anticipations of the memorialists are only too well founded, and that *some* interference with the constitution will be found indispensable in the interest of the colony itself, as the only available means of avoiding a recrudescence of the racial animosity from which the country has suffered so much, and that the only question is as to the *modus operandi* and it must be confessed that the reported opinions of Lord Milner and the late Mr Cecil Rhodes give some colour to this supposition, backed as they are by resolutions of influential meetings all over the country. But I am strongly inclined to the opinion that their fears are exaggerated, and there are so many and so great advantages in the opposite course that nothing short of absolute necessity, proved by actual experience, would suffice to justify its rejection. Nay more, I am inclined to believe that the *via salutis* is more likely to be found in a strict observance of constitutional usage than in any practicable alternative. I am fully alive to the objections so ably and temperately urged by Mr Wilmot in a recent letter to the *Times*, which embodies and emphasises the views put forward in the memorial of the Progressive members which originated the controversy. But it appears to me that the most cogent of the arguments advanced proceed on a misapprehension of the course involved in a resumption of Parliamentary Government under present circumstances. It is

* Since this was written that Parliament has met, but the proceedings therein have not hitherto proved decisive—either way—of the question in the text.

assumed that the seats now vacant, whether vacated by the conviction of their late occupants for treason or otherwise, must be immediately filled up, it is taken for granted that the new members will be of the same calibre as their predecessors, it is argued that because on a former occasion Sir Gordon Sprigg showed himself too sanguine, his estimate of the present chances must be largely discounted—it is urged that 300,000 Dutch (all of whom are assumed to be “active or “passive rebels”), must necessarily out-vote 200,000 British, and that therefore the composition of the Assembly would inevitably show a Bond majority. I am inclined to doubt the accuracy of each of these assumptions. I admit that Sir Gordon Sprigg has expressed an intention of filling up the vacancies by means of by-elections, but this was said merely by-the-way, and not as part of a considered scheme. And not only is there no legal obligation on anyone thus to complete the House, but all the best precedents point in a different direction. The issue of new writs during the continuance of a Parliament depends entirely on the will of the House (subject to certain very modern enactments conferring special powers upon the Speaker when Parliament is not sitting*), and the House has never hesitated to suspend, at its own discretion, and during its pleasure, the issue of writs in cases of delinquency by the constituencies far less grave than those which have occasioned the vacancies in question. Moreover, this is a matter essentially for the discretion of the House itself, and if the Progressive members (who must as the result of the vacancies have a present majority, however minute) are impressed with the fears voiced by Mr Wilmot, and unwilling to expose the vacant constituencies to the disturbing influences of contested elections, it is not likely that Sir Gordon Sprigg would be so “sot upon” the details of his programme as to treat a refusal to issue these writs, or any of them, as a vote of want of confidence. Again, perhaps the nearest analogy in English History to the present circumstances at the Cape—in this particular only, *bien entendu*—is the resumption of Parliamentary government after the retirement of Richard Cromwell had put an end to the Protectorate, on that occasion the surviving members of the Long Parliament—which had never been legally dissolved—met and acted with unquestioned authority, without any attempt to fill up the vacancies in their body. It may well be that the holding of contested elections in places which have lately shown rebellious sympathies would involve serious risks, but there is absolutely no reason why any such risks should be run, it would be within the legitimate authority of the House to issue the writ where this could be done with safety, and to suspend the issue where an immediate election would be attended with public danger: of course, the House must be

* These provisions, however, only affect the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and have no reference to any Colonial Assembly, each of which has its own regulations on the subject. But this does not touch the present point.

trusted not to abuse its discretion for purposes of mere party advantage, the possibility of such abuse is, however, a defect inherent in all Parliamentary Government, of which notable examples are not wanting in the annals of "The Mother of Parliaments"

It does not follow, however, that even should these vacancies be filled up at once, the new members would necessarily be similar to the old. There are in every community a considerable number whose aim is always "to ride the winning horse," and the relative position of parties has been altered in the last three years in a way which cannot be without important, if temporary, influence. To say nothing of the effect upon the registers of the disfranchisement of proved rebels, a community in which opinions were so evenly divided in 1898, when the Boer Republics were already preparing for their triumphal entry into Durban, if not into Capetown itself, as to result in a majority of four only, is hardly likely to strengthen the hands of the Bond under the depressing environment of 1902. The risks above referred to may or may not be temporary merely: if they are so they can be avoided by deferring the by-elections, but if they are not obviated before the time arrives for the next General Election it will be manifest that no mere temporary suspension of the constitution would have sufficed for the purpose, while, on the other hand, it would or might have prevented the adoption of proper measures for their removal.

As regards the third objection Sir Gordon Sprigg is by no means the only Minister whose forecast has been doomed to disappointment—Mr Gladstone in 1874 and Lord Beaconsfield in 1880 are the latest and most noteworthy instances—but while it would be rash to incur any risk on the strength of a Ministerial vaticination, it would be attaching too much importance to a previous error to allow it to blind our eyes to the chances of the present occasion.

Nor is the last objection convincing: the fact that the men of Dutch extraction are in a majority in the colony might conceivably have been accepted in 1867 as a reason for the refusal of representative institutions altogether (I know that it was so considered by some of the principal officers of the Colony at the time), I can even imagine some persons hardy enough to think it ground for their abrogation *in majore* now, but it cannot under any circumstances be a reason for a *temporary* suspension thereof. The numerical superiority, such as it is (and I have seen the figures given somewhat differently), will not vanish between the present time and the latest date to which the summoning of Parliament could be reasonably postponed.

And while the objections to a speedy resumption of Parliamentary activity (under proper conditions) however formidable, are far from insuperable, there are two considerations of first importance which weigh heavy in the contrary scale.

So long ago as 1897 it was admitted that a large measure of redis-

tribution of seats was necessary, not in the interest of Party merely, still less as a matter of "jerry-mandering," but for the due apportionment of representation to population in fact, some at least of the under-represented districts were then, and probably still are, in the hands of the Bond. The net result of a proper redistribution would, however, have undoubtedly been favourable to the Progressives, and the Schreiner Government, though they could not entirely defeat the measure, succeeded in obstructing and minimising it. Needless to say that nothing more has been done in the matter since the outbreak of the war. But this is a matter exclusively within the competence of the local Parliament: for the Imperial Parliament to intermeddle therewith would be inconsistent with the faintest pretence of local self-government, and any such interference on their part would inevitably give rise to serious resentment, not only in Cape Colony but in every self-governing community throughout the Empire.

Nor can this object be legitimately effected by the authority of Government, whether Local or Imperial, and the proposal—which I have seen advocated in certain not unimportant quarters—that the necessary ordinance should be passed by Order in Council, on the authority of the Imperial Government, and carried into effect before the next meeting of the Assembly, is an idea worthy of the advisers of James I, the last British monarch who created Parliamentary boroughs without Parliamentary authority. It is obvious, moreover, that this very necessary reform ought to be effected, if possible, before the powers of obstruction are resuscitated by a General Election, and for this purpose it would have been necessary sooner or later to call together the present Assembly, and if so, nothing but inconvenience was likely to result from delay.

Lastly one of the most pressing needs for the whole of British South Africa is confederation. But a scheme of confederation not generally acceptable to the people affected is foredoomed, even Mr Wilmot admits that "nothing would be done without the consent and approval of the people adequately represented by delegates." These delegates must, I presume, be elected—how then will their composition differ from that of a legitimate assembly elected by the same constituencies for that amongst other purposes? It seems to me that no possible assembly of delegates elected *ad hoc* could be invested with the authority, legal or moral, of a regular Parliament. By what authority are they to be called together? How are they to be elected? If by the present constituencies what is the advantage of the irregularity? If otherwise, by whom are the new electoral bodies to be determined? When elected, are they to have the general powers of representatives, or to be confined to voting "Ay" or "No" on a definite proposition after the manner of a plebiscite? All these questions, and others of a like kind, would arise to imperil, if they did not wreck, any attempt to accomplish federation by other than the regular procedure.

Confederation of South Africa without the inclusion of Cape Colony is unthinkable, if obtained without the hearty concurrence of the people it would always be in a state of unstable equilibrium, and that concurrence can only be satisfactorily secured in the recognised constitutional manner. The history of the annexation of the Transvaal in 1878 is full of instruction on this point. But it is obvious that the Cape Parliament cannot properly fulfil its duties in this respect until it has itself been rendered properly representative, a consideration which lends extra cogency to the arguments for the immediate resumption of normal Government at the Cape.

Whether the circumstances of the Colony are really such that it will be found better to face the consequences of arbitrary interference than to encounter the risks involved, may become a question for the high authorities on the spot, a question which they will have to answer at the peril of their political reputation. All that one sitting at home can say is, that the *onus probandi* is entirely on those who assert the affirmative of the issue, and that, so long as the constitutional advisers of the Governor support the negative with his acquiescence, no one can reasonably expect the Home Government to undertake the responsibility, even if they have the power, of overruling their opinion.

ALEX EDW MILLER

PAUL BOURGET, PREACHER.

THE conversion of the sinner is at all times an edifying and comforting spectacle—it is fresh proof of the paradox that virtue is stable and vice fleeting, far be it from me to deny M Bourget's integrity in his somewhat ostentatious and predicated conversion, albeit I must own I am little edified by the converted sinner's complete lack of humility, by what I may without exaggeration call his spiritual arrogance, his intolerable impertinence to those who, never having sinned, have not known the need of conversion. For there is many an honest Jacobin (whom the converted M Bourget despises and who shares his contempt along with the "nefarious Russian Utopian, "Tolstoi") who would not for the offer of a world have on his conscience a considerable part of the fiction of M Bourget. Those wicked days, however, are over, and the mystic has nearly killed the sensualist. Not quite, for it is clear that the fiction of M Bourget even in its new phase can never shake itself free of the obsession of the bachelor's flat for the inevitable seduction or adultery. *Régimes* may pass and Republics may go, but woman ever remains for the eminent M Bourget a creature of vaporous underwear and man the eternal explorer of her charms. It is quite extraordinary what a passion for Valenciennes and batiste the average middle-class French novelist reveals. When he paints you a love-scene, invariably improper, he is far too preoccupied with these dainty and somewhat indelicate details to tell you how the hero and heroine really felt. It seems to me that he traffics in adultery for no other reason than the intimate pleasure it gives him to pry into the heroine's perfumed linen-press. And so there remains as the crown of M Bourget's altered career the public suppression of the dull psychological and physiological studies he cast upon the ocean of letters for the distraction and certainly not for the moral improvement of idle woman in those wild, sad days when he still cherished ambition and had not "arrived." In those far-off times of remunerative depravity, M Bourget was the elected confidant of what we are

agreed to call the "Parisienne," a queer compound of frivolous intelligence, of seduction and morbid sensuality (I refer to the conclusions of her accredited romancers), ever in quest of novelty and sensation. He devoutly offered her, as a semblance of scientific observation, lending thereby importance to her transient caprices, what she delighted to acknowledge, an exhaustive study of the futilities of fashion, an impassioned inventory of upholstery and millinery, a pedantic analysis of every mood and aspect of her prodigiously variable "moi," which her solemn biographer and confessor followed in all its vagaries, from her dressmaker's to the inevitable rendezvous.

M. Bourget's notorious personal weakness naturally led him to the adoption of the world of fashion, for he loved not millinery and delicate underwear more than elegant tailoring. At an early age he revealed a soul haunted, obsessed with the nostalgia of "smoking," of "tub," of conquering cravats and impeccable coats. His heroes of predilection were what he aspired to be, the lords of fashion, with ninety-two pairs of boots, and the equivalent in incomparable tailoring. "My talent as 'a novelist may be disputed,'" he is reported to have said, "but 'nobody can deny that I am the best cravatted man of Paris.'" A personal weakness may be regarded with indulgence as long as it is merely a surface failing, like a predilection for a variety of cravats. But it irritates when, as in M. Bourget's case, it happens to be the keynote of his fiction. The word snob is writ in large letters over every volume. He delights in titles, in wealth, in luxury, in fashion, and the best part of the fashionable novelist's success is his entrance on terms of equality into the world of fashion. He records with complacency the atrocious feeling of a young man invited to dine at a wealthy table, who next day swallowed his bitter mortification and disgust on having to dine off common home china after this fugitive acquaintance with porcelain. M. Bourget never sees the inherent vulgarity of soul he reveals in all these *minutiae* of the idle experiences he revels in. We have the names of countless males irreproachably booted and trousered, the latest perfected articles of Parisian and cosmopolitan life, but not one single gentleman. Amongst so many nobles not one rises up before us with the unconscious grand air, the simple breeding of Tolstoi's Prince André. It would indeed be difficult to name a writer of such solid and serious talent as M. Bourget's who has written so many novels not containing a single distinct and recognisable character, so devoid of a single creation in either sex.

The "worldly" side of M. Bourget's work may be dismissed as tediously improper and heavily sartorial—an acute expression of the moral epidemic, vestuary snobbishness. What can it matter to us how the lover is named, since we are acquainted with the essential fact that Madame de Tillières was prepared to become his mistress before meeting him because of his famous ninety-two pairs of boots? And Suzanne Morane might just as well be called Marie or Martha for all the

personal impression she has left, in spite of her biographer's exhaustive analyses and descriptions of her various infidelities to husband and lover. Here M. Bourget was out of his element, for he was never intended for success in light or scabrous detail. He has neither the deftness of touch, the taste, the delicacy and wit, nor above all the smiling wickedness necessary to charm or amuse. His novels were built upon the conviction that only the well-dressed, well-housed and perfumed minority could interest the reading world, since it alone interested him. An English writer—Mr. G. S. Street—has not hesitated to express a like opinion in stating his exclusive predilection for dwellers in Tudor mansions, while behind them lies the unrolled scroll of romance to prove the vacuity of their claim. The snob is, by reason of his preoccupation and prejudices, an arid, incomplete and perverse being, a creature who mistakes for life itself its idle accessories, who prefers scented imbecility to unwashed brains, who would turn disdainfully from a modest Lamb drinking his pint of ale to pay obsequious court to any titled or moneyed futility the world of fashion ever produced. And how dry and lifeless and vulgar are all these continual reproductions of one dull corner of humanity! The vapidity of their pleasures, the monotony of their pains! We remember Prince André's contempt of his surroundings—and he moved in a set otherwise more select than that frequented by M. Bourget,—and Tolstoi, who describes this social paradise as a centre where one "rubs elbows with" "a Court lackey and an idiot," is himself by birth a *grand seigneur*, not a dazzled bourgeois awed by raiment, furniture and manners chance has made him acquainted with. High life, so dear to M. Bourget, is for Prince André "the gossip of saloons, balls, vanity, meanness, its "society intolerably stupid, its distinguished women but egoism, "vanity, silliness and mediocrity." This is bitter in the extreme, but can it be other than true, we ask ourselves in stupefaction, after a course of fashionable fiction, written in English or French by those who ought to know?

I never received a swifter impression of the artistic valuelessness of psychology than after an hour spent in striving to recall the general note of M. Bourget's fiction, and sum up the different facts, scenes and personages that had stamped themselves upon my mind. Not one single character or scene retained vividness, intensity, suggested a clear and personal vision. I was disturbed in the midst of this mental nebulousness by the announcement of Verdaguer's death, and the description of the extraordinary funeral honours conferred on this Catalan poet, priest and peasant by the capital of his province. With alacrity I parted company with M. Bourget's psychological study, and took up the preface to the "Atlantide," Verdaguer's recognised masterpiece. Here, in a simple letter written in a bald, untrained prose, without ostentation or search after effect, Verdaguer describes lucidly and briefly his labouring youth, full of dreams and the hopes and

ambitions of poetic youth-tide,—how he would leave the plough at the hour of noonday fervour and rest, hot and leaden-lidded, to lie with his comrades in the grateful shade, struggling to keep awake in order to think of a verse or arrest a captivating idea and at evening the march back to the farm in the gathering dusk, with his field implements slung over his shoulder, singing with the others old Catalan songs, unconsciously building up new verses upon the echoes of the past. Here is a plough-boy who makes himself eternally interesting in a few lines which contain neither psychology nor depth, but just the essential strokes that go to the tracing of a beautiful and permanent image. We want no further study of the boy. We see him, with his tools and his violet *barretina*, the only article of clothing which is mentioned in this vivid portrait of him, and being a peasant's cap, paints the whole of him. We know him, for we have all been young, and the dawn has found us all scribbling something or other with our soul's fervour and candid faith.

True, the converted M Bourget will condescend to accept a Verdaguer because of his faith and the happy fact that he "belonged to a land." To belong to a land, to be a contented provincial, not to be that unfortunate nomad, the uprooted, which M Bourget himself is, with singular advantage to his purse and reputation, not to belong to that vast army of "arrivists" which consumes the greater part of the air and the honours of every capital of the world, this is the only enviable lot in the present hour of unrest, dissatisfaction and anarchy. M Bourget is hard on the arrivist, which is a bitter comment upon his own prosperous career, for after all, what is he himself but an accomplished arrivist? It was not by remaining contentedly in the provinces,—unacquainted with the famous struggle for life he now gloomily despises as the downfall of faith and virtue, with its nauseous horrors, the wickedness of ambition,—twirling his thumbs and gazing at the stars, that he "arrived" at what must have been his goal, since it implies begging visits and no small exercise of intrigue—the Academy. M Bourget's is an honourable career, but it is not one of modest retirement, of disinterested effort, of generous labour, hardly one of conspicuous virtue even. It is that of an ordinary *struggle-for-lifeur*, as Daudet would call him, a determined and fortunate arrivist, a man who has insisted on receiving the full value in coin and honours of his intellectual labour. Contrast it with that of many a savant who has left the *École Normale* to work in chosen, contented mediocrity of fortune for the advance of science, of letters, in a noble and disinterested devotion to humanity and liberal thought. Between the ill-paid man of science and the over-paid psychological novelist there is the immense space which separates the great from the merely respectable. Yet it is this splendid class of Frenchmen that M Bourget has not hesitated to attack in a way which is only saved from being scurrilous by the writer's personal dignity, by the gravity of his utterance, by the

something lingering in the bottom of his nature which keeps alive a grudging, reluctant sympathy with the "intellectuals" he would obliterate from the roll of French humanity. If M. Bourget does not "belong to a land," he at least belongs to a Review, and has not the pontiff he serves, M. Brunetière, proclaimed from the depths of his editorial chair the bankruptcy of science?

Belonging to that Review, he cannot make havoc of its stately traditions and tumble into the vituperative drivel of those three Musketeers of French patriotism, Messieurs Lemaître, Coppée and Barrès, but he goes as near the verge as temperament and situation permit when he writes of the excellent Jacobin University professor "His conviction would be comic if honest men of his type were not associated with 'the worst enemies of France in their work of degrading our country 'by the destruction of all its vital forces'—*i.e.* clericalism. This reads like an electoral address of M. Jules Lemaître. Who are these lurid and dreadful enemies of France that haunt the minds of the pillars of French patriotism, and in what way is visible their ferocious desire to degrade France? Is it the English? the Germans? the Dutch, or the Spaniards? There must be somebody at the gate to whom these determined rascals, the traitors within—the freethinkers, radicals, men of science, etc.—have sold themselves. One peers and peers, and perceives nobody on the horizon. Here is an entire page written in defiance of truth of the most elemental order, written in the spirit of aggressive and calumniating hate which M. Bourget lays flatly at the charge of his adversaries throughout his long and ardent sermon to his country, *l'Étape*. He refers continually to the Affaire Dreyfus, without, however, mentioning it, and the spirit if not exactly the letter of his statements would lead the outsider to believe that all humanity, justice, virtue and truth were resplendently on the side of military imbecility and dishonour. "The history of the decadence in which for 'a hundred years our country has been plunged would be unintelligible 'if we did not take into account a feature too little studied of the 'Jacobin's psychology. Strive as we may to start human society afresh, 'as Bacon said, we must begin by starting human understanding afresh, 'we cannot escape our heredities. They dominate us by every fibre of 'which we are woven, we can only pervert them. One of these is 'the religious sentiment. The Monneron" (the freethinker pursued by M. Bourget's implacable fate in order to teach him to think more wisely and thus secure a happier fortune) "is a Christian gone astray who 'brings to abstract and inexact ideas the devotions of his atavisms. His 'ideas are not opinions, they are a cult. Hence the indignant severity 'of his judgment with regard to dissidents" (Good luck! M. Bourget, surely it is of yourself you are writing, for what else is the *Étape* if not a sermon of "indignant severity" against dissidents?) "The 'Monneron we have seen in the *coup d'état*, on the 16th May, in the 'plebiscitary movement provoked by Boulanger, and more recently

"in circumstances we remember, is not content to combat his adversaries. He considers them as creatures of inferior conscience. He is not content to crush them by whatever means and with a stupefying lack of scruples" (Shades of the *Ligue de la Patrie Française*, of *La Croix* and the reptile Press which subscribes to the respectable if not always respectably expressed opinions of M. Bourget!) "He despises them, those adversaries," (M. Bourget, of course, highly esteems his own, and writes *l'Étape* naturally as homage to them!), "quite sincerely as simple malefactors, and treats them as such without hesitation or remorse. The monopoly of political honesty is his. This disposition of mind explains the impossibility of acquiring the least experience which characterises this sect of sincere aberrants. They are punished for their fanaticism by the facility with which they are duped by the sycophants who pretend to share their opinions." Might not this page in its entirety have been written with just as much consistency and truth by the Monnerons of the Bourgets? The howling fanatics on either side are equally and hideously stupid and base. The difference between the Liberal and Reactionary parties is that however high you mount in the latter camp you never find the tone of abuse and calumny sensibly lowered. When you turn from the mocking, gently chastening remarks of Anatole France upon questions of the hour to the rabid prose of Jules Lemaître—to take two examples of men who have had almost an equal reputation in letters—you seem to have shaken hands with a man of the world, a scholar, a sceptic and an exquisite wit, who looks at facts with good temper and courtesy, to turn to a foaming fanatic whose single form of argument is insult and slander, who has left behind him his old critical sense, his wit, his graceful style, the somewhat narrow if extremely Parisian measure of his intelligence. I could find pendants as striking among my Liberal friends to put beside Messieurs Brunetière and Bourget, proving that logic, good temper, humaneness and generosity are to be found in French politics to-day outside the ferocious clerical camp, of whose lack of scruple we have had evidence enough in the recent elections. Not that for one moment I would associate M. Bourget with his inane and violent partisans of the *Patrie Française*. Such a book as *l'Étape* commands the esteem due to all sincere work, it commands respect by its real talent, its seriousness, the naïve enthusiasm of the convert it reveals, the courage with which the writer undertakes to settle all disquiet and discontent by the complacent conclusions he fronts us with. His religious philosophy is not complicated, and it is based on the morality of Benjamin Franklin, who associated honesty with self-interest. Says M. Bourget in effect: "Be a conservative Catholic professor and every good on earth will befall you. You will live with dignity in an old-fashioned substantial house, you will have money, the respect of your neighbours, your wainscotted walls will recall the burgess prosperity of vanished times."

"You will have your books elegantly bound, no trace of disorder in your interior, domestic peace and happiness, with a pearl of a daughter who will copy all your manuscripts neatly, in well-fitting, modest raiment, without a thought of flirtation or social distractions" Before you come to the end of the *Étape*, M Bourget has preached his sermon with such conspicuous unsuccess that you are irritated with the even flow of the good man's life, and you long for the housebreakers. Man was never intended to be so insolently in the right, so protected from the vicissitudes of experience. On the other hand, if you have the culpable misfortune to be a Freethinker, this is what will happen to you as a professor. You will live in a horrid barrack let out in promiscuous flats. You will marry a jade who will waste your money. You will have to read unbound, torn and tattered books, you will have no interior elegance about you. Your servants and concierges will prove monsters of grasping infidelity and disorder. Your children will be born in different places, and therefore be uprooted (which is odd, seeing they had no roots to begin with), your eldest son will embezzle and forge, a love of cravats and light ladies will lead him and your house to uttermost ruin. You will educate your daughter liberally, and instead of copying your manuscripts in meditative solitude, as the other daughter does her father's, she will fly to the dreadful bachelor's flat, don false, fine raiment, reach by seduction murder and suicide, and break your heart in a hospital ward. M Bourget's minute description of the disorderly interior of the unfortunate professor who, like himself, had "*brûlé une étape*," (with different results, alas!) reveals a character so extraordinarily displeasing, that shortly after the book's appearance an eminent Frenchwoman said to me, "I had a frightful nightmare last night. I dreamed that in a moment of aberration I had invited Bourget to lunch, and he came and everything went wrong. The sauce was burnt, the service was lamentable, and I divined that Bourget was 'making notes all the time.' Poor Monneron must be punished because an ambitious father sent his clever son to the *École Normale* instead of making him a farmer. He has 'burnt a stage' and lifted himself above his natal condition in giving lessons and delivering lectures in Paris. Carry this thesis to its logical end, that talent, temperament, qualities count for nothing in face of the exactions of mere birth, and we find a Napoleon condemned to eat his soul out in Corsica, ending by the stage coach of experience as a local judge, and—worse far—M Bourget condemned never to have known the superior luxury of Oxford, never to have rubbed shoulders with the titled folk he delights to honour and imitate, condemned for ever to the dull educational resources of a provincial town like Clermont. For a man who has so successfully 'burnt a stage' and 'arrived,' he is mighty hard on others who dare to tempt fortune and follow its lure beyond the place of birth. And yet, altogether in spite of himself, and solely by reason of the perverse humanity of the average reader, all our

sympathies are given to the unfortunate professor, while his rival, the unctuous Ferrand, hide-bound in his complacent and material spiritualism, the Franklinism catholicised of M Bourget, scarcely succeeds in inspiring a distant esteem. Virtue which is crowned by admirable furniture in an eighteenth century setting, plenty of leisure and money, black hair, excellent health, a superb study lined with old woodwork and valuable bindings, a male menial to open his door, a virtuous daughter and an established position on the *Revue des deux Mondes*, is a virtue that does not seem to me in its results to differ greatly from the parvenu's success in life. What after all does the parvenu strive for, if not for these material advantages? He may not always seek to collaborate with the editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, like M Bourget and M Ferrand, but he has the same appreciation as these two of the social advantages of the male menial, the admirable furniture and the well-laid table. I do not blame either for desiring and seeking these things, but do not ask me to admire the nobility of their lives so ordered. There is more nobility, more charm in the dreamy, illusive, generous failure of Monneron, on whose unhappy head his biographer heaps as an unfruitful lesson all the misfortunes he can think of. Christ would have fraternised with Monneron, whereas there is little doubt He would have turned a contemptuous shoulder to the unctuous Ferrand, classifying him among the prosperous scribes and Pharisees. But Christianity, save as tradition, is the last thing M Bourget accepts. His Catholicism is the mere dilettantism of a thinker who finds in the Church the reason for his personal prejudices, the convenient recognition of the mystical side of his character. When a great genius like Tolstoi strives to get near the spirit of the Gospel, he is pursued by the same lively detestation M Bourget reserves for the working man. He can think of no more refined expression of this contempt of Tolstoi than the naming of a People's College the *Union Tolstoi*, which he generously represents as "a school of base envy, of 'silly vanity and destructive anarchy'". This is a measure of M Bourget's generosity to his adversaries. The great and magnanimous Tolstoi is qualified impudently as "ce néfaste Utopiste russe". Modesty is not a virtue M Bourget has taught us to expect from him, but we have the right to be affronted when we find a very small personage indeed presuming to write in this tone of the greatest of living writers. We do not ask M Bourget to approve of the ideas of Tolstoi—it would be like asking a prosperous grocer to approve of the fundamental principles of the Sermon on the Mount offered in everyday prose without the name of Christ attached to it. But we do exact that a mere man of talent like M Bourget shall recognise his superior in letters, and write of him at least respectfully.

M Bourget is distressed by the spectacle France offers the world during the past hundred years, and sincerely regrets the *Ancien Régime*

In those days M Bourget would have been condemned to play a sorry part. He would never have "arrived" as he has had the luck to arrive under the more beneficent Third Republic. The nobles who to-day gladly requite recruits and assistants would have nodded to him as they nodded to their valets if they recognised him at all, and he would not have "burnt his stage" more successfully than his unfortunate Monneron.

HANNAH LYNCH

DR. FAIRBAIRN ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF CHRISTIANITY.*

OUR desire in this paper is not so much to enter into an exhaustive examination of the important book with which Dr Fairbairn has favoured us on the "Philosophy of the Christian Religion," as rather to look behind the book to the large and difficult problems it raises, which spring from the conditions of the thought of the age, and to ask what help it affords in stating, and above all in solving, these problems. There is one supreme qualification which Dr Fairbairn has for dealing with his great subject, namely, the perhaps unrivalled range of his knowledge in the fields of philosophy, theology, history, and religions, and the breadth and sympathy of his power of historical generalisation. His generalisations may not always convince, but they are always felt to be large, luminous, and instructive,—formed in full view of the world of facts to be interpreted. The danger that besets so many thinkers of seeking a solution of their problem through over-simplification of its elements, is not one to which he is likely to succumb. It is always the largest aspects of a subject that fill his mind, the horizons beyond horizons it opens up, the relation of particulars to the general, the multitude and intricacy of the factors that go to the comprehension of the simplest fact, character, or movement. This very fulness of his thought, in combination with his singular gift of eloquent and pictorial expression, his devices of rhetorical antithesis and tendency to amplification in detail, the warmth and colouring of his exposition, has frequently the effect of overloading his pages with good things, and of detracting from the clearness and precision of the idea he wishes to convey. The wrappings of the idea may have to be stripped off before the kernel of the thought can be securely grasped. But the reader never loses the sense of being under the guidance of a mind of extraordinary comprehensiveness,

* "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion," by A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1902.

searching vision, and exceptional powers of both analysis and synthesis. This of itself is a guarantee against one-sidedness and partiality of treatment, and affords ground for believing that the questions at issue will be rightly put and wisely answered.

It is, indeed, a notable sign of the broader phases on which Christian thought is entering, that a volume of this kind should be given us by one who will probably be allowed to rank as the ablest of living English Nonconformist theologians. The book will be recognised as in some sense a sequel to and completion of its author's former work on "*The Place of Christ in Modern Theology*." In that work, at a time when systematic theology seemed in danger of becoming a lost art, Dr Fairbairn undertook the consideration of the reconstruction rendered necessary in theology by modern philosophical, literary and historical criticism. Many of the results of that earlier discussion have to be carried forward into the study of the present treatise, many of its ideas reappear in a new setting. But it is essentially a new problem that is now dealt with. Dr Fairbairn tells us in his Preface of the profound impression made on his mind by actual contact with modern Hinduism during his visit to India as Haskell lecturer. What he saw there made him feel as he had not done before, that Christianity, to be adequately understood, must be considered in a yet wider context—that of the general religious history of mankind. This necessitated an inquiry into the nature and ground of the religious endowment generally. What *is* religion? Whence and how does it originate? What are its essential and abiding characteristics, and how does it come to assume the bewildering variety of forms it presents in history? Deeper still, how does religion—and especially a religion like Christianity—stand to the general philosophy of nature and of man? What place, for example, is there in the universe, as construed by modern thought, for the idea of the supernatural—or is there any? All questions which have been asked a thousand times, and to which answers of one kind and another are abundant, but which still stand in clamant need of an answer from one who believes, as our author avows himself to do, that "the Son of God holds in His pierced hands the keys of all the religions, explains all the factors of their being, and all the persons through whom they have been realised," and that the Incarnation "is the very truth which turns nature and man, and history and religion into the luminous dwelling place of God." An answer to these questions, if it can be got, will yield us a "philosophy" of the Christian religion. To furnish such an answer, and lay at least the ground-work of such a philosophy, is the task—vast and difficult enough, as anyone can see—of the present volume.

A very vital initial question in this inquiry is—What *is* the Christian religion, whose place and value in the history of man and

of religion we are to seek to appraise? It is not to be concealed that it is precisely on this seemingly simple question of what constitutes the essence of Christianity that wide differences of opinion are certain to be encountered. But waiving this for the moment, some useful light may perhaps be thrown on the character of the problem Dr Fairbairn sets before him from comparison of his views with those enunciated a year ago by the distinguished Berlin Professor, Dr Harnack, in an interesting Rectoral address,* which bears somewhat on the same point. The question discussed in this address is whether there is longer any justification for a separate Faculty of Christian Theology in Universities, or whether this should not now be merged (as has happened in Holland) in a Faculty of the general science and history of religion. The ground, of course, on which the change is advocated is that Christianity cannot be dis severed from the study of religion in its whole compass, and that there exists no peculiar method of studying the Christian religion in distinction from others. Harnack, however, strenuously upholds the rights of a Faculty of Theology specifically Christian—partly for the reason that the study of the religion of a people cannot be divorced from the study of its whole history, language and literature, partly because of the unique place held by the Bible in religion (“What signifies Homer, what the Vedas, “what the Koran, alongside of the Bible?”), of the unbroken duration of the history of the Old and New Testament religion for a period of over 3,000 years, and of the fact that Christianity can be studied to-day as a *living* religion. But his main reason is that “Christianity in its “pure form is not *one* religion along with others, but *the* religion”

It is *the* religion, because Jesus Christ is not a Master along with others, but *the* Master, and because His Gospel answers to the inborn capacity of man as history discovers it. I have argued above that it is the Bible that is the centre of all the studies of the theological Faculties. More correctly, I must say this centre is Jesus Christ. What the first disciples received from Him goes far beyond the particular words and the preaching they heard from Him, and therefore what they have said about Him, and their mode of apprehending Him, exceeds His own self-witness. It could not be otherwise: these disciples were conscious that they possessed in Christ not only a Teacher—they knew themselves as redeemed, new men, redeemed through Him (pp 16, 17)

Harnack's contention, in brief, is that Christianity, as the absolute religion, has a pre-eminence of its own, which lifts it above dependence on the study of other religions, and makes the understanding of other religions rather dependent upon it† This is true even of the Old

* *Die Aufgabe der theologischen Facultäten und die allgemeine Religionsgeschichte* 1901

† So Dr Fairbairn says of history “The true method of interpretation is to proceed from man to nature, for the highest holds and knows the secret of the lowest, while the lowest neither holds nor knows the secret of the highest” (p 171).

Testament religion (pp 12, 13), it is specially true of Christianity. The religion of Christ, in other words, admits of being comprehended from within itself, has its principle of development within itself, is the illuminator of the field of religion, instead of borrowing illumination from it. In such utterances a much-needed corrective is afforded to the tendency of the new historico-critical school, as represented, for example, in Old Testament study, by Gunkel, who thinks it the fault of Wellhausen and his following that they believe it possible to explain the history of Israel from itself, and ignore its connection with the general world-process, of whose elements, in their view, it is largely a coalescence and combination.*

One now asks with interest, How does this compare with Principal Fairbairn's treatment? Does it not do away with the necessity for that long preliminary philosophical inquiry by which we are led up in his volume to the view and comprehension of the Christian religion? Not quite. It would do so only on the assumption that the object of the author was to explain Christianity out of these antecedent factors, to ground belief in it on philosophical considerations, to reduce it in some way to dependence on the study of religions outside itself. But that is certainly not Dr Fairbairn's idea or aim. Christianity retains for him an independence and self-sufficiency as complete as any which Professor Harnack claims for it. It is the very object of his work, as above indicated, to show that in the religion of the Incarnation lies the key to all religion and to all history. If doubt on this were possible—and it is a conceivable misapprehension from the remarks in the Preface about construing Christianity through religion, and from the elaboration bestowed in the first part of the book on the philosophy of nature, of history, and of religion—it should be dissipated by the second part, which deals directly with the Person of Christ and the making of the Christian religion. What must strike—perhaps will surprise—the observant reader is, how entirely independent practically this second division of the book is, after all, of the long train of recondite inquiries carried on in the first,—how Christianity is derived from its own principle, finds its materials of creation within itself, goes along, as it were, upon its own feet,—even while the end is to show, as is done in the concluding sections, how the ideals of all religions are embraced, and carried to their perfection in the religion of Christ, so that it alone is fitted to be the really universal religion. Nay, for the very purpose of this argument it was indispensable to establish that Christianity was not, what the historical-critical people would make it, a syncretism, but was “a living organism, carrying “within itself the principle of life” (p. 518). But this in no way disproves, in fact only makes clear, the place and need for a philosophy of the Christian religion in its largest relations such as Principal Fairbairn here undertakes. Professor Harnack would not deny this either,

* Cf his *Genesis*, Introd p 41

though it is not obvious what place he would find for this discipline in his arrangement of University studies. For granting, as he does, that religion is not something accidental and transitory in the history of mankind, but that there comes to light in it an elementary and fundamental relation, without which man would not be man (p. 7), further, that Christianity is the religion in which this universal religious need, aspiration or ideal, finds its perfect satisfaction, then it is evident that no explanation of Christianity can be adequate which does not take account of this original endowment of humanity, as its operations and demands are illustrated on the field of history, nor is it possible that Christianity should be set in its right light, or have its full title to supremacy conceded to it, unless it is viewed in its actual context in that history, and has the full play of resemblance and contrast brought to bear upon it from comparison with the other great historical religions of the world. Seeing, moreover, that religion, in all its forms, has as its correlative God, and the perfect religion its principle in the perfect relation between God and man—a relation which, if the Incarnation be assumed, carries us into the region of the supernatural—we are driven back on the yet more fundamental inquiries which occupy the opening chapters of this book. The vastness of the plan cannot be denied, but it is one that cannot be avoided, if the Christian view is to receive its rational grounding and rational vindication. Theology merges into the philosophy of Christianity, and the philosophy of Christianity proves itself to be the most convincing Christian apologetic.

One thing made clear by this bold scheme of Dr. Fairbairn's is that he has no fear of bringing Christianity to the test of rational inquiry, and no sympathy with the claim sometimes made for the divorce of religion from reason—of faith from theoretic thought. His independence and courage of mind are equally conspicuous in his defence of the place and necessity of intellectual interpretation and doctrinal formulations in Christianity. It is refreshing in these days of volatilisation of beliefs and the apotheosis of nebulousness in religion generally to find a leader of thought using such words as these —

It does not lie in the power of any man or any society to keep the mysteries of the faith out of the hands of reason. The only condition on which reason could have nothing to do with religion is that religion should have nothing to do with truth. Here, at least, it may be honestly said that there is no desire to build Faith upon the negation of Reason, where both are sons of God it were sin to seek to make the one legitimate at the expense of the other's legitimacy. Clear and sweet as the Galilean vision may be, it would, apart from the severer speculation which translated it from a history into a creed, have faded from human memory like a dream which delighted the light slumbers of the morning, though only to be so dissolved before the strenuous will of the day as to be impossible.

of recall. It is a wholesome thing to remember that the men who elaborated our theologies were at least as rational as their critics, and that we owe it to historical truth to look at their beliefs with their eyes . . . They (the œcumenical formulæ) may have in many respects done violence to both speculation and logic, but one thing we must confess if the idea they tried to express as to Christ's Person had not been formulated centuries since, we should have been forced to invent it, or something like it, in order that we might have some reasonable hypothesis explanatory of the course things have taken (cf pp 4, 13, 17, 18, 19)

It has already been stated that it is not intended to follow in detail the steps by which Dr Fairbairn leads up to his great conclusion. That would be impossible within the limits. But a few of the outstanding problems may be briefly touched on. The first, and not least important, is the relation in which a Supernatural Personality, such as Christ is assumed to be, stands to the philosophy of nature. It is the question that presses on many minds—Is not such a conception as the Incarnation ruled out of court by its radical incompatibility with the scientific doctrine of nature? Dr Fairbairn meets this by showing, with much wealth of illustration, that nature and supernatural are not opposed ideas—that nature can only be construed in terms of reason, and through relation to a Supreme Personal Intelligence—that it is, therefore, only rationally conceived, when viewed as “standing in and through the supernatural” (p 56). It is the idealistic argument, by this time tolerably familiar, which Dr Rashdall also develops in his Essay on Theism in *Contentio Veritatis*, that “there is” “such a correspondence between the mind and the universe, between “the intelligible we think and the intellect we think by, that their “relation can only be explained by identity of source, *i.e.*, by both “being expressions of a single Supreme Intelligence” (p 37). With such a postulate, the result of the examination of Darwinism in the succeeding sections, both on the “regressive” and the “aggressive” methods, is already anticipated. Personality is at the end because Personality is at the beginning. “matter cannot be defined save in “terms that imply mind” (p 49). The conclusion thus reached that nature must be conceived through the supernatural is confirmed by the study of man's ethical nature. With Butler and Kant it is established that an ethical man means an ethical universe, and as from evolution was deduced the reasonableness of the appearance of “creative persons” in history (p 59), so from the fact that the ethical ideal is only real as it is personalised, there is inferred the possibility and the consonance with man's nature and God's method of working of a perfect Personality as the vehicle of highest good to the race (p 92).

And if we find the ideal of the Perfect Man realised, must we not conceive Him in whom it is impersonated as essentially supernatural

in quality, and in intrinsic worth of being above anything that nature can produce? (p 92)

This is finely put, and undeniably has truth in it. But language must not conceal from us the fact that this mode of interpreting the supernatural, however noble, leaves us still a long way from the *kind* of supernatural implied in the Incarnation as Dr Fairbairn would have us understand it, or in miracles like those of the evangelical history, as Dr Fairbairn, in a later chapter (pp 331-5), defends them. What we have reached so far is the supernatural as a spiritual principle *in* nature, but not a supernatural which transcends nature, save in the sense in which every man, as personal and ethical, is supernatural. The Perfect Man, on this showing, is the crown of natural development, taking nature in the largest sense (p 56), is "above anything that nature can produce" only as every higher kingdom of nature is above the powers of the lower—the organic above the inorganic, the personal above the animal. Every vegetable, as Hegel said, is a miracle to the mineral. When, however, we come to the Supernatural Personality of the Gospels and Epistles, and to the miracles of "physical transcendence" ascribed to Him, we are palpably on different ground. The one conception may be a preparation for the other, but it is not the same. Dr Fairbairn does not shrink from the admission of the full consequences of his assertion of the Incarnation. The Incarnation as he conceives it is essentially the same mystery as the Church has always believed in—the actual entrance of the Eternal Son of God into humanity and time. "We confess, indeed, that the Person of Christ is a stupendous miracle, in the proper sense the sole miracle of time" (p 478). The very sinlessness of Christ, he contends with emphasis, implies miracle in His origin (p 374). We are here on a quite different plane from the supernatural *in* the natural, and the formula applicable to the latter, viz, that the supernatural is but the natural viewed under a changed aspect (pp 56, 307, etc.) can certainly not be stretched without amphiboly to cover the supernatural of the Gospel and the Creeds. Dr Fairbairn's idealistic friends will go with him his whole length in the one contention. They would probably not go with him a single step in the other. We are, in truth, in the case of the Incarnate Person, moving along a different line altogether from that of natural development—the line, viz, of historical revelation, and this requires to be vindicated on presuppositions and by methods of its own.

There is another problem, however, to which, before proceeding to the direct consideration of religion and its history, Dr Fairbairn, following closely in the lines of his earlier work, devotes two exceedingly interesting chapters. It is the problem of theodicy, as raised for theism by the existence of natural and moral evil. Here Optimism and Pessimism wage their ceaseless battles, but we may confine ourselves to the problem of moral evil as the really serious obstacle in the way of

a theistic and ethical interpretation of the universe. On this crucial question Dr Fairbairn severs himself absolutely from all theories which regard evil as a necessary strain in the constitution of the universe. Moral evil is not something which need have been, or ought to have been, no metaphysical reasons justify it. It is not here even by the consent of God, though it is allowed that "we must conceive the Creator as responsible for the system under which it was introduced, which made it possible, which allowed it to become actual, and which now follows it with moral penalties and physical sufferings" (p. 133). How then reconcile its appearance with a divine holiness and goodness? Dr Fairbairn relies mainly on two principles for a solution—the one, human freedom, with whose action God could not interfere, without denial of that freedom*, the other, the principle enunciated by Augustine, *Non sineret bonus fieri male, nisi omnipotens etiam de malo facere posset bene*. "To allow evil to become and continue without any purpose of redemption, *i.e.*, to leave it as an ultimate fact and the final state of created existence—were to us an absolutely inconceivable act in a good and holy and gracious God" (p. 168). Thus even the permission of evil points forward to the revelation of the Son of God. There are many profound and far-reaching thoughts in these sections—especially those which connect themselves with the idea of the organic constitution of the race. But there are unsolved problems as well, and parts of the argument move in a scholastic region foreign to Dr Fairbairn's usual modes of thought, and do not always convince even there. Take first the human side. (1) Everything is hinged on freedom. But is it so certain that freedom, as Dr Fairbairn conceives of it—apparently a liberty of indifference—is an idea philosophically tenable? Would the idealist, any more than the naturalist, admit it? Grant that will is self-determining, has self-determination not its own laws, according to which choice is made? If self and circumstances were perfectly known, would not every action be calculable? Does Dr Fairbairn's own expression—"Granted a good man, a bad motive cannot sway him, granted a bad man, and good motive will not find him" (p. 76)—not concede the point that *character* in man—which is ultimately self—is the finally determining factor? But (2) the argument seems valueless unless on the assumption that there was actually possible to man, in the exercise of his freedom, and under the original conditions in which he was placed, a sinless development. This agrees well enough with the *status integritatis* of the older theology, but how is it to be

* On this question of freedom Dr Fairbairn does less than justice in another place to the views of Augustine and Calvin. He gives this description of their doctrine—"His (God's) was affirmed to be the one free will, and He foreordained and executed all things according to His good pleasure. While Freedom reigned in heaven, Necessity governed on earth, and men were but pawns in the hands of the Almighty, who moved them whithersoever He willed" (p. 179). This may be Dr Fairbairn's view of the logical effect of the doctrine of these teachers, but it would be easy to show that it is by no means the view they took themselves of the bearing of their doctrine.

reconciled with the theories of modern anthropology? Was early man ever in such a condition as is postulated? Was a sinless development of the race ever even abstractly possible? We fail to see it, *on these presuppositions*. Dr Fairbairn certainly cannot be held responsible for theories which, in most of their accepted forms, he severely criticises and even ridicules (cf p 204). But it is permissible to ask what measure of freedom is left, or what possibility of sinless development remains, if "with science we describe the primitive as a savage state "and name the person half-man, half-brute" (p 204)? On the side of the Creator the difficulty is hardly less. The plea that sin could not have been prevented save by interference with the free moral decisions of the creature is surely only valid (if one must mount into these transcendent regions) on the assumption that this is the only possible world that could have been created, or these the only free beings, or these the only circumstances in which human beings could have been placed—in short, on the assumption that, after all, sin was an inevitable result of creation. Else why the choice of *this* world, and not another into which sin would not enter? Our plumb-line, as probably Dr Fairbairn would admit, fails us in these mysteries.

In no part of his work is Dr Fairbairn more entirely at home, or more successful, than in his discussion of the idea, origin, and development of religion. The *body* of religion—the endlessly varied forms it assumes, the beliefs, customs, rites, institutions associated with it—these are due to the stage of culture, to natural and social environment, to local, tribal, national, or racial idiosyncrasy, but its *soul*—religion itself—has its source in the changeless depths of man's rational and moral constitution. It is something, in Harnack's words, without which man would not be man. Empirical or merely psychological theories of the origin of religion—Mr Spencer's, for example—Dr Fairbairn decisively rejects. Because man is rational, the consciousness of God is inseparable from himself. Religion has not to do with part of man's being—thought, feeling, will—it involves his whole spiritual nature. "The consciousness which knows itself related to "suprasensible Being represents not one faculty, but the whole exercised reason—the concrete spirit reaching upwards and outwards to "a spirit as concrete as itself" (p 202). We may pass for the present what is said of the historical religions, and of the distinction of spontaneous religions from those founded and personal (in this category Dr Fairbairn acknowledges only three—Buddhism, Islam, and the religion of Christ), to glance at his remarks on the religion from which Christianity itself sprang—that of Israel. Here it is possible for those who are at one with him in his general standpoint sometimes to agree and sometimes profoundly to disagree with his statements. His general view of the religion of Israel is as high as could be wished, though not higher than that which critics of nearly all schools are now well agreed in taking of it. Israel is described in the words of

praise accorded by Aristotle to Anaxagoras "he walks amid the "ancient peoples like a sober man among the drunkards" (so too Lotze) The note of this Hebrew religion is found to be Monotheism—a Monotheism which persisted, became ethical, and finally triumphed in the universalism of the prophets, despite the "rigorous tribal "consciousness" that perpetually wrought to narrow and debase it Might we not say that there is something still more important and remarkable in the religion of Israel than even its Monotheism viz, the idea of a Divine purpose of grace unfolding itself in history, of which this people, chosen, instructed, and disciplined of God, is but the instrument for the benefit of mankind? Dr Fairbairn eloquently recognises the presence of this idea in the literature (p 247), but is it not also the true key to the history—its connecting thread, its informing purpose, its very soul? We think it is, hence we cannot but regret that Dr Fairbairn should lean so heavily as he does on certain modern constructions of the early history of the religion of Israel which ignore these ideas, and really belong, as we take it, to a different scheme of thought from that which finds its culmination in the Supernatural Personality and miraculous history of the second portion of his book It is no necessary part of a sane critical view of the Old Testament to regard Hebrew Monotheism (if such it can be called) in the age of Moses as simply "a tribal cult," and the God of Israel as "but the "strongest—and therefore the most majestic and awful—of the gods, "who has selected a people for Himself" (p 249) It is a very different picture, and very different ideas, we find engrained in the most ancient parts of Israel's literature—the pre-prophetic histories incorporated in the Book of Genesis—where the Monotheism is already practically absolute* It may be confidently affirmed that there is no period in the history of Israel on which the critic can lay his finger, in which Jehovah is not already known as the Creator of heaven and earth and of man, and the Ruler and Judge of all nations of the earth In Moses' time Israel is no longer a "tribe" but a nation, and it is Jehovah who has formed that nation, and redeemed it, and taken it into gracious relations with Himself for the highest ethical ends This is the very antithesis of "a tribal cult" It belongs to Dr Fairbairn's scheme of thought that he regards the whole institutional law of Israel—its temple, sacrifices, priesthood, ritual—as really a departure from, and contradiction of, the true idea of God in Israel (pp 249-50) Is not a higher point of view suggested by his own luminous exposition of the priesthood and sacrifice of Christ as they appear in the writings of the New Testament? (see the section, 'The Christian idea as "Interpreted through the Levitical Categories," pp 492-500)

The transition to the full and careful study of the Christian religion is made through the idea of historical religions which have personal

* The newest and most radical school in Old Testament criticism, that of Gunkel, seems now to acknowledge thus much See his *Genesis*, Introd p 63 But it had all along been maintained by many believing scholars who were also critics

founders These, it was remarked above, are three Buddhism, Islam, and Christianity It has also been shown that Christianity, in Dr Fairbairn's view, has its centre in the Supernatural Person—Jesus Christ, the Son of God in humanity Before asking how this conception is vindicated, and what it means for religion, it is important to notice how it is connected with the idea of a founder of a religion. This will take us by the easiest road into the very heart of Dr Fairbairn's thought The idea is certainly a novel and remarkable one. The founder, it is held, has a twofold value for the religion, an historical and an ideal (p 264) As historical, he must be a "person of creative genius", and "creative" means here "such a transcendence of local conditions as cannot be explained by the completest inheritance of the past, a personality that so embodies a new ideal as to awaken in man the imitative passion and the interpretative imagination" (p 263) But it is not enough that the founder be historical, he must be ideally interpreted It is this that changes, in fact, the reformer into the founder "What changes the reformer into the founder is not so much his own act as his people's, the creative action of his personality on their imagination forcing them to invest him with attributes and functions expressive of the authority and worship of the ancient gods" (p 263) "A founded religion, then, may be defined as a religion whose ultimate truth is an historical person speculatively construed" (p 265) Buddha, for instance, is historically simply an enlightened teacher But imagination lays hold on him, and speculative reason transforms him into "the eldest and noblest of beings"—a kind of deity "And it was this transcendental interpretation of its founder, his apotheosis as we have termed it, which made Buddhism a religion" (p 276) Similarly, it is not simply as an historical person who lived, taught, and died, that Jesus became the founder of His religion The law applies to Him also that, "while an historical person and his creative acts were pre-supposed in the religion, yet it could not in any real sense begin to be without some form of apotheosis by the community" (p 294) As it is put earlier, what divides Christianity from Hebraism "is not the historical Jesus, the Man who was a Son of Israel and lived in time, but the theological Christ, the Person who has been construed into the Son of God, whose Deity is equal to the Father's" (p 261) Here we may begin to feel that we are getting on very slippery ground indeed There must be interpretation and apotheosis by the community, but in the case of Buddha, at any rate, that apotheosis is purely imaginative—fictional Is it to be presumed that it is the same with Christ? Dr Fairbairn would repel that inference with his whole soul, but in some of his parallels he comes perilously near suggesting it There is nothing he insists on more earnestly than that history is the ultimate verification of the claims of Christ, and of the interpretation given of Him by His apostles. The indisputable fact, he tells us, is

that "it is not Jesus of Nazareth who has so powerfully entered into "history, it is the deified Christ who has been believed, loved, and "obeyed as the Saviour of the world" (pp 14, 15) But if this has been illusion, then illusion, it is argued, works as truth, and for it, in a most miraculous way "True men receive it, are made truer by "it, so use it as to build the world up in the love and pursuit of the "truth as it has never been built up before" (p 15) And such a working of error as truth is held to be inconceivable But one cannot help asking, Might not the same argument, *mutatis mutandis*, be urged as establishing the truth of the conception of the idealised Buddha?

There need be no dubiety, however, as to the real trend of Dr Fairbairn's argument for the transcendence of the Personality of Christ It is for him no question of imagination or speculative construction without basis Here Dr Fairbairn has reached a subject in the highest degree congenial to him, and he throws his whole marvellous force of exposition and illustration into it What he sets himself to show is that, if the Apostles put this transcendent meaning and value on the Person of Christ, they were justified in doing it by the history that preceded (cf p 475) Nothing could be more attractive than the way in which this thesis is worked out in detail The history in the Gospels is that of a supernatural Person It is the supernatural set in a history, the sobriety and minute realism of which prove it to be true No ingenuity of criticism can eliminate this quality of the supernatural from it, or give verisimilitude to the hypothesis that the sublime, stainless, most universal yet most concrete, most natural yet most divine figure it presents to us, is the creation of imagination Christ's witness to His own Personality bears out the impression produced by the impression of His character, religion, and life This is what we have in the case of Christ that fails us in the case of Buddha, a history which supports the divine claims made for Him by His Apostles Next to the testimony to the Person of Christ, Dr Fairbairn enters at great length into the significance of the death of Christ, as interpreted by Himself and by apostolic writers, and here also he finds a fundamental harmony He discards juridical theories and seeks to give an interpretation of the great Sacrifice which is spiritual throughout The consideration of his positions would involve discussions of a theological character unsuitable for these pages, space besides forbids, but we may state the conviction that certain of the author's constructions at least (as on the Rabbinical Law) are of doubtful legitimacy Finally, as before noticed, the closing sections show how in the religion of Christ are realised the highest ideals of *all* religion Weight is specially laid on the spiritual, non-institutional, universal character of the religion, on its ideas of the Fatherhood of God, and sonship of man, and of the kingdom of God, defined as "perfect obedience towards God, embodied in perfect

"duty towards man" (p 524, "Christ's Social Ideal"), above all, on Christ's own Person as the embodied ideal of His religion. We miss somehow in this picture an adequate carrying forward of the idea of redemption and of the forgiveness of sins, for which the previous sections had prepared us.

The crucial question, probably, on which a final judgment on Dr. Fairbairn's book will depend is the correctness of his interpretation of Christianity as bound up essentially with the divine transcendence of the Personality of Christ. Is the Incarnation truly a fact? Is Jesus Christ truly a Divine Person—the Eternal Son of God—manifest in the flesh? We have ourselves no quarrel with Dr. Fairbairn on this head, we think with him that the Gospels, the apostolic faith, and the history of mankind, admit of no lower interpretation. Though, if this is admitted, all the old problems come back again, on which Dr. Fairbairn has hardly touched. His faith is that of the historic Church, but he must be well aware that in circles of culture and enlightenment—in philosophy, in literature, among scholars, critics, students of religions, liberal theologians—the currents are strongly against him. Many will accept almost to the letter his delineation of Christianity in the concluding sections of his work, who will deny that the miraculous interpretation of the Person of Christ—the Incarnation proper—is essential to it. Mr. T. H. Green, *e.g.*, were he living, or the Master of Balliol, would not assent to his view of the essence of Christianity, as little would it find favour with writers like the late A. Sabatier, or with Prof. Harnack and his enthusiastic following in and out of the Church. The pre-eminent value of Principal Fairbairn's book, in fact, is, in our opinion, just this, that it brings us face to face with the ultimate alternative as to what the true essence of Christianity is. On the one hand, a Universal Father-God, whose presence fills the world and all human spirits, Jesus, the soul of the race in whom the consciousness of the Father, and the corresponding spirit of filial love, first came to full realisation, the spirit of divine sonship learned from Jesus as the essence of religion and salvation—here, in sum, is the Christianity of the "modern" spirit. All else is dressing, disguise, *Aberglaube*, religious symbolism, inheritance of effete dogmatisms. Will this suffice for Christianity? Or is the Apostolic confession still to be held fast, that Christ is *Lord*—the Incarnate, the Living, the Exalted, the Redeemer and Saviour, the Head of all things for His Church and for the world? It is this question the Church of the immediate future will have to face, and meet with a very distinct answer, "Yes" or "No." The service of Principal Fairbairn's book is that it is a contribution on so grand a scale to the answer which we take to be the right one.

JAMES ORR

WHAT IS TO BE THE LANGUAGE OF SOUTH AFRICA?

REGARDING this question, some people will be reminded of the cynical reply which has been made to it. It has been chiefly bad language for some years and it looks as if there would not be much change just yet. However, this is trifling. But by this time it might be supposed that the whole history, condition and future of South Africa had been finally made clear, so much have that land and its people been discussed during the past three years. There has been much literary threshing, but often the grain has been wanting upon which the flail could effectually act. Academic discussions, made without proper data, are not of much avail in a time when action becomes necessary.

Many South African questions will bear a more truth-revealing light upon the actual facts than has yet been shed. In particular, to many people in England who have a sincere desire to see South Africa set fairly once more on the road to prosperity, the language question offers much food for thought.

The question whether the Cape Dutch language is to be officially disregarded has been settled in the negative—for the present at least. It is true that it has been used as a cultivator for an Africander nationality, opposed to Imperial British Government. On the other hand it is open to belief that an Africander national spirit might, perhaps even more successfully, have been cultivated through the medium of the English language.

There are many Republican-minded English people in South Africa to whom the Dutch Taal is practically an unknown tongue. The Taal was the opposed wall which turned the views of many people from an independent South African Republic to a Commonwealth under the Imperial British rule. The Government of Paul Kruger made two or three errors, any one of which seems almost enough to have proved fatal to its existence. Yet it is possible that if it had yielded frankly upon the language question alone, and granted English equal rights

with European Dutch, the South African Republic might have been standing to-day upon much firmer foundations than those which supported its fabric in 1899. Setting aside all question of Convention rights on the part of the British Government, this matter of the official use of the European Dutch language in the Transvaal was one which came home to the bosoms and business of the English-speaking residents. A dozen times they brooded in resentment over it for once that they grumbled about the franchise or the memory and the stigma of Majuba. I speak as a British resident in the late Republic, our line of reasoning was this. For every Hollander in the Transvaal there were twenty or more British people. The ordinary Boer, the first settler in the land, with but a poor education, had as much difficulty in understanding High Dutch as he had with English. Besides this we knew that the genuine Boers hated the Hollanders more than they hated the English. Many Boers were ashamed of their language, especially before Hollanders, and preferred to speak to them in English, a proceeding which of course the Hollanders did not like. The Hollanders held all the nice Government clerkships with high salaries, and all the headmasterships in the State Schools, and few of them made any effort to conceal their contempt for the "Afrikaansche Taal." The Boers knew that as regarded the fat Government billets we British were rather more out of it even than themselves. Then, too, most of the Boers had in course of time come to regard Colonial-born British as being equally good Afrianders with themselves, and many Boers were indignant to find, when hostilities threatened, that the majority of the Afriander Britons could not see their way to help them in upholding a Hollander Departmental domination. Only the more thoughtful men among the Boers perceived that, whoever won in the war, they stood almost certainly to lose in any case. It looked to us as if the Boer Government, influenced by the Hollanders, thought that while allowing the British to come to the Transvaal as Colonists, they ought to crush the English language as they had crushed that of the Huguenots at the Cape two hundred years before. This had succeeded because the French were in the minority, and because they had no other home on earth to which they could turn. But we considered it pure folly and blind bigotry on the part of the Transvaal Government to attempt to swamp the English language, as we were increasing in numbers every day, and had an inexhaustible population and literature to back our cause, and many of us had no intention of ever leaving the Transvaal if we could possibly make ourselves a fairly peaceful home in it. The Boers had only the little country of Holland to fall back upon, and in their case the uniformity of language had been quite lost. We saw that they stood at the parting of the ways: they might have thrown the European Dutch language overboard, and might have adopted the language which was the native tongue of the majority of the white inhabitants of the Transvaal, and familiar to

most of themselves. Many of the Boers showed by their surnames that they were of British descent. at least a third showed that they were of French descent. What was the Dutch of the Hollanders to them? Why not adopt English, which would be of immense value to them both intellectually and commercially? At any rate why not give English a recognised footing, such as we had allowed the Dutch language in Cape Colony?

Besides that, European Dutch is a difficult language for either an Africander or an Englishman to acquire. And we were confronted with it ever and always. there was no escaping it. It, and it alone, faced us every day at the Post and Telegraph offices, upon all printed official papers and at all Government Offices. If we sent our children to one of the so-called English State Schools on the Gold Fields, the little ones were engaged half their time in learning this High Dutch. If, as the subsidised Boer Press told us, we were only temporary residents who intended to leave the country as soon as we had sharked up our fortunes, why did the Government persist in making our children who attended schools for which we paid the taxes learn this High Dutch language, a tongue more alien to the Transvaal than English? If we were going to leave the Transvaal later on, this High Dutch education which our children were receiving would be utterly useless to them. Yet these same schools had been considered a very great concession on the part of the Republican Government.

This action of the Boer Government was of course simply a part of their general design to keep people of English sympathies and beliefs from becoming a power in the State. There was more than one political ideal, anti-British, animating some of the men who had made the Transvaal their home. Amongst the whites, after the British and Dutch, came the Germans in numbers. Many German burghers and residents had not forgotten the Fatherland, some of them were indulging dreams of a possible Low German or mixed Teutonic Republic, protected by the Emperor, and stretching one day across from Delagoa Bay to Walfisch Bay, with a language which would be a broken-down mixture of German, Dutch, and perhaps English. In any case they preferred the Hollanders to the Englishmen. Holland they already almost regarded as a part of Germany, and they had not the same difficulty as the English about the language. Kruger and Bismarck were able to converse in the dialect of Mecklenburg.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon this political ambition. German hatred of England has naturally become a by-word. Many Africander Dutch were willing to meet the Germans half-way, and they believed that the Emperor's telegram in 1896 meant future effectual protection against English encroachments. These people have not yet given up their hopes.

Although some Boers, aspiring to a better education, are very much ashamed of their Taal, there are others who regard it with positive

reverence, and refuse to speak any other language. The British defeats in the battles of the War of 1880-1881 gave some Boers an idea that their language as well as their arms must one day prevail all over South Africa, and they proceeded to make it prevail as far as they were able, either in the form of High Dutch, or their own peculiar *patois*, or a mixture of the two, anything in the shape of Dutch so long as they could thereby counteract the use of English. One knows not which to wonder at most, the ignorance of these men, or their obstinacy.

But now that the country has come under our own flag, what is to be done about this Boer language? Is it likely to be dangerous to the British authority because we allow it some sort of official countenance?

It may be interesting to give the opinions of some people who have dwelt long in South Africa, or been born there, who may be supposed capable of taking an unbiassed philosophical view of this matter. I remember the sentiments expressed by four gentlemen, clergymen of various denominations, two of them partly engaged in teaching. The first (this was before the war) had nothing but indignation for the attempt of the Republican Government to force the High Dutch upon Englishmen and Boers. The second (this was when the British had taken Bloemfontein), apparently disregarding the great differences between the Taal and High Dutch, was engaged in learning the latter, at the same time picking up phrases of the Taal in conversation. In answer to a question he said he thought Dutch would for a very long time be greatly spoken all over the Transvaal and Free State, and would be very useful, almost necessary, to English business men who had dealings with the Dutch. The third (this was at the time of Kitchener's banishment proclamation in 1901), commenting upon the new regulations of the British Transvaal Education Department, said that he thought it would be no harm if we could help the Taal by a timely dose to a more speedy demise. The fourth, who, however, lived in Durban, a part of Africa which is no more Dutch than Edinburgh in Scotland, said he greatly feared that the prospects of the Dutch language being allowed an equality with English in the new colonies were not bright, thereby intimating that he would like to see equality. Lastly, a lady teacher in a Free State school before the war said lately that she believed Dutch could not be rooted out of South Africa for hundreds of years. She was also of opinion that to ignore it in State Schools was foolish. The general opinion among young Britishers in the Transvaal with regard to the Taal seems to be one of good-natured contempt. Certainly none of them would vote for giving any sort of Dutch any official recognition.

It is also interesting to take Boer opinion with regard to what is our best course of action now in the treatment of their language. But it is quickly evident that among them there is as much variety of sentiment as among ourselves. Some of them, as already said, are ashamed

of their rough speech. There was before the war in a certain town in the Transvaal a Landdrost whose daughter was taught entirely in English by a governess. One of the daughter's girl friends, red-hot for the Dutch Republic and speech, said to her, "Why do you learn 'everything in English? You are not treating our own language 'fairly." To this her reply was merely, "I don't think our language 'is worth keeping up, I can talk it, I don't want to write it."

Many Dutch people of this type think the British ought now in the Peace terms to have treated Dutch as the Dutch treated English in the Transvaal before they were conquered. The Dutch parsons, however, always in the forefront in politics, are all dead against the disuse of the Taal, and have set up their own schools in opposition to the Education Department. The majority of the Boers think, indeed, that a general recognition of the Taal by the authorities is not more than they have a right to ask. These men close their eyes mostly to its disagreement with High Dutch, a thing which, however, is often ludicrously apparent. One day early in the war there was a piece of news which caused unusual excitement. An old Boer, making purchases in a shop in Krugersdorp, had got hold of the newspaper to see what he could find in it. The paper was bilingual, and after examining both sides carefully he flung it down upon the counter. "Ach!" said he, "what is the use of a paper like that? There is one 'side Hollandsch—I can't read that, there is the other side English—I can't read that. What I want to know is, where is the Afrikaansch?" "After we have licked the English again, we must have our own 'Afrikaansche newspaper."

It should be said that one Dutch paper, the Pretoria *Volksstem*, was written in a dialect between High Dutch and the Taal, but it met with no extra favour on that account from either Boer or Hollander.

Then there are the hopeless cranks and idealists. These people think the Taal should be structurally harmonised, and rules made for introducing the thousands of new necessary words into its vocabulary. Then books should be translated into it. An attempt was made some years ago to render the Bible into the Taal, but, as a linguistic Hollander told me, it was a miserable failure. The Boer does not understand his old High Dutch Bible very well, though his language approximates in some ways more to the Dutch spoken in Holland when his ancestors left their homes there for South Africa in the seventeenth century, than it resembles present-day High Dutch. However his conservative instincts prefer the old Bible to a new "Afrikaansche Bijbel." The propagandists of a glorified Taal have written small grammars and a History of South Africa in this "Afric-ander tongue," and use it as a rallying-ground for would-be Dutch Republicans. The grammars are not much to boast of: no rules seem to have been settled yet, the spelling is supposed to be phonetic, but it is really chaotic. As a matter of fact the Taal itself has dialects. A

Paarl Dutchman and a Rustenburger in conversation recognise at once that their speech is not one and the same

Let us examine the Taal still closer As compared with High Dutch it is infinitely superior in one respect In High Dutch the genders of the nouns are heart-breaking to learn, more intricate even than in German, in the Taal they have been simplified almost as in English Perhaps the next point is hardly so good. the Taal has abandoned all distinctions of person in the verb *to be* To conjugate this verb sounds therefore as if one should say in English. I is, thou is, he is, we is, you is, they is This new language also employs the double negative Hollanders who condescend to notice the Taal at all say this double negative came in through contact with the French Huguenot settlers It seems more likely that it came in, as it comes to the man in the street, through pure vulgarity and ignorance "I don't want nothing to do with it" In some phrases two or three words have been run into one *Dis* for *dit is* (this is), *asseblief* for *als het u belieft* (if you please) The Dutch have the Scotch fashion of using diminutives for every noun thus for example, bookie, clockie, birdie, are daily represented in the Taal as *boekje, orlosje, vogeltje* The most picturesque thing about South African Dutch is the number of old terms it has preserved for the natural characteristics of the country Many of these old Dutch words have died out of use in Holland But to South Africa they have imparted a distinction, a colour, a romance which familiarity only endears the more Into none but the most hopelessly jingoistic Vandal's mind would the thought have entered of tampering with the names of places such as Olifantsfontein, Witwatersrand, Komatipoort, Lupaardsvlei Only in some cases the heavy-looking double vowels might be dropped in the spelling It is a fact, however, that the suggestion has been more than once made of changing the majority of the Dutch names for places into English ones, but long may the South African *fonteynen*, and *bergen*, and *kloofs*, and *poorts*, and *spruits*, and *kops*, and *vleys*, and *drifts* survive in the nomenclature of the country

There can be no harm in countenancing the Taal to some extent, more to oblige the Boers than on account of any virtue in the language itself The Boers, like some other nations of humanity, are a crooked-minded race as well as a hypocritical Proscribe the language from official or school use, and many of them will cling to it and try to cultivate it give it equality so far as it can take it, and they will all begin to give their attention to English

It has been stated that Dutch is the language of the majority of the inhabitants of South Africa. It is not so The Rev Mr Bosman of Pretoria speaks of the little army of the whole Africander nation in arms, as thirty thousand men Now there must have been at least fifty thousand able-bodied British subjects in the Transvaal before the war, and in the future the British may increase even more speedily

than the Boers. There is not much probability, as has been asserted, that Olive Schreiner's successor in literature will write in the South African Dutch language. Bret Harte's literary successors in California do not use the picturesque and racy dialect of Tennessee's Partner for their serious articles, or even their lighter sketches.

Whatever future enactments may be made with regard to the Taal, English will continue to be the language of commerce and of the towns in the Transvaal, and there is no prospect that the population in the country will ever overtake that in the towns.

But after all the people of the British Islands need not concern themselves seriously as to the future of the language question in South Africa. South Africans will settle that for themselves. There may be a republic again in South Africa before many years, but it will be an English-speaking one, or there will be no rest in the land till the blood of the last British South African has stained the soil. For British Africanders and Colonists will never part with the birthright of their language, being little used to lie down at the bidding of any man, though for a brief space they were bowed beneath the iron hand of Paul Kruger.

ALFRED A. MACCULLAH

IMMORTALITY. III.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHIC STANDPOINT

WE have now to approach the question of Immortality from the philosophic standpoint. Our aim, accepting as correct the scientific presentation of natural facts, is to penetrate if possible their inner significance. But here, as ever, we must tread cautiously. As we saw in a previous essay, there can be no reliable metaphysics without reliable physics, and under the latter head our knowledge is constantly growing, our mental standpoint shifting, old theories making way for new. This is all in the line of progress and development, but it means that the difficulties of interpretation are great. The last word of Science has not been said, never will be said while man continues to enquire and to learn, and so long as it has not been said the last word of philosophy cannot be said either. The latter, moreover, covers an enormously wide field which we cannot here attempt even to delimit. Our efforts must be strictly circumscribed. Our aim is to arrive at the metaphysical significance with regard to man of certain recognised facts in the physical universe, to ascertain what relation they bear not to the scientific aspect of that universe, to space and time and the intellect of man, but to the Ground and Source of his being and of theirs. This is the work of that branch of Metaphysics known as Religious Philosophy. To enter upon it as we are doing directly from scientific considerations, is to necessitate certain initial assumptions —

- (1) That the universe of being, as Science knows it, has a Ground and Source beyond itself, transcending therefore Space and Time,
- (2) That the human mind is so constituted that it is able to some extent to apprehend this Ground and Source, consequently itself also partially to transcend Space and Time.

Under the second head we may remark that this capacity in man for transcending Space and Time is a matter of common, every-day

experience Memory oversteps these limits, Imagination does so, Sympathy does so, Abstract thought does so. The old man who "lives in the past," the young man who "lives in the future," the mother who lives in the lives of her (perhaps absent) children, the scholar or the mathematician who in abstruse study or calculation loses the sense of duration and of material surroundings, these each and all mentally transcend Time and Space. Physically they are bound—in mind they are free.

There is another and more fundamental illustration of the same truth. Man's power of blending his experience into a *whole* implies the power of transcending Time. Were he indeed altogether limited by it, he could be conscious only of succession, one thing after another, one event after another, one experience after another, he could not unite all those events and experiences into one, and make of them "My life." That he can and does do so is evidence that he is greater than Time, and not altogether under its compulsion. Nor is this the case with regard to individual man alone. That he can be conscious of a whole in history, in the history of his own race and in that of the Cosmos, is due to the same time-transcending power. Similar remarks apply in their measure to Space. That man can perceive not the mere fact of juxtaposition, but the blending of many juxtapositions into a whole, that Space is to him *unifying*, shows that he bends it (mentally) to his own purposes. It is not his master. And for our present purpose it matters nothing how, through what stages of temporal development, man acquires this unifying peculiarity of his mental constitution. The central fact for Philosophy is that he possesses it: that whatever physical and psychological processes, discovered and classified by Science, have from her point of view brought about this result, the result is there and is significant.

A further important point to notice in the present connection is that in unifying we also distinguish, as is shown by our always setting our present life, the life which we are living at the moment, over against a larger and more comprehensive life, in which that moment is included, yet from which it is distinct. We do this in four ways —

(1) In regard of any present moment in our individual life, such moment standing out over against, yet as part of, the whole into which the past, present and future of that individual life are combined,

(2) In regard of our whole individual life, as contrasted with the life of our social environment and the life of mankind in general,

(3) In regard of the life of mankind in general (of which our own is a constituent part,) as contrasted with the whole cosmic process as we know it,

(4) In regard of that cosmic process itself, the whole visible temporal order of things, (more or less crudely conceived according to the stage of intellectual culture and development attained,) as contrasted with an eternal invisible order which conditions and transcends, while it includes, the temporal

It is hardly necessary to observe that we are not always giving attention to these contrasts. They are often outside the actual field of consciousness, lying as it were latent in our minds, yet ever there, ready at any moment to spring into full view, always more or less affecting, though it may be unconsciously, our mental attitude at any given moment. The very fact, so often insisted upon by ethical and religious teachers, of the transitory nature of all earthly experience, is only intelligible to them and to us because contrasted with a sense of abidingness equally present. We should not know that "the world passeth away" unless we were conscious that something, not the world, "abideth for ever."

The time-transcending capacity in man has been thus insisted upon, because the conception we form of our relation to Time and to Eternity must very largely affect our idea of individual human life. If we regard the latter as being now wholly subordinated to temporal conditions, we place an enormous difficulty in the way of any reasonable belief in its persistence after death, a difficulty which, were it real, would need to be candidly allowed and seriously confronted. Since a little reflection shows us, on the contrary, that our time-limitation is but partial, this fact must equally be taken into account in our effort to probe the meaning of human individuality. To this effort we now address ourselves.

When considering the subject from the scientific point of view, we saw that though individuality is far more emphasised in man than elsewhere in Nature, yet it is characteristic not only of all organic beings but of the inorganic universe as well, that in fact the whole Cosmos bears the stamp of individuality, *i.e.*, of uniqueness. It is such that it is completely and definitely distinguished from all possible, or conceivable other orders that might have come into existence. Its very possibilities are conditioned by the kind of universe which it is - they could not be otherwise unless it were otherwise. When, leaving the inorganic universe, we turn to organic life, we find that individuality tends to become what we may perhaps term increasingly spontaneous. Instead of being as it were stamped upon each organism, as a hall-mark upon silver, the organism appears rather to develop its own individuality in its own way, strictly limited, of course, by the organic division to which it belongs, yet within these limits having so much of free play as to enable it (very markedly among the higher animals) to develop certain idiosyncrasies of its own, difficult if not impossible to define, which yet distinguish it from all members of the same

species Among the higher animals at any rate there is the further power of each individual knowing itself to be such A dog is not at all confused about his own individuality How far down the scale of animal life this capacity extends it would be very difficult to say Possibly it exists in a rudimentary form wherever there is sentiency, but it increases with the approach of self-consciousness, and reaches its culmination in man, in whom alone that consciousness is so fully developed as to confer upon him the dignity of personality And here for the first time the full scope of individual being appears to dawn upon us It is such that no other characteristic can obscure or diminish its reach, which on the contrary widens from the apparently superficial distinction between one stone and another, or one blade of grass and another, to include all the vast yet delicate differences between one human being and another of the same age, nationality, social status and culture Individuality is not swamped in, but extraordinarily enhanced by personality The importance of this fact in connection with our present subject becomes apparent when we recall the tendency of much modern Philosophic thought to regard finite persons as evanescent manifestations of an Infinite Personality which at the same time transcends and includes them in which they so entirely live and move and have their being that they are to it as waves upon the surface of a boundless deep, momentarily appearing only to disappear again

The recognition of self-conscious mind as the ground of being is characteristic of that form of Philosophy known as Idealism. Without going into an argument which to specialists would be superfluous, and to the general reader essentially tedious and difficult of comprehension, we may perhaps observe that it becomes increasingly hard to look upon any other ground as adequate

We have seen that even in man mind is able to some extent to transcend temporal limits But man is finite, that is, partial he is under restriction Essential mind, mind unlimited, mind apart from any finite manifestation of it, would be above all time-limitations, would be what we mean by eternal, infinite Time and the temporal would be conditioned by it It would be the ground of all being This position is here accepted In accepting it, however, we must be on our guard against the mistaken inference that universal mind is necessarily colourless, indifferent, characterless In ascending through the conception of the finite to that of the Infinite, it has been a common error to do so by way of negation, to repeat the formula "The Infinite is *not*" this, that or the other, till we arrive at an abstraction of which nothing whatever can be said or thought This *reductio ad absurdum* results from making the Infinite synonymous with the unconditioned The term that really expresses our meaning is not unconditioned but *self-conditioned*, wholly conditioned from within It is not possible for us to form any even approximately adequate con-

ception of what such a mode of existence really is, but some faint forth-shadowing of it we have in our own experience. We are not altogether shaped by external conditions, to some extent we shape them, and the more will-power or "character" we have, the more self-sufficing we are, and the more we create our own conditions.

This word "character" demands serious attention. We shall find on reflection that it is the chief expression of human individuality. Superficial acquaintanceship is perforce obliged to distinguish one man from another by differences in physiognomy and general appearance, tricks of manner, voice, gesture, etc., but a very little more familiarity, stopping far short of intimacy, is needed in order to shift our sense of recognition away from traits of person to traits of mind and disposition, and real intimacy, whether it engender love or hatred, makes us increasingly feel that it is the traits of disposition, the character, which above all distinguish to us this particular man from his fellows. Physical peculiarities and intellectual attainments seem by comparison accidents, it is the character which is for us the man. And it is needless to observe that no two characters are identical. A man may be of the same age, social standing, culture, intellectual attainment, physical strength as another, he may have had the same education, social environment, opportunities, he may belong to the same family, he may follow the same profession, and yet the character of each is clear-cut and distinguishable, and the work of each bears in consequence its own peculiar impress which differentiates it from that of the other.

This stamp of character upon work is a familiar but a very remarkable fact. Other things being equal, the more of it there is, the better we recognise the work to be, and the hall-mark of a work of genius is not excellence merely, but the supremely unique, or as we say "original," impress which distinguishes it. It is an individual product.

Now this as we have seen is a characteristic of the Cosmos, it, too, is an individual product, unique, original. If Science can do no more than state the fact in her own language and manner, as she does by insisting on the uniformity of Nature and the irrevocableness of natural law, it is open to Philosophy to go a step further, and to draw the simple but supremely significant inference that what bears the impress of individuality is indeed of individual origin, that the Ground and Source of the Universe is not only Infinitely Personal, but Infinitely Individual. Here then we perceive the true place of individuality in the Cosmic Scale of Values. It reaches to the foundation of things. It enters into the ground of being. Its universal presence and its extraordinary enhancement when united with self-conscious Mind receive thus their interpretation, and our enquiry into its significance as regards man receives this first answer: that if the Infinite Life from which all finite life is derived be Personal and Individual, infinitely Personal and infinitely Individual, then man, the most personal and the

most individual of known beings, is marked out as in close and special touch with the Ground and Source of all existence. We have to examine the bearing of this fact on our immediate subject, Individual Immortality.

And first perhaps it will be wise to dwell a little more at length on that which gives to finite individuality all its worth and meaning, viz., the Infinite Individuality. In fixing our thoughts on the latter we must dissociate from it all idea of limitation. Even in the case of our fellow men we feel that their individuality is an assertive thing. It has force and power, it declares to us what they are, it makes us know them. The loss of individuality, either in ourselves or in others, means the loss of all which makes recognition possible. And though in us and in them alike it involves limitation, that is only because of our finitude. It is not as individuals but as *finite* individuals that we are limited, even as it is not as knowers or as lovers but as *finite* knowers and lovers that our knowledge and love have bounds. Infinite Individuality is not limited, but is possessed of all the resources of Infinitude whereby to assert and make itself known. It is, if we may venture to try and express what is by the nature of the case beyond expression, that whereby Infinite Personality is revealed, even as finite individuality is that by which finite personality is revealed. The two, so far as we know, are inseparable. Our own experience teaches us that they are inseparable in ourselves. Reflection upon the universe of being, as Science shows it to us, teaches us that they are inseparable in the Source and Ground of that universe, known to us in the language of religion as God.

What we have to claim for Individuality then is, that it enters into the meaning of the Universe, that it is in fact part of that meaning, and as such eternal, indestructible, even as God, for and to Whom it exists, is eternal and indestructible. For when we speak of the meaning of the Universe, we intend not what man from his limited point of view can see of its meaning, but its true and real significance, apprehended with clear and all-including vision. No finite understanding is capable of such a grasp. Infinite meaning is for the Infinite alone. Yet when in a finite being self-consciousness attains such development as in man, there arises a capability of appreciating some part of the Infinite meaning, the part which concerns and is involved in that special type of being—human being. This capability increases with the growth of intellect and spiritual insight, the former slowly delineating and interpreting the body, and the latter, with the aid of the former, the soul of human knowledge and experience. Thus hesitatingly, but with continually increasing approximation to truth, men learn to "think the thoughts of God after Him," entering as they do so a little way into that Holy of Holies, the Divine Individuality, which is expressed in the external Universe they laboriously study, and still more in themselves who study it. For to be able to think

the thoughts of God after Him, slowly and blunderingly though it be, implies to some extent a community of nature between the Divine and the human, just as the power of even partially transcending the temporal implies being so far in touch with the eternal. That man can spell out something of the meaning of the Cosmos shows that he not only bears the impress of, but is partaker in, the Divine Individuality, as modern thought more readily recognises that he is in the Divine Personality. It is clear what worth and significance this bestows upon his own individuality, what responsibility it lays upon him to respect, develop and maintain it, both in himself and in others.

We have already seen that as life rises in the organic scale, individuality is not only more marked, but becomes increasingly spontaneous. In man this spontaneity is united to a highly developed self-consciousness, and he recognises himself through the many and great vicissitudes of life as always the same individual. The whole meaning of his life to himself is bound up with this recognition, and when he raises his thoughts and aspirations to the Author of his being, the whole meaning also of that most intimate and solemn relationship hangs upon his realisation that closely as his life is interwoven with the life of his fellows—

“ . . . this Atom cannot in the Whole
Forget itself, it aches a separate soul,”

or, as Browning expresses it,

“ God is, thou art, the rest is hurled
To nothingness for thee ”

This supreme meaning of individuality to man, that he himself and not another alone occupies or can occupy the one special relationship of his “ lone soul ” to God, is very deeply rooted in his consciousness, though he is often far indeed from willingly harbouring it. Where for any reason the “ love which casteth out fear ” is not present or is obscured, man’s impulse is to merge towards God his own individuality in that of the crowd, or else to put someone or something between him and the Being whom he would shun. Under favourable circumstances it is possible for him to succeed in stifling the too-insistent voice of his individuality, but it cannot be slain. The merest accident will re-awaken it. A touch, a memory, is sufficient. The adventitious surroundings in which he has thought to hide himself drop away, and once more he feels that though

“ Man lumps his kind i’ the mass, God singles thence,
Unit by Unit ”

It is because each man’s individuality has a meaning not only to himself but to God that he cannot escape from it, that even when he would ignore or merge it, it asserts itself again, piercing him through and through as with a sword of the Spirit.

It is worth while to pause upon this statement that each man's individuality bears to God its own special meaning. At first sight the tremendous issues involved in it do not clearly appear. Since, as we have already said, the whole Cosmos is individual, and is the complete expression of and fulfilment to the Infinite God of His meaning in bringing it into being, each part of course enters into that meaning—Man with the rest. Why, therefore, should any peculiar significance be attached to the individuality of man?

The considerations already brought forward are an answer to this question. Man alone is a personal, and by consequence, an ethical individual, able as such to enter into conscious relationship with the Author of his being. The sub-organic universe, the lower organic world, express indeed God's meaning to him, but it is unknowingly. Man, with his insatiable intellect, his unconquerable activity, his "divine discontent" with present attainment and constant reaching forth after something more excellent, is on a different plane of being. If we may venture so to word it, his individuality cannot mean so much to himself without meaning much also to God. Man can respond to the Divine intention—he can to some extent consciously and voluntarily express the Divine meaning. Without this co-operation on his part it is indeed not fully realised. To use a familiar word, each man is *responsible* for the working out of his own ethical individuality. Its possibilities are not of his making—for good or for evil these originally are beyond his control. But the actualising of the possibilities lies largely within it, and any fair survey of history, or of our own and (so far as we can enter into it) of others' experience, confirms this statement. At the same time, as has repeatedly been pointed out, the visible course of things, life as we know it, does not give full scope for the working out of individuality, ethical or intellectual. No man, now and here, completely or even with approximate completeness, attains the measure of his capabilities. He is restrained, limited, as it seems to us hampered on all sides. And even in those rare and fortunate instances where no other restriction exists, there is that of the shortness of life. If nothing else, then more time is needed for the fulfilment of individuality.

From our present point of view it will be understood that man need not fear the lack of time. Individuality, though manifested in, is not a consequence of the Temporal Order, but belongs to the Eternal, and a being who is, to the extent that man is, consciously individual, capable of an ethical relationship to God and to his fellows, could not lapse from that consciousness without some part of the Eternal Meaning lapsing with him. The loss of his conscious individuality would be a loss to the Divine completeness of Experience, for in virtue of it he holds towards God a unique ethical place, his own place, which he only can fill. Whatever, therefore, death may involve, it cannot involve such a loss as this. From the philosophic standpoint,

indeed, death is of peculiarly small significance, a mere accident of the temporal order, with which alone it has any concern. It cannot frustrate or interrupt the eternal meaning, and in man that meaning is bound up with his consciousness of himself and of God, with his individual personality, in fact.

The question regarding individual immortality is thus affirmatively answered. It is involved in and subsidiary to the larger question of the worth of individuality itself, when manifested in human form, and, as we have seen, that worth is beyond human calculation, because much as each man's individuality means to himself it means yet more to God. It is derived from Him, it is sustained in Him, it is the reflex of His own Infinitude and partakes of His Eternity. Each finite personal being is to God a unique ethical individual, the one in all creation who can hold just this relationship to the Father of his spirit. If he fails, there is no other who can be to God just what he is. So much of the ethical meaning of the Universe has failed with him. Regarded in this light, it seems absurd to look on death as even a possible term to individual ethical life. It is not ethical failure. There is a shadow which looms far more darkly, the significance of which it would be idle to pretend to under-rate, and from which to our limited vision death gains a fictitious importance,—the shadow of moral evil. Here indeed there seems to lie the dread possibility of a unique Divine Ideal being frustrated, of complete and irretrievable ethical failure.

It is not possible, in a few short sentences, even to touch on so vast and difficult a problem as this. Mention is made of it simply to show that it is not left out of sight, and to express the hope that at some future time an attempt may be made to discern its true proportions and indicate the place it holds in the universe of being and especially of human being.

With one further observation, the present essay must be brought to a close. Granting all that has been said of the worth of each human individual as a unique ethical being, and as a corollary his persistence after death, how are we to account for his having had a beginning? That which begins, must, it would seem, also end. It belongs to the temporal order, not to the eternal, in which there is neither beginning nor end.

The answer to this difficulty must be found in a twofold recognition —

(1) That in so far as it is subjected to actual earthly conditions, the life of man is temporal and belongs to the temporal order. Birth and death are facts of that order. Physically, man has a beginning and an end; but we have seen already that even under actual limitations he can and does to some extent transcend both the temporal and spatial, *i e*, physical, limits, and on his capability of so doing depends his human—as distinguished from his animal—individuality.

(2) And if the supreme worth of that human individuality be allowed, if it bears a unique and consequently eternal ethical significance to God, we must also grant that it neither began with birth nor ends at death. That man should not, while restricted to earthly conditions, be conscious of the eternity of his being, is not difficult to understand. It is obscured to him by the temporal limitations characteristic of those conditions, and which, it may well be, are to some extent projected beyond death. If, however, the considerations advanced in this essay be valid, temporal limitations must ultimately cease for every human individual, and when they do so, his eternal experience will stand out to him in a clear and perfect whole, the manner of perceiving which is feebly and faintly foreshadowed in his actual power of regarding the past, present and future of his earthly experience as one life.

EMMA MARIE CAILLARD

FOSSIL PLANTS AND EVOLUTION.

IT is the organisation of knowledge rather than its increase that is wanted just now”^{*} We should do well to keep in mind this statement which Huxley made in 1865, the enormous growth of scientific literature and the increase of specialisation during the last few decades render it more and more difficult to take stock of our facts and consider them in their bearing on general questions “What avails it us to have bellies full of meat, if it be not digested?”

Under the heading, “What about Natural Selection?” a writer in the July number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW calls attention to the evidence of palæontology in regard to Natural Selection The author endeavours to summarise recent contributions to our knowledge of past life, justly charging evolutionists with paying too little attention to the records of the rocks, but he implies that their attitude may be explained by the unwelcome nature of the facts which have been interpreted from the fragmentary documents in the earth’s crust We will confine ourselves to the evidence of palæobotany, which, we are told, furnishes “just next to no evidence at all of the work of Natural Selection in evolving new species of plants” Were it not that Mr Johnston, in speaking of the Geological Record, maintains that “as a rule it is a very fair record to argue from,” it would seem superfluous to draw attention to the truth of Darwin’s arguments in his famous chapter on the Imperfection of the Geological Record Each year fills up a few of the gaps in the life-records of bygone days, but the assumption that we are, or ever shall be, in possession of a very fair record, is an astounding statement from one who has devoted “a good many years to a careful survey of the whole available evidence”

It is but rarely that the earth’s crust affords any relics of old land-surfaces, the terrestrial vegetation of former days has left only a few waifs and strays carried by water or wind into seas and lakes to be entombed in water-borne sediments, some of which have been

^{*} *Life and Letters of T. H. Huxley*, I., p 267.

upheaved and denuded in the ceaseless building of continents. As the result of a concomitance of conditions, which seems to have occurred but once in the history of the earth, we have an unusual wealth of material preserved in wonderful perfection in the deposits which marked the closing scenes of the Palæozoic period. In the petrified fragments from the vast forests of the Coal Age we are able not only to examine the most delicate tissues, and to venture on deductions as to histological characters, but, in not a few cases, to utilise anatomical facts as indices of physiological phenomena. It is possible not only to reconstruct from scattered twigs, leaves and cones a complete plant, but to see reflected in its tissues something at least of the physical environment in which it lived. It is not too much to say that the microscopical study of Palæozoic plants has of late years supplied more striking confirmation of evolutionary views than any other department of Botany.

In a single article it would be impossible to do justice to the importance of the lessons of modern research, even if we confined ourselves to the Palæozoic era, we will, however, try to indicate a few of the more striking conclusions to which palæobotanists have been led.

In referring to the earliest records of plant-life, Mr Johnston writes. "Mr Seward tells us quite frankly, the earliest known plants 'are not at all what the evolutionist would expect'". It would appear that at this point the "repulsively learned" character of the book rendered further reading unbearable. The actual passage is as follows: "The operation of metamorphism is therefore another serious 'difficulty in the way of recognising the oldest rocks'. The earliest 'animals and plants which have been discovered are not such as we 'should expect to find as examples of the first products of organic 'life'. Below the oldest known fossiliferous rocks, there must have 'been thousands of feet of sedimentary material, which has either been 'altered beyond recognition, or from some cause or other does not 'form part of our present geological record'".*

It has long been recognised that as we ascend the geological series one of the most obvious and striking conclusions to be drawn from the study of fossil plants is that the vegetation of the earliest periods, of which decipherable records are available, was characterised by a preponderance of Vascular Cryptogams. Ferns and fern-like plants, Lycopods, gigantic Horse-tails and similar types played the leading rôle. During the Triassic period, and up to the beginning of the Cretaceous system, Gymnosperms were in the ascendant, while in the later stages of the Mesozoic period the Angiosperms, popularly known as Flowering plants, became the dominant class—a position which they still maintain. This series alone affords support to Darwin's views. The transition from each of these three periods to the next appears to have been comparatively sudden—but to this we shall refer later.

* Seward, *Fossil Plants*, I, p. 30.

Darwin attached great importance to altered associations as a factor in the origin of species. "Most efficient of all," wrote Lester Ward, "is the ever-changing influence of the contemporary life with which a "type must come into competition." The evolution of the Angiosperms constituted a striking advance, and, once accomplished, it seriously affected the equilibrium of plant-life, the appearance of the new type no doubt marked the beginning of a phase of rapid change, and it is small wonder that the records of this scene in the "ever-changing drama" impress us with the force of the evolutionary wave. The ascendancy of the Dicotyledons receives further emphasis in the apparently sudden decrease in the Gymnosperms and lower plants, a shifting of supremacy in the plant-kingdom which was no doubt due to the rapid spread and far-reaching effects of this latest product of organic evolution. It is true that we cannot as yet point to any connecting link between the Angiosperms and less highly organised plants. In the production of the angiospermous type, Nature made an important advance in the closer adaptations of the structural requirements of the plant to life on a land-area than in any previously evolved group, as shown in the greater specialisation of the water-carrying tissues,* as well as in the perfecting of the seed. Here and there we obtain glimpses among the older plants of attempts towards the evolution of the seed as an organ adapted for its functions of nursing and protecting the embryo, but we have still to find an extinct type which shall show us the path by which this end was achieved. One instance among plants lower in the scale than Angiosperms, in which we find an approach towards the Flowering plant ovary, is supplied by the extinct family of Bennettitaceæ. This family had a wide geographical distribution during the greater part of the Secondary era, their stems and leaves, in such species in which both these organs are known, were almost identical with those of modern Cycads, but in the anatomy of the *Bennettites* stem there are a few distinguishing features, and in the reproductive organs we recognise an obvious departure from the plan of the corresponding structures in living Cycads. Our modern Sago-Palms (Cycadaceæ), represented by a few tropical genera of restricted range, are undoubtedly remnants of one of those Mesozoic classes which fell back before the advance of the Angiosperms. In the Mesozoic vegetation there were numerous members of the Bennettitaceæ of which no trace exists at the present day, their female reproductive organs were of a much more complex and apparently higher type than those of true Cycads. The *Bennettites* female flower consisted of numerous pedicels borne on the swollen apex of a lateral shoot: each pedicel terminated in an ovule, and in close association with the slender seminiferous stalks there were sterile scales, expanded distally into a fleshy envelope which overtopped and

* Prof Bayley Balfour's Presidential address to Section K, British Association, 1901.

enveloped the seeds, thus affording a protective covering comparable with an encasing ovary,—the organ which constitutes one of the most striking distinguishing features between the Angiosperms and Gymnosperms. The male flower, as we have learnt from recent investigations of silicified American stems at the hands of Mr Wieland, of Newhaven, consisted of a cluster of fertile leaves bearing groups of sporangia similar to those of certain tropical ferns, members of the dwindled family Marattiaceæ. Here we have an extinct class of plants combining fern-like and cycadean features and, as regards the female organ, exhibiting, as it were, an attempt towards the more perfect angiospermous plan. The fossil remains of the Bennettitaceæ, and a host of other families unrepresented in recent floras, testify to the existence of many lines of evolution which have left no direct descendants among modern plants. As Dārwin said, "A multitude of smaller groups will "become utterly extinct, and leave no modified descendants."

It is unfortunate that the relics of the vegetation of the period immediately preceding that in which the first traces of Angiosperms occur are seldom preserved in such a manner as to render possible more than a superficial examination of external form. It is in the reproductive organs and the anatomical characters that we must look for trustworthy data to guide us in constructing genealogies, and until petrified specimens are discovered, we cannot expect much more light on the phylogeny of our highest Flowering plants. We may look forward with confidence to the future for evidence which will aid us in bridging over the gap between the flowering plants and less specialised types.

Mr Johnston writes "Natural Selection in recent years has, by "more careful study, tended rather to eliminate supposed 'links' than "to furnish missing ones." Let us examine some of the more recent researches with this statement before us. The recognition of Saporta's *Eopteris* as a mineral incrustation does not affect the question of the evolution of ferns, I am not aware that anyone ever regarded this supposed fossil as a missing link, and it is difficult to guess why it is mentioned in connection with transitional forms. In Devonian and Carboniferous strata we meet with abundant remains of fern-like plants, and in many cases the preservation is sufficiently good to afford valuable information as to reproductive and anatomical characters. It has been conclusively proved by several writers that many of these plants cannot be included in any of the existing divisions of ferns, while the leaves are essentially fern-like, the stems are practically identical with those of Cycads, one of the divisions of the great Gymnosperm class. Such genera as *Lygirodendron*, *Heterangium* and several others have been placed in an intermediate division—the Cycadofilices—a name which fitly expresses their dual nature. There can be no reasonable doubt that this vigorous set of Palæozoic plants points to a common ancestry for Ferns and Cycads.

The ferns of the Palæozoic forests afford many instructive examples of synthetic types and of the blending of characters that are now found in divergent families. One of the oldest fern families of which we possess a fairly extensive knowledge is that known as the Botryopterideæ, here we find anatomical features recalling those met with in some of our modern filmy ferns, combined with sporangial characters suggesting a comparison with three other families. From French Palæozoic rocks Professor Zeiller has recently described several forms intermediate in certain characters between well-defined existing types, in short, it would be hard to find a more remarkable illustration of the gradual separation of characters along independent lines than is afforded by a comparison of Palæozoic and modern ferns. We can trace back the family characters of existing ferns into a confused plexus of affinities, in a manner comparable to the converging of railway lines into the inextricable confusion of a Clapham Junction. The dominant family of recent ferns—the Polypodiaceæ—occupied a very subordinate position in the older periods, and probably represents a comparatively recent product of evolution, on the other hand a few surviving genera of tropical ferns—*Marattia*, *Angiopteris* and the other members of the Marattiaceæ represent slender twigs of a branch which can be traced back into vigorous ramifications in the Palæozoic era.

Let us turn to another class, the Gymnosperms, and see how far their past history supplies us with finger-posts pointing towards lines of descent. The Gymnosperms are at present represented by the Conifers (Pines, Araucarias, etc.), Cycads (Sago-Palms), the Gnetales (a class of which three isolated survivors remain) and the Maiden-hair tree, a solitary remnant in the Far East of a fourth class of Gymnosperms which reached its zenith in the Mesozoic period. An extinct genus, *Cordaites*, which must have been a conspicuous member of the Permo-Carboniferous forests, may be taken as a representative of a fifth subdivision of the Gymnosperms. The Cycads and Conifers form two well-defined groups, with clearly-marked distinguishing features, but in the extinct *Cordaites* we find certain anatomical features which are essentially those of modern Conifers blended with others characteristic of Cycads, while the male flowers form a link between *Cordaites* and the Maiden-hair tree (*Ginkgo*), and show signs of affinity with lower types. Moreover other Palæozoic genera, such as *Poroxylon*, *Protopitys*, *Calamopitys* and others furnish connecting links between the Cycadofilices on the one hand and the Cycads and Conifers on the other.

Mr Johnston, it is true, refers to these intermediate forms, he says, "Dr Scott, of Kew, by diligent use of his microscope, thinks he is increasingly able to demonstrate for us intermediate or linking forms "between Ferns, Cycads, Araucarias, and the like." It is a pity that the writer of this sentence did not make himself more closely acquainted with the work of palæobotanists, both on the Continent

and in England, whose work—conspicuously that of Dr Scott—has firmly established the existence of so many intermediate forms among the vegetation of the past

Perhaps one of the most striking instances of a composite type of organisation furnished by the petrified fragments of Palæozoic floras is Scott's genus *Cheirostrobis*. A few years ago a fairly large silicified cone was found in the lower Carboniferous rocks of Scotland, in which are clearly combined characters now shared by the Horse-tails and Lycopods, it justifies the statement that these two groups, which to-day show no signs of close relationship, were in all probability the descendants of one common ancestral stock. Another genus, which we also owe to Dr Scott's diligent use of his microscope, and, we may add, to his skill in interpreting what the microscope reveals, gives us some insight into the means employed by Nature in endeavouring to increase the efficiency of reproductive organs. I refer to *Lepidocarpon*. This genus was founded on a cone having the general appearance of a *Lepidostrobus*—the name given to cones of *Lepidodendron*—but instead of bearing naked spore-cases, like those of past and present lycopods, this more specialised type was characterised by the possession of a protective envelope surrounding the sporangia, which were thus raised to the rank of seeds. Here is direct evidence of a link between spore-producing and seed-bearing plants, we see at least a possible means by which seeds may have been evolved, although we are not justified in assuming that it was along these lines that the high degree of specialisation of seeds was eventually reached. Interesting results have recently been recorded by Professor F W Oliver, which help us to realise other stages in the gradual evolution of seeds from sporangia, and there is good reason to hope that researches with which he is at present occupied will throw further light on the *modus operandi* of Natural Selection in the evolution of modern seeds.

It has been pointed out that we have trustworthy grounds for believing in a common ancestry for Cycads and Ferns and for the descent of other Gymnosperm types from a fern-like stock. It is difficult to give even the most important evidence in support of this statement without dealing at length with technical details, but it must be remembered that we cannot attempt authoritatively to discuss the transition from one type to another without careful examination of minute differences, both in vegetative and reproductive structures. In a suggestive paper on "The Old Wood and the New," Scott points out that we can arrange a series of forms, chosen from Palæozoic species, illustrating how by slow degrees the primary conducting strands in the stems of various extinct types, such as exist in their typical form in the genus *Lyginodendron*, have gradually disappeared, they were rendered practically useless as water-channels when the plants acquired the power of forming a broad cylinder of secondary conducting tissue. In one case, *Megaloxylon*, another member of the

Cycadofilices, we find an intermediate stage in which the older primary wood, instead of ceasing to exist, adapted itself to a new rôle by increasing the breadth and reducing the length of its elements, thus enabling them to act as storage-reservoirs, since in their primary function as conducting tubes they had been superseded by the more recently acquired or newer type of woody tissue. It would occupy too much space to pursue these questions further, my aim is to emphasise the need for minute comparative investigations of extinct and recent plants, in order to demonstrate how the fossil forms supply connecting links, enabling us to understand the manner in which structural features have been gradually modified and how by slow and almost imperceptible stages the modern style of stem-architecture has been reached.

One reflection that is forced upon us by a retrospective survey of the vegetation of successive ages is the frequent extinction of types which held for a time a prominent place and then disappeared without leaving any direct descendants. In the forests of the Coal period there was a plant, *Sphenophyllum*, which in external form, and probably in habit, bore a strong resemblance to the Goose-grass of our hedgerows. This genus was a member of the dominant group of those days and one which must be placed in a special division of the Vascular Cryptogams, it has recently been pointed out that there are certain points of contact between *Sphenophyllum* and the isolated Southern genus *Tmesipteris*, one of the more aberrant forms among surviving Lycopods. In the genus *Cheirostrobus*, previously referred to, Scott has clearly demonstrated a common meeting-ground for features shared between *Sphenophyllum*, Lycopods and Equisetums. Numerous other instances of plant-types, both from Palæozoic and Mesozoic rocks, might be mentioned which teach us some of the secrets of Nature's method of working, and in their combination of characters shed a welcome light on the obscure relationship of modern groups.

Another impression which we derive from a comprehensive glance through the records of the rocks is that there have been periods during which the progress of plant-life was marked by a slow and hardly perceptible advance, while on the other hand there were phases of evolution in which the developmental forces were accelerated. Making due allowance for the nature of the records, we are tempted to believe that the advent of the Mesozoic era was characterised by comparatively rapid changes in the facies of the vegetation, there was an alteration in the balance of power in the vegetable kingdom, similar to that which occurred at a later stage when Angiosperms began their victorious march.

There are good reasons for the view that new types of plant-life originated on a vast southern Continent of which fragments are left in Australia, India, South Africa and South America. It is now generally admitted that we have ample evidence pointing to a lowering

of temperature in southern latitudes at the close of the Carboniferous period, a change in physical conditions well calculated to give an impetus to organic evolution, and one likely to play an important share in the production of new types, which gradually migrated to the north. Another factor, which rapidly made itself felt, we may recognise in the appearance of the Cycads and allied forms which held almost universal sway in the Mesozoic era. It may not be unreasonable to suggest a parallel between the advance of Cycads and the spread of Angiosperms as two of the prime causes for the relatively sudden alteration in the facies of plant-life at two distinct stages in the world's history. There must have been irregularities in the rate of change from type to type, and it is in entire accord with Darwin's view that during periods of great physical change and altered conditions there should be a rapid spread of new forms of life. If we endeavour to keep before us the far-reaching influence of new and vigorous competitors in the struggle for life, the stimulus given to development by physical changes, and above all the necessarily imperfect records of the rocks, we have no reason to regard the apparent revolutions in the plant-world to which I have specially alluded, as in any sense an adverse fact for evolutionists to explain.

In the course of his indictment against Natural Selection, Mr Johnston quotes Professor Huxley as one who "always held serious doubts" as to the supreme efficiency of Natural Selection, and he lays stress on Huxley's saying that "the primary and direct evidence in favour of Evolution can be furnished only by Palæontology." An extract from a letter from Huxley to Darwin, written in 1880, affords a fair commentary on these two quotations. "I hope," he wrote, "you do not imagine because I had nothing to say about 'Natural Selection' that I am at all weak of faith on that article. On the contrary, I live in hope that as palæontologists work more and more in the manner of that 'second Daniel come to judgment,' that wise young man, M. Filhol, we shall arrive at a crushing accumulation of evidence in that direction also." "The real truth is," writes Mr Johnston, "the proved influence of Natural Selection is being written down as 'less and less every day.' As Hazlitt said, 'A sweeping unqualified assertion ends all controversy, and sets opinion at rest', it is possible that the daring dogmatism of the above statement may carry conviction to those who are not in a position to inquire into the question for themselves.

Before venturing to attack Darwin's theory, a theory which has stood the test of time, one would naturally expect an author not merely to make himself acquainted with articles in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, but to take the trouble to read original contributions to palæontological science, or at least modern text-books. But a careful study of the article, "What about Natural Selection?" or at least such parts of it

as refer to the botanical evidence, leads me to unhesitatingly assert that the author's *obiter dicta* on these matters cannot be allowed the weight of convictions founded on 'an intimate acquaintance with the available data. Such statements as "Cycads must have evolved from the ferns through that new fossil group, the Cycadofilices, of which traces are abundant, but none so early as the Carboniferous limestone" do not inspire us with confidence. The choice of Fontane's "generalised" dicotyledonous leaves, as one of the best examples of fossil-plant evidence affording any insight into the origin of species, points to a want of judgment in weighing evidence. The reference to the occurrence of "simple yet fully differentiated Club Mosses" (*Sigillaria*) and *Calamites* in Lower Silurian rocks by the banks of the Ohio, confirms our opinion of the writer's rashness in attempting to lay under contribution the vegetation of the past as a hostile witness to Natural Selection.

Recent research among the tattered sheets in the herbaria of the rocks has given striking confirmation to Darwin's statement "that the extinct forms of life help to fill up the intervals between existing genera, families, and orders." We may fairly demand more substantial arguments before dismissing Natural Selection as an effete and discredited factor in the evolution of life.

A. C. SEWARD

RURAL HOUSING—A LESSON FROM IRELAND

ENGLAND

"You may turn to county after county, and traverse whole country sides, and you will find no cottage with a water-tight roof available for habitation

"I know of cottages where the estate owners dare not walk across the bedroom floors, of rural communities where the ordinary sanitary convenience is unknown, where no provision of the Public Health Act dare be enforced, where grown up sons and daughters sleep side by side with their parents

"All these evils may be set down as due to scarcity of cottage accommodation, and the scarcity of the cottages is due mainly to two facts —(1) that few new cottages are being erected, (2) that the old ones, through lack of repair, have been allowed to become uninhabitable

"If 9,000 new cottages were erected to-morrow and made available for the inhabitants of our rural districts, we should not have rendered more than half the help necessary to abate, in a small degree, the overcrowding and insanitation of 328 villages in England and Wales, with the conditions of which I am personally acquainted. I can name, almost off-hand, 52 villages in which there are 832 cottages which the Medical Officer of Health for the two districts would, to-morrow, condemn as unfit for habitation, but for the acuteness of the existing overcrowding, which any closing order would only intensify" *

IN such vivid words does Mr Crotch describe the existing condition of housing in the rural districts of England. That the evil is truly described there is abundant confirmatory evidence to show,—that a remedy must be provided is equally clear

Since the whole crux of the matter arises from the fact that owing to agricultural depression, and other economic causes which are beyond individual control, the building of new cottages and even the proper maintenance of existing cottages for agricultural labourers does not pay, unless new and powerful motives can be brought into play to stimulate private enterprise, it is to the efforts of public authorities alone we can look for a general remedy. It is true as, for instance, the reports of the Assistant Commissioners to the Labour Commission show, that the philanthropic efforts of great landowners

* Mr W W Crotch, in "Household Words, Jan., 1902

have done much in many localities, but such efforts inevitably fail to cover the whole field

What then have the Rural District Councils and the County Councils done to provide these thousands of new cottages so urgently required?

Up to the end of 1899, six Rural District Councils had adopted Part III. of the Housing Act of 1890, and four of these, content with so doing, had proceeded no further. Two, those of Thingoe (in 1892) and of Sevenoaks (in 1899), had obtained sanction for loans, in the first case for £1,700, in the second for £1,800. In Thingoe, eight cottages had been provided, and these were up to March 31st, 1900, the sole visible results of the Housing Acts for agricultural labourers in England and Wales

These eight cottages are now known as "Thingoe's Folly." They were only obtained by the most determined efforts on the part of a voluntary association called into existence by the extremity of the need of the agricultural labourers of Ixworth, and when finally the cottages were built, the rents which had to be charged were so high that no ordinary agricultural labourer has been able to take one of them

Similarly out of the Sevenoaks loan *six* cottages for the parish of Penshurst were built and occupied by December, 1900, just five years after the Penshurst Parish Council investigated the local housing conditions, and ascertained that *forty* families were in need of cottages. These cottages are let at five shillings per week, which seems to put them even more completely than those of Ixworth, beyond the reach of the ordinary agricultural labourer*

The amending Act of 1900 does something to encourage the public provision of cottages in rural districts, by authorising the County Council to provide them when the Rural District Council refuses to do so, and by giving the Parish Councils the right to make representations on the subject to District and County Councils. Whether in consequence of this, or in consequence of the example of municipal efforts in towns and urban districts, the housing movement seems to be gathering force in the rural districts. Perhaps as great success has been attained in Limpsfield (Surrey) as anywhere else, for there the Parish Council induced a local landowner to undertake to provide additional cottages. The Holland (Lincolnshire) County Council has authorised the adoption of the Housing Acts for more than one district, and in the mining villages of Northumberland and Durham there is a prospect of a score or two of cottages being built in places where the movement is actively encouraged by local landowners,† and in such districts the labouring man may earn wages high enough to be able to pay five shillings a week for a cottage. But the following recent example, it is not unfair to say, illustrates the normal working of the Housing Acts

* A full account of these two cases, and of other cases where the movement failed will be found in "The Cottage Homes of England," by W. W. Crotch

† In the present state of the law with regard to the compulsory purchase of land, it is, of course, impossible for rural authorities to build if all the local landowners are opposed

at the present time, so far as they affect the homes of the agricultural labourer

The *annual* meeting of the St Faith's District Council was held on April 23rd, 1902. The Sanitary Committee brought up a report on the cottage accommodation in Great Witchingham, with the recommendation that "the District Council do apply to the Norfolk County Council for permission to adopt Part III of the Housing of the Working Classes Act"

The report showed —

That of the 70 cottages in the village, six had three bedrooms, 50 only two, and 14 only one. In four cases out of the six provided with three bedrooms, the third bedroom was only a small dark space partitioned off another room,

That there were only two cottages suitable for a mixed family of boys and girls,

That there were eight serious cases of overcrowding,

That 18 of the cottages ought to be condemned as unfit for human habitation,

That the entire water supply came from shallow wells in soil saturated with sewage,

That the pavement of the ground floors of almost all was brick, generally cracked and broken, so as to retain the wet for days when washed,

That the rooms were generally low, and the outer walls in many cases cracked and dilapidated,

That sanitary arrangements were either bad or non-existent

In the words of the Chairman, "It was almost an entire village below the point of decency"

Yet, in face of this report, it was considered hopeless to apply to the County Council immediately. As a compromise, the Chairman of the Sanitary Committee agreed instead to see what could be done by trying to persuade local landowners to provide additional cottages, on the understanding that if persuasion failed, the question of applying for leave to adopt the Act should be again debated in six months' time.

Whether, after six months' delay, the St Faith's District Council will determine to apply for leave to adopt Part III of the Housing Acts, whether the Norfolk County Council on receiving the application will grant it, whether on being granted permission the District Council will proceed to raise a loan, to buy land and to erect cottages, are questions time alone can answer. Meanwhile, as the least of two ghastly alternatives, the District Council has condemned two out of the 18 cottages which are absolutely unfit for human habitation, and has to that degree intensified the overcrowding which it describes as already alarming.

It is not too common for a Rural District Council to be as anxious as this of St Faith's to take up the battle of the agricultural labourer, even when it is, the elaborate interaction of Parish, District and

County, each checking the others, supplies friction and difficulty enough to keep the most democratic assembly of country squires and clergymen from speedy action

It is this division of responsibility between different elected bodies, powerful just in inverse proportion as they are in touch with the labouring classes, which makes the public supply of cottages for agricultural labourers a practical impossibility in England and Wales under the present law, even more than the restrictions of the Local Government Board, which are popularly, and to a certain extent rightly, blamed

IRELAND

What a contrast we see if we look across the Irish Channel!

By March 31, 1900, there have been *in England and Wales*, loans sanctioned for housing in Rural Districts, £3,500, cottages built, or building, fourteen

In *Ireland*, loans sanctioned, £1,988,496, cottages sanctioned, 16,303, cottages built or building, 14,888, cottages let, 14,281

This was the work of the undemocratic Irish Rural Boards of Guardians before the Local Government Act of 1898 came into force. The effect of the passing of that Act is remarkable. In the first year of the existence of the popularly elected bodies, loans to the amount of £1,358,135 were applied for, for the purpose of providing 8,177 cottages, to be provided with garden plots up to half an acre each (and usually of the maximum size), 2,992 additional half-acres of land to be added to such garden plots in houses previously built, and 80 acres for allotments for the inhabitants of rural villages

The Rural Districts of the County of Cork alone built 3,102 cottages with garden plots between 1891 and 1899, and let 3,066 of them *at rents varying from 6½d to 1s 6d per week*, and at the end of 1899 had 56 more in hand, Limerick similarly had built 1,978, and the little county of Meath 1,339. Nor was either of these counties satisfied, for Cork had applied to the Local Government Board of Ireland for permission to borrow an additional £415,473 to build 2,597 more cottages and to supply 635 additional half-acres, Limerick for £249,302 for 1,454 cottages and 734 half-acres, Meath for loans up to £96,666 for 418 cottages and 625 half-acres

Naturally the Irish Local Government Board has been somewhat overwhelmed by the rush of applications, there have been long delays in their decisions, much to the indignation of the rural Councillors, which finally in the summer of 1901 found vent in a series of resolutions, particularly by Munster Boards, censuring the central authority. However, loans amounting to £101,103 were granted, bringing the total to £2,093,293 sanctioned up to the end of the financial year, 1900-1901. Of this total, the share of Munster is £1,102,960, of Leinster £892,581, of Ulster £72,929, of Connaught £24,823

One other set of figures will again illustrate in another way the

importance of the housing movement as a feature of Irish life, particularly in the South of Ireland. The outstanding indebtedness of the Rural Districts of Ireland on March 31st, 1900, was—

	For Housing £	For all other purposes £
Ulster	38,025	116,350
Munster	841,763	117,957
Leinster	707,796	55,559
Connaught	8,977	48,453
Ireland	1,596,561	338,319

In other words, about five-sixths of the local debt of Rural Ireland was incurred to provide agricultural labourers with cottages, gardens and allotments. The disproportion between the housing zeal of Ulster and Munster is also indicated, and indeed exaggerated, in the figures above.

THE LABOURERS ACTS

It will readily be guessed that it is not under the Housing Acts that this great work has been done, though indeed the Boroughs and Urban Districts are in proportion at present making more use of their powers under these Acts than are those of Great Britain. The law under which the Rural Districts proceed is that of the Labourers Acts (Ireland), 1883—1896.

It was from Mr Gladstone's Irish Land Act of 1881 that the Labourers Acts took their origin. An occupier who had his rent compulsorily fixed by the Land Courts was, of course, prohibited from sub-letting his holding, but an exception was made for cottages with plots up to half an acre for labourers employed on the holding. Section 19 of the Act added the provision that the Land Court in fixing farmers' rents could also compel them to build cottages, to improve existing cottages or to assign garden plots to them. By an amending Act in 1882 this was made also to apply to the case in which farmer and landlord agreed upon a rent, and the agreement was filed in Court.

Then, in 1883, the main Act was passed. By this, any twelve ratepayers in any district might make a representation to the Sanitary Authority (the Board of Guardians) to the effect that the supply of cottages for agricultural labourers was deficient in number, dilapidated or insanitary, and the authority, if on consideration it found the representation in accordance with fact, must make an Improvement Scheme for the building of new cottages, with garden plots attached of not more than half an acre. The scheme being approved by the Irish Local Government Board became a Provisional Order, which if petitioned against by three ratepayers had to be confirmed (up to 1885) by Parliament, after 1885, by the Privy Council. Compulsory

powers of land purchase were granted, the capital expenditure could be met by loans under similar conditions to capital expenditure under the Health Acts, and the annual cost up to 1s in the £ of rateable value could be imposed upon the rates. None but agricultural labourers, defined as men or women living as their main occupation by hire for agricultural work upon the land of others, could benefit. This, by the way, is the reason why but little use has been made of the Acts in Connaught, where holdings are too small, and occupiers too poor, to employ labourers for hire.

In 1885 and 1886 amending Acts were passed to remove the detail obstructions found by experience. The most striking clauses, besides that by which the Privy Council sitting in Dublin Castle became the confirming authority, are Section 10 of the 1885 Act, by which the Sanitary Authority might purchase and improve any existing cottage, or assign to it half an acre; Section 4 of the 1886 Act, which extended the definition of an agricultural labourer to include any who did any agricultural work, particularly handloom weavers and fishermen, and Section 14 of the same Act, which gave the Sanitary Authority the power of taking compulsorily stone, sand or other building material.

Under these Acts over 8,000 cottages were built in the seven years (1884-1891). In the four years (1884-1888) loans to the amount of £820,998 were sanctioned, in the next four years (1888-1892) the loans sanctioned dropped to £435,277. Then, just as the Irish Land Act of 1881 had given birth to this movement, the Land Purchase Act of 1891 gave it a fresh impetus. In the first place, by Section 26 the inspector whose duty it was to report upon the application for an advance for the purchase of a farm, had to state in his report the number and condition of the labourers' cottages upon the holding. Secondly, an Exchequer grant of £40,000 per annum was instituted, primarily to supply a guarantee fund of £200,000, to cover cases in which the purchasers failed to punctually pay their interest and instalments of principal. But arrears in such payments have been practically non-existent, so that the whole of the £40,000 has been available for its secondary purpose, and about £37,000 per annum has been divided among the counties according to certain specified rules, the share of each county to be sub-divided among the rural Sanitary Authorities in proportion to their expenditure upon cottages built after the passing of the Act under the Labourers Acts. In 1891 and 1892 two further Labourers Acts were also passed, the former giving the Local Government Board of Ireland power to act in place of the local Sanitary Authority when the latter declined, and giving power to agricultural labourers who are not ratepayers to set the housing machinery in motion, the latter increasing the maximum size of a garden plot from half an acre to an acre.

It is in consequence of this last Act that "applications for additional "half-acres" now figure so largely on the agenda of Irish Rural District Councils, while the amending Act of 1891 completes the

clear expression of the principle that the Irish agricultural labourer is *entitled to demand* not only that he shall be housed in a manner consistent with human, and not merely animal life, but also that with his house he shall be provided with a garden which can with proper culture pay the rent of both house and garden. The labourer who has no cottage, or whose cottage is insanitary, with the help of the signatures of a few friends and neighbours, sends his "representation" to the District Council, the District Council is *required* by law to provide the cottage, and encouraged by aid from the Treasury not to evade its duties, if it does evade them the labourer can appeal to the Local Government Board.

It has been stated above that the Exchequer grant is divided among the counties in definite proportions. These are irrespective of the expenditure on housing of the county. It can well be imagined that a house of the value of £200 with an acre of land cannot be let at a rent of 1s 6d per week without some loss. In counties in which but few cottages have been built, the Exchequer grant is sufficient not only to cover this loss, but to partly or completely pay off the capital expenditure, and in some cases the grant goes on accumulating as a reserve to the credit of the county. The following table shows how each county stands in relation to the Exchequer grant.—

	ULSTER	MUNSTER.	LEINSTER	CONNAUGHT
No Cottages built since 1891	Down Fermanagh			Mayo.
Capital cost of Cottages paid off, and reserve standing to credit of County	Antrim Armagh Donegal. Tyrone Londonderry			Galway Leitrim Roscommon Sligo
Annual cost covered by Grant	Cavan. Monaghan	Kerry. Tipperary, N	King's County, Wicklow	
Annual Deficit falling upon rates		Clare Cork. Limerick Tipperary, S Waterford	Carlow Dublin Kildare Kilkenny Longford. Louth Meath Queen's County West Meath. Wexford.	

In Longford, Meath and West Meath the Exchequer grant was less than one-third of the deficit, the excess of annual expenditure over receipts, in Kildare, Limerick and Wexford it was less than half. In any case the annual deficit on all cottages built before 1891 has to be met out of the rates.

On the other hand, on March 31st, 1900, £7,442 had accumulated unclaimed to the credit of County Antrim, £8,647 to the credit of County Down. It is not because there is no need for better housing in these northern counties that this money offered for one purpose only is not accepted, nor because, as in Connaught, those who dwell in hovels are outside the legal definition of agricultural labourers. The story of James Conway, of Muntirevin, in the Cookstown district, on the shore of Lough Neagh, will illustrate both the manner in which the Labourers Acts work, and the manner in which they sometimes fail to work.

A special meeting of the Cookstown District Council in the County of Tyrone was held on Saturday, February 22nd, 1902, to take into consideration eight applications from labourers to have cottages built. The first application was from James Conway.

He deposed that he was a fisherman, and laboured also for farmers, and had been so employed in December, 1901, and had worked occasionally for his landlord, a farmer, every year for seven years. He was a married man and had four children, from fifteen months to seven years of age. The house he lived in had only one room, seven feet high, sixteen feet long and fifteen feet broad. In this room the family lived, ate, slept, cooked. He paid 10d. a week rent. The rain came through the roof. He was under notice to quit, and he knew of no other house in the locality which he could get.

The Medical Officer reported that Conway's house was unfit for human habitation, and the Chairman of the Council said that under the Act Conway seemed entitled to his cottage.

The seven other applicants gave very similar evidence. After they had withdrawn a fierce debate took place in the council chamber, while the Chairman was of opinion that the Local Government Board would make them build the cottages, and the Clerk reported that £4,027 had accrued to the credit of County Tyrone out of the grant, Councillor McDonald "thought that it was contrary to the spirit of the Act to build cottages for these men. They were not agricultural labourers. It was for the English fish market they worked, and people up at Cookstown could not get a pollen for love or money." After the sitting had lasted for four hours a vote was taken, and by 13 votes to 11 the scheme was rejected.

James Conway then wrote to the Local Government Board, which forwarded a copy of his letter to the District Council, but this received scant attention. His fate and that of his comrades on the shore of Lough Neagh, like the fate of Great Witchingham, still rests upon the

knees of the gods, but the full reports of this case in the Ulster papers have done not a little to arouse the Ulster Rural Councils to a better sense of their housing duties, and a better understanding of the facilities which the law has granted them

THE LESSON

If a Rural Housing Act for Great Britain were passed giving the Rural District Councils of England and Wales and the corresponding bodies of Scotland the powers which the Labourers Acts give to the Rural Councils of Ireland, if, further, a similar Exchequer grant proportionate in amount to the rural population of Great Britain were given on similar conditions, it would indeed be strange if the conditions of life in such villages as Great Witchingham were not speedily transformed

The lack of decent cottages in English villages and on English country sides leads directly to the overcrowding of those that exist, hence on the one hand to the physical degeneracy, and the endangering, if not undermining, of morals among the poor who still cling to the land, and, on the other, to the further expulsion of the country poor to urban slums, and ultimately, by intensifying the scarcity and inferiority of agricultural labour, imperilling what remains of English agriculture. If recent events have sufficiently aroused the nation to the realisation that these evils are vital, that they involve a loss of human life and character more precious than merchandise, the example of Ireland shows how, at no great cost, a valuable though partial remedy may be found

In this case, as in every other case of social disease, there will be some to say that the cure is the greater evil. If it is urged that to provide lands and houses for wage-earners at a cost that can hardly much more than pay for maintenance and management, leaving the interest and repayment of capital to be paid out of rates and grant, is nothing more nor less than Outdoor Relief in Aid of Wages, one cannot deny that, economically speaking, the accusation is true. But speaking ethically and psychologically, it does not follow that the tenant is pauperised, nor that his independence is undermined, nor that he will probably lose in wage an equivalent of what he gains in garden and house-room. Let us take for instance the case of James Conway. If he had succeeded in his application, if, instead of living with his family in a one-roomed hovel, unfit for habitation, without a garden, and continuing to pay to a farmer, on whom he was partially dependent for employment, the rent of 10d per week, he had obtained a cottage with three bedrooms and a kitchen and an acre of land for 1s 6d a week, secure in occupation as long as he paid his rent, would his character, or that of his children have tended to become less self-reliant, less provident or less industrious? He has at once the spur of an increased rent, the incitement of hope and

opportunity, and a new security for the enjoyment of the fruits of his labour. One may expect to see here that rise in standard of comfort, in social efficiency and in character, which is seen among the cellar dwellers of Liverpool who are re-housed, at the cost of the rates, in municipal flats. To keep a labourer in a hovel, and pay his rent out of the rates, as was done so frequently in England before 1834, may be technically no more relief in aid of wages, and the expense may be less, than to give him a good cottage at the old rent, but the former pauperises, the latter depauperises.

In the Housing Acts, as in building regulations, and in countless other matters less cognate to our subject, the rural districts of England suffer from the preponderance in wealth and influence of the urban population. The laws and regulations which are good for the town are too often hastily assumed to be equally good for the country, or are insufficiently and unwisely modified. In the South of Ireland the dependence of the whole population upon agriculture alone, while it has impoverished and depopulated the country, has at least given the people clear-sightedness, unity and alertness. The splendid growth of agricultural co-operation is one evidence of this, the administration of the Labourers Acts is another.

GILBERT SLATER

THE MUNICIPAL THEATRE

AT last a spark of hope on the subject of the subventioned theatre is dimly discernible. The popular mind, reflected in the great daily newspapers, is awaking to the aspiration that England may some day possess a theatre not entirely subservient to commercial considerations. This result has been achieved, in a characteristically British fashion, by reiterated demands on the part of a small section of the community which is interested in this particular subject on the productive side, and not on the ground of public policy.

Our neighbours on the Continent, especially in the German cities where Municipal housekeeping is a science, regard the provision of amusement and recreation for all as one of the obvious duties of a municipality, and the theatre as one of the most important methods through which amusement and recreation may be supplied. In England such a comprehensive view of public administrative duty seems idealistic and therefore undesirable.

It is true that we are becoming increasingly familiar with the necessity of municipal control and responsibility in many fresh departments of social life, under penalty of being left altogether behind in the civilisation of the world, for instance, in secondary education, in some provinces of art and, to a very slight extent, in music, but hitherto the only attention the theatre has received from municipal authority in England has been an almost panic-stricken desire to get people out of it as quickly as possible.

Even this duty, however, is an important one. Ever since the London County Council, succeeding the Metropolitan Board of Works, whose desire for illicit pleasure induced it to sell its powers for free passes, has regulated the conditions under which London theatres are built, the safety of the public has at least been secured. And indeed the industry and efficiency with which the Council has performed this part of its duties, in the teeth of much interested opposition, may be considered an additional argument for increasing its control over this

great public industry, for it must not be forgotten, amongst the many functions filled by the theatre, that it is a great employer of labour, and, like other employers, needs regulation by the community on this side

Before dealing with this branch of the subject, however, it may be well to enquire in a comprehensive way, what is the nature and extent of Municipal Control suggested? In what sense can the stage be municipalised? If this is made clear, it may save much of the time that is often wasted in discussing the subject

The very small minority which occasionally speaks or writes in opposition to the idea of Municipal Control—the real obstacle of course being mere indifference and lethargy—often do so, I believe, in sheer misapprehension of its meaning. They see, in imagination, a fussy and uninformed committee of councillors interfering with questions of stage production and blundering into the administration of the most complex and difficult of all the arts. The professional expert in the different branches of stage work sees committee men who have no previous training, and who may be unsympathetic with the work itself, thwarting him at every turn, while the patron of the lighter side of the drama shudders at the thought of some sternly Puntan economist lengthening the skirts of a dancer or shortening the supply of the light that is to illuminate her symmetrical form. Perhaps the best way to dispel these fears will be to describe, very shortly, the way in which Municipal Theatres are conducted abroad in regard to municipal control

In the first place the Municipality never *manages* the theatre. It is not and cannot be municipalised in this sense. It is always difficult to say at what point municipal control becomes municipal administration. Probably the best test is financial responsibility. But even where financial responsibility rests with the Municipality, the expert manager has necessarily a very free hand. In German-speaking cities, wherever the theatres have been most successful financially, however, the financial responsibility rests with the manager. In this case, the theatre itself is of course the property of the Municipality, for the lease of which tenders are invited. The lease is generally for five or seven years, and the manager tenders to *receive* and not to *pay*—that is to receive a subsidy and not to pay rent. Other things being equal, the tendency of the Municipality is to accept the lowest tender. In this case the manager can do as he pleases, except as to certain points over which the Municipality keeps control

The first of these is, admittedly, entirely favourable to the artistic development of the acted drama. He is prevented from using the theatre as a mere means of speculation. No matter how successful a play may be financially, he cannot "run" it for more than a certain number of consecutive nights, generally three at most. In other words the Municipal Theatre is a repertory theatre. It is most important that we in England should clearly recognise the fact that, though the

Municipal Theatre does not necessarily imply the Repertory Theatre, we should gain very little by the Municipal Theatre unless it were conducted on the lines of a Repertory Theatre. If the acted drama is to be an art subsidised by the community, the long-run system which obtains in all our London central theatres must be altogether reformed in the Municipal Theatre.

The next important point over which the Municipality exercises some control is in the matter of prices. The manager is not allowed to raise the prices beyond stipulated amounts. It is probable that this change, too, can only come in London with the introduction of the Municipal Theatre, and that the question of moderate prices is as closely bound up in the idea of subvention as is frequent change of play. In cases where managers have attempted to lower prices even in "popular" entertainments in central London, it has been found impossible, under present conditions, to maintain these lowered prices. If a play "catches on," the public will pay the current high prices, and the play may possibly run for years, and no syndicate or manager can resist the temptation of making a large fortune in this fashion. Consequently, even where an enterprise commences with moderate prices, they are raised at the first sign of success to the figure charged by all the other central theatres. The instance of the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, when the "Two Little Vagabonds" was first produced, is a case in point. When that melodrama, a skilful adaptation from the French, was first produced, the prices were lowered, but directly the play succeeded they were restored to ten shillings and sixpence for stalls and correspondingly high prices for the rest of the house, and the public still flocked to it in undiminished numbers.

Another point on which the manager is controlled by the Municipality, and which practically arises out of the first, is that he must announce his programme in advance for the whole season, thus enabling the public to subscribe to the repertory or any part of it. This is a course which the manager of a repertory theatre would necessarily take in any case for his own sake. The public can subscribe in advance, in various ways most convenient to itself, and thus furnish a large nucleus, sometimes much more than a nucleus, that will run right through the year and constitute not the least of the advantages the repertory theatre possesses over our more speculative and haphazard attempts to secure audiences.

A further subject of Municipal Control is occasionally to be found in the choice of plays, but this is generally only a matter of veto, and is no more than our licenser possesses in England. In some subventioned theatres on the Continent, however, the manager is compelled to produce a certain number of plays of a very high standard—plays of Shakespeare are often selected—on certain nights of the year; and sometimes the prices have to be lowered on these nights, but this is only insisted upon, I believe, where the manager is appointed by the

Municipality or other body as its paid servant and it then takes the whole financial risk

Finally, a matter to which I have already referred, and upon which our own municipal authority might well insist—one not regulated by an authority abroad—is the payment of standard wages to the operatives employed in the theatre, in short, control by the community over a great public industry in the payment of labour

Any English Municipality would probably insist on keeping the financial responsibility in its own hands, but even in this case its manager would necessarily have very nearly as free a hand as if he had tendered for a subsidy

Here, then, are the main points upon which the community would probably exercise some control if we possessed a Municipal Theatre in England. Surely they are none of them matters which we need fear to entrust to an intelligent Committee of the London County Council

Another reason which is perhaps as fatal to a correct solution of this problem as the obscurity in the minds of most of us with regard to the meaning of the term Municipal Theatre, is the characteristic of our nation I have mentioned of looking exclusively at the productive side of every question. It is not difficult to understand the small hold which writers and speakers have secured upon the attention of the people and their representatives, when we remember that the problem has always been discussed in this fashion. Moreover it has been treated qualitatively rather than quantitatively. Theatrical managers and authors, critics and actors, musicians and architects—with the single exception of Mr Edwin Sachs—have dwelt on the low standard of work in the most important departments of the English stage, and have criticised this *ad nauseam* instead of analysing the economics of the theatre, and proving, not only that the standard of dramatic work is below that of other countries, but that it is dearer and less in quantity, above all, that so long as the theatre lacks the organisation, implicit in the control of the theatre of every other country in Europe by the people themselves through their accredited representatives, so long will the weakness of our theatrical management remain inherent and inevitable. And perhaps it may not be altogether an unpardonable digression if I point out here that the theatre, as a part of social life, has suffered from this tendency in common with every other form of collective activity, especially during the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, since by this means we may understand more clearly how it was we allowed our drama, as it were, to atrophise, and may thus better realise the direction in which we ought to work for its healthy growth as an organic part of modern social life.

Whenever at that period a reform was introduced in any kind of productive activity, using the term "productive" in its very widest

sense, the persons engaged in that activity naturally enough came forward to guide or retard the reform as the case might be, and whether it was a case of Universities, Inns of Court, City Companies, Railways, Factories, Public Houses or Pawnbrokers, the representatives of the particular kind of activity to be reformed practically maintained complete and unfettered control over any changes that were made in their respective callings. The public, the consumers so to speak, had no voice in the matter after an enquiry had once been initiated, because they had no organisation through which they could work or express themselves. The people were as helpless as the horses on the tram lines to obtain any benefit for themselves by their own exertions.

Now the theatre, considered as an industry, is a more than usually difficult organism to study, though of all the arts it is in the greatest need of right organisation if it is to maintain itself as an art at all, and I believe that it is because the people have at length begun to study the subject from their own point of view as audience, that this problem has some chance of a right solution. Some thirty years ago, Professor Jevons, in a series of articles which were afterwards collected under the title of "*Methods of Social Reform*," struck on this line of thought in connection with the amusements of the people, and by doing so undoubtedly aroused the serious attention of the thinking part of the community. Since then we have secured many Municipal bands, in the summer at any rate. That we do not subsidise them in the winter, when our climate makes music an even greater boon, may probably be explained in the same way as the want of a Municipal Theatre among us. Professor Jevons admitted, moreover, that the theatre was too complicated and costly a machine for him to write upon without a previous study of the subject, which he did not consider it his special duty to undertake. Nevertheless it is the very costliness and intricacy of the theatre which makes it more than any other art a fitting subject for such comprehensive collective support as the whole community can alone supply. With other arts, such as sculpture and painting, or with literature, the sense of property comes into play. A very rich man will buy pictures for his gallery, books for his library, sculpture, bric-à-brac, etc., to decorate his mansions, among other reasons, because he has a solid investment in them which will probably even increase in value, but he can hardly be expected to subsidise the theatre, since it leaves him with but little property which is exclusively his own, and which he can subsequently realise. The mere shell, the building itself, is the least part of the expense of producing plays upon the stage. When we consider all the highly-trained and well-paid forms of human skill and energy which are engaged on the production of a drama, all concentrated at their utmost tension in producing an effect for two or three hours in the evening, we shall not find it difficult to understand why our more solid financial magnates decline to embark their capital in an enterprise from which, in its

present condition in England, not even honour is to be gained To quote Mr Sachs, who is speaking only of the playhouse, but whose words apply with even greater force to subsequent steps in stage exploitation: "The London playhouse is seldom erected by the man "who can sail an easy course with a large banking account With few "exceptions we find a most complicated financial basis where questions "of option, of mortgage and the like, predominate" A very great authority, Sir Henry Irving, speaking of the theatre as a business, says "Monte Carlo is a joke to it" In a word, it is not a sufficiently good business even for speculation of the more sagacious sort

On the other hand, for various reasons which it is hardly necessary to particularise here, the music-hall meets a great popular demand Even in the sphere of individualist enterprise, of supply and demand only fettered by the County Council's insistence on some decency,—another department, by the way, in which, according to the evidence of the best music-hall managers, it has decidedly done good work—the music-hall can be made to pay large dividends Obviously, then, the theatre must be assimilated more and more to the music-hall—a conclusion borne out by the facts There are, of course, brilliant exceptions to this rule, but even in the most artistic enterprises, the accessories of the play are quite disproportionately exploited in order to satisfy the demand of the only public which has not been driven from the theatre.

I may perhaps be allowed to take for granted, then, the fact that the output of dramatic work which finds its way on to our stage is poor compared with that of foreign countries, and that we do not even make use of the drama we possess, the drama of Shakespeare for instance, to the same extent as our German neighbours It is sometimes said, no doubt, that the stage, like many another institution, has had its day and cannot be resuscitated, that, in our advanced civilisation it has become childish and unnecessary, and that the thoughtful and cultivated part of a modern community will find its mental recreation and amusement elsewhere But this explanation of our lethargy is swept away by a study of the theatre in countries no less advanced than our own, countries which were grappling at the end of the eighteenth century with the problems we are now discussing The people who take this view of the case lay themselves open to the taunt which Carlyle used when he was writing about our ignorance of German literature, that we English were occasionally so far behind other nations in the race towards a higher civilisation that we occasionally lost a lap and then imagined we were leading Shelley's opinion on the subject seems to contain more truth, though very painful truth to a patriotic mind "In periods of the decay of social life," he writes somewhere, "the drama sympathises with that decay . It is indisputable that the highest perfection of human society has ever corresponded with the highest dramatic excellence, and the corruption or

"the extinction of the drama in a nation where it has once flourished, "is a mark of the corruption of manners and the extinction of the "energies which sustained that part of social life"

Perhaps, however, Englishmen may claim that it was not so much the decay of social life as the process of widening its basis on more democratic lines and the consequent destruction of the narrower foundations upon which it formerly rested, that has reduced us to a somewhat chaotic state in even more important departments of social life than the theatre. Whereas on the Continent, especially in Germany, Court Theatres gave rise to National Theatres, which again branched out into Municipal and Subscription Theatres, we abolished the Patent Theatres, the only sort of Court Theatres we possessed, and allowed the drama to follow the other arts into the welter of individualistic trade where the theatre as an art has perished. The novel became the principal vehicle by which the great masters of imaginative literature could express themselves, and as an art form, perhaps reached its zenith at this individualistic period. Our climate, too, helped to foster a branch of literature which could be enjoyed in solitude and in the family circle. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot cultivated their powers in this direction until they lost the faculty, with which some of them at least were gifted, of writing drama. Dickens and Thackeray indeed found an outlet for their histrionic ability on the lecture platform. Byron, Shelley, Tennyson and Browning wrote plays, but the conditions of stage work prevented them from persistently devoting themselves to the acted drama, or achieving even the success possible to Goethe and Schiller, and still earlier to Lessing, in Germany. It is, in fact, quite clear that our failure as a nation to produce dramatists of exceptional gifts in modern times will be found, not in contempt for drama, but in the conditions under which drama must be produced upon our stage in order to win success.

Some after-shine of the individualistic ideas of this earlier period may be discovered, I think, in the preference which Mr William Archer, to whom the English stage in other respects owes so great a debt, gives to the subscription over the State-aided theatre. Writing about two years ago in the *Daily Chronicle*, from Vienna, he says. "It is not the Court Theatre or even the Municipal Theatre, but the theatres founded by "subscription *à fonds perdu* that keep the drama alive, alert and intellectually vigorous in Germany and Austria." And he proceeds to cite the instance of the Volks Theater in Vienna, contrasting it with the Burg Theater to the disadvantage of the latter, which is after all a Court and not a Municipal Theatre. As I pointed out at the time in the same journal, the Volks Theater received as a gift from the Emperor, *z. e.*, the nation, the ground upon which it was built in the most fashionable part of Vienna, the Rings-strasse, called by Mr Archer himself "the paradise of architects," and therefore it can hardly be said

to be unsubventioned. If the King were to give a piece of ground, as suggested by Mr John Burns, from the garden at the back of Buckingham Palace, the funds for a subscription theatre would, probably, soon be forthcoming.

But the important distinction to be remembered in comparing our own country with Germany and Austria lies in the fact that for generations, almost for centuries, the State in one form or another, following the model of the *Comédie Française*, has supported the drama. Germany's progress in this, and many other departments of social life, may possibly be traced to two causes, among others, which are not to be found in our own national history. In the first place these Empires were, till recent times, split up into a number of small States, each of which possessed a Court that imitated the French Court in its beneficence towards the drama, Maria Theresa especially setting a brilliant example in German-speaking countries. The magnificent modern Burg Theater in Vienna, which cost over a million sterling to build, is the descendant of the old Burg Theater in which the great Austrian sovereign took so much delight until continual wars had swallowed up her large revenues. Leading to the fore-court of the present Burg or Court Residence is a handsome Renaissance cupola which formed the vestibule of the old theatre. In the second place the German-speaking countries possessed at the end of the eighteenth century a few intellectual giants who were capable of taking a far wider and, at the same time, a more cosmic view of the evolution of human society than was possible to any other nationality in Europe. Goethe, especially, following Lessing and other great German thinkers and artists, was, as I have said, discussing at the end of the eighteenth century in Germany the problems in regard to the theatre which are at present exercising our minds in England.

Which of these two causes was the more important in producing the organisation of the theatre that has been so successful upon the Continent, it is not necessary to enquire, but the effect of the conditions under which dramatic work is accomplished upon the standard of the work itself is strikingly evidenced by the fact that the help given by the State to the French theatre, towards the end of the seventeenth century, was coeval with the plays of Molière, Racine and Corneille, and that, when Germany followed in the footsteps of France, Lessing, Goethe and Schiller were enabled to write for the stage. How much Wagner would have been able to accomplish, in an equally important branch of dramatic art, without the help he received from Ludwig of Bavaria, can be conjectured by readers of his biography. Mr Archer and those who think with him in this matter have, I believe, hardly given sufficient prominence to this feature in the history of the drama, because they have concentrated their attention on the comparative merits of dramatic work on the artistic side, to the exclusion of its social significance.

But the principal argument against depending on the subscription theatre alone for widening and vitalising the work of the stage is that it will, at first, only furnish a small class of theatre-goers with recreation. All the experiments that have been made by societies such as the Independent Theatre and the Stage Society have gone to prove that not much support is to be looked for, in England, for this kind of organisation at present. To reach the great body of the people, the same sort of machinery as ensures the distribution of books other than, but not to the exclusion of, inferior fiction, in our free municipal libraries, must be organised, though, of course, there is no reason why such public-minded and generous citizens as Mr Passmore Edwards should not co-operate with the Municipality in founding such enterprises.

Another excuse for lethargy which, after all, is perhaps only another aspect of the same want of appreciation of the duties of administrative representation in our modern civic life, is the cry that, until we have a living dramatic art in England among us, we cannot claim the support of the State or Municipality.

It has been admitted that the actual theatre, as it exists to-day in England, does not appeal to the most industrious, thoughtful and intelligent,—in short, to the worthiest members of the community. It is difficult to arouse such people to a sense of the possibilities of the drama as a serious art, because the theatre, as they know it and as they have always been accustomed to think about it under individual enterprise, with a few rare exceptions, is of so poor a quality and, moreover, because it is provided under so many inconveniences, including its exorbitant price and its often overwhelming difficulties of access. And so it happens that the worthiest and most valuable members of the community are left unprovided with representations which would appeal to them. But assuming that there is no *contemporary English* drama which will warrant municipalities in spending or risking money upon its production on the stage, it must be remembered that in Shakespeare's plays we have a repertory which deserves all we can do for it. It is not to our credit as a nation that, compared with the productions of his plays in German-speaking countries, which can only enjoy them after the enormous loss they suffer in translation, among us he is neglected. And, as Mr Sidney Lee has pointed out, it is not only that the number of times Shakespeare's plays are performed in German-speaking countries compared with the number in England is about sevenfold, but also that, in England, only the plays which admit of the opportunity of great star parts for the actor-manager are performed, whereas, among our neighbours, all the plays, including the great historical cycle, are constantly produced. It is perhaps significant of the somewhat shoddy phase through which we are passing, that at a time when our King, the descendant of those monarchs whom our national poet has immortalised, was to be crowned with all the

splendour modern machinery can supply, the poet, who in the play of Henry VIII predicted the splendours of the Empire, should be left almost entirely unacted

But even if we consider that, in dramatic work, a live dog is better than a dead lion, and leave our dead dramatists to bury their dead, are we to ignore the whole contemporary dramatic literature of Europe, which of late has extended its sway into intellectual domains undreamt of in Shakespeare's time?

Moreover this old-fashioned idea of the duties of our representatives in regard to recreation in its higher forms is likely to injure and degrade us as a nation if we cannot correct it. As our civilisation becomes more complex, it grows more necessary that, whereas the whole democracy should be encouraged to grasp the principles on which its representatives work, these representatives should be elected to use their brains in studying the condition and needs of the people on the recreational side as much as any other. The representative should rather *seek* his mandate than wait to have it forced upon him, since he alone is enabled, from the high position in which his fellow-citizens have placed him, to study satisfactorily, with the help of duly qualified experts, the complex machinery of modern social life.

And in the case of the Municipal Theatre is there sufficient evidence that the people are prepared with such a mandate if the representative asks for it? As this want of mandate was constantly pleaded some six years ago when I first began to study the question seriously, I have made it part of my life's work during the last six years to address popular audiences of all classes upon this subject, placing the advantages and even the drawbacks, since no institution can be perfect, of the Municipal Theatre fairly before them and occasionally taking the vote of the meeting on a resolution. The meeting-place has varied from the street corner to the West-End drawing-room, some of the meetings have taken place in Nonconformist chapels and many of them have been both large and representative, but there was no occasion when I could not have secured an overwhelming majority on the principle of State support, provided the theatre be duly controlled by the representatives of the people. In many meetings there was a unanimous vote, and among these were not only meetings inaugurated by social reformers who might be expected to favour the idea, but religious gatherings and audiences with no special bond beyond entertainment and recreation. The case of a highly representative industrial body such as "The London Trades Council," who were unanimous on the subject and who recently sent a deputation to the London County Council upon it, is surely significant, while the "Playgoers" and "O.P." Clubs, who have also declared by large majorities in favour of the principle, help to indicate middle-class opinion. Even more convincing is the fact that the leaders and spokesmen of the great labour organisations, notably Mr John Burns, whose great ability,

personal influence and encyclopædic knowledge of industrial questions give his opinion so much weight, have made up their minds to obtain this great boon,—a theatre having as high an ideal as the best Continental theatres,—for their own class

Before leaving this question of demand it may be as well to say a word as to the opposition usually supposed to proceed from "the Nonconformist conscience" My own experience, if I may be pardoned an unavoidably egoistic tone, in speaking to a great number of Nonconformist ministers of various denominations is, that in a great number of cases their repugnance to the theatre is due to the scenes they see depicted upon the posters which garnish our hoardings Now the coarse sensationalism and lubricity that these pictures frequently advertise are among the principal reasons which should lead us to press forward the establishment of a Municipal Theatre, for, while such a theatre would necessarily produce plenty of farces and laughter-provoking plays and other works which would not rank high as artistic productions, an institution for which the people were collectively responsible would probably be as much superior to the average theatre of private enterprise in moral tone, as the municipal free library is superior to the little circulating library where the penny dreadful is the representative form of literature

There is another misapprehension as to the Municipal Theatre with which it will be well to deal before proceeding to discuss the most desirable way of introducing it among us It is often said that men of great talent, authors and actors, will prefer to stand out for the high emoluments at present secured by the few under the system of long runs, and that, consequently, the Municipal Theatre will have to be content with inferior plays and performers This is of course no valid objection to the introduction of a Municipal Theatre, it might almost as well be urged that a medical officer of health should not be appointed because no district can secure the services of Sir Henry Thompson or Sir William Broadbent But is it a fact that the Municipality will not secure the best work? Taking the case of the authors as first in importance, an order which is generally reversed in theatres under private enterprise, and leaving out of the question the whole range of dramatic literature upon which no authors' fees are to be paid, it by no means follows that successful plays under the long run system are the best plays that can be produced On the contrary our most talented dramatists have often declared that if repertory theatres existed among us they would be enabled to allow fuller and freer scope to their powers, and would consequently produce much finer work, since they will not be compelled to measure the actor-manager for a part, to be altered at his will as a tailor has to cut and alter his customer's coat At present, with the actor in the ascendant and the necessity of a great popular success always before him, the only alternative being flat failure, the dramatist is often obliged to prostitute

his talent in the hope of a "boom", to write plays which aim at instant success, secured at the cost of qualities which will give them an enduring value. He is compelled to reflect in his dramatic mirror, not indeed the "form and pressure of the age," its philosophy and best forms of social life, its most strenuous hopes and spirit-stirring issues, but merely its fashionable follies and meretricious glitter, its plush and its platitudes. He must not produce a picture of life which will hold the attention and interest of thoughtful and intelligent men and women of all classes, but an entertainment in which "comic relief" plays as large a part as the inevitable joke and banal metaphor in the performances of the platform orator. This very excess of humour, even when it is genuine, has done much to keep a large part of the population out of the theatre and has undoubtedly helped to drive the drama out of the company of the "serious" arts. Let us compare the proportion of caricature in our pictorial art with that of "farce" and "comic relief" in the English drama of our day, and we get some conception of the way in which the unsubventioned theatre has pandered to a dissipated love of idle merriment. Qualities, such as these, which conduce to length of "run," do not belong to the finest work. Whether a play is "great" or not can only be decided by time. With the passage of time, great dramatic work, as with most other forms of art, establishes its success with greater and greater certainty. Hamlet has been produced many more times than "Charley's Aunt," and yet it is possible that, if it could be played for the first time in these days, it would not run six weeks.

But another reply, of an opposite kind, may be made to such critics of the Municipal Repertory Theatre as these, this time one which applies rather to actors than authors. Our most celebrated performers, when their fame has reached its zenith, have passed their prime. The artists who have seceded from the Comédie Française, because they could make more money travelling the world as "stars" "supported" by inferior companies, are not so well equipped as artists as when they formed part of a great and well-balanced organisation. Even though the most successful among the members of a Municipal Theatre company were after a time to secede in this way, it is probable that the theatre would, during the period it had engaged their services, have secured their best years. Then there is the inducement of the more permanent engagement and possible pension which the Municipal Theatre would be able to offer. I have not dwelt on the great advantages to the actors themselves of these settled engagements over more casual labour, because this paper is intended to deal chiefly with the consumer's side of the problem.

There is, however, another misapprehension which perhaps belongs more to the productive side of the stage, but, since it may delay the arrival of the Municipal Theatre, should not be ignored. It is occasionally assumed that a subventioned theatre would necessarily be

unfair to private enterprise, that it would tend to injure the business of the theatres at present catering for the public. Experience in most other matters at all analogous to dramatic art which have been municipalised seems to lead us to a contrary conclusion. The case of an ordinary industry where the municipality competes with private enterprise is different. But take the case of music—have the exploiters of concerts been injured by the County Council bands in the parks? Or literature—have the Municipal Free Libraries injured Mudie's and W H Smith's and other circulating libraries? Just as the latter institutions have benefited by the spread of education fostered by the free library, so, as theatre-going is dignified and its educational scope increased by the collective support of the people, will the theatre of private enterprise obtain a larger public to exploit. The subscription theatres which Mr Archer so highly and so rightly approves, and which, it should be remembered, followed the theatres subventioned by the State on the Continent, will probably grow up among us, and these will, in their turn, counteract the possible tendency of the Municipal Theatre towards too great a classicism. At present the supply of theatres in England is far less in proportion to the population than in any other great European country. The probable effect of Municipal Theatres will eventually be to make theatre-going a habit among large masses of people who at present despise the stage as a trifling and, in many cases, a demoralising institution, and this habit of theatre-going will inspire fresh enterprises in directions which might be too experimental for the Municipal Theatre.

But though the current objections to the principle of subvention may thus be met satisfactorily, the difficulties of getting anything done in this direction in England at present are very great, and we shall gain nothing by underrating them. I propose in the remainder of this article briefly to suggest some means by which we may hasten the solution of the problem and some methods, concurrent rather than alternative, of giving practical shape to the idea.

In the first place, the difficulty of getting a thoroughly representative body of opinion, in which the views of the public, the audiences, are adequately formulated and expressed, is far greater than might appear at first sight, because the stage has fallen so low in public esteem that it is difficult to find men of great organising capacity to engage in any scheme which concerns it. A body, however, might be founded, calling itself, say, "The National and Municipal Theatre League," upon which very considerable representative power should be given to the opinions of the industrial classes, including, of course, the great numbers of people who, in London, are engaged in shops and offices, not only the *ouvriers*, but the class which in French is called the *employés* and for which we have no very exact equivalent.

It is desirable that these large classes should be adequately represented, not only because wealthier people can obtain the recreation

they care for by subscription theatres, if they care for it enough, whereas these classes—generally grouped together, not very sympathetically, under the title of “the masses,” except at election time when they are called “the people”—can only get a theatre at possible prices in this way, but also because, if such a theatre does not secure the hearty support and co-operation of “the people,” it will probably be, for many years at least, not more successful than the Imperial Institute. It might at first, nevertheless, be desirable to get a gentleman or nobleman of wide sympathies, favourable to such a scheme, to act as chairman to this body, while the vice-chairman might be one of our most popular actor-managers, most of whom desire the introduction of the Municipal Theatre. The Committee, which should in the main be composed of laymen, might co-opt, if thought desirable, experts in all departments of stage work, architects, authors, actors, musicians—if the opera were municipalised as well as the drama, a possibility to which I shall refer later—and could then commence its arduous task. For we must not shirk the fact that, ignorant and uninterested as the English people are on this subject, years of organised agitation and propaganda may be necessary before those who desire Municipal Theatres will reap any fruit from their labours. For instance, the London County Council has at present no power to build a theatre or even to give land upon which it may be built, much less to administer such an institution, a fact altogether ignored by the persons who usually discuss the subject. Powers will have to be acquired, by special legislation, from Parliament, which will in turn need to be educated and convinced, and Parliament is a much more difficult body to convince on such a subject than the London County Council.

Again, it has generally been assumed that the London County Council should be the first body to administer or control the Municipal Theatre in London, but a few years ago the vestry of Southwark, now included in the Borough of Southwark, was nearly voting some £14,000 for building a Municipal Theatre. In those days there was no professional auditor to surcharge such an item of expenditure. Battersea was moving in the same direction when its free concerts were stopped by that functionary and its ambitions in the direction of communal recreations rudely checked. If the Borough Councils have no power to vote money for free concerts, it is pretty certain that they do not possess the legal right to build or run a theatre any more than the London County Council does.

It seems likely indeed that one of the great Northern or Midland cities, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham or Bradford may be before the metropolis in this matter. The problem would be much more easily dealt with in any of these cities than in London.

When the London Municipal Theatre is built it should be worthy of the greatest city in the Empire—in the world. It will probably

not cost so much—nor should it, perhaps—as the Burg Theater in Vienna, but half a million is not too much to spend on such an enterprise for the mere building, without reckoning its furnishing and decoration or its endowment. Let us remember that its performances would be of interest to the whole Empire and that it should serve as a model for other subventioned theatres.

Then we have to reach some decision on the vexed question of having opera and drama under the same roof, as Mr John Burns suggests, or of organising each with its own establishment, as is the custom in all the chief cities of Europe. London has been waking up during the last twelve years to a sense of self-respect as the vastest Municipal undertaking the world has ever seen, will she be content to imitate the example of comparatively small cities such as Munich and Dresden, or will she take Berlin and Brussels as more fitting models?

Mr Burns' suggestion that the King might possibly give the ground upon which the theatre is to stand, would seem a particularly happy one in view of its national character. But, even if this happened, the London County Council could scarcely be expected to spend a large sum on a theatre which might not, for a time at least, attract audiences. Some solid manifestation of interest on the part of the community is desirable, and the method adopted in Germany in many of its "City Theatres" might well be followed in our country. The London County Council might undertake to build a theatre on condition that a sufficient sum was obtained by subscriptions to subsidise it, or, *vice versâ*, the subscriptions might build the theatre and the Council subsidise it. In this way the peculiar case of a London Municipal Theatre might be met.

To recapitulate. Since it would be in a sense a national institution, the King, who has never been lacking in generosity, might give the land, without making the building a Court Theatre, an impossible institution in our democratic country, while the fact that it would be under the control of the London County Council should sufficiently guarantee its conduct on democratic lines as to seating and prices, finally, the subscriptions, which must be unconditional, so that the future of the concern may not be handicapped, will be some evidence of a real demand on the part of influential citizens.

As for the constitution of the body which would administer, through its manager, the Municipal Theatre, the probability is that a committee consisting of a majority of County Councillors, say two-thirds, and a minority of co-opted experts (as in the propagandist organisation suggested) would be the sort of committee best suited for dealing with this matter, or possibly such a body as the Technical Education Committee of the London County Council might be more acceptable.

Meanwhile it is open to any of the Borough Councils or to any enterprising Provincial Town Council to be the first to obtain powers

to build and administer its own Municipal Theatre. It may well be that the districts administered by such bodies will constitute the most desirable areas for the first subventioned theatres and not the whole County of London, which no doubt will act later in the matter, and in whose interests advocates need by no means relax their efforts. It may well be urged that it is better for such an institution as a subventioned stage to grow upwards from serving the smaller areas to the service of the greater, from the base of Municipal life to its apex. It is true indeed that a London Municipal Theatre might serve the purpose of a valuable object lesson to smaller communities, but, on the other hand, it would be so vast a machine, if it worthily represented the aspirations of six millions of people—to say nothing of its national character—that it might easily, in spite of every effort to the contrary, become an institution from which, on account of the prices charged, the great majority of the population would be excluded. It would moreover be placed in a central part of the metropolis and would necessitate expense both of money and time in getting to it, a drawback which has militated considerably against the success of central theatres under private enterprise. The playgoer of the suburbs might be expected to attend a London Municipal Theatre perhaps twice in the year, if the prices were moderate, and if he were in the habit of attending the theatre of his own suburb twice in the month, but it would not alone do much to induce the habit of theatre-going which is a feature of Continental life, and which those who have considered the subject carefully regard as a valuable educational and recreational factor in social life. On the other hand the Municipal Theatre of one of our London Boroughs, say Battersea or Kensington, would be placed where people live, a local feeling of pride in their theatre would be possible, and, ultimately, a great London Municipal Theatre might be the outcome of many smaller experiments, while the risk of failure would be lessened. Furthermore, there is one important economy which might be practised in a theatre run by a Municipality, which administers to a more limited area, namely, newspaper advertisements. At present leading West-End theatres must spend between fifty and a hundred pounds a week at least in this way. In a Central London Municipal Theatre this expense, which might be spared in a suburban theatre, would probably be necessary. Finally, each locality might possess a theatre in which a repertory would gradually be formed which would represent the peculiar character of the district, Battersea perhaps preferring more Ibsen, Bjornsen and Shaw, Hauptmann and Maeterlinck, and Brieux, Kensington selecting a majority of Shakespeare's and Sheridan's plays, or preferring the work of Jones and Pinero. By an occasional exchange of companies the work of each might be lightened and perfected, and at the same time much might be done towards obviating the old difficulty, experienced under the stock-company system, of changing the artists as well as the plays.

In any case it must be a considerable time before our hopes of a London Municipal Theatre can be realised. Little is to be gained by inaugurating it till the best organisation of which it is capable has been chosen, after full examination and discussion and, if possible, previous experiments on a smaller scale. Any funds, if there are any, which may be forming for financing or helping to finance the larger project may well be allowed to accumulate while all this is being done, and while the people, including their representatives on legislative and administrative bodies, are being canvassed and educated upon the question. The formation of such a propagandist organisation as I have suggested should, I think, be the first step.

Meantime the Municipal Theatre on a smaller and simpler scale might well be initiated in provincial towns on the model of the Worms People's Theatre, one of the latest and most democratic theatre organisations in Germany, though of course I am far from advocating a mere slavish copy of any foreign theatre. In a foot-note will be found a somewhat lengthy quotation from the book to which I have referred, by Mr E. O. Sachs, describing this institution.*

* "The Worms 'People's Theatre'" he says, "deserves special attention on two important grounds. At the same time that it marks an epoch in the history of the German drama, it offers to our observation an interesting experiment in theatre enterprise. Nearly a century ago, the conviction was growing in the minds of certain German critics, among them Goethe, Tieck and Immermann, that complete reform of the production and mounting of plays, by a return to the reality and simplicity of earlier ages, could alone save the drama from degeneration and restore it to its former high and useful position. As early as 1829 Schinkel worked out the plan of a theatre in which the usual stage machinery, such as wings and flies, were discarded in favour of a fixed frame-work of dark red colour, harmonising with the plain material of which the curtain was composed, while the curved stage projected into the auditorium after the manner, though with great limitations, of the boards in the 'Globe' Theatre of Shakespeare. By these means he hoped to bring actor and audience into closer relations, and to restore the creative activity of the spectator's imagination, so enfeebled by the elaboration of detail on the modern stage. Richard Wagner later on advocated similar views, and expressed them freely in his dramatic writings, pointing out that, in drama, as contrasted with opera, superfluous mechanism and attempts at physical rather than mental deception interfered with the sensation of actuality both in actor and spectator, being far more effectually produced by mere suggestion. The effect of his views in relation to opera upon the construction of his own theatre at Bayreuth, may be seen. On the other hand, it had become clear to many minds, that, owing to the costly requirements of the prevailing ideas of mounting, the art of acting, the most truly popular of all arts, had been gradually severed from the people, to become the luxury of the cultured classes and the wealthy, a result detrimental to its own vigour and earnestness, as well as to the imaginative faculty of the great mass of the people. These views were much discussed, but no serious attempt to find the remedy was then made.

The event to which the theatre at Worms was immediately due was the successful production in that town of a popular historical play at the Luther Festival, 1883. This performance took place in a large room, there being no regular theatre in the place. One of the managers of this representation, Friedrich Schoen, a friend of Wagner, published a pamphlet in 1887, embodying the opinions already noticed, and further suggesting the erection of a 'People's Theatre.' This idea was received with great favour in the town, and it was finally resolved to carry it into execution.

The problem, then, which the citizens of Worms set themselves to solve was how to simplify the drama and make it accessible to the majority of the people. The main difficulty in respect to the execution of the idea was that of expense, and this was met in four ways. First, by the payment of £5,000 from the Municipality, which undertook to act as trustee, and practically acquired the ownership of the building, secondly, by the action of the citizens of all classes in subscribing the sum of nearly £12,000, which they presented to the institution absolutely, without reserving any

The various alternative or concurrent methods I have suggested of helping forward the subventioned theatre are only a few amongst a great number which could be usefully discussed and digested by such an organisation as a "National and Municipal Theatre League." Such a body should be both influential and democratic, to win the confidence of the people, while the publication of its deliberations and decisions would not only educate laymen in the problem, but would be a guarantee that no class or private interest was being unduly served. Its existence need not prejudice that of any other body which prefers to work in other ways, and the sooner it comes into existence the better will be the chances of a satisfactory and speedy organisation of the Municipal Theatre—now, I think, really in sight.

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right or privilege to themselves, thirdly, by £7,500 in mortgage money, which was lent by the Municipal Savings-bank at a small rate of interest, and lastly, by the proceeds of three lotteries. When we remember that at this time Worms was a town of only 23,000 inhabitants, we know not whether to admire more the enterprising boldness with which the scheme was attempted, or the high spirit of citizenship which made its realisation possible.

In addition to the theatre the block comprises a public hall or assembly-room, with a small stage for concerts, and, further, a restaurant. There is a large garden and terrace in connection with the latter, which can also be used for outdoor entertainments. The theatre has 1,180 seats, and with standing room can hold an audience of 1,400. The total expenditure for the establishment was approximately £33,000. As to the maintenance, the expense of the representations is well covered by the price charged for admission, which is moderate, the highest-priced seat costing only 3s 6d, and there are further sources of income from letting the hall, and the lease granted to the caterer in charge of the restaurant, who holds the monopoly for the sale of refreshment in the establishment. The hall is so arranged that it can be used as a foyer to the theatre, and the terrace is easily available for the audience.

In the form of the auditorium the influence of the Bayreuth Theatre is strongly marked, though, as the architect has pointed out, Wagner aimed at concentrating the mind of the individual spectator by an almost parallel arrangement of the rows of seats, whilst in a 'People's Theatre' it was thought advisable to promote the spirit of community by assisting the spectator to see his neighbour near him. Boxes have been almost dispensed with, in order to prevent any feeling of exclusion or privilege with regard to view or position, and the higher-priced places are situated in the middle of the house, being merely some rather more comfortable seats in the best position of the area. Thus, whatever a man's rank or wealth may be, he cannot hold himself aloof when he goes to the theatre, but must sit in the midst of his fellow-townsmen. As a good orchestra would be too heavy an expense for so small a town, an organ and seats for a choir of a hundred have been installed at the back of the auditorium opposite the stage. This permits of some of the local glee-clubs performing between the acts, or would furnish an opportunity to introduce a chorus after the manner of the ancients.

The arrangement of seats referred to is one of the principal features of the auditorium. As compared with the Bayreuth Theatre, the slight elevation of one row of seats behind another, will, however, be noticeable. The principal reason for this was to prevent the feeling of isolation which results from the greater rise in Wagner's Opera-house. A somewhat novel feature is a large skylight, which permits of the theatre being used during the day, and facilitates the cleaning of the hall—as compared with artificial light. In the day-time the auditorium is illuminated almost solely from this skylight. The arrangement of the exits from the auditorium is another special feature of the Worms Theatre, and the result is almost as satisfactory as at Bayreuth though the principle of a door to every few rows of seats has not been uniformly observed."

THE NONCONFORMISTS AND THE EDUCATION BILL.

THE history of modern education may not unfairly be represented as a gradual process of transfer from Church to State, from clerical to lay hands. And, unless modern history is about to reverse its course, democracy to fall into the background, and government to revert to the hands of the unchosen few, there is no reason to doubt that this process will go on, and Education will become the affair of State and Municipal departments.

Progress in England, if equally certain, has been more gradual and less logical than in most countries and the course of National Education, like everything else, has been tardy, partial, and the subject of continual compromise. Still, if we look at its conditions a century ago and its position to-day, we cannot fail to trace in it the general tendency, and to forecast with some confidence its future. Sooner or later, Education, at least primary and secondary, is destined to be conducted by the Government of this country, assisted by local authorities, but removed from the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical bodies.

We can therefore afford to view the present crisis in our Educational Policy with a certain coolness. It is not the final issue of the long conflict which is at stake. The growing National consciousness, the decline of the old dread of State interference, the augmented power of the mass of people for whom public education is provided, the reversion—at least temporarily—of the Anglican influence towards mediæval ideas, the rising political strength of the Free Churches, who are on the side of the State—all these signs of the times point one way. Few think otherwise who are not afraid of popular government altogether. The tide may be ebbing just now, but the crumbling cliffs feel the beat of the advancing sea, and under its surface, though it may be receding for the moment, may be perceived the ruins of the strong fortresses which once dominated the land, but have been swept away.

The use of a forecast of victory, however, is not to minimise the struggle, but to nerve the arm. We may calmly look back on our past history, and weighing with judicial impartiality the course of

events, surmise that even if the prolonged effort, the fierce battle, had not been undertaken, the result, years later, might have been the same. Possibly, only possibly—and certainly not if the spirit had not been there which made the effort and the battle inevitable when the moment of action arrived. It is not ours to sit still and idly watch for evolution to do our work—we are evolution, and the strongest force by which society is to grow is the spirit in man. Nor is it a matter of indifference whether the reform comes sooner or later. There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. The psychological moment, once passed, may not recur till many a long round of toil has been gone through. The fell power of reaction—the Nemesis of sloth—may seize the position if the eager friends of advance let it slip, and once lost, it may be entrenched, and recovered only by a painful waste of labour and bloodshed.

We need not spend much time over the familiar features of the Education question. Up to 1870 the churches, for the most part, ran the Schools, with large Government aid. In olden times the Church held the management of other great departments of public life,—hospitals, relief of the poor, administration of wills, etc., long since transferred to lay hands. The clergy, who worked on the whole honestly and well, nevertheless proved unequal to the task of Education; and the State took up the matter and formed the School Boards, leaving the ecclesiastical and some other voluntary bodies to do also what they could, with increasing Government aid. The Board system, being public and energetic, has had an enormous success, and its energy has also improved, by example, the rival system. Nevertheless the dual arrangement has never worked without friction, the clericals often went on to the Board with the main intention of protecting their own schools from competition, and there are few large Boards which have not witnessed a perpetual conflict—at least at election times—between the ecclesiastical and civil ideas which were at work. Now the ecclesiastical power has seized the opportunity of a reactionary War Administration to try to gain ground, and occupy and entrench an advanced position. The challenge is distinct—it has been taken up and the battle is joined. The Clericals have a majority at present, but it is for the nation to decide what is to be done.

The pending Bill is governed by two main ideas. The first is to transfer the local administration from the School Boards to bodies supervised and partly nominated by the County and Town Councils and to confide to these bodies secondary as well as primary education. Unification is the alleged principle. It is not intended to discuss it in detail here. The Nonconformists are only interested in it in common with all Liberals. Unification may be a good object—in the end. But to remove from office at a stroke all those persons who have shown themselves capable and enthusiastic in the promotion of primary education in recent years is a strange way of advancing it. To put primary teaching into the hands of Councils whose purposes, thoughts

and traditions are occupied with wholly different matters seems a hazardous experiment. And to give to such bodies the control and organisation of secondary education, now in a very imperfect and chaotic state, is more dangerous still, while to withdraw public support behind the barriers of indirect election and the nominated representation of interests is a plan which reeks of bureaucracy and the hatred of popular politics. The Bill threatens a distinct set back to the Education of the country.

The second idea which has led to the framing of the Bill is the permanent fortification of the clerical schools, by throwing almost the 'last penny of their financial burden on to public funds, while leaving them under ecclesiastical management for the appointment by the public authority of one-third of the managers is practically insufficient either to secure fair play to the Nonconformist children in the rural districts or to check the enslavement to the clergy of about half the teaching profession. The scheme has even the demerit of emancipating the rural clergy from the influence of their own adherents for the necessity of obtaining subscriptions has so far compelled them to some extent to pay regard to lay opinion. And this is done at a time when not only the dogmatic teaching of a large portion of the rectors and curates has become increasingly offensive to the general mass of English people, but, apart from mere doctrine, the tendency of the rural clergy to assert exclusive rights for their Church and separate themselves contemptuously from those who hold a different form of the Christian religion is sterner than ever.

No wonder that proposals like these have roused the most determined hostility amongst all Liberals, and especially amongst the Nonconformists, who, usually the most pronounced and hard working of Liberals, are in this case fighting a special battle of their own. In face of a large hostile majority in power, it may be that opposition is useless but the business of the country has to be carried on after this. Government has gone the way of all Toryism and the questions before us are in what way the mischief which must result can be minimised, even if it cannot now be prevented, and in what way the evil policy can be reversed in future.

So strong is the hostility that many Free Churchmen of eminence and influence are proposing to meet the rate which the Bill imposes for the support of the clerical schools with a refusal to pay, a passive resistance on the lines of that which destroyed the old Church rates. People smile at this plan, as if it were a mere explosion of political hatred, an idle threat, which would not survive a few sales of furniture by auction. They are much mistaken. The matter is under the careful consideration of six hundred local councils of the Free Churches, and if the plan be adopted it will probably be done deliberately, as a definite mode of warfare, and carried on by men who know how to organise it and are tenacious in temper.

Objection has been made to such a plan by thoughtful and not

unfriendly writers on the ground of morality. The State, they say, is supreme in matters of taxation. The business of the subject is to use all his political influence in support of his own views, but to accept the result of the political struggle and look to the ordinary methods of political action to right any mistakes in legislation that may be made. Conscience is concerned with a man's own doings, not with the acts of the Government, and when a decision is once made by the majority of the nation, the responsibility is the nation's, and not his. Though he might well resist a law which proposed to compel him personally to worship a false god or commit an immoral act, yet taxation is a matter of State control, the image and superscription on the coin is Cæsar's, and he is no more concerned personally with its application than was our Lord with the uses to which the Roman Government put the Jewish tribute.

There is great force in this reasoning; but it is in practice largely ineffective on two grounds. First, a very large number of Nonconformists hold firmly to the old view that the jurisdiction of the State is not indefinite, but is limited in principle, and that to provide in any way for religious teaching of old or young is beyond its powers and therefore unlawful. The theory is very difficult to defend, since the Board Schools teach the elements of religion, but even where held inconsistently it is in fact powerful, and would give great impetus to what is called the conscientious objection to the payment of the rate. It gains much weight from the obvious trend of modern society against State Churches, a line of progress which in these evolutionary days represents what was meant by the old view of the inherent disability of the State in religious matters.

It is not however necessary, in order to maintain the lawfulness of refusal to pay, to have recourse to a theory of conscience or of the limits of State authority. The political influence of the voter does not rest in his vote, it consists mainly in his power of influencing other voters, in public opinion. Now public opinion is affected in the ordinary way by reasoning, by speeches and literature, and this is the normal method of acting. But it is by no means clear that a body of convinced men are not at liberty to emphasise their opinion by causing obstruction in the carrying out of an unjust law. There is an admitted right of rebellion, limited by considerations of the impossibility of carrying on Government at all except under conditions of normal obedience, and of the terrible sufferings caused by an armed rising. These considerations do not apply to a passive resistance to a tax. The public mischief is reduced to a small inconvenience. The Government is not fighting for its life, but only defending its policy. The effect in bringing home to the voters the intensity of conviction, as distinguished from the mere numerical voting power, of the dissentients is very considerable. To take personal trouble, to undergo sacrifices in support of your views is one of the most effective of arguments, is perhaps the only way in which men can cause votes to

be weighed as well as counted. Granted a sufficient cause, and this appeal to public opinion may well be deemed a legitimate and valuable mode of political action.

The question of refusal to pay the rate is thus reduced to one of general expediency: and if it is adopted, regard must be had to one or two obvious considerations. In the first place it is in the future. There is no rate as yet in support of the denominational schools, and even if the Bill pass in its present form it will be some time—some think years—before the rate is levied. By that time it is just possible that there may be a Liberal Government, which yet may have had neither time nor power—in the face of the House of Lords—to repeal the rate, which would involve framing a new educational policy. In that case we should have the curious spectacle of a strike of Liberals against a Liberal Government which against its will was necessarily carrying out an inherited system. Such a strike would have a different aspect from that now contemplated.

Again, the plan of refusal to pay might be adopted by others than Nonconformists: they are not the only people who have strong convictions, and a strike against the general school rate might be got up by Anglicans with equal command of organisation and superior command of money. It is also possible that the general public might not respond to the appeal of a strike, deeming the occasion insufficient, or the organisation too palpable, although the spectacle of a leading man here and there, acting on his own initiative from purely conscientious motives, would no doubt have real effect.

On the whole, therefore, although it is impossible to predict the action of a vast body of men accustomed to act in minorities, and with the traditions of bygone persecution and successful resistance strong in their minds, it may be that the Free Churches will ultimately resolve to throw themselves with all their might into the usual course of political action. Their time will come.

But it is of great importance to define the object of that action. A great Educational campaign is before us. The present Bill, if it pass, must be in part amended and in part reversed.

It will probably be found impossible to reinstate the School Boards, at least for some time to come. Town and County Councils, even if loth at first to undertake the new duties, will for the most part be reluctant to part with them. On this side of the question therefore the main object will be to restore as far as possible the popular power. The Councils must at least be entrusted with the entire responsibility of the educational work, having the sole right of appointment and dismissal of the Education Committees, so that at every election the Councillor may be liable to give account, as by one directly responsible to his constituents, for the Education policy of the Council. Nothing that can be suggested will probably restore the public interest in education, but we must hope that in due time the way will open again to a thorough and efficient popular system.

On the other side of the subject, the clerical schools, there is present one way and one only. As a matter of compromise, to alleviate opposition to the present measure, many Nonconformists have been willing to accept a system under which, instead of one-third, a majority of the managers of a denominational school should be appointed by public authority. But if the Bill passes as it stands, that will not do as a fighting policy. The object must then be to bring all State-aided primary schools under absolute public management. Whether the existing buildings be suited for the purpose, or new and better ones erected (probably the cheaper system in the long run), all private management will have to be done away with and a really national system introduced.

Some of the larger-minded Anglicans are moved in their educational policy largely by the fear of irreligion in the schools. Why, they ask, Anglicanism apart, do you pious Nonconformists want to prevent our securing—not so much this or that catechetical teaching, but that the master of the school shall be a man of high character and religious tone, who will influence not the minds only but the characters of the children for good? Excellent, replies the Free Churchman, but how are you going to get it? Do you get it now? What the Anglican Church is fighting for is not the religious atmosphere but the Anglican atmosphere. For specific religious teaching it would not be difficult to provide. There are the buildings, let the parents who desire special Church of England teaching send their children at some convenient hour and their Church can supply their catechiser. But if you want more than that, if you desire an Anglican atmosphere, in proportion as you create it in exactly the same proportion you render the school unfit for any but Anglicans. Then it must be a private school for Anglicans only. And as to high character in the teacher, you have only to come on to the managing bodies. There you will meet the Free Churchmen, and others too, who are as anxious for the religious atmosphere as you are, if not more so, and if you cannot together secure so desirable a result, there is no virtue in administration. It is the exclusive claim of the Anglican which stands in the way. Universal public management, with possibilities for catechetical teaching to those who wish it, is the true solution and there is no reason whatever why the common elements of the Christian religion, in which almost all of us agree, as they appear in our common Bible, should not be left in the hands of the teachers of the school.

On these great objects then it is now the task of the Liberal party, and especially the Free Church section of it, to concentrate their efforts. A forward policy is the true answer to a backward one. In this way the present Bill, the last of the retrograde efforts, may prove after all to be a blessing in disguise.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SERENITY still pervades the political horizon, if we except a tiny cloudlet in the East, visible as yet only to political weather prophets by profession. Some of these indeed claim to see in it the nucleus of a storm-cloud, likely to burst much sooner than any of us anticipate, but as the forces which alone can bring this change are secret and arbitrary, it is impossible as yet to gauge them aright. Turkey is the State which would bear the brunt of this storm-wind. Italy, Tripoli and Albania are the countries which would profit by it. Garibaldi was the first Italian who seriously claimed Albania for his country. But as Cavour remarked, he possessed a heart of gold and the head of a buffalo, so that his patriotic greed was looked upon as one of the many oddities of the man. Since then, however, much water has flowed into the Adriatic, and many a project which seemed chimerical in the seventies of the nineteenth century has become quite feasible to-day, and among them a protectorate, exercised by Italy over the most lawless people and one of the most productive countries in Eastern Europe. As the question is certain to crop up in a very concrete form, its elements are worth considering.

Albania comprises the western seaboard of the Balkan Peninsula from the River Boyana in the north to the Gulf of Arta in the South, between the Adriatic and Ionian Seas in the west and the mountains in the east which form the watershed of the Macedonian rivers. It is a corn-growing country, capable of becoming the granary of Eastern Europe. Tobacco is, so to say, at home there, olives thrive in profusion. The mountains, once covered with valuable timber, are now bare, but in the interior there are still vast virgin forests. Mineral wealth is known to be abundant—copper, silver, lead, antimony, iron and coal would afford an ample return for the capital and labour of which Italy would not be chary if she once obtained possession of the land, to say nothing of the gold and silver mines, worked with profit in olden times, the former in the valley of the Drin, the latter in the

Mirdite district, which would prove a source of wealth to the hard working population of the Peninsula

Its nearness to Italy makes Albania the natural intermediary between the Apennine and the Balkan Peninsulas. It played that important part in the commerce of antiquity, and it was mainly owing to the uncertainty of life and property later on and to the hopeless condition into which the roads were consequently allowed to fall that it forfeited its place in the trade of nations. The great Roman road, Via Egnatia, is still the main artery of traffic there. Albania contains about 1,640,000 inhabitants, of whom 1,250,000 are genuine Albanians—the oldest people of Southern Europe and the best fighting material in the world. There are, roughly speaking, a quarter of a million of Serbs and Bulgars and nearly 200,000 Greeks in the land. The Albanians have preserved their language—and largely their independence—in spite of the inrush of Greeks, Romans, Celts, Slavs and Turks. They possess large colonies in Italy, Turkey and Greece and some smaller ones in Austria, which after 500 years' absence from the mother country still speak their language and keep up many of the old customs. The Italians have done more than any other power for the Albanians, and their rule would be likely to fall lightest on a people who are the most lawless, murderous, and withal chivalrous race in Europe.

Tripoli, a country almost as little known as Albania, has long been another of the *pia desideria* of the statesmen of the Apennine Peninsula. To-day it is, to use the graphic expression of an Italian Statesman, "A plum which when ripe is destined to fall into Italian territory." It may be roughly described as a strip of fertile soil near the sea and a large tract of sandy waste diversified by chains of rocky mountains. Badly watered, it has a trying though not unhealthy climate and a fanatic population. Among the natural products are maize, wheat, barley, sheeps' wool, skins, dates, fruits, vegetables, saffron, castor oil, salt, honey and wax. One of the chief advantages certain to accrue to the European State which should possess Tripoli would spring from the geographical position of the country—once a portion of Carthage, it is far and away the best basis for trade with Central Africa. Its caravan routes are relatively good and Tripoli is the most practical road even to the French African Empire. No one in England, however, will grudge Italy her heritage on the Mediterranean, and unstinted praise is due to the statesmanship which has succeeded in securing such a desirable result. Long before the Abyssinian disaster I ventured to point out that a *rapprochement* with France and Russia would do more to enable Italy to gratify her legitimate ambitions in this quarter of the globe than the closest friendship with Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The political aspect of the arrangement, however, cannot fail to strike the simple-minded outsider with mild surprise. Both Albania

and Tripoli are integral portions of the Ottoman Empire, yet they are being, so to say, openly bought and sold as if they were no man's land. Doubtless the silken meshes of international comity are being rudely broken through—as yet only *in posse*—by all the Christian Powers who are parties to the transaction, but there is no place for ethical scruples where the misrule of the Porte is concerned. Albania is a vast den of robbers and cut-throats. Tripoli is a stronghold of lawless fanaticism. Both countries stand to gain immeasurably by the change, and Turkey will lose little beyond imaginary prestige.

All the interest, therefore, attaching to the subject is centred in the question. When will Italy enforce her claims? Rumour has been busy of late suggesting that, impatience getting the better of prudence, a sudden coup had been recently planned and would be speedily carried out against Tripoli. Those who put forward this view declared that it was only a legitimate inference from the facts. For ever since Crispi's death, Italy had sedulously pursued a course of *politica del piede in casa*, a stay-at-home policy. During the last twelvemonth, however, the Mediterranean Squadron has been airing itself at all the important parts of the Adriatic, which had bidden fair to become an Austrian lake. Immediately after the King's recent visit to the Tsar the first division of that Squadron,* under the command of Admiral Palumbo, set sail for Tripoli, visited Benghazi and Tobruk and then appeared in the Golden Horn, the Admiral carrying presents from Victor Emmanuel III to Abdul Hamid. At the same time the second division of the Squadron visited the port of Prevesa in Albania and Patras and Corfu in Greece.

Simultaneously with those manifestations of wakefulness and activity, every measure was adopted which the ingenuity of Italian diplomacy could devise for strengthening Italy's foothold in Albania, postal arrangements, educational establishments, mercantile and Consular relations have been improved, extended or inaugurated. This is only as it should be, seeing that Italy has begun to make her influence felt in international politics. But alarming conclusions were hastily drawn from those acts, which would pass almost unnoticed if performed by any other great Power. Tripoli, it was affirmed, was about to be placed under the protectorate of Italy. The Sultan, whose nervousness has become a mania, was seriously alarmed, the Military Commander of Tripoli, Marshal Redjeb Pasha, called for military reinforcements; certain dilapidated fortifications were demolished and new ones constructed out of the old material, a few thousand infantry soldiers, several artillery officers and some guns were forwarded, but the "nerve of war" was represented only by a pittance of 3,000 Turkish pounds, money being scarce at the present conjuncture. But the upshot of the Italian visit was merely a brilliant reception at the Consulate in Tripoli. The coup was abandoned—so the prophetic journals affirmed—because

* It comprises the ships Re Umberto, Garibaldi, Sicilia Varese and Agordat.

of the appearance of a *deus ex machinâ* in the shape of the British Government, which gave assurances to the Porte that no change in the *status quo* of the Mediterranean would be viewed with favour by Great Britain at the present moment. It is not necessary to be in the confidence of our Foreign Office to know that the sole reason why the Italian ships withdrew without striking a blow is because neither Italy nor her friends had planned any such violation of international peace. The *Tribuna*, whose utterances are sometimes inspired, puts the whole affair in a different and doubtless correct light as follows: "For the first time for many years the Italian flag waves before Tripoli and announces to the world that that coast is no longer a forbidden land to Italy. This visit throws a new light upon the policy lately inaugurated by Italy, a policy which is neither wantonly menacing nor harmfully or ignominiously resigned. It is to be hoped that this visit will put an end to the fable that the speedy conquest of Tripoli has been planned. This fable has been continually cropping up anew ever since the conclusion of the Franco-Italian Convention respecting the Mediterranean, for those who spread it seem unaware of the fact that such conventions contain but assurances for the future and that the most essential elements of success abroad are prudence, cool calculation and action only when the favourable moment has come."

As for Albania, the Russo-Austrian Convention—the sole object of which is the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Balkan Peninsula—would seem to place for the moment that apple of contention beyond the reach of those who would fain pluck the fruit before it is ripe. Moreover, Count Lamsdorff has repeatedly assured the Turkish Ambassador at St Petersburg—Husni Pasha—that the sleeping dogs of the Balkans will not be roused up yet, and among them he has expressly mentioned Albania. But the Porte is none the less mistrustful, well knowing that no diplomatic promises hold good after the conditions have changed in which they were made, and that in the Turkish Empire change is continuous and ever for the worse. But even persons of a less suspicious disposition than that of Abdul Hamid would not be in the least surprised if in the near future a new and happier era were to begin for the Ghegides, the Toskides and all the other tribes of Albania, who are now waylaying, robbing and murdering each other on the slightest provocation. Austria would not, of course, consent to go empty handed away if any such distribution, however partial, of the rich lands of the Sultan were to take place, but Italian politicians believe that the vilayets of Kossovo and Monastir would amply satisfy the House of Habsburg, while Italy would take the Adriatic coastland together with Scutari and Janina.

Despite official assurances that the peace of the Balkan Peninsula is not likely to be disturbed for a considerable time to come, the outlook is characterised by the uncertainty which prevails in all misgoverned

countries English people would be surprised to learn to what lengths misrule has gone in Albania and Macedonia To say that terror reigns there is to put the case moderately and euphemistically The prisons—those for instance of Monastir and Salonica—are so crowded at present that horrors almost equalling those of the Black Hole are endured by people, many of whom are innocent even from the Turkish point of view Slow tortures, as atrocious as those of the Middle Age, are practised on young and old, many of whom die before or immediately after they have made the lying confession expected of them Scores of people are shot or hewn down as if they were wild and dangerous beasts In Salonica alone over 300 persons are now in prison awaiting their condemnation They are left to perish of hunger, if they do not succumb to the rack, the cords and weights or the slow fire, for they are left without food and are tortured every day* The German Vice-Consul, Herr Padel, was allowed to visit them recently, together with a clergyman, and the sights which he witnessed are described as fiendish Many of the wretches have their feet burned away The wife of Kole Dyrvaroff, beaten till her blood flowed freely—although the miserable woman was enceinte—gave birth to a child and expired in horrible agonies† Seventy inhabitants of Pateley and one hundred and fifty of Ekshi Soo were arrested and tortured, four of them died after the first day's cruelties A man named Naki Bootseff was put to the torture in Zagonitchani and expired in maddening anguish Another individual of Florina, still more pitiable, Kotsay Ivantchoff by name, was tortured first, then subjected by the soldiers to those nameless bestial outrages to which most of the youthful prisoners are condemned

From an ethical point of view, it seems a pity that the Powers who have already agreed among themselves to divide, reform and govern this terrestrial hell should look calmly on while these fiendish deeds are being perpetrated and wait patiently for the "psychological moment" to come But doubtless they have reasons for their inactivity which are very weighty from a political angle of vision, though they do not appear convincing to a moralist

The one clear point in this dense haze is that the next piece of Turkey which will be carved up for the hungry Powers will be Albania, and that the favourable moment will be fixed by the Government of the Tsar Meanwhile Italy will do her utmost to spread and strengthen her influence in the country by creating a Consulate in the Vilayet of Kossovo, obtaining the repeal of the *iradè* which forbids Mohammedans to frequent Christian schools,‡ by opening a bank,

* Cf *Le Mouvement Macédomien*, also *l'Européen*, 26th July, 1902.

† Loc cit

‡ The bulk of the Albanians are illiterate Italian schools have this advantage over French and other foreign educational establishments that their confessional character is hardly more than nominal.

constructing a light railway between Medua and Scutari and perhaps even inaugurating a service of steamers on Lake Scutari and on the River Boyana. She has already voted considerable sums of money for the opening of new schools in Albania as well as Tripoli.

Italy's eagerness for new territory, on which her subjects can thrive without losing their nationality, can be thoroughly understood only by those who are aware of the straits to which a vast number of hard-working Italians are reduced to earn a livelihood. As the poorest Irish peasants make both ends meet only by migrating to this country, working as harvest men and returning with their earnings to Connemara, so the Italians "run over" to La Plata and Brazil, reap corn there and return home with money enough to give them a start in life. This may sound fantastic to the ears of an Englishman, but it is none the less a well-known fact.

There are two kinds of emigration from Italy—that of the people who cut their moorings for good and depart with their household gods never to return home, and the migration of itinerant workmen. The number of Italians who left their country last year with no intention of ever coming back was 251,577, while those who went as harvestmen and farm labourers amounted to 281,688. Although they visit most regions of the earth, they are attracted principally by the United States, Brazil and the Argentine Republic. The Italian Government watches over this surplus population with touching care. Even those who are lost to the country for ever are none the less objects of its paternal solicitude. In Buenos Ayres there are Italian schools, hospitals, chambers of commerce, navigation companies and other institutions, calculated to keep alive within them the spark of patriotic sentiment.

The farm labourers who cross over to Brazil and the Argentine Republic, generally between December and February, are fed by their temporary employers and sleep in sheds on the bare ground. They are paid some twelve shillings a day, which amounts to about £43 for the season of three months. During the ensuing three months they work for about 4s a day; and as their voyage there and back costs on an average £15 and they have no other outlay they usually bring back about £46 at the least. In European countries their wages are very much less, but all in all the money which flows into Italy from foreign countries through these temporary emigrants amounts, according to recent statistics, to £2,200,000. In other words, the 400,000 people who would otherwise find it impossible to earn a livelihood at home go abroad, and instead of being a burden to the Government are a source of increased wealth and influence to the country. Over half a million of them will be able to find employment in Albania and Tripoli as soon as those countries have become subject to the House of Savoy, and over a quarter of a million Italians will then be annually rescued from denationalisation.

Italy possesses two sovereigns, the one spiritual and the other temporal, and the former watches with growing uneasiness the rapid advance of his worldly rival. And for this he has ample grounds. Never before was the policy inaugurated by Cardinal Rampolla so completely thwarted as to-day. It is only fair to say, however, that the diplomacy of the State Secretary is not wholly to blame for its failure. Events have proved more powerful than the spiritual force which sought to control them. France, the eldest daughter of the Church, is become the leader of the Church's bitterest enemies. The Eastern Autocracy, whose alliance with the Western Republic was largely the work of the Vatican, is now hand in glove with Italy, the very Power against which that alliance was to have been effectively employed, and the Pope, who suddenly cultivated the friendship of schismatic Muscovy and infidel France, to the supposed detriment of Catholic Austria and heretical Germany, is now virtually isolated in Europe. He has all the stronger motives therefore for seeking compensation in America. And the opportunity seemed to have offered itself when the Taft Mission visited Rome in order to treat with the Curia respecting the withdrawal of the Spanish friars from the Philippines.

The brethren of the Orders of St. Dominic, Francis and Augustine are cordially hated by the Filipinos and strongly disliked by the Americans. Political strife animates the governed, while ethical considerations are said to actuate the governing race. However this may be, feeling runs so high on the subject that the friars, who since the war have been mostly absent from their parishes, dare not return without an American escort, so that their lease of power has practically expired there. But the Americans, wishing to arrange the matter in a business-like way, conceived the idea of coming to an understanding with the Pope on the basis of a substantial sum of money to be paid for the friars' lands, on condition that the brethren would depart in peace. It seemed quite a simple transaction to the Yankees, and they suggested that the Archbishop of New Orleans should visit Rome and settle the details with the Holy Father.

But the Vatican could not let the opportunity slip without utilising it to the utmost. What was the *quid pro quo* offered by the United States? Money alone, even though the sum should exceed ten million dollars, would not suffice, there must be some political advantage offered over and above. In the first place, an American diplomatist should be entrusted with the negotiations and not a Catholic Archbishop. This concession was cheerfully made by the authorities in Washington, and Governor Taft was selected for the mission. From this readiness to compromise, the Curia concluded that the American Government would yield on other points as well, and more particularly would consent to change the temporary representation of the United States Government at the Vatican into a permanent Embassy. Mean-

while voices, numerous and loud, were heard in the States severely blaming the Government for sending any mission at all to the Eternal City. What have we Protestants to do with the Pope of Rome? was the burden of their complaint. These critics were somewhat soothed by the statement that Governor Taft would, so to say, merely call at Rome in passing and mention the matter, casually as it were, to his Holiness, and that after all he would represent not so much the President as the Secretary for War. The truth, of course, is that the United States Government was, as its permanent ambassadors in Europe well know, unusually naive in supposing that the Roman Curia would consent to do a stroke of mere business with an American plenipotentiary without seeking to make political capital out of the negotiation. The political *quid pro quo* which the politicians of the Holy See desired consisted of the establishment of permanent diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the White House, the religious condition was that Catholic instruction should be given in the American schools in the Philippines. Governor Taft having no power to entertain either suggestion, the Vatican refused to bind itself to withdraw the friars, on the ground that any such measure would constitute a breach of the Treaty of Paris, which stipulates that Spanish subjects in the islands—and the clergy were subjects of Spain—shall enjoy freedom to exercise their ordinary pursuits, and that to consent to this violation of the Treaty would embroil the Vatican with Spain. The upshot of the matter is that, negotiations having failed, the United States Government is now free to deal with the difficulty in instalments, and in the way which seems best suited to changing requirements; while the friars may have to depart from the islands with or without compensation. One of the last and most impressive phrases which his Holiness is alleged to have uttered in reference to the refusal of Governor Taft to discuss the question of permanent diplomatic relations between Washington and the Vatican is this: "Although a prisoner I am none the less a sovereign."

China seems at last to be awakening from the sleep of centuries and to be growing alive to the pressing needs and boundless possibilities of the new era. This belief is shared by all the great Powers—by some in the form of hope, by others in the guise of fear—and is grounded on the terms of the draft Treaty recently formulated by Sir James Mackay and the Chinese Commissioners at Shanghai. The clauses of this document, although not calculated to kindle popular enthusiasm, contain the germs of far-reaching changes of the utmost importance to Europe in general and to Great Britain in particular. The *pièce de résistance* of the Treaty is the Eighth Article, which abolishes *likin* or internal taxation on the imports of those foreign States which become Signatories. The Chinese Government still reserve to themselves the reasonable right of levying duties on native

produce—including opium and salt—for home consumption, but as these will be under the general supervision of the model department organised by Sir Robert Hart, no misgivings need be felt that they will ever again operate as a barrier to that trade, the desire of pushing which has been at the bottom of all the misunderstandings that have arisen of late between the advisers of the Empress Tse Ssi and the Great Powers

Likin was a force for evil the baleful influence of which was so far-reaching that it could hardly even be imagined by those who had not actually experienced it. Even the Chinese officials were quite conscious of the extent of the evil, and seldom made official mention of it without adding the epithet "Wan-pu-te-i," which being interpreted means, "Positively no help for it." One instance of how the tax was raised will suffice to enable the reader to imagine how it worked generally. "A foreigner, on passing a certain barrier, was called upon to pay transit dues to the amount of 750 taels. The sum having been paid, a receipt was demanded by the merchant, who was thereupon handed one for four taels. All expostulation being in vain, he claimed through his Consul either that he should be given a receipt in full, or that his money should be refunded to him. The explanation given by the Chinese Authorities was that, 'though four taels was the proper charge, yet a tael was not a tael in the ordinary sense of the word, but was such a sum as would enable the local authorities to lay down a tael of the standard weight and purity in Peking, and, consequently, included a meltage fee, loss on melting, freight and cost of transmission, and general office expenses, and that all that turned into cash meant, according to old-established custom, 12,600 cash * for four taels, consequently a receipt for four taels, the legal sum, was the only receipt they could give' "†

Another of the difficulties with which the foreign importer has hitherto had to cope will be surmounted by the stipulation that in future, complaints of all illegal exactions may be made to the local authorities and to Customs and Consular officials, who will be empowered to deal with them summarily and without reference to Peking. As a *quid pro quo* for the abolition of the likin a surtax equal to a total taxation on foreign imports of between 10 and 11 per cent *ad valorem* will be levied.

Another boon which the new commercial treaty will confer upon the outside world of commerce consists in the reform of the national currency, which will in future be homogeneous. At present it is purely local, different kinds of dollars being current in each of the money-coming provinces, with values which continually fluctuate and drive the foreign merchants to despair. In a word the new Treaty, which has not yet been signed by Great Britain, bids fair to give China a

* The market value of the tael is in reality 1,600 cash

† Cf. China, by Harold Gerst, p. 281

fresh start in the race for commerce, and to open up to the industrial peoples of the west that lucrative market which it was hitherto believed could best be obtained by "leasing" territory or marking off "spheres of influence"

Whether the people of this country are likely to extract much profit from this remarkable stroke of diplomacy is doubtful. Foresight and enterprise seem to be largely a monopoly of our German and American competitors in every part of the world where the struggle for commercial success is being carried on at present. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" appears to be the device of the nation which was once the embodiment of push and irrepressible activity throughout the globe. Four years ago, when the territorial acquisitions of other countries aroused feelings akin to envy in ours, we were comforted by the reflection that the concessions already gained by the Peking Syndicate in Shan-si and Ho-nan would prove infinitely more profitable than all the ceded territories put together. And in addition to those rights there were the contracts of the British and Chinese Corporation, which when exploited would, we were assured, be found to be a veritable Golconda. Nor was there any reason to regard these forecasts as exaggerated. Indeed the only hitch in the estimate lay in the belief that British enterprise was equal if not superior to that of our rivals. And facts have since shown that that faith was a delusion. "Not a foot," writes the *Times* Peking Correspondent, "has been sunk in any mine, nor a sod turned of any railway, in all these 'vaunted concessions'." Some of the wealthiest districts of China were turned over to British capital to be exploited. There was no fear of any foreign competition, for the rights were exclusive. Yet rights and concessions have been left unproductive from that day to this. For the inactivity of the Peking Syndicate there is said to be a reasonable explanation, for that of the Corporation no real excuse has been offered. They bound themselves to construct a railway through a fertile, wealthy and densely populated region. The cost of construction there was under the average, the prospect of speedy returns was most hopeful. Yet they never even issued the loan for the line, and when the Chinese urged them to set about fulfilling their contract, they replied asking for a new agreement.* The French and Belgians on the other hand have built two sections of the Lu-han Railway, although the cost of construction there was considerably higher than that of the line of the British and Chinese Corporation would have been. The Germans too are moving apace with their Shan-tung Railway, and on the feverish activity of the Russians it is needless to comment. The explanation given of the seeming listlessness of British capitalists lies in the systematic way in which our Government neglects the interests of private companies abroad, when the foreign State, which gave them rights, seeks to place restrictive interpretations on the

* Cf *Times* June 2, 1902

concessions To our Government every private company or syndicate is a commercial body and nothing more Foreign States on the other hand consider those of their subjects who trade with or open up foreign countries as pioneers who extend the political influence and raise the prestige of the State to which they belong Hence they uphold them in their contentions, and bring diplomacy to bear upon the backsliding nation which seeks to take away with the left hand what the right hand has given France and Germany have recently offered us very interesting object lessons in these methods, but they are likely to be lost on our Government, which still persists in keeping erect the Chinese wall that has long divided politics from commerce

The spirit which animates or chills our people at home is raised perhaps to its highest power in our Colonial kith and kin, who having proclaimed from the housetops the need of welding Great and Greater Britain into an Empire, one and indivisible, now shrink from the only means by which the welding process can be successfully accomplished Three new links were preconised as desirable a naval and military convention, a Pan-British Parliamentary Council, and a preferential tariff And at least two of these seemed to many to be within measurable distance of realisation

It is now known that the promising signs and tokens which went before the Imperial Conference and raised high hopes in this country and mortal fears in Continental Europe, were misleading Ten sittings have been held, and good words were the only outcome of the discussions It is an open secret that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Barton declined even to entertain any definite arrangement which would bind the Colonies, for which they spoke, to espouse Great Britain's quarrel in any future war That attitude effectually disposed of the naval and military convention The idea of a Pan-British Parliament was also scouted as chimerical the Colonies refusing to surrender the least of their rights for any consideration practical or sentimental The scheme of a Zollverein could not be realised, for similar reasons: the interests of the Colonies must needs be furthered at any and every cost, they are opposed to free trade. A preferential tariff is equally impossible, because the Mother Country, committed to free trade, can offer no *quid pro quo* Even the most elementary law of every Empire, however loosely put together, was rejected, and thousands, nay millions, of British subjects must be content, if colonised, to be treated as aliens in our Colonies beyond the seas

Over and above all a golden opportunity has been allowed to slip for adopting a most feasible and indeed urgent measure, which would not have clashed with the interests either of the Colonies or of the Mother Country: a declaration to the effect that the carrying trade between any two British or Colonial ports will in future be restricted to vessels flying the British flag and owned by British subjects Ger-

many, Russia, Spain, France * and the United States have laws which thus favour their own subjects. In those countries British bottoms are excluded from the coasting trade, whereas in Great Britain all foreigners are free not only to compete with our own people but to compete with them under more favourable conditions. It is still possible, without causing the dislocation of trade, inasmuch as about 90 per cent of our carrying trade is still in British hands. In ten or fifteen years, however, that will no longer be the case, and even before that time the shipbuilding industry itself will have left this country for good. The Press of Continental Europe therefore openly rejoices at the utter failure of the Imperial Conference to bring us a single step nearer to the realisation of hopes the wreck of which bodes ill to the future of the British "Empire."

E J DILLON

* The French laws make some few insignificant exceptions

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

AS Dr Arthur Shadwell points out in the preface to his volume on "Drink, Temperance, and Legislation" (Longmans), the liquor traffic is, unfortunately, a subject involving so many points of controversy that it is impossible to deal with it at any length without introducing contentious matter. Dr Shadwell himself approaches the subject from the standpoint of the moderate drinker who, while detesting the vice of intemperance and earnestly desiring to check its evils, has no faith in total abstinence or in a policy of State prohibition as a means to that end. It follows, therefore, that he has much to say that will not commend itself to the extreme section of the temperance party, but it will be a matter for regret if differences of opinion prevent anyone interested in the cause of temperance from giving Dr Shadwell an unprejudiced hearing. Quite apart from any theories he may advance or oppose, his book throws a steadier and more searching light upon the actualities of the drink question than any other work that has come under my notice. It is just the knowledge of these actualities that is so necessary, and yet so often lacking, in the temperance reformer. On this head Dr Shadwell speaks words of wisdom that will bear quoting —

There is the fundamental question of the mutual relations between the people and the liquor trade . . . their habits and behaviour with regard to drink, how far they are "driven" or "drawn" to it or seek it *proprio motu*. These things can only be learnt by observation inside the public-house. In addition to such general questions, we are confronted with a string of minor details—child messengers, the arrangement of premises, compartments, side-doors, the sale of non-intoxicants, the serving of drunken persons, the preservation of order, tied *v.* free houses, disinterested management, and so forth. A real insight into these and the like questions cannot well be acquired without studying them from the inside. . . . I cannot help thinking it a great pity that those who take the keenest interest in the subject and

are most eager to deal with it by legislation should possess so very little of this inside knowledge. What they do know—it is that, of course, which makes them eager—is the evil of intemperance, the effects of which are visible in the streets, the home, and the police court, but to be familiar with effects is not sufficient equipment for grappling with causes. It provides the motive, not the knowledge. Contemplation of the devastation caused by a flood and an earnest desire to remedy it do not qualify anyone to undertake the task.

That the author of the present work possesses this “inside knowledge” is apparent on every page. He has studied the liquor traffic in all its phases, and frequented every class of house, from the fashionable restaurant to the sailors’ saloons (now abolished) in Ratchiff Highway, carrying on his investigations in nearly every country in Europe and in Canada. These first-hand observations have been supplemented by a laborious sifting of statistical returns, reports of official inquiries, and other literature dealing with the subject. The result is a remarkable book which should be read by everyone who has the cause of temperance at heart. Notable chapters are those on “The Forces of Temperance” and “The Forces of Intemperance,” “The Principles of Liquor Legislation,” and “Their Application,” “The English Public-House,” “The Model Public-House” (a very interesting account of the Rev Osbert Mordaunt’s village inn at Hampton Lucy), and “The Gothenburg System.”

Several of the suggestions of Dr Shadwell have been embodied in the Government Licensing Bill, and will shortly be put to the test. Briefly summarised, the two main principles which he thinks should guide our liquor legislation are (1) an insistence on the responsibility of the individual, (2) the concentration of the law against everything that constitutes a public nuisance and a cause of disorder, leaving moral evils *per se* to be combated by moral agencies. In pursuance of this policy he would attack in three directions: (1) the disorderly person, (2) the disorderly place, (3) the disorderly time—using the word “disorderly” in a general sense. “The disorderly person,” that is to say, the person who gets drunk, he would treat with far greater severity than obtains under present conditions, which make it as easy as possible for him. “The police might deal more summarily with him when he is merely a nuisance, and when he commits an offence under the influence of drink, his condition might be regarded as an aggravation, and entail a heavier penalty.” In dealing with “the disorderly place” he advocates a greater stringency in granting and renewing licenses, and the adoption of a modified form of the Gothenburg system, concerning which he has some things to say that will be new to the majority of English readers. On his third point of attack—“the disorderly time”—he says: “If there is one thing which has had a decided and immediate effect in the past and would have it again, it is a reduction of time. Closing in towns an hour earlier

"at night, and particularly on Saturday night, would make an enormous difference" But he would make a distinction between bars and restaurants, and in order to do this he suggests a different classification of licenses, which should be five in number—(1) hotel, (2) restaurant, (3) bar, (4) off-sale, (5) club—so that each class of house could be treated separately according to the public needs. He also thinks that closing for a considerable number of hours on days of public excitement, such as elections, would be a step in the right direction. On Sunday closing he says —

I think the hours of sale on Sundays might be reduced in England with advantage, but total Sunday closing I believe to be quite impracticable. It would not only create an illicit traffic too general to be controlled, but it would raise a storm sufficient to turn out any Government. Those who advocate it underrate the attachment of the uncalled classes to the public-house, or over-estimate the docility of the English people. Curtailment of hours is one thing, total deprivation for a whole day, and that a holiday, is another. I recall an incident which illustrates the feelings of an average working man on the subject. He was in the hospital, and he underwent some severe pain without an anæsthetic, perhaps a small operation or the examination of an injury. He bore it very well, but on being asked how it felt he replied that "it was like waiting for the public-house to open on Sunday." He could think of nothing more trying.

As I have hinted, there are some things in Dr Shadwell's book that will annoy the extremists, but they will not be acting the part of good citizens if they do not avail themselves of the almost unique knowledge which he brings to bear on this painful subject.

* * * *

Mr G S Street has followed up his "Book of Stories" with an equally entertaining "Book of Essays" (Constable), in which are gathered together a number of papers originally contributed to *Blackwood's*, *The Fortnightly*, and other periodicals. The author's apology for "making a volume of such things" will be deemed unnecessary by the discriminating reader, for your true essayist, as distinguished from the writer of articles, is too rare a spirit to be relegated to the back numbers of magazines. Mr Street's work possesses qualities which call for "crown, 8vo, cloth." He has personality, and when he is so minded he can be serious without being dull. He does not attack a subject with all the pomp and circumstance of authorship, he saunters in by a side gate, and culling a flower here and there, or a few pungent herbs, as the case may be, presents them to the reader with his compliments. Withal he is by way of being a philosopher—a pessimist with occasional gleams of optimism, if I may venture to say so—but he carries his philosophy lightly, and his point of view is always interesting.

The essays in the present volume fall naturally under three heads—"London," "Men and Books," and "Various." The "London" essays, considered as a whole, are, I think, the least successful. Of "The City" Mr Street confessedly knows nothing, and he is at pains to show it. But as a set-off, we get very pleasant papers on "St James and Mayfair," "Piccadilly," and other districts, including a delightfully-written plea for "The Suburbs." Passing to the essays on "Men and Books," Mr Street is at his best as a critic of literature and manners when he is dealing with his favourites, Horace Walpole, George Selwyn, and Anthony Trollope. But the papers that have most caught my fancy are those in the concluding part of the volume. It has been a great pleasure to read such essays as "Twenty Years Since," a contrast between the intellectual standpoint of then and now, suggested by a re-reading of Mr Mallock's *New Republic*, "Francis Gordon," a pathetic study of an enthusiast without an enthusiasm, full of noble impulses, but with a mind so constituted that he can find no worthy cause, and remains to the end "an engine rusting off the rails", and "A Conversation," in which the author interrogates his former self of ten years back, and disinters long-buried hopes and ambitions. As an example of Mr Street's satirical vein, I may quote a passage in which he lashes a too common type —

His face is smooth and bland, adorned with an adolescent moustache. He has neat, smooth hair, growing quite low on his forehead. . . . He has bright, amiable, and absolutely expressionless eyes. His habits are as simple as his face. He rises at a reasonably early hour, and after a good breakfast reads all about cricket or football, as the case may be, in the paper. He reads rather slowly, and this occupation, together with answering a few invitations to play games—he writes more slowly than he reads—takes up his time till lunch. After lunch he plays an athletic game. In the evening he may possibly go to a play, avoiding those which are suspected of having anything clever in them, or he may dance, or play a mild game of cards. If he has no such amusement he is quite willing to talk from dinner to bed-time about the game he has played in the afternoon. This is his life in London—healthy and English. In the country there are more games and less newspapers. He never talks or listens to others talking about politics, or literature, or anything of that kind, not so much because it bores him, as because he does not understand a word of it. I doubt if he was really aware until lately that anybody really cared for anything except games. The war forced him to recognise that other transactions take place in life, but I think he will soon forget it. For the moment he has slightly modified his habit of estimating all men according to their proficiency in some game or sport, but the habit will reassert itself before long. Even now he never mentions General Baden-Powell without adding that he kept goal at Charterhouse.

I have lately been reading a very ingenious book entitled "The Conflict of Truth" (Hodder and Stoughton), in which the author, Mr F Hugh Capron, attempts to show that the facts and theories of modern science as set forth in Mr Herbert Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy* are not only in entire accordance with "the religion of the Bible," but are a fundamental part of its teaching. Mr Capron writes earnestly and lucidly, and in his endeavour to bring the Biblical doctrine of the Creation and the Fall into line with the Nebular Hypothesis and the theory of evolution he raises many curious and interesting points of theology, but I do not think that his inferences will gain a great measure of acceptance among either theologians or men of science. His argument, as I understand it, is unsound because it proceeds by what the logicians would call the method of agreement unchecked by the method of difference, and because on several important points its author unconsciously begs the question. When Mr Capron states, as a self-evident proposition, that "in whatever other respects religion and science may differ from each other, their starting-point must necessarily be the same," he is assuming that which many readers will be unwilling to grant without careful discussion. Moreover, it is not very clear what he means by "religion." "The religion of the Bible" is a vague term at best, and it is not illumined by Mr Capron's definition. "I am not concerned," he says, "with any special interpretation of the Bible, comed by any particular sect or creed. I take the Bible as it stands in its native simplicity. I place upon its statements that meaning which the words, in their natural and ordinary sense, and read in conjunction with the context, would naturally and reasonably bear." Mr Capron is very much concerned with a "special interpretation of the Bible."

This is no place to enter upon a theological discussion, but I may at least indicate one or two points in Mr Capron's argument which will serve to show the novelty of his position. In his treatment of "the six days of Formation" he maintains that the Genesis narrative, if rightly interpreted, is in exact harmony with the requirements of the latest scientific theories. He throws over not only what Mr Spencer has called "the Carpenter-theory of Creation," but also the compromise which would substitute "periods" for "days." Taking his stand on the words, "And God said," by which the history of each of the six days is introduced, he holds that we are not justified in supposing any special acts of formation on the part of the Creator, but merely a divine pronouncement of natural laws.

How long an interval elapsed between the pronouncing of the laws and the first appearance of the resulting phenomena, is not stated in the Bible, and if Science avers that countless ages must have passed between the first appearance of light and the first appearances of vegetable and animal life on our planet, she tells us nothing that is contradictory to the teaching of Religion, for Religion is simply silent on the subject.

The origin and antiquity of Man are treated in an equally striking manner. While admitting that the discoveries of Palæontology during the last fifty years have proved "eminently unsatisfactory to the theologian," Mr Capron holds that the whole question is merely a matter of terminology. Adam, the "first man" of the Bible, was not the "first man" in the scientific meaning of the term. He was the "first spiritual man," the descendant through countless ages of evolution of the brutish cave-dwellers known to Science.

And thus the account of the origin of man, which Religion gives in the opening chapters of Genesis, may be summed up as follows: that God, in His purpose of creating a spiritual man, caused, by the operation of Law (*Λογος*), which Law Science calls "Evolution," animal life to develop from lowly and humble forms up to something higher than the ape; that in the course of this evolution, there came at length a time when this being became fitted, by virtue of his physical and intellectual proficiency, to receive and possess this attribute of spirituality, that when this point of development was attained, and not till then, God, by a process which is described as creation, conferred this new and transcendent gift upon a single member of the race, who may be presumed to have been the first member who had attained to the required standard of physical and mental perfection. Until this point was reached, and until this new attribute had been conferred, whatever this being might be from other points of view, from the point of view of Religion he was not man, for he had not been "created in the image of God"—he had not become spiritual.

In the latter part of his work Mr Capron seeks to trace a complete homology in the spiritual and physical worlds. Speaking for myself—and on so solemn a subject no one has a right to speak for others—I deprecate any attempt to drag the things of the spirit into the arena of exact scientific demonstration, implying as it does that if such demonstration fail, so much the worse for the spirit. This is Mr Capron's position, though he may not realise it. He is unconsciously travelling on a road which others before him have found leads in one direction to Rome, in the other to blank agnosticism. There comes a time when the logical inquirer is forced to recognise that dogmatic religion does not exist for the reason. And then, if he is not of the stuff of which agnostics are made, if a spiritual creed is as necessary to him as the air he breathes, what is he to do? He has burnt his boats. In despair he surrenders his intellectual liberty, and seeks a refuge in the only Church which can save him from the pain of private judgment. Not a few such cases occur to me, two well-known instances will suffice—the late Mr Kegan Paul, and, as I read his life and character, Cardinal Newman.

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The Romanes Lecture recently delivered by Mr James Bryce has been published in pamphlet form by the Clarendon Press. Taking

as his subject, "The Relations of the Advanced and the Backward Races of Mankind," Mr Bryce points out that when two races differing in strength come into political or social contact some one of four possible results follows "Either the weaker race dies out before the stronger, or it is absorbed into the stronger, the latter remaining practically unaffected, or the two become commingled into something different from what either was before, or, finally, the two continue to dwell together unmixed, each preserving a character of its own" Each of these possible cases is considered with various illustrations and inferences from the past In our own time the different races of mankind have been brought into far closer contact than at any other period of the world's history, and the phenomena of race-contact must inevitably exercise a very important influence on the progress of civilisation during the present century There is so much of valuable suggestion in Mr Bryce's lecture that one could wish for a longer work from his pen on this interesting subject

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There are so many good stories and interesting glimpses of famous artists in Mr Frederick Goodall's volume of "Reminiscences," just published by the Walter Scott Company, that it seems churlish to criticise it for what it does not contain But Mr Goodall has had exceptional opportunities Born in 1822, he exhibited at the Academy as early as 1839 He was elected Associate in 1852, and full member ten years later, and throughout a long and distinguished career he has lived on terms of intimacy with most of the celebrated artists of his time, so that, other things being equal, his memoirs might have formed an invaluable contribution to the history of English art for the best part of a century That they do not possess this merit Mr Goodall would be the first to admit He has been content to jot down just what occurred to him of personal anecdote as it occurred, with scarcely any arrangement, and without an index There is no attempt to estimate or even to chronicle the tendencies and movements that have arisen in the world of art during the sixty years he has been a member of its inner circle So far as anything can be learned from these pages, the Pre-Raphaelite movement, with its radiating influences in every branch of English art, might never have been The truth is, Mr Goodall's attitude towards questions of art would seem to be not unjustly summed up by an adaptation of Dryden's well-known line—"The painter's laws the painter's patrons give" Thus, referring to his portrait of Sir Anderson Critchett, he writes, "I am proud to say it met with the approbation of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) and his charming Princess", while in another chapter we find him expressing a surprising degree of pleasure at securing the praise and patronage of the late Colonel North

However, putting these considerations aside, Mr Goodall has given

us a very entertaining volume of gossip about the celebrities he has known in the past. His memories carry him back to the early thirties of last century, when his father, Edward Goodall the engraver, was "translating" Turner, of whom there are many interesting stories in these pages. Among others whom he can remember in those days are Samuel Rogers and Thomas Campbell. One of the most interesting chapters is that on "Two Famous Painters of Animals"—Sir Edwin Landseer and Rosa Bonheur. It contains an amusing account of a discussion on painting between Rosa Bonheur and Ruskin, in which the lady was nothing daunted. When Ruskin had taken his leave, she was asked her opinion of him. "He is a gentleman," she said, "an educated gentleman, but he is a theorist. He sees nature with a little eye—*tout à fait comme un oiseau*."

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In "Lord Strathcona the Story of his Life" (Methuen) Mr Beccles Willson has written a very interesting account of the life-work of the man who, above all others, has made the Dominion of Canada what it is. The book is not a biography in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather a record of the splendid public services with which Lord Strathcona's life is associated. One could have wished that the treatment had been a little more intimate, but Mr Willson tells us in his preface that Lord Strathcona's "unconquerable modesty and his well-known aversion to publicity" have prevented a more personal note, and the author has done well to respect such rare qualities in a public man. Like so many of our greatest colonists, Donald Smith, the future Lord Strathcona, was born in Scotland. He was only eighteen years old when, in 1837, he left his native country to take up a junior clerkship in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. On his arrival in Canada he was sent to Labrador. He served for thirteen years in this inhospitable corner of the earth "with no companionship save a few employees and his own thoughts, learning the secrets of the Company, how to manage the Indians, and how to produce the best returns." Ten more years were spent as a Chief Trader on the shores of Hudson's Bay. Then advancement became more rapid, and after thirty years of arduous service in every capacity he was chosen to fill the post of chief executive officer of the Company, with his headquarters at Montreal. The experience of the man with the self-discipline of those thirty years of lonely work in the Arctic wilderness! To most men it would have been a career in itself, but to Donald Smith it was only the beginning. The Red River Rebellion of 1869-70 gave him his opportunity, and introduced him to the wider field of Canadian political life. His greatest service to Canada has been the promotion and completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Speaking at St George's Club in 1897, Sir Charles Tupper said, "The Canadian Pacific Railway would have no existence to-day, notwithstanding all

"that the Government did to support that undertaking, had it not been for the indomitable pluck and energy and determination, both financially and in every other respect, of Sir Donald Smith" Political detractors have charged Lord Strathcona with "making a fortune" out of this great national work. As a matter of fact, the success of the Canadian Pacific meant a heavy loss to the St. Paul and Minnesota Railway, in which he was largely interested, and he has told the author that he would have been "hundreds of thousands of pounds in pocket" if he had never had anything to do with the enterprise.

In 1897 Sir Donald Smith was raised to the peerage as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and the coat-of-arms that was "produced" for him by the Herald's College is one of the most interesting and truly significant on the rolls of heraldry, typifying, as it were, both the man and the country he has helped to make. I copy it below —

Arms—gules on a fesse argent between a demi-lion rampant in chief or and a canoe of the host with four men paddling proper, in the bow a flag of the second, flowing to the dexter, inserted with the letters N W. Sable in base. A hammer surmounted by a nail in saltire of the last. *Crest*—on a mount vert, a beaver eating into a maple tree proper. Then follows the motto, "Perseverance"

The hammer and nail commemorate the driving of the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway

* * * *

In Professor William James's Gifford lectures ("Varieties of Religious Experience," Longmans) we have a brilliant and fascinating discussion of the psychology of religious feelings. In a short notice it is impossible to do anything like justice to it, but a few words may be useful. It is laid out on the broadest lines. Dealing with religious experience solely as a series of facts in psychology, Professor James dismisses from his work all institutional religion, and adopts as a definition of religion *for his purpose* "The feelings, acts and experiences of individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they consider the Divine." This broad statement has caused some critics to stumble, but we think it is because they have not frankly accepted the Professor's description of the object of his study, which is not a work of Christian apologetics, though it undoubtedly is in effect a powerful argument for the spiritual world.

Professor James deals at the outset with the suggestion that religious experience is a fruit of disease, of neuropathy. Those who call it morbid are not able to prove its connection with physically morbid conditions, but really judge it by their own spiritual standard, not by their scientific conclusions. And besides it may be that the religious conditions can only arise in a state which is otherwise abnormal, but

are all the same in the regular course of Nature. In this view Professor James studies religious experience of all kinds in all religious states, and even prefers the most unusual and exaggerated expressions of it, as giving the best clue to its nature. He treats all as phenomena, and is concerned to extract the essence of what is common to them. This consists, he says, of two things, an uneasiness and its solution. "The uneasiness reduced to its simplest terms is a sense that there is something wrong about us as we naturally stand. The solution is a sense that we are saved from the wrongness by making proper connection with the higher powers." It is obvious that this bare result is only the greatest common measure of religions, and would satisfy no one as an expression of his own. But as they stand these events in the soul have a critical effect on life, and are true realities. The higher power resides in the subconscious self which is now an accepted entity, and religious impulse comes from thence. On this common ground religions meet, but it is not a merely ideal region, for its effects are actual: we ourselves are changed, and the unseen world is consequently real. The instinctive feeling of mankind of the reality of God is thus well founded. But the spontaneous faith of most also is that the whole universe is in, and is safe in, God's hands, a belief which is in fact instinctive, though it constructs philosophies to justify itself.

This faith is not popular Christianity, but Professor James classes himself as a Christian. The force of his book for Christians lies in his reliance on the deep religious instincts of mankind and his absolute rejection with scorn of materialism. But indeed the work is illuminating throughout.

One unexpected chapter deals with mind-cure and Christian science, the phenomena of which Professor James accepts as definite religious experiences and treats with very great respect, pointing out that the power attributed to faith in the Gospels is at least not at all hostile to the view that the mind can banish disease.

On the whole, and for every class of thinking persons we recommend this book as one of enthralling interest.

A READER

THE FRENCH STUDY OF THE BOER WAR.*

ALL the various nations of Europe have during the last fifty years gone through experiences in war which have obliged them to reconsider the principles of their military organisation and training. The disasters of the war of 1859 with France and of 1864 with Germany almost awoke from slumber the most ancient and inveterately conservative of the monarchies of the Continent, the Austrian, the hereditary heir of the Holy Roman Empire and of the dominion of the Cæsars "Prussia," amid the course of the war during which she expanded into "Germany," that of 1870-1871 against France, found herself obliged in the actual presence of the enemy to recast the method of fighting with which, under the guidance of Von Moltke and Von Roon, she had in full confidence in its wisdom begun the contest. Her soldiers had had in their hands, both in the preliminary trial of 1864 against Denmark and in the greater struggle against Austria and her allies in 1866, the "Zund-Nadel-Gewehr," the breech-loading rifle, which was the earliest attempt to adopt in Europe the quick-firing weapons of to-day, but not till 1870 had she had to face an infantry armed with weapons superior to her own. France found herself at the end of the great struggle against Germany with an utterly shattered military organisation, with a regular army only just returned from foreign prisons, with a population that had been mustered for fight under the Revolutionary despotism of Gambetta but had acquired scarcely any semblance of organic efficiency. Crushed down, but not broken in spirit she set herself to the task of making all things military anew, amid very different conditions from those which attended the work in Germany under the victorious leaders who had themselves seen the old methods fail them, but had found nevertheless that their instrument was essentially so sound that it could adapt itself to the new phase of war in the very heat of action. Russia, putting forth the might of her irresistible millions to crush out the last sparks of life in the moribund Turk, had found at Plevna in 1877 that the expendi-

* See "Lessons of the South African War," *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, September, 1902.

ture without stint of the lives of overwhelming numbers of her devoted soldiery had availed her nothing against the not very skilfully aimed fire from Osman Pacha's redoubts. At the end of the war she lay helpless and exhausted, her utmost effort having only succeeded in putting into Adrianople some thirty thousand broken down and dispirited men, who died faster than they could be replaced, whose horses were dying faster than they were, whose very food was at the mercy of the English fleet then held in leash under Sir Geoffry Hornby, ready to spring if the treaty of St. Stephano were not abandoned. Her whole army was crying to the divine figure from the North, "Sire, you must make peace."

In all countries alike certain phenomena have attended these bitter experiences. Long before each army was aware of that necessity for change which it recognised only when in presence of hard concrete facts, some men in each country had been closely observing the existing conditions and had reasoned upon them with unanswerable logic. In the German Army a certain Captain May, who had fought through the 1866 campaign against Austria, carefully described his personal observations on the battle-field and forcibly urged that rigid adherence to the traditions of the Napoleonic era was no longer possible. He was almost ostracised for saying that his action in drawing attention to these things was not in accordance with the "the old Prussian traditions" was sufficient to condemn him. He fell in action in the 1870 war when men all round him were coming to see for themselves that he had been right in what he had said and that though phenomena which he had not and could hardly have anticipated were confronting them he had indicated the direction in which the inevitable course of events was moving. Baron Stoffel, who was Louis Napoleon's military representative at the Court of Berlin, accurately observed and admirably reported, during the years preceding the war which was to crush his master and for a time the French nation, that development of the German Army which was taking place under his eyes. His warning fell on deaf ears.

It would be easy to multiply these instances of the point which I am anxious to establish. Well-nigh twenty centuries ago it was recognised as characteristic of man everywhere, in all professions, in all countries and in all ages, that the things which he comes to know by the hearing of the ear affect him little in comparison with those which reach his mind by the far more trusted evidence of his faithful eyes. But what is true of man in all phases of his social life is from a variety of causes exceptionally true of those great organisations of men called armies. The whole essence of military training consists in the formation of habits adapting the men submitted to the training to be ready for a life utterly unlike in all its circumstances the ordinary existence of civilised society. The training itself has been thought out for the most part by great soldiers of the past, who have contrived it in order

to prepare an instrument suited for the purposes of war as they have known it. They necessarily, having to deal with vast bodies of men, formulate their principles in regulations which during a long course of years are rigidly enforced and produce throughout the whole body a certain condition of mind and certain corporate rather than individual habits. It is the very essence of the education thus imparted that, being immensely powerful in its effect, it produces a corporate character which would not fulfil the purpose of its creators if it were not vehemently resistant of influences from without, intensely conservative of established tradition and utterly sceptical of all criticism, looking upon all who would change so much as an iota of the "old Prussian tradition," "the regimental system," "the Napoleonic idea," or "the discipline of Wellington" as heretics fit only for the stake. Under such circumstances is it surprising if the clearest evidence from the experience of foreign armies of the fact that science has been exercising in war that same revolutionary influence which in our time she has potently displayed in other fields of human activity should produce no conviction in any army that has not been actually exposed to the trial of fighting against modern weapons? Has the "ancient Catholic tradition," has the "old Protestant formula" yielded much more to evidence than the "old Prussian traditions"? The actual weapons forged by science are accepted more or less grudgingly by all men everywhere. They are in almost all instances alike applied without any recognition of the inevitable consequences which follow from their use.

I am writing not nearly so much for soldiers as for the great body of my countrymen, and want to show them if I can that, valuable as are the lessons which General de Négrier has deduced from the Boer War for the benefit of his own people, their application is not possible on the mere assumptions that all soldiers, English soldiers in particular, are fools, that no English soldiers have studied their profession, and that the one thing to be done is to urge on the Secretary of State as the people's representative to lay about him with the sword of justice on a set of idle miscreants. My plea is that we all of us are living in times when science is revolutionising many of our most established traditions and that we all of us alike are apt to take the weapons of science and to apply them by rule and rote fixed in us by the habits of the past. To show that I do not exaggerate the extent to which this is true in all the works of modern life let me quote a letter, received as I write, from a young man engaged in that most modern of modern industries, the extraction of gold by scientific process from ore that would in the days of our forefathers have been cast aside as worthless. "The first thing that has struck me," he says, "more especially about the men with whom I am myself working, because they are of the class who might see further ahead than most, is that there is a great tendency to get into a groove and

"do things by rule of thumb For instance, there are certain stereo-typed tests which we use in order to detect in water or solutions the presence of—for instance—lime, gold, copper, iron or cyanide I am told that 'you count the number of drops required to make the test-tube lose its colour, and then every two drops will give you one point 'per cent' I ask 'why?' and have only found one man sufficiently interested to give an explanation of any sort, and I now know that he was wrong In fact everybody is so bent on *actually producing gold in the way he has learnt* that he tends to forget that there is "a vast field of unexplored knowledge to be attacked by some one" Now "the class that might see further ahead than most" of whom the writer speaks consists entirely of University men and public-schoolmen, men who have received the best education that England knows how to give, some of them at least being honour-men of the Universities Many of them have gone with distinction through the recent war, several of them having been repeatedly mentioned in despatches Yet the "actually producing gold in the way he has learnt" becomes for each of them a duty to his mine so absorbing that he works entirely by rule of thumb, never reads up at all the chemistry of the process he is working, and knows nothing of what is going on in any other mine, still less of any metallurgic processes that have been adopted in any other countries of the world

It would not be at all difficult to show that that is the ordinary attitude of mind of the vast majority of men engaged in all English business In a measure this sticking to their last and not looking up from it is a very valuable quality of the Anglo-Saxon temperament When then I say that not a few colonels of battalions or cavalry regiments and not a few excellent majors of batteries of horse or field artillery have their characteristics most admirably portrayed in the phrase that they are "so bent on actually producing gold in the way that they have learnt that they forget that there is a vast field of unexplored "knowledge", which will become very necessary for them if they are ultimately to fulfil all that may be required of them,—well, my dear sir, unless you are one in ten thousand, can you honestly say that "thou art the man," "*mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*" are not the phrases with which I ought to end my sentence At all events, whether it is or is not exceptional in armies or whether it is general with the race of man, it is certainly true of both the German, the French and the English armies that there are hard-working officers who are really in the junior ranks so set "upon producing gold in the way they have learnt" that they never look up from their task except for recreation The army is not primarily a learned profession, has no intention of becoming so, and would indeed abnegate its proper function if it did When all is said and done it is the dealing with men, the training of men, and not book-work or reading, with which the army is concerned How then

are the experiences of foreign armies to reach and penetrate for effective purposes into the life of any army?

General de Négrier, who, despite some palpable errors in his facts, seems to me to be absolutely wise and sound in all that he wants to press upon his countrymen as a deduction from the Boer War, has attempted a task which has proved impossible for many before him. With his great authority, especially if he publicly avow the principles which he has anonymously advocated, he may have better success but that an article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* will be sufficiently widely read to change the tradition or fundamental principles of the French Army I do not believe nor do I think that if we in England had to rely upon the effect of any writings alone we should meet with any better success. That the worthy officers of whom I have spoken, engaged in regimental work, have been "producing gold for us in the way they have learnt" no one could bring us more strong testimony than our gallant French critic. "As regards the troops," he says (p 307),* "those engaged in "the campaigns of 1899 and 1900 were excellent. Their morale was "perfect," and he goes on to show (p 307) that not only did our men behave nobly in action, but that during Lord Roberts' march on Pretoria they exhibited qualities which it was Wellington's *métier* never to call for. "I do not know that I am much of a general," Wellington used sometimes to say, "but I am an excellent commissariat officer." His chief dread was lest he should expose English troops to the test of not being "well and even copiously nourished" (p 307). Yet under Lord Roberts' command they raised the siege of Kimberley and of Ladysmith, and secured the surrender of Kronje, of Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pretoria and the occupation of the chain of railways of the two Republics, much of the time on half-rations.

Nevertheless the conditions of "producing the gold" must be taken into account. "When the war began, the English," says General de Négrier, "were versed only in front attacks." It is a startling though a true statement, for certainly it would not be difficult to produce English writings of authority by the score during the last thirty years in which the necessity under present conditions of never engaging in frontal attacks without flank attacks to assist them had been demonstrated as fully as the South African War has demonstrated it.

Long before the war of 1870, and indeed during the course of that preliminary trial of the new German Army, the Danish War of 1864, there had been fought in America between General Grant commanding the army of the North and Lee defending Richmond for the South, the battle known as the Second Cold Harbor. At that time and for some period previously the Northern army had been provided with such

* All the numerical references are to pages in the article in the September CONTEMPORARY, which is a translation from the *Revue des deux Mondes* of an article attributed to General de Négrier.

quick-firing modern weapons that it used to be said of them by their opponents that "the Yankees loaded all night and fired all day" Only, as a rule, whatever weapons the North possessed, soon armed the Confederacy. During nearly all the latter part of the war the Southern army had no weapons but those that they had captured from the North, and at Second Cold Harbor, 1864, the Southern army was fairly well equipped with what were then considered quick-firing arms. The disproportion in numbers between the two armies was prodigious. According to the best figures we have, General Grant for the attack commanded at the beginning of the campaign 141,000 men, Lee to meet him could only put in line 51,000. Grant, pursuing his principle of attrition and refusing to manœuvre, saying that he could afford to lose three men to one that General Lee could spare, attacked the Confederates frankly in their front. His first attack at Cold Harbor was repulsed and he repeated it. He was again repulsed. There had fallen on the Northern side from nine to ten thousand men without producing the slightest effect on the solid hold of their position by the Confederates, who had lost only 750 men. Such was the effect on the Northern army of seeing the utter uselessness, of the slaughter to which they were being exposed by their commander that when Grant issued orders for a third attack no man in the ranks stirred. Had the war between North and South depended only on the fighting between Grant and Lee it would then and there have ended. So utterly demoralised for the time being was the Northern army that it cried out to its President, like the Russians to the Tzar, "Sire, you must make peace." Seward prepared to yield to the inevitable. But for events which do not concern my present purpose the dramatic end to the war must have been that fatal frontal attack. But though the surrender at Appomattox and Sherman's triumphal march through Georgia distracted attention and disguised the tremendous significance of "Second Cold Harbor," there were not a few in England who from that hour became convinced that the mere concentration of masses of infantry against a given point adequately held by good infantry had ceased to be a means of battle action for the future, that the mere increase in numbers in attack on modern weapons only added to the target without proportionally developing strength. When therefore General de Négrier says and says truly that "attacks by infantry in compact masses, straight at the enemy, "to the sound of music and the beating of drums have certainly been "decisive for the troops which attempted them from the 18th August, "1870, onwards. Without exception they have ended in bloodshed "and disaster," I should venture to put back the date by some six years and say from Cold Harbor, 3rd June, 1864, at least.

The significance for my purpose of that change of date is this, that it confirms my position that it is almost hopeless to expect that any army will as a whole learn adequately by the bitter

experiences of another. If General de Négrier is in command of a portion of the French Army he may in that part of it over which he holds sway apply the experiences of the Boer War. He will not by any article in the *Revue des deux Mondes* adequately impress the lessons he wants to draw from it on the minds of the army. Nay as long as it is a matter of reasonable discussion and not of authority, there will be champions enough of the method which he truly says is adopted in most of the great European manoeuvres, the method of frontal attacks, disastrous only on the fields where shells do burst and balls are in the cartridges, victorious always where umpires have to decide. Cold Harbor did not prevent the attack on St Privat. A few years after 1870, when the actual experiences of the war were no longer vividly present, reaction set in in Germany. Whilst the deadliness of modern weapons was being continually increased, while smokeless powder and quicker and quicker firing arms were being everywhere adopted, a new generation was springing up which argued that if only men had the courage of their ancestors frontal attacks were just as possible now as ever, that the cautious leisurely approach and the open order which had proved necessary in the war in France were signs of degeneracy and must be given up. Beyond question the cut and thrust battles of the Romans were on the whole day far more deadly than any modern action. When "the long stern swell" that bade the Romans close went forth from the trumpets, the opposing ranks were locked in a deadly embrace and, where an intercepting lake or other obstacle prevented flight, there was no escape till the slaughter was complete. Now with the great range of modern weapons the decisive moment comes long before the ranks close. The defeated army is at a distance from its opponent, and despite the sudden and tremendous slaughter which at the decisive point has made advance impossible, the greater portion of the beaten force, taking in its turn advantage of the severity of modern fire, is able, as General de Négrier has well shown continually happened in South Africa, to cover its retreat and escape the tremendous punishment of the days of cut and thrust. That condition of things, whether in France, Germany, or England has given ample scope for those who chop logic and will not face facts to appeal to the good old conservative instincts of armies, and to the disgust at war-rules that are anything but effective from a spectacular point of view as well as to national vain-glory. How easy to persuade the heirs of the traditions of Frederick the Great that if only they had been in the place of those miserable Yankee "volunteers" the first charge of Grant's army would have carried Lee's lines at Cold Harbor!! In fact Grant's army was in 1864 in no small measure composed of trained German soldiers who had been attracted to the North by the high pay offered, and in any case "volunteer" is a term of uncertain usage when it is applied as if it were equally suitable to the men,

raw from the plough or the loom, who entered the ranks of the Northern army in April, 1861, and to those who, after three years of continuous war, were many of them in May, 1864, second only to Lee's Confederates in being for practical purposes the most veteran troops in the world. So, too, in like manner when those who had fed themselves upon the traditional glories of Wellington's campaigns heard that the Prussian Guards had recoiled from before St Privat, it was an easy thing for the men who love to catch the popular applause of an hour to say that if there had been in that charge on the 18th August, 1870, that "astonishing infantry" which "stood triumphant" on the fatal hill of Albuera, though only fifteen hundred unwounded men remained out of six thousand, the result would have been different.

One lesson these gentlemen had failed to learn from Napier. During those long years when some of us at least were trying to apply lessons which we had learned from the experiences of others, taking as our maxim that characteristic phrase of Bismarck's, "Fools say that 'you can only learn from your own experience, but I have always contrived to get my experience at the expense of others,'" during all that long period I say these gentlemen "disturbed our ranks" with "nervous enthusiasm" and "sudden bursts of indisciplined 'valour'." They had much to which to appeal. Men like General Hart, of Colenso fame, loathed the idea of the slow, cautious advance, the changed methods, "the creepy-crawly drill" as it was called, and they easily caught the enthusiasm of bold frontal attack, scorning the experiences of France and Germany. It was in no ignorance, no refusal to study the profession to which he is devoted, that General Hart, the most gallant of men, committed that hideous blunder of the advance in a solid quarter-column of his brigade across an open plain against the Boer front covered by an impassable river and so sheltered in their tiers upon tiers of fire over the broken hill beyond it that no one of the marksmen was even disturbed in his aim by the helpless quarry below. He had published a book some years before the war demonstrating from old experience the soundness of the principles he adopted. National pride is a two-edged weapon. It is a glorious thing when it is used to encourage and inspire. It is a fatal and a murderous thing when it is used to flatter and to decoy to folly and disaster.

Seeing that "when the war began the English were versed only in 'frontal attacks,'" as from the actions at Colenso, at Belmont, at Modder River, and, in fact, from all the series of actions of Lord Methuen's advance, General de Négrier has good reason to assume, it is worth while to examine historically how this arose. It was not because after the experiences of the war in France the proper deductions had not been drawn in England as to the necessities of Continental warfare. There was then a great struggle between the old school and the new, but for the time the new school, supported

by the large number of able English officers who in one form or another, some as actual combatants, some as newspaper correspondents, some connected with the Red Cross Society, had been witnesses of the fighting in France, triumphed. There was little difficulty for evidence to be gathered from the reports of combatants on both sides, and the conclusion then established was that of General de Négrier, that the old form of concentrating mere masses of men against a particular part of a field of battle was sure to lead only to bloodshed and disaster. Some form of "open order" or "skirmishing" attack was universally recognised as indispensable if troops were to be able to advance at all against modern fire-arms. Moreover, the necessity for out-flanking movements and for an extension of front, vast as compared with anything that had ever been seen in the old days of war, was fully recognised. The only question was, what were the limits of possible extension? At what stage would it happen that the attenuated line, in trusting to the power of modern weapons to protect it from being broken, would be over-extended, would be liable, therefore, to be pierced, and would so expose the weak numbers on either side of the gap to be rolled up and overwhelmed. There was then made a distinction, which is not very carefully attended to in General de Négrier's article. It was said that formations should be "deep, but by no means dense"—that is to say, that while no body of troops should be closely massed together unless they were altogether out of the field of fire, there should yet be bodies in reserve, at varying intervals, which should be ready to check any attempt of an active enemy to break through. As General de Négrier has himself pointed out "the conditions under which" the Boer war "has been conducted are evidently too peculiar to admit of definite deductions" (p. 306) as to what must be provided for in a great European war, and it does not follow that because "with an enemy so weak in enterprise as the Boers" (p. 324) it was unnecessary to take any serious precautions against counter-attack that the absence of that precaution would be prudent against a trained army. In fact, there were many deductions drawn directly from the fighting in the great war of 1870—71, and from that of the war between North and South in America, which cannot be ignored if we are to apply rightly to future warfare the experiences of the Boer campaigns. Now though in the years of 1871—75 all English soldiers were in consequence of the indirect effect of the Franco-German war being trained in those methods, it was practically certain then, as always, that eyes would rule it over ears—that is to say, that the actual effect of war experience would be more potent than any reports of distant combats, no matter how much more directly applicable to modern warfare the reported engagements might be than the experience.

General de Négrier quotes Napoleon's famous saying that "an

"army should change its tactics every ten years" Like most quotations from men of genius, the saying is for the purpose for which it was said profoundly true Like all such it depends much on its application, and it is not its letter, but its spirit, that requires to be understood Otherwise the "unstable" may easily wrest it to their own destruction Now in accordance with the spirit of Napoleon's phrase, it is hardly too much to say that the British Army alone of all the armies on earth requires to change its tactics every year or well-nigh every year Scarcely ever does a year pass by in which the British Army is not engaged in fighting somewhere If by any chance it misses one year, in the next it makes up for it by carrying on war in four quarters of the world at once, and, though it is seldom more than a comparatively small portion of the British Army which is thus employed, yet those who return from these various engagements are naturally the men who speak with most authority on the most recent events of war They, like the rest of us, are ruled by their eyes and not by their ears, and the effect is potent on the whole army More especially, however, is it potent if the lessons of the past have been wrongly applied under conditions to which they were not suitable Then the true lesson from past experience is condemned because it has been misunderstood The failure of the application condemns the rule Something very like this brought about that strange fact which General de Négrier notices that "when the war began, the English "were versed only in frontal attacks" (p 332), and that stranger fact with which he does not seem to be acquainted, that, though this was true at the time he speaks of, it was not true of the six or seven years which followed the war of 1870 In the year 1873—74 Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had been pre-eminently the leader of the new school which was endeavouring to apply the lessons of modern war to the English Army, went in command of the Ashantee expedition He was engaged in combat with tribes that were not possessed of modern weapons Therefore he adapted his tactics to the conditions with which he had to deal, soundly applying the principle of Napoleon's words, and did not fight after the methods that were being applied at Aldershot in accordance with the experiences of the Franco-German War, though he had strongly advocated these at home

The general who commanded in the next of our British wars, that against the Zulus in South Africa, acted on a different principle He put himself very completely into the hands of a staff officer who was in fact a bigot for reform, a not uncommon type of mankind Accordingly before the advance into Zululand the army practised in Natal what was then known as "the Aldershot system of attack," an advance in skirmishing or open order, based on the observed action of the Germans during the war of 1870—71 Only in Natal, for some reason or other, it was decided that the distance between man and man should be double what it had been at Aldershot The Zulus were magnificent savages,

trained to devote their lives recklessly in the charge with which they closed on the enemy, who was at their mercy as soon as their splendid savage strength could be applied at close quarters to drive home their assegais. Nevertheless, at no time whatever were they able, any more than Grant's soldiers at Cold Harbor, to approach a two-deep British line in the old form, nor probably, even with the breech-loading weapons of those days, would they have been able to approach any force moderately strong per yard behind some slight shelter. All that was needed to defeat their utmost efforts was that a regularly ordered formation fronting in all directions should cover an adequate amount of ammunition enclosed within its protection, and a sufficient supply of water and of food. For the protection against the savages of a large camp, full of valuable stores, it was distinctly desirable that there should be a regularly traced outer defence, either of slight earth-works with thorns in front, or other obstacles calculated to delay their bare feet under fire, or else some such laager of waggons or other improvised shelter for the shooting men as the Boers had repeatedly employed with success against these same Zulus. In Natal our men were practised in none of these things, but in elaborate movements in the loosest possible formation. Confusion habitually supervened, and one of the colonels commanding battalions appealed to the general in command to observe for himself the disastrous consequences that must follow if, amidst such a mere mob of men as resulted from these manœuvres, a gallant band of well-ordered savages should burst in. The facts were obvious. The general felt the force of them, but he had yielded his mind as to principles of fighting, strategic, tactical, or other to his Gneisenau, almost as completely as during the Waterloo campaign Blücher put himself into the hands of that chief of his staff. The South African Gneisenau looked up from his table. "Don't you think, sir, that six paces distance will be sufficient against this 'scum'?" It is sometimes almost as unfortunate for an army to win too easy victories as it is to lose them in the earlier operations of a campaign. The British Army, before it had to meet the warriors of Ketchwayo, had been engaged in fighting a series of inferior tribes along the coast, who, under chiefs with no prestige and no organising power, had been swept away easily by the advance of our troops. The distinction between these and the well-trained Zulus had been fully recognised long beforehand by all who had known the country, but it was not understood at the headquarters of the South African Army. Scarcely had the army crossed the frontiers of Natal into Zululand before "this scum," breaking down upon the headquarter camp of the general in command, whilst he had passed to the front with the bulk of his army, closed with magnificent daring upon the less than a thousand men who had been left for its protection. The camp had not been prepared for defence. The troops strictly carried out against the Zulu army, when it attacked them, the method of

fighting that had been taught in Natal. The Zulus equally applied their accustomed tactics. Closing despite hideous losses upon the front, they at the same time swept round with their wings upon both flanks and rear. The ammunition was not enclosed within any protecting circle or square. It therefore failed our men. Though they lost two thousand in the attempt, the fifteen thousand Zulus utterly obliterated the English defenders. Passing on in triumph into Natal, they were easily repulsed by a small party of English troops, who under Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead had improvised at Rorke's Drift a temporary defence of a small fort within which was ample ammunition. The utmost gallantry of these heroic savages failed to enable them to approach a site duly covered with protecting fire.

Overweening confidence, followed by disaster, is the sure precursor of panic. The headquarters, which had thought it necessary to apply to men armed only with the assegai the tactics that had been forced on unwilling leaders in Europe by the breech-loader of the infantry and the shrapnel of artillery, and which thought it safe to meet splendid order, capacity for manœuvring, and heroic courage with hideous confusion and want of method, were thunderstruck. The mere rumour of Zulu movement filled them with apprehension. Such a feeling of anxiety soon spreads throughout all ranks, and it is well to draw a veil over the scenes that followed. It is not too much to say that never before or since was any English army reduced to a condition so unworthy of England as that which in that army followed the disaster of Isandlwana. Obviously, the lesson writ large on the campaign was that tactics must be adapted to the conditions to be dealt with.

To take yet one more step in the stage leading up to the disastrous blot on which General de Négrier has put his finger that "the English were," when the Boer war began, "versed only in frontal attacks." During the Nile campaign for the relief of Gordon in 1884—5 the Dervishes, splendid savages like the Zulus, forced their way into a square that was in course of being formed by a miscellaneous body of our men during the desert march from Korti to Metemmah. They were all killed, but many of them within the square. They had not broken any face of the square, nor when the square was properly formed were they ever able to approach it, any more than the Zulus had been. Mr Rudyard Kipling, throwing into popular form a general impression of the splendid valour of these wild sons of the desert, gave forth the verses, the burden of which is

"Here's to you Fuzzy Wuzzy, you big black bounding beggar,
For you broke a British square"

Fuzzy Wuzzy never did break a British square or a regularly formed line of any kind, and the historical error, in the case of a writer so popular and influential, especially with soldiers, as Mr Kipling, was a serious one. It tended to produce the conviction among those who were

not much addicted to the study of the history of their own army or of any other, that, provided only closed ranks went forward in sufficiently serried masses, they were bound to overthrow men steadily firing on them as they advanced. In other words, it tended to encourage those "decisive attacks" which, "without exception, have ended in bloodshed and disaster." Furthermore, about this time many of our best officers were engaged in the attempt to form the Fellaheen of Egypt into an effective army. The black battalions were splendid as fighting men. Though, from the point of view of discipline, the Fellaheen were much more easily handled than the blacks, it was certain that, if it came to fighting between them and the black battalions they would fly like chaff before the wind. To bring the Fellaheen battalions up to the standard of the black battalions as fighting machines was the aspiration of every zealous officer where all were zealous. It was not a promising prospect. One of the best of those thus engaged in training put it thus: "You may teach a poodle tricks, and you may teach him to sit up or to beg, but you can't teach him to draw a badger." In other words, the one daily work of these men was to preach "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," to try to inspire these Fellaheen with something of the audacity of those against whom they would one day have to fight. Such were the influences that were tending to sway the minds of many of our most active and leading officers into a direction far removed from the long past reminiscences of the 1870 campaign. A certain reaction and revolt from the rather too strenuous manner in which the methods of the Germans had been formerly pressed on us contributed not a little to the same result. Moreover, as I have already noticed in another connection, reaction was setting in in Germany itself.

Every soldier, whether of the French, German, or English armies, feels with General de Négrier "that a nation should, above all, strive to develop its moral powers. They alone will later on sustain the soldier in the anxious ordeal of battle, where death comes from the invisible," that the essential condition of success is "the raising the courage of all up to the point of voluntary sacrifice." Now not many years after 1870 officers visiting the Continent observed that the Germans had abandoned the former practice of inducing their men to take cover, and when questions were asked about this a German officer would answer "Well, I don't know how you find it, but we know that it is very easy to get the men to take cover, the difficulty is to get them out of it." On which it is natural to observe first that the reflection must obviously have been arrived at by discussions among the officers or by pressure from above as an after-thought some time subsequent to the war, because it could not be an experience derived from peace manœuvres. No man is tempted to shirk advancing out of cover where no bullets whistle. Moreover, what has been emphatically noticed by our own officers

during the Boer war, and confirmed by numerous instances, quoted by General de Négrier himself, is that men who had not been regularly trained to take such cover as would enable them to approach the enemy and to get forward, were apt, when they inevitably took cover in order to avoid destruction, to think that the cover was to be used for permanent occupation, so that it became fatal that they should not have been taught how to utilise cover. However that may be, as an historical fact it is certain that under all these influences combined—that is to say, the example of “most of the great European *manœuvres*,” as General de Négrier (p. 305) admits, the habit of teaching Fuzzy Wuzzy to the Fellaheen, the experiences of the Zulu campaign, and the other causes I have named, it began to be the avowed purpose at Aldershot to “teach Fuzzy Wuzzy”—in other words, to encourage those decisive attacks which it is General de Négrier’s great object to denounce as fatal. The drill book then declared that a frontal attack of three to one was to be considered to have captured a position. All umpire rulings were based on similar assumptions. Anyone who thought, as probably every officer who has had much experience in the Boer war now thinks, that not thirty to one massed men advancing directly against a properly prepared position held by good shots and good infantry would carry it, was a pronounced heretic—that is to say, that if he attempted to act upon his conviction, every decision would be given against him, and in the reports of field-days which were carefully distributed after them, these principles would be enforced and illustrated. This in its effect upon the great body of men who were “bent on actually producing gold in “the way they had learnt,” was all the more decisive because each field-day was most carefully prepared beforehand, the ground being thoroughly gone over so as to determine precisely what the movements were that ought to be made on either side, and as these were based on the three to one principle, and on the further assumption that a battalion that was extended over more than a few hundred yards must be considered to be destroyed as a fighting unit, it is obvious that the enforcement of principles, the reverse of those that General de Négrier has deduced from the Boer war, was deliberately made a matter of rigid prescription.

One rather remarkable result of the contrast between the decision of umpires and the decision of war is to be found in the case of General French. It was notorious that at cavalry *manœuvres* French was habitually worsted by more than one opponent. He returns to command at Aldershot, it is to be hoped, to reverse the methods which condemned him. No one has shown greater capacity in the war. No one’s success in the war shows more clearly the danger that lurks in the assumption that peace *manœuvres* alone are an adequate criterion of an officer’s capacity for command in war. For it must be clearly realised that what the test of army *manœuvres* does represent is conformity to

the standard of established orthodoxy. At all times during peace, after long years have passed since in any serious form armies have met in the great arbitrament of battle, that orthodoxy tends to be based on the conveniences of peace. Thirty years is a long time in the life of armies. It gives time for the systematic and general promotion on quite legitimate grounds of the men who have been zealously "producing gold in the way they have learnt," who have never realised that "there is a vast field of unexplored knowledge" which may fatally affect the success of the application of these methods when next in the dread field of war they are put into competition with those who have explored new ones. The casual impressions of a crowd of civilians and soldiers looking on at manœuvres are sure to be guided and determined by men of the honest gold-producing type. For the training in the orthodox methods of war, and for much else, manœuvres are inestimably valuable, but, as General de Négrier has admirably urged, they tend continually as the years go on to become more and more the expression of the particular views of men dominated by a limited and narrow personal experience and unable so far to emancipate themselves from it as to take into account the broad principles to be derived from the larger experience of war or to observe the certain effects of the progress of scientific development and the logical deductions to be drawn from these as to the necessities of the future. The great seers of war, Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington, are not like the prophets *stoned* by those who condemn and oppose their innovations. They stone effectively those who in all their earlier stages derided them. But they share the fate of the prophets in this, that the next generation builds their sepulchres, makes out of their principles formulæ as rigid as those that they have smashed. The crowbars with which they broke their way through the fetters of tradition are forged into new fetters. Hence it is certain that for the selection of those that are to be fit to command armies in future war the thing that needs to be discovered and encouraged is not exact conformity to prescribed tradition, but originality and thought, a comprehensive knowledge not of the current catchwords of the wisdom of the passing age but of the experiences and wisdom of the ages and of various countries. That was what Napoleon preached unceasingly to those whom he was urging to make themselves masters in war, though unfortunately for him he devoted his energies chiefly to brothers like Joseph who were incapable of assimilating his lessons. His teaching was neglected, his maxims were learnt by rote, till it became true, as a brilliant French soldier said of him during the Franco-German War, "The decadence of the art of war in France dates from Napoleon." Now for these difficulties of peace training in tending to produce the disastrous result, which General de Négrier has pointed out so well, there is no perfect remedy that can be prescribed by rule, but this much is certain, that the one thing that tends to aggravate them most

unnecessarily is a system of elaborated field-days or manoeuvres in which such immense pains has been taken to determine exactly what ought to be done beforehand that the one test of excellence for all who are employed in them is their conformity in action to the preconceived movements. There is no difficulty whatever in adopting a different method. When the Duke of Connaught succeeded to the command at Aldershot with the present Adjutant-General as his Chief of the Staff, a system of field-days for the trial of majors of battalions prior to their succeeding to the command of regiments was devised under their orders. It was carried out on principles which exactly reversed the method of previously regulated field-days. The method adopted was that the examiner who devised the test should place each of the officers to be examined in command of a body of troops and should describe as closely as possible some situation in which that officer might actually find himself in war. Several questions were set, giving different problems. In one of them with actual troops and with an actual opponent, similarly under examination, he had with assigned conditions to endeavour simply to gain an advantage over that opponent. But obviously the limitations of ground at Aldershot or elsewhere would greatly reduce the variety of problems that could thus be devised. The real test of the officer practically depended on the orders that he issued and on the originality that he showed in dealing with the situation. From the time that troops come into collision so much depends on the quickness and intelligence of subordinates, and on a variety of things that cannot be represented in peace manoeuvres, that the test of the officer's capacity becomes not very satisfactory. But it was quite possible to select anywhere in England ground of which there were maps sufficiently accurate to enable an officer, who read them as well as he ought to be able to do, to realise the nature of the country for which he would have to issue his orders. In fact, for the purposes of modern fight, where the man in command can very rarely indeed see all the ground over which his troops will have to fight or nearly all of the troops themselves, a problem devised under such conditions would represent much more closely than a formal field-day the circumstances under which an officer would find himself tested in war so far as his mere handling of the troops was concerned. This was accordingly adopted as a test. Each question consisted in endeavouring to place an officer under examination in such a situation as either had actually occurred or might easily occur in war. Obviously in this as much as in any manoeuvres a good deal would depend upon the knowledge of war of the superintending officer. It could hardly be expected that all examiners would carry out the system precisely in the same way, but in principle no attempt was made beforehand to determine at all what solution an examined officer would find for the problem set him. One man might choose one line of action, while another might select one quite different

Both would be equally approved or condemned, not in accordance with their conformity to some previously determined scheme, but in proportion as they had shown an understanding how to handle cavalry, infantry and artillery, and a readiness in grasping the character of the question before them. I do not know how far all examiners adopted the principle of keeping their own minds unbiassed by any previous solution of the problem worked out by themselves, but I remember one at least who, in my hearing, not only avowed that principle, but went so far as to refuse to consider in any way how he would meet the case until he had looked over the last of the solutions proposed by the competitors. He said that if he were to work out the problem himself he could not trust himself not to judge the candidates too much by their conformity to his views, whereas what he wanted to see with each of them was whether they had or had not intelligent and reasonable ideas of their own. He had done his best to put the candidates for promotion in such a position as they might find themselves in if they had ever to command troops in the field. Frederick's method was not the same as Napoleon's, nor Wellington's the same as either. Every man of the least originality had his own way of doing things and would not be worth his salt if he had not. You could not expect originality of course from everyone, but that was no reason why you should crush it. Often when a man seemed to have not worked very intelligently you found if you gave him an opportunity of explaining himself that there was more in what he had intended than seemed at first sight. I confess I was convinced by the reasoning and believed that that and not the cut and dried field-day was the proper method of test, and further for military purposes the proper method of education. It is no doubt very desirable to ascertain that the men whose duty it is to do so are actually "producing gold in the way they have learnt," you will not get the gold without it but there were other parts of the examination which quite adequately tested that which is indeed the easiest thing to ascertain. But only "the vast field of unexplored "knowledge" of past war, of the daily progress of the times, of the countries in which war is to be carried on and of the tactics of those against whom it will be necessary to fight will supply an officer with knowledge adequate to meet new emergencies when they arise and to better the methods used by his opponents. The less therefore you tie a man down to conformity with the ideas and prescriptions of any drill-master or even manœuvre master, the more likely you are to find the man you want for war. I should strongly suspect that the very causes which had made cavalry officers condemn French's handling of his men during peace manœuvres before the war, as they undoubtedly did, were the very causes which led to his success in war. It was well said of Stonewall Jackson during a certain period of the Confederate engagements round Richmond when he had been fettered

by instructions which he had not fully understood and when he did not show his usual brilliancy, that "the hooded falcon cannot strike"

The principle for which I am contending may not commend itself to those who are in the habit of judging mathematical competitions. It is no doubt possible, in many parts at least, of mathematical science to determine completely whether an answer is right or wrong, and to assign marks accordingly. But there are other men whose position is much more closely analogous than that of mathematical examiners to that of those who have to watch over our future military training. Everyone knows the difference between two classes of examiners in questions either of scientific investigation or of historical and philosophical research. One set of men judge the papers before them solely by the degree in which they find that they conform to their own views, to what they regard as established orthodoxy. The others judge by the vigour, the originality, the knowledge, the capacity for research displayed in the papers, and may often commend more highly a man with whose conclusions they do not agree, than one who conforms mechanically to their formulæ. The distinction is vital. In our present phase of war I maintain that it is for the future of our army a thing necessary to be determined which example we are to follow. Alike in our tests, our selections, our training, our manoeuvres, whichever is right, the other is mischievously wrong. As I have shown, the fact that "when the war began" the English were versed only in frontal attacks" represents a retrogression, not a previous absence of other experience or knowledge. If "quick-firing rifles and smokeless powder have," for the time being, "forced the English to abandon entirely their former methods", if "new tactics, totally different from those now in use in most European armies, had to be improvised and in the event adopted" (p 307) during the Boer war, so also had the Germans during the war of 1870 "to abandon entirely their former methods," so also had they to improvise new tactics totally different from those previously in use, "but at the cost of what sacrifices!" That did not in the case of the German army prevent the progress of peace mechanism and the experiences of peaceful manoeuvres from gradually superseding the experience of war, even though the experiences of the Russian army at Plevna and Tashkessin had from war fully illustrated the soundness of the general principles adopted in war and condemned those of peace. Nor did it prevent us from following in their wake, much encouraged thereto by experiences of war wholly unlike those of fighting against modern weapons. There seem to me two dangers in our present situation which are suggested by these experiences. One, that we may forget that "evidently the conditions under which" the Boer war "has been" conducted are too peculiar to permit of definite deductions," such as should establish a Procrustean table of rules, making it right to adopt

every prescription that was necessarily applied to the special circumstances of that war. The other, that after a few years of exact imitation of all that was there done, we shall, as before, during our constant minor wars, have other experiences to which the Boer prescription will not be applicable, and that from the general influence of such causes as I have traced in the former case repeating themselves, we shall then have as before a violent reaction, make "Fuzzy Wuzzy" our hero, and return to those decisive attacks which "without exception have ended in bloodshed and disaster"

I do not for a moment believe that there is any danger lest for the time being we shall not adequately apply what are called "the lessons of the South African war." The certainty of our application of them does not depend on any articles, however powerful, in the *Revue des deux Mondes* or in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, but on the fact that the army itself, as a whole, has gone through the experiences of the Boer War, and that what has been assimilated through the trusted eyes will have a very different effect from anything that had previously been taught through the untrusted ears. Those who perform for us the all-important work of "actually producing gold" will have learnt from war a way very different from any that they had assimilated before.

For, in fact, the question of getting the gold produced by new methods turns very much on the potency of that very complex thing, regimental tradition. If during long years you have devoted yourself to forming certain habits in a child who grows up with them, and under your guidance continues them as a man, would you find it easy to reverse them by telling him that you wished them changed? Surely it is not difficult to understand that when generation has succeeded generation for a hundred years in a battalion which has had certain customs, rules and habits handed on throughout all that time, then the daily and hourly influence of local public opinion as much as of regimental authority has made them the very breath of life for every young soldier or officer recruit who has joined it throughout the century. The very life-blood of the regiment has flowed from its proud traditions of the past. Every non-commissioned officer who trains recruits in the ways wherein they should go; every officer, commanding or other, has had his own habits and character formed in the same school. Surely it is not difficult to understand that since these things are so, it needs something more than a formal order, no matter on what authority it may be based, and very much more than the wisest and best statement of evidence of the proved necessity of change, to effect a revolution of ideas. The verbal order may be literally obeyed. It will not in its practical effect be much more decisive than the wisest and best of statements, which in all human probability will not be read at all, and if it is read will only produce effect on the minds of a few who will become mere heretics at the best.

The notion that when you have said or written something that "everybody" is supposed to have read, that has been commented on and accepted as unanswerable by all those whose judgment is worth having, that has been noticed more or less favourably according to their knowledge and capacity by all the newspapers, that then this your demonstration will become operative as a factor in regimental life generally, is a delusion of youth and inexperience. I cannot believe that General de Négrier in the least shares it. Here and there a few officers may read and digest it. Here and there even perhaps a lieutenant-colonel commanding a battalion may see the force of it, and if he is a very strong man may carry his regiment with him. He will be considered very eccentric and will almost certainly find difficulty in getting promotion in the French Army. It would ordinarily be a matter depending on personal circumstances in the English. But the case is altogether different when, under the conditions of three years of war, the old traditions, dying hard, have in the sight of all men been necessarily given up. Then, from top to bottom throughout, everybody has learnt in the same school. The man who has not is the heretic. Regimental public opinion has been revolutionised. There may be some confusion as to the best methods of adapting the old teaching of the young idea to the new school. Then it is that prescription by authority becomes operative, and perhaps even sound reasoning as to facts may be at least a little listened to. Everybody is looking for guidance and only too anxious to get it. Hence, not because I think that any articles that can be written by those who have most carefully studied the present phase of war will determine the matter, but because of the actual war experiences in South Africa, I am very sure that the changes that will now come will for the time at least be sufficiently complete and revolutionary. What is most to be dreaded is the severance of understanding between the nation and the army. For the moment the nation is keenly alive and interested. It has been through so terrible an ordeal, it has passed through so serious a fever, that it would be strange indeed if the clinical thermometers as yet indicated that the temperature was normal. But fevers have their cold fits as well as their hot fits, and both alike have their dangers. At the present moment it is still the hot fit that may produce spasmodic and violent contortions. Because the army which by its purpose, education and constitution is in normal times intensely conservative and resistant against change, because it was not exactly adapted to meet a revolution in warfare for which, as General de Négrier has admirably shown, no other army was prepared, therefore every zealous man throughout the country in his patriotic ardour and his wish to do something for England is looking out for a prescription that will set matters right and anxious to enforce it by his vote upon his servants the Government. It is the characteristic of revolutionary times, and the point which General de Négrier has brought out with

unanswerable force is that in matters of warfare we are in presence of a revolutionary evolution which has as yet been adequately realised by no army

Speaking of the unexpected resistance offered by the Boers, he says. "No one was willing to acknowledge the fact that the new repeating rifle, with smokeless powder, in the hands of a cool marksman, displayed a power that had never till then been suspected" He lays his finger on the true spot, and tracing the matter historically, shows that the first victim of the unrealised evolution was Sir George Colley, at Lang's Nek, Ingogo, and Majuba. That was the true explanation of the disappointing failure of that brilliant soldier. He was in presence of a revolution in warfare which had perhaps found its Valmy at Cold Harbor, but had there had no Goethe to salute it. It had acted potently in the wars of 1870 and 1877, but the conservatism of mankind had contrived to find every excuse for not recognising it, being well able to assign every other sort of reason for the events of 1870 and 1877. Now if General de Négrier be right, and I for one am firmly convinced that he is right, then unquestionably in the first place we must adapt our methods to the new condition of things, but also it is to be remembered that you can't cure revolutions by an application of Morrison's Pills. The particular patent medicines that just now are being vended about are for the most part proposed after a false diagnosis of the case in so far as any vendor of pills condescends to diagnosis at all. Very noteworthy is General de Négrier's perfectly just observation that "the mobility of the Boers has been exaggerated. "From the beginning of the operations up to the time when the "guerilla warfare became systematic, the Boers had heavier convoys than the English. Their waggons drawn by oxen sometimes carried "members of their families" Their mobility was not the explanation of the escape of the Boers from serious punishment when driven in, but the explanation was that "the rifle fire of a few Boers remaining "with the waggons was sufficient to keep at a distance all cavalry, "however brave" Then again in its larger principles and broader lines Lord Roberts's advance from Bloemfontein to Pretoria was based on a fact which had been pointed out as patent in the Franco-German war—viz, that the enormous local defensive power of the new arms is as much available for the purposes of an army working on the offensive as for the defending force. That defensive power makes it possible to adopt in offence an extension of front throughout the greater part of the offensive army, such as yields a surplus of force available for decisive action. In the particular case of the advance on Pretoria there were, as General de Négrier has pointed out, special conditions in the body to be attacked which make it exceedingly difficult to know whether the extension adopted by the advancing army would be safe or possible against a modern army possessed of as good weapons and as well able to use them as the Boers, but able also to manœuvre and

to act together as a whole, and prepared for counter-attack. For, as General de Négrier notices, the nature of the ground during the campaigns in South Africa, more especially in the "Orange Free State," was such that it was difficult of defence by troops who do not know how to manœuvre, for their flanks not being supported it is easy to outflank them (p 322). Moreover, "with an enemy so weak in enterprize"—that is to say, so little inclined to counter-attacks—"as the Boers, there was advantage in multiplying the columns of the advancing army" (p 324). Whether the fact that "in any event the subdivisions were so arranged that each division could be concentrated, with all its fighting elements, in an hour" would be an adequate protection against real counter-attack is the problem that remains for solution. There are facts which tell both ways. Though the Boer war in itself in neither of its phases offers any definite proof of the fact, yet there is much to suggest that some such arrangement, especially if there be available army reserves to support any column that may be assailed, would be adequate for security as well as convenient for the advance to attack. But it would carry me too far to attempt to follow General de Négrier into these details. The broad conclusions which he has pressed on us are of incalculably greater value because they are written for his own people and not for ours. They are wholly without prejudice and throughout the studies of an able and thoroughly trained soldier, even if at times he has necessarily had to write on not wholly correct data as to the facts. I hope that his article as a whole will be carefully read and considered by all who are interested in the future of the army of England.

AN ENGLISH GENERAL-OFFICER

POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

ONCE more, what in this country is called the Education Question has assumed threatening proportions. Tory and Unionist Members of Parliament chipping savagely at the matutinal egg daily inquire of their wives or private secretaries or whoever else is condemned to listen to their table-talk, "Why cannot they" (by "they" meaning "Ministers") "leave it alone?" "It" is the Education Question. Education drove Mr Gladstone upon the rocks. Mr Balfour has already withdrawn one Education Bill, and that he may live to withdraw another is but one way of expressing a wish all entertain for his longevity. It is now probably safe to say that the Prime Minister's enlightened if quixotically expressed opinions on the subject of Irish University Education have lost him and his party the support of the city of Belfast.

Why should Education, and least of all the education of little children of our stolid British race, excite such a commotion? Does England care about Education? Her indifference to it is notorious. You might almost count upon your fingers and toes the Educationalists of the country. There is not a fad or a crank which does not number more devotees. The question must be adulterated with more heady waters than those of the Pierian stream ere it stirs our emotions. "Creeds not Codes" is the cry that fills the polling-booths with angry Churchmen, whilst "Public Control" is the counter-charm warranted to extract a Liberal vote even from a Nonconformist turned Unionist. Fine cries both of them, but not Educational.

The pale student may search in vain those fascinating volumes commonly called the "Parliamentary History," which tell the tale of public life during the eighteenth century far better than the regular historian, for any mention of the education of the people. Many strange things will he find discussed, but not that. The first Lord Lansdowne, better though doubtfully known as Lord Shelburne, had indeed ideas on that subject as on all others, but as his countrymen could never forgive him for preferring the company of Price, Priestley

and Bentham to that of toadying chaplains, jockeys and gamesters, he was soon put out of harm's way and reduced to ventilating his opinions in private letters and splenetic *memoranda*

The Church of England slumbered and slept in her twenty thousand parishes—the very sign-posts were illegible to the rustics, who indeed could find their way about without their legendary matter. The old grammar schools were in the state in which the Charity Commissioners, those scandalously abused men, found them a century later. Oxford and Cambridge, though purged of the presence of schismatics, were the homes of such sound learning, true religion and old port as we have read about in grave memoirs and a thousand scandalous tales

Sunday schools, in a few of our chief centres of heathenism, modestly and without the patronage of Church or State first broke the spell

We are often told that in Scotland things were very different. They were nothing of the kind. From 1698 to 1802 the parochial schools of Scotland were totally neglected and in a hideous plight. Parochial schools there were, and in that respect Scotland was ahead, but the "heritors" or landed proprietors, at whose expense the schools were erected, had allowed them to become veritable hovels, whilst the teacher was usually some scare-crow of a "stickit minister." The means taken in Scotland during the eighteenth century to help to enlighten the "intolerable strain" of maintaining this beggarly establishment cannot be recommended to the farmers on our County Councils, for chief among them was included "Cock-fighting," a genial pastime now forbidden by the law. Each pupil brought a cock or paid a fine. The cocks that would not fight were devoured by the hungry *Domie*. No small deference, so we read, was paid in a Scottish parochial school during this period to a pupil who had brought a winning cock under his arm. The little ragged wretch experienced some of the sensations of "a blue." In 1802 an Act was passed "organising" the parochial schools of Scotland, and establishing "one Authority"—the Presbytery. The maximum salary of a teacher was fixed at £23 *per annum*, nor was his house ever to contain more than two apartments, "the but and "the ben," and if dismissed by the "one Authority" he had no appeal. If the children of the poor were educated in Scotland during the eighteenth century they were not indebted for it either to the wisdom of the State or the public spirit of the lairds

The French Revolution made some people think and all afraid. It became evident that the populace must be taught to behave. At the same time humanitarianism made its first appearance in the House of Commons. People became suddenly alive to the horrors of the Slave Trade and shuddered at cruelty to animals. The "Parliamentary History" supplies an excellent example of this extraordinary change in public sentiment. In 1732 an Act was passed without exciting a single remark for the better recovery of debts in America and the Colonies, which provided that negro slaves might be "seized on, extended and

"sold by public auction," in satisfaction of their master's debts, whether of simple contract or of specialty. In 1797 this Act was repealed on the motion of Mr Bryan Edwards, also without remark or sign of opposition, on the ground that its language was an outrage upon humanity. The master was still to be allowed to sell his slaves, but not the master's creditors.

After this period we find the necessity of popular Education freely discussed, and with many limitations, generally admitted.

It is a great pity that our first post-Reformation Education debates should be associated with the soporific names of Lancaster and Bell. Lancaster was one of the best of men, a true zealot, who had invented or concocted a new method of education which was productive of many good results and even won the approval of old King George. Now Lancaster was a Quaker, and as it was not to be endured that a schismatic should be allowed to become an Authority on National Education the Church of England ran Dr Bell against Lancaster, and asserted that it was the former who had truly invented or concocted the new method of education which had won the approval of the enlightened Head of the Anglican Church. It was a doleful controversy which is perhaps responsible for the widely spread error that Education, untouched by religious emotion, is a dull subject.

Skiping the Lancaster-Bell controversy, we soon find established in the land two rival systems of Elementary Education for children of the poor. First in order of time come the British Schools, managed by the British and Foreign School Society which so long had its headquarters in the Borough Road, Southwark, where they both taught pupils and trained teachers on Lancastrian methods. In the comparatively early days of the last century the great Whig families were frequently to be seen driving through the Borough to witness, not, I should imagine, without a little personal uneasiness, the amazing feats of mental arithmetic performed by the children of the poor, and to notice how under the monitorial system quite young children, running up and down the forms, were able to keep large classes in an order unknown to Eton or Harrow. Here also on great days Lord Brougham "volley'd and thunder'd," declared the schoolmaster to be abroad, and diffused useful knowledge to such an alarming extent as to turn the usually well-composed head of Sir Robert Peel, and to incur the sarcastic and highly rhetorical censure of an Oxford tutor destined to become a Cardinal of Rome. It was the golden age of education in modern England.

The principles of the Society were religious. Its founders were all devout men, Evangelical Churchmen, Bible Society men, Quakers and Independents who would have thought it very bold to call Abraham an Arabian Sheik, or to speak of the Word of God as a bundle of tracts. A few of the Society's supporters were Unitarians, and some of them thought the Scriptures were unduly venerated in the Borough.

Road A semblance of a dispute once arose, but the orthodox majority prevailed and the atmosphere of the Society remained sincerely religious and Christian

The success of the British Schools and of their teachers up and down the country not improperly aroused the jealousy of the Establishment, which could hardly be expected to stand aside and let Non-conformists teach the children of the parish to read and write and cast figures in their heads, and leave the Catechism in the cold Accordingly, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who in those days was a great potentate whom not even Lord Salisbury would have ventured to snub, the National Society was established, to be supported like its rival by voluntary subscriptions, and having for its honourably avowed object the education "of the children of "the poor in the principles of the Church of England"

It is not unkind to say that it was not zeal for education in the secular sense that prompted the bishops to take this step, nor was it zeal for the spread of Church principles in the sense in which the present High Church party to use those words—it was a genuine desire to teach the commonalty to be "honest, industrious and "obedient," to conform to all the Institutions of the country, and to abandon dangerous speculative opinions In the writings of Miss Hannah More may be seen reflected the mind of the Church on the Education Question

The National Society, having the support of the landed interest and the clergy, found it an easier task to plant out their village schools than their Borough Road forerunners had done, but both schools abounded All middle-aged pedestrians must be able to recall how frequently in their pleasant rambles down our country lanes in days when neither the bicycle nor the motor car, with bells and horns and trailing clouds of dust and the stink of the nether pit, disturbed

'Some happy tone
Of meditation slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone,"

their eyes rested on some plain building bearing the blunt inscription, "British School" The "National School" was oftener seen, but both schools were to be found—the one denominational, and the other non-sectarian

When the bishops and clergy remind us, as they take a justifiable pride in doing on all suitable occasions, how great is the debt of gratitude the country owes to the Church of England for her self-denying labours in the cause of the secular education of the children of the poor, it is well to remember these things, not in order coarsely to repudiate the debt, but merely to lighten the burden of obligation.

These two sets of schools, once fairly started on their beneficent, if humble, careers, those demands upon the public purse which have

grown to such considerable, though by no means excessive, proportions of late years soon began to be made. The Chancellors of the Exchequer at first found no difficulty in keeping the schoolmaster-at-bay. Doles, too miserable to be worth mentioning, were meted out from year to year, and it was not till the mills and factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire had begun to employ children in large numbers that the country gentlemen, whose tenants had for generations worked children of tender years in gangs upon their farms with a cruelty it is now (unwisely) thought well to forget, became alive to the necessity of educating town-bred children. In 1843 Sir James Graham made an effort in this direction, but his scheme smacked too much of the Church to please the Nonconformists, and as neither side would give way the Bill was wrecked. Unhappy differences¹ which condemned generations of children to live and die unable to read the New Testament because the ministers of rival schemes of salvation could not agree who was to have the teaching of them. Then, as now, the parents did not care, then, as now, the teachers experienced no difficulty, then, as now, the tax-payer was patient, and then, as now, the necessity was great—but it availed nothing and the poor children of Manchester, Oldham, Leeds and Bradford had to wait twenty-seven years for their education. In the matter of children's education the debit account of Dogma is a long one and the figures are large, the credit account I have never had an opportunity of inspecting.

The great failure of 1843 had one good effect, it loosened the grip of the Treasury, and from that time the annual grants largely increased, but when the enormous growth of the population is borne in mind, it is not to be wondered at that the voluntary system of Elementary Education was both wholly inadequate and lamentably inefficient, and only awaited condemnation.

The compromise of 1870, like the even more famous compromise of 1563, is still regretted by some *esprits forts*. I rejoice in it, for it changed the whole aspect of things educational, and even the face of the country. I confess to never passing a Board School without a feeling of exultation, they are institutions after my own heart, dearer to me than even "perpendicular" churches or college halls. At last, the greatest crime of our history, the secularisation of the Church lands and the great tithes, and their diversion into the private pockets of the rich, was at least partially atoned. We cannot give back the abbey lands and tithes, but we can clap rates and taxes upon them to provide for the education of the poor, for whom the ancient Church was an express, if at times a negligent, trustee.

The object of Mr Forster's measure was not to destroy any existing educational machinery. Mr Forster was not a Tory Minister. His object was to provide for a huge deficiency of school accommodation by creating and maintaining out of the rates Board Schools wherever necessary, to be managed by School Boards popularly elected. We

are sometimes told that Mr Forster thought and said that a rate of 3d in the £ would probably be sufficient to raise the money necessary to supply this deficiency. He never said or thought anything of the kind. He knew a great deal better. Well aware as he was of the aversion of the well-to-do classes in country districts to a really good education for the children of the poor, and of their horror of a new rate, Mr Forster doubtless minimised the probable cost, but he never made the remark so often attributed to him about a threepenny rate being all that was ever likely to be necessary.

The passage of the Bill of 1870 into law was a wonderful thing. There was certainly nothing in our religious history between 1843 and 1870 to assuage theological passions, or to herald the reign of the Prince of Peace. The Bill was saved by the Cowper-Temple clause. All honour to it! The clause may have confounded the issue but it saved the Bill.

Conscience-clauses are all nonsense. No child will submit to them, nor will any parent of proper feeling require the little thin-skinned mortal to do so. It was the Cowper-Temple clause which by keeping out Catechisms and distinctive religious teaching from the new Board Schools made the compromise of 1870 possible, and on that compromise how many a glorious structure has been built, sanitary, well-arranged, well-equipped and provided with noble play-grounds! How many children have been taught the rudiments of learning! How many teachers maintained and encouraged! How much good and honest work has been well and honestly done! Stupid officials, pedantry, ignorance of the problems involved, parental indifference, magisterial prejudice, the bovinity of the race, have wasted much money, produced many ill-judged schemes, and disappointed many sanguine hopes. But is there anybody outside the Close of St Paul's who regrets what has happened in National Education since 1870?

After 1870 the old British School usually disappeared, but England still continued to have two sets of schools, the denominational and the non-sectarian, dividing the elementary education of the children of the poor between them. Both schools alike obtained such grants of the taxpayers' money as their efficiency, when tested by the Whitehall inspectors, warranted their receiving, but whilst the denominational schools carried on their operations in their own buildings, and had still to rely upon voluntary subscriptions to supply whatever funds were required over and above the Government grants, the non-sectarian schools were built and maintained by the School Boards at the expense of the ratepayer.

Whether there should be a School Board or not rested with the ratepayers of the town or district, but whether there should be a Board School depended on whether there was lack of room in the existing denominational schools receiving the Government grant. This point Whitehall decided without any reference to the colour of

the religious opinions of the inhabitants. If there was a Church of England School in the middle of a nest of Methodists, with sitting room for the youthful sons and daughters of Methodism, thither must those sons and daughters go, whether their parents liked it or not.

A competition between these rival systems became inevitable. It has been an ignoble strife, but not an unnatural one, for unhappily where money is concerned to be natural is usually to be ignoble. How to keep out School Boards and an education rate from a district has been for the last thirty years a quick question and a great topic of conversation along many a country side. Powerful motives were involved—hatred of rates and the love of power. It is difficult to conceive anything less clerically-minded than a railway company, or anybody less priest-ridden than the average farmer who thinks he pays tithe out of his own pocket. Yet both company and farmer combined with the parson to keep out the Board School, preferring to pay a small subscription to a much larger rate. In addition to these grudging gifts, the managers of the Church school could also appeal to the true friends of the Church to support a school which at least purported to teach some of the distinctive doctrines of Anglicanism. By means such as these School Boards and a school rate have been kept out of many parishes—and now! this goodly fellowship, this effective, if unsacred, union is threatened with destruction by a Tory Government. True, School Boards are to be abolished, but then school rates are to be universal. The Duke of Northumberland's farmer who looks forward to having to pay an annual rate of eleven guineas instead of an annual subscription of two has his counter-type in almost every county.

The "intolerable strain" upon the privately-managed denominational school was a very real one. The Board Schools from the first forged ahead, built fine schools, secured good teachers, and levied high and steadily increasing rates, which though they caused many to grumble seldom provoked an active revolt. Whitehall raised the standard, and made more and more demands upon the subscribers to the so-called Voluntary Schools. The parents of the children in actual attendance at these seminaries of true religion never could be got to see that it was their duty to pay for the inestimable privilege of the Church Catechism. Not unnaturally the good Churchman began to growl, for was he not, sometimes at all events, compelled to pay a heavy education rate to supply other people's children with better teaching than he could get for his own in some second-rate Academy, and at the same time did not his clergyman tell him it was his duty to subscribe for the maintenance of a Church School to provide distinctive Church teaching for the children of parents too lazy or too indifferent to teach the Catechism to their own offspring or to send them to Sunday Schools to learn it?

It is idle to deny the existence of "the intolerable strain." It may be

a great pity that half the children of the poor attend these Voluntary Schools, but there they are, and I am not aware that the Liberal Party is prepared to advocate the total abandonment of the compromise of 1870

If, then, these schools are to continue to exist, educating half the children, whose educational needs ought to be the first consideration of every reasonable man, it is essential that they should be sanitary, well-equipped places, where good and independently-minded teachers give a good education to the scholars in attendance. The better the secular education given at an elementary school, and the better and the more independent the teacher, the less important or the less dangerous (choose your own word) becomes the so-called distinctive religious teaching. Good moral training and good elementary education go hand-in-hand in an elementary school, but nobody knows better than a diligent Anglican priest how hard it is in the atmosphere of a Protestant Elementary School-house, where the standard of secular education is high, to impart to little boys and girls the definite distinctive religious teaching of the Church.

One may marvel, if so disposed, at the meanness of the wealthy members of the Church of England and contrast their conduct unfavourably with that of the members of the Free Church of Scotland, and with the Methodists and the Baptists, but such reflections will neither destroy the privately-managed schools, nor enable them properly to discharge the duty of educating one-half of the infant population.

It is this class of consideration that weighs upon the minds of the teachers, and makes most of them, and particularly those who are connected with the denominational schools, supporters of the present Bill. They want better salaries and greater independence and good training, and so far as they want these things their wishes jump with the public interest, for the better they are trained and paid, and the more independent they are, the better will be the schools they control.

The Liberal Party must face the issue manfully. If they are not prepared to leave the denominational schools altogether in the lurch, they must not grudge the necessary funds to keep them going in a high state of efficiency.

Assuming that the schools hitherto privately managed are to be maintained in a high state of efficiency, the only point to be determined is on what terms and subject to what conditions they are to receive the same pecuniary assistance as the Board Schools now do.

The managers of these schools argue that inasmuch as the secular education they provide is subjected to the same public control as it is in the non-sectarian schools, they ought to be left quite free to manage the schools, the buildings of which belong to them, and to appoint the teachers, in order that they (the teachers) may be professors of the religious faith taught in the schools.

This claim is said to violate a cardinal principle of the Constitution, which decrees that wherever the ratepayers' money is spent there should be a complete measure of public control. The answer of the managers is that the ratepayers' money is spent in secular education, and over secular education Whitehall and Parliament have complete control. The rejoinder is, "What about the teacher?" How can it be said that "there is complete control over the secular education in a school where the public authority cannot appoint or (except on special grounds) dismiss the teacher?"

Another grave objection taken is that a religious test for teachers is established in schools which are in future to be wholly maintained out of public moneys. A Nonconformist teacher will not be able to practice his profession in one-half the Public Elementary Schools of the country. "No more can he now," is the answer, but there is substance in the reply that to-day it is proposed for the first time to place the denominational schools wholly on the public purse. "Not so," rejoin the managers, "the public is not asked to pay for our buildings or for their upkeep."

It is quite plain that there are grievances on both sides. The "public control" grievance is admitted, else why was a month wasted, and many clergy alienated, over the alterations in the seventh clause, which, as it stands, will introduce strangers, and sometimes disagreeable strangers, on the Management Committee of every Church School in England, London excepted? The religious test grievance is one of a class which never fails to rankle, and which no lapse of time can mitigate.

There can be no peace in Israel whilst these grievances remain ingrained in a measure which aspires to be a permanent settlement. Permanent it can never be. The Nonconformists are better organised and more united to-day than they ever have been before. Their numbers, in spite of many backslidings, more than keep up. The working classes, who have never been hostile to the Church Establishment, are enamoured of the principle of "Public Control." A vast number of persons, most of them Churchmen, are profoundly suspicious of the Protestantism of the Anglican clergy, many of whom are men of strangely unaccommodating temper and plentiful lack of discretion. The teachers as a class are beginning to assert themselves, and though not free from that conceit which is one of the few scars of their noble profession and interferes with their popularity, justly exert a great and growing influence which is very seldom felt on the clerical side.

The Bill is in great danger. The clergy are already cool, if they grow cold the Bill is doomed. I shall certainly shed no tear over its corpse. But let us suppose it dead—stabbed in the back by Sir John Gorst, now a mere private Member. What is to happen? The question cannot now be left alone. Fresh doles, more half-crowns of the taxpayers' money to bolster up these so-called

Voluntary Schools are intolerable. Yet if the Tories were to remain in after the defeat of the Bill that is what would happen. But once mounted on the high horse of speculation I will try a higher flight of the imagination and suppose that the Liberals have come into office. What would they do? If the Tories and Unionists together cannot ignore dissent, neither can Liberals ignore the Church. The real strength of the Church of England is not ascertainable until she is attacked. She has more absentee supporters, more friends among "the unbelievers" than any Church in Christendom, and she will always continue to have them until the day when she restores her Discipline. That day will witness a regular stampede.

What then should be done? The answer seems plain.

There are said to be a million children in daily attendance at our Board Schools whose parents are Church folk. Poor little things! How one's heart goes out to them! They are not being taught the Church Catechism on week-days. It is of course true that if their parents care a rap about it, taught that Catechism those children will be either at home or at the Sunday-school. But in many cases the parents do not care a rap about it, and then it is that Lord Hugh Cecil and his friends step forward to do the caring for them, to such an extent as actually to invent in this twentieth century a brand-new right of man, an inalienable right, too, unpurchasable even with a pot of ale, the right of every father to have his child taught on week-days the religion he is too lazy, or too indifferent, to teach the child himself or to send him to a Sunday-school to learn. A religious parent can always secure religious teaching for his child in this country without the invocation of the rights of man or the assistance of Lord Hugh Cecil. But it is not about him his lordship is thinking, it is about the irreligious or indifferent parent, but how in the name of common-sense can an irreligious or indifferent parent have a right, alienable or inalienable, to have his child taught a religion he does not value at a pin's fee? The Church may have a *duty*, such a parent can have no *right*.

However, there these million children are untaught the Catechism on week-days.

Per contra, there are the children of Nonconforming parents who in 7,500 or 8,000 country parishes are bound by law to attend a Church of England privately-managed school. Shocking is their plight, for they must learn the Catechism on week-days or no religion at all. What is more, they are often insulted and reviled, and sometimes even maltreated by parsons whose Neo-Catholicism has turned their heads.

Cannot both these evils, and the other more substantial grievances I have already named, be cured or avoided at one blow? Of course they can if only the laity will intervene.

The question is *ex hypothesi*: a parents' question—not a priests'

question Furthermore the parents interested are the parents who went the length of begetting the children in daily attendance at our Public Elementary Schools, and not extraneous parents whose children are at Eton, Winchester, Harrow and other places Bachelors are ruled out of the controversy

Ascertain at regular stated intervals, say every three years, the wishes (if any) of the parents of the children actually attending all the Public Elementary Schools of the country as to the religious instruction they wish their offspring to receive, and having ascertained those wishes, let the want be supplied by voluntary effort at appointed hours By this means the Church Catechism will find its way into the Board Schools, and "Board School Christianity" can be taught, if asked for, in the hitherto privately managed denominational schools

Were this to be done, the necessity now felt by the managers of denominational schools to appoint the teachers would disappear, for though not infrequently the head teacher would be a person fit and proper to undertake the religious teaching, he need not be Nor could there be any objection to complete public control, nor of course would there be any religious test imposed upon the Teaching Profession

"But what about our buildings?" will be the first cry of these managers

Confiscation being happily out of the case, the managers of each denominational school should be *separately* asked this question: "Will you fall in with this national scheme or will you hold aloof from it? If 'Yes,' you will be relieved of all future liability in respect of upkeep (save as hereafter mentioned) and the children of your church or denomination will for ever henceforth be taught, as well and probably better than heretofore, whatever tenets of their parents' faith are thought by you suitable for their comprehension If you desire to stipulate for the use of the buildings on Sundays and week-day evenings for the religious or social purposes of your body, you can do so on providing the agreed proportion of the expenses of upkeep If 'No,' why then you will of course remain in sole and exclusive possession of your own buildings, and if you choose to continue the school, you will also continue to receive such Government grants as your efficiency may warrant But not a penny more either out of rates or taxes"

Many managers will say "Yes," a certain number will undoubtedly say "No" In those latter cases, new buildings will have to be erected at the public expense to provide accommodation for such children as will be found to need it

This proposal is often exposed to ridicule, based on the supposition that the parents will insist upon every kind of "ism" being taught in the school whither the law compels them to send their children Lively pictures are drawn of a dozen little "schism-shops" with their small groups of young learners, all being busily instructed during the same

hour by rival heresiarchs (unpaid) But does any good reason exist for such an anticipation? Churchmen forget that Nonconformists do not want their small children taught these things in their day-schools They are there content with non-sectarian teaching It may appear absurd to Mr Balfour, but they are In the great majority of schools there would be but two kinds of teaching demanded—Anglican, probably with a good Protestant flavour, and non-sectarian The Roman Catholics and the Jews are not frequently troubled in their Elementary Schools with Protestant or Christian children respectively, and consequently in those seminaries, though open to the public, it would not be found necessary in practice to provide for any different religious teaching than at present

This scheme has recommended itself to the minds of famous Churchmen in the past, and is advocated by many sound Churchmen to-day It finds no special favour with the Extremists on both sides Some Nonconformists will resent the introduction of Church formularies into the Board Schools, and many Churchmen will fume and fret at the thought of "a colourless Christianity" stealing like so much sewer-gas into schools they still call their own

But the bulk of mankind are not Extremists, and there is no compulsion in the scheme

The laity can force the acceptance of any terms they decide to insist upon What is there unfair or unreasonable about these terms? Whose tender conscience can they offend? On whose rights do they trample?

If only once this odious, sham "religious difficulty" could be got finally rid of, Education would progress by leaps and bounds An opportunity has unexpectedly presented itself when the difficulty can be got rid of, if only laymen in Parliament and out of it will speak their mind If they do not, no living man will see the end of a horrid conflict which so long as it lasts must always impede Education and disgrace Religion

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

A NATURALIST'S PIC-NIC ON THE OREGON COAST.

OUR camp was pitched inside an old stockade, our camp-fire lit at the foot of a huge maple tree, and for sleeping quarters we took possession of a rude old granary. Although it was June, the sea winds were very cold and the rain almost incessant, so that we reluctantly abandoned the romance of tent life for the advantage of a moderately tight roof above us and a dry floor beneath. The price which has to be paid for the magnificent evergreen vegetation and superb forests of the Pacific slope is an almost incessant downpour. One of the natives informed us that it rained nine months of the year, and was "apt to be showery" the other three. I can cheerfully corroborate the absolute correctness of his assertion, for during nine out of the ten days we spent on the coast there were hardly two successive hours during which rain was not falling. Fortunately the rain, though chilly, was not exceedingly cold, and we rapidly got into a sort of amphibian frame of mind, so that although we were wet to the knees all the time, and to the waist nearly half the time during our stay, and the only way to dry off was to go to bed in our wet clothes and sleep them dry, none of us caught any serious cold, and in a short time we came to regard a condition of permanent water-soak as part of our normal environment. One of the local authorities solemnly assured us that whenever it refrained from raining for more than two weeks at a stretch his feet began to crack. We began to believe in the existence of those mythical ancestors of ours, the ancient Britons, who, according to the veracious chronicles of the times, used to crouch down in water up to their shoulders to keep themselves warm and allay the pangs of hunger.

Our first inquiry was what time next morning we should be able to go out to the rocks. At once a derisive howl went up from the entire wagon-party. "You had better ask what time next week, or 'how early in July', and then it was borne in upon us that when you once enter the woods you must revert to the frame of mind of the savage who does his time-thinking in weeks and even moons, instead

of in hours and minutes as in our railroad-ridden civilisation. The Pacific Ocean, it seems, is what the French call an "extremely" "difficult" old lady. Not that she can be described as fickle, on the contrary she is persistently and far too consistently unkind. In spite of her bright blue smile and the velvet curves of her green land-lips, she is about the most utterly useless and unmanageable old baggage in the shape of salt water that lies out doors, for the oarsman and the yachtsman. In the first place, she has a steady surface pulse-wave one hundred miles long, with the whole distance from Japan to get up its swing in. This never ceases day or night, but throbs incessantly like the pulse of a sleeping world, and provides a superbly responsive basal tone for the blandishments of the local winds. In the winter south-west gales are well nigh incessant, while in summer the high westerly "sun-wind" is of daily occurrence, scarcely has the disturbance fomented by one subsided than that of a new day springs up, so that the would-be boatman or yachtsman finds himself constantly confronted six days out of the week, and even seven, by a surf from four to fourteen feet high. Even the floods of great rivers, like the Columbia, can make little or no headway against the incessant hammering of this wall of living water, but have to deposit their silt in the form of a bar, which makes a most serious impediment to the entrance or exit of craft of any description, and which usually only sea-going vessels and tugs can manage to pass, at the most favourable stages of the tide. Even after you have worked your way out through a four-foot surf, a storm, which has been racing all the way from Honolulu, may slip in under and past you, and before you can get back to shore at your best speed, be tossing up white-caps ten feet high.

As our enterprise involved the landing upon a rocky shelf at the foot of a precipitous cliff in mid-ocean, it was necessary to wait until all the conditions were favourable to have a reasonable possibility of success. So far as our boat and crew for the trip were concerned there was little left to be desired. About a mile up the coast from our camp a couple of fishermen had established a little hut for the purpose of killing (for their fat and hides) the sea-lions, which abound on the rocks for which we were bound. Their boat was a fine, staunch, old sea-going craft, the gig of a whaler, requiring at least six men to row her and ten to launch her, as we found to our sorrow. There was no lack of game, for directly in front of their little cabin and scarcely half a mile off shore the innermost group of rocky islands, which we hoped to visit, were covered with the great brown bodies of the sea-lions and their little, shiny black cubs. They are not aggressive animals at best, and at that distance the old ones looked like great round sticks of cord-wood and the youngsters like little black caterpillars. They simply carpeted the lower ledges, looking almost as if piled upon one another like driftwood after a storm, but as they receded from

the water their ranks grew thinner and thinner, until finally the topmost ledges of the rock-reef were occupied by three or four magnificent old bulls, the self-constituted sentinels and defenders of the herd. Their roaring was both cavernous and continuous and could be plainly heard all up and down the coast whenever the surf would moderate, but I am reluctantly compelled to admit that there was little in any way impressive about it. It did not in the least remind one of "the great seal roar that beats off shore above the loudest gale." It was much more accurately described by the light-keeper, of agricultural antecedents, who declared that he could hardly sleep for hearing them "a grunten' and a fitin' all night long, like a passel o' big hawks under "a barn." What the meaning of it all might be was hard to conjecture, for the mating-arrangements were long since settled and there was absolutely no fighting going on. Nor were the songs intended as danger-signals, for, with the exception of an occasional plunge by a single member for a cool sea-bath and a little scurry after a cuttlefish, there was almost no movement going on in the herd. They were lying there in the sunshine, like so many logs of drift wood, only at intervals lifting their heads to join in the extraordinary chorus. Whether for some imaginary benefit to the crowd or merely for the pleasure of hearing their own voices it would be impossible to say.

The more I see of animals, the more firmly I am convinced that man for once has been grossly slandered when accused of being the only animal which talks purely for the pleasure of hearing its own voice. Those who moralise upon the vain loquacity of men and the dignified silence of animals usually know very little about animals. The motto of the whole animal world, man included, seems to be: "What is the use of having a voice if you can't use it?" Nearly every animal of gregarious habits and the slightest pretension to any social gifts spends the greater part of the time in which he is in the society of his fellows in some form of conversation, or at least vocal exercise. An afternoon tea or a Salvation Army testimony meeting is not by any means the only occasion upon which a continuous flow of remarks is considered an absolute necessity. A flock of rooks, a band of sparrows, a drove of elk, nay, a dignified senate of sea-lions or congress of seals, are all imbued with the same idea. Even cattle and sheep will keep up a constant interchange of sounds, excepting at such times as their mouths are actually engaged otherwise in the process of eating and drinking. Man is probably the one animal that talks while he is eating, but with that exception he is not a whit more loquacious than many of his blood relatives. Not only is this true of talking as a means of social intercourse, but I have also known a great variety of animals, including elk, bear and buffalo, as well as birds innumerable, who would keep up an almost incessant conversational soliloquy even when entirely separated from the rest of their kind. The moping owl is seized with fits of this description.

The presence of these sea-lion hunters brings under notice an interesting and hotly-disputed question as to the natural dietary of these great beasts. On the one side are ranged the fishermen and salmon-canners, on the other the scientists. The former hotly denounce the sea-lions as among the deadliest foes of the salmon and other fish, alleging that, not content with capturing them in open chase, they will hang about the gill-nets spread in the mouths of the rivers, when the chinook are running up to their spawning places, and tear the thirty-pound "silver sides" right out of the meshes of the net—with what effects upon the latter fabric may be readily imagined. They allege that the sea-lions simply swarm about the mouths of the rivers, when the salmon are running, like deer about a salt-lick, and that one sea-lion will destroy hundreds of salmon in a short season. Not only do they kill and devour them, but they are also said to rush furiously in among the ranks of the fish and snatch and tear in every direction, burying their teeth in the flesh, or eating a single mouthful of a salmon and then dashing for another, killing for the mere lust of slaughter like a wolf among sheep. For a long time no one dreamed of challenging this assertion, and the sea-lion was put down, like Artemus Ward's Indian, as "pizen wherever found." But a few years ago a biologist was appointed by one of the State institutions to investigate the question, which he proceeded to do by securing the bodies of as many sea-lions as possible and examining the contents of their stomachs. A number of stomachs of the creatures were also secured by fishermen and others and sent in with their contents for examination. The result was somewhat startling, for in no single instance were fish-bones or scales to be found either in the stomachs or in the intestines of these great brutes, while an abundant supply of the remains of cuttlefish and traces of shrimps, jelly-fish, etc., were discovered. Whereupon the distinguished scientific gentleman was compelled to state that, so far as he could discover, the alleged atrocities perpetrated by the sea-lion upon salmon and other fish were not supported by sufficient evidence. This naturally annoyed the fishermen, as nobody likes to be flatly contradicted, even when he is told that an imaginary enemy of his is really doing him no harm whatever, and as they were agitating for a bounty to be placed upon the heads of sea-lions, as enemies of the State, they demanded a further investigation. Another expert was thereupon set to work and reported precisely the same results, only the "pens" of cuttlefish being found in the alimentary canal, instead of bones and scales.

In spite of this, however, the fishermen and cannerymen having a considerable number of votes and the scientists only one or two, the legislature was induced to pass a Bill granting a bounty of 250 dollars for the scalp or other evidence of the killing of a sea-lion. Whereupon our fishermen aforesaid had taken advantage of the slack season in the salmon fishery to embark on their little lion-hunting expedition.

Unluckily for our friends Solomon and Indian Joe, by a base trick of fate or a special dispensation of providence (according as one sides with the scientists or the fishermen) it was discovered after the bounty-bill had been passed that no funds had been provided to pay the scalp fees, but as this did not come to light until the first batch of scalps was actually presented their enterprise was under full way before its hopes were dashed to the ground. The naturalist's sneaking fondness for biology (of which he declares that man and all his works form only one small chapter) was unexpectedly stirred by the problem, into which he suddenly plunged, if not up to the eyes at least up to the elbows. A number of gruesome and fragrant carcasses, victims of the hunters' rifles, strewed the beach, and equipped with a large hunting-knife he proceeded to dispute with the gulls for the possession of these entertaining pieces of carrion. In spite of the abundant supply of excellent, if rather rancid, oil which his investigations provided, the flame of his enthusiasm waned lower and lower, after each ghastly encounter, until finally after two days, during which not only everything which he handled or ate or looked at but even his very dreams fairly reeked with train oil, he announced with a snort of disgust that the rest of the question might settle itself, so far as he was concerned. One small incidental advantage derived from the process was that his hands and boots were both practically waterproof and protected from "salt-chap" during the remainder of his stay.

However, the five huge paunches which he did succeed in quarrying out of the cavernous interiors of these great hulks, weighing from 1,500 to 2,000 lbs, absolutely confirmed the reports of the scientists. Not one of them contained the faintest trace of any form of fish-food, nearly all being occupied by a thick, reddish fluid, which closer investigation showed to be a *purée* of shrimps, and from one to a dozen "pens" (or chitinous plates from the dorsal mantle) of cuttlefish. After careful collection and sifting of the evidence of a number of fishermen he was able to arrive at a conclusion which was satisfactory at least to himself. His decision was a somewhat Delphic one, that both parties were right, as their apparently conflicting results were obtained at different seasons of the year. The only season at which the sea-lions can be captured in any considerable numbers, or at which their bodies can be obtained for study, is during their breeding-period from May to August, when they collect upon the reefs and rocky islands in swarms and herds. Now during this season (as the fishermen promptly and without any leading on his part informed him) they are like their cousins, the fur-seals, eating nothing at all or confining themselves to cuttle-fish, jelly-fish, hydroids, shrimps and such exceedingly small deer as can be captured in the open sea, just as the findings of the scientists from their stomach-contents indicate. As soon, however, as the autumn sets in and the fall run of salmon begins they disappear from these breeding-places and begin to frequent the

mouths of rivers and smaller streams, which are packed with the masses of the salmon. There seems no reason to doubt the veracity of the fishermen's testimony in this regard, as salmon have been found with large pieces bitten out of them, and these rovers of the sea have also been seen dashing in among the frightened salmon, coming up to the surface with a great 'steel-back' between their teeth, tossing him into the air and catching him as he falls with a resounding snap, just like a greyhound with a hare. Until a sea-lion can be caught, during either the fall or the spring run of salmon, in one of their chosen beats, the question must remain unsettled, with the burden of proof on the side of the fishermen. So far as analogy is concerned, their near cousins, the seals, are well known to be as destructive to fish of every description as terriers are to rats, and may be seen driving or herding schools of mackerel, like sheep dogs their flocks, and chasing them up into narrow and shallow inlets of the bay, where they can be secured by the rest of the waiting pack. On the other hand there is no inherent improbability in such behemoths supporting life entirely upon a thin and unsubstantial diet like shrimps and cuttle-fish. Those mastodons of the ocean, the whales, live exclusively upon such food-materials, and even include infusoria and tiny hydroids as well.

But fate had in store for us a much more intimate acquaintance with these spoilers of the sea than even investigation into their stomach-contents could bring. Every night we lay awake, listening to the wind and trying to imagine that the roar of the surf was fainter than it had been, and the grey of morning saw us each day taking our march up the beach to our fisherman's hut in the hope that his watchful eye might have detected some gaps in the furious ranks of our enemies, the breakers.

On one of these mornings, as two of us were beating our way on our wheels up the beach, in the teeth of a fierce and exceedingly wet sea-wind, we caught sight of a black mass on the wet sand, about fifty yards above the edge of the receding tide. As we looked at it, it moved slightly, and instantly a sudden awakening of the hunting-instinct sent us both scudding forward, heads over handle-bars, to get between it and the breakers. In a few minutes we had cut off its retreat, thrown down our wheels and were advancing in open order upon a young sea-lion, which lifted up its head and barked bold, baby-defiance at our approach. The little chap was about the size of a large setter-dog, or female harbour-seal, with beautiful big black eyes and a voice like a musical mastiff. After striking and worrying fiercely for several minutes on the butt of my gun, he concluded that we were not exactly comfortable fish to bite, and we were enabled to catch him, one by the tip of each flipper, and carry him, spread-eagle fashion, a safe distance up the beach. He very soon came to understand that we meant him no harm, and after we had sent for the

wagon and conveyed him to our camp the smell of a bottle of milk changed his "offishness" into an affection so effusive, as to be, with his weight and baby-elephant clumsiness, positively disconcerting. One hundred pounds of pure affection and flippers, suddenly landed in your lap, and rubbing its milky nose all over your face and clothing, is a trifle embarrassing. We soon became the best of friends, and "Tillamook" was promptly adopted as the baby of the party, assigned quarters in a deserted shack close to the camp, and had an extra half-gallon of milk added to our daily supply-list on his behalf. And he took every ounce of it, too, except the odd half-pint which he would insist, at every meal-time, with a but imperfectly-appreciated generosity, in distributing over the overalls and coat-sleeves of his feeder. He was about the most strenuous eater I ever saw. A feeding-bottle was not a gently-pleasing object, to be peacefully approached and meditatively sucked dry, it was a wild, fierce thing to be grabbed, the life shaken out of it, and then to be swallowed whole, if possible. Feeding him was as exciting, and well-nigh as arduous, as a Græco-Roman wrestling match. The moment he smelt milk he came at you like a battering-ram, his nose high in the air, bunting wildly about, evidently hunting for the massive bulk of his lost mamma, and apparently incapable of recognising anything much smaller. It was no manner of use putting any kind of nozzle or nipple on the bottle, for when you did at last succeed in landing the mouth between his teeth, if the milk did not instantly pour down his throat like a stream from a hose, he either flung it aside in disgust or attempted to swallow it whole. Nor did he improve in this regard in the slightest with training. His idea of milk was evidently something to be swallowed in half-pint gulps, and the only possible way in which you could get him "connected" with the bottle for more than a second at a time was to stop the mouth of it with your finger until it could be jabbed between his teeth, and then to withdraw the finger and, holding him by the nose with one hand and "up-ending" the bottle with the other, let it empty itself down his throat. So strong and unmistakable was this curious gulping instinct, not only in "Tillamook," but also in five other sea-lion cubs which were washed ashore during our stay, that I was more than half inclined to suspect that the mammary gland of the mother sea-lion might be provided with some sort of a *detrusor* muscle, capable of squirting the milk directly down the throat of the young, just as is the case in the whale and in certain marsupials.

Another curious instinct of his proved to be highly troublesome. Being a sea-beast, we naturally supposed that his line of possible flight would be towards the water, and when we had blocked with pieces of drift-wood the seaward gate of the old corral in which his shack stood, we supposed that we had little to fear from his wandering tendencies, even if he should succeed in slipping out of his pen

Judge then of our surprise when, on visiting his quarters just after breakfast one morning, we found them empty, and a broad trail, as of a dragged potato-sack, leading across the sand and bent-grass, not downward towards the beach, but unmistakably upward and inland toward the foot of the sandy bluffs which bounded our camping-paddock on the landward side. In vain we searched for a side-trail leading towards the surf, we found no trace, and as both bears and panthers were numerous in the neighbourhood, we had about come to the conclusion that some evil beast had captured him and dragged him up towards the mountains, when we suddenly heard his musical bellow, uplifted in an unmistakable breakfast-call, from high up upon the brushy hillside above us. His trail was as easy to follow as that of a fire-engine, and dashing up it we soon came upon him perched upon the very edge of a miniature precipice, looking out toward the sea and fully a hundred feet above the beach. He was perfectly delighted to see us and to be brought down again to his beloved bottle, and though completely puzzled we concluded that misfortunes must have turned his brain and converted his normal "*surfo-tropism*"—to paraphrase Professor Loeb—into an opposite or "*cliffo-tropic*" impulse. But the very next time he succeeded in bulging his way out through the half-rotten walls of his shack—and as a flying-wedge he was a model, even for Harvard, in all but speed—he paid absolutely no attention whatever to the cool, wet sand and crisping surf, scarcely a hundred paces below him, but started straight up the sandy slopes of the bluff with the enthusiasm of a member of the Alpine Club, though from his necessary method of progress the performance must have been about as exhilarating as dragging oneself along on one's elbows with both hands and feet tied together.

It was the most extraordinary spectacle to see this amphibious creature, as thoroughly aquatic in his habits as a frog, turning his back upon the sea and climbing up into the hills for dear life. Perhaps, however, this instinct was not an inverted one, after all, as by great good luck four or five other sea-lion cubs were washed ashore, and adopted by the ranchmen along the beach, it was possible to extend my observations, and I soon discovered well-marked traces of the same tendency in nearly all of them. They would quickly find their way to the highest point of ground in the enclosure in which they might be placed, or if laid at the foot of a bank would scramble clumsily but determinedly up it. It suddenly occurred to me that possibly baby sea-lions, like baby seals, did not take instinctively to the water during the first few days of life. Indeed, the latter, for the first week or so in their lives—until, in fact, they have shed their birth-robe of soft, silvery-grey fur—cannot swim at all, and would drown, if pushed into the water, unless supported by the mother-seal. Such observations as the surf would permit us to make of those lying upon the rocky ledges of the islets confirmed this impression. Water is

evidently a source of danger to the infant sea-lion, and its earliest tendency is to climb as far away from it as possible. When in doubt, its instinctive "trump" is to climb as high up on the rocky ledges as it can get. The dozen or more which are washed ashore from the Netarts rookery each season show both the stern need of this "Excelsior" tendency on their part and how utterly helpless they must be in the water, since not even their mothers' frenzied assistance can enable them to get back on to the rocks again.

The ultimate fate of these sea Water-Babies is sad enough. Although eagerly adopted and cared for by ranchmen, fishers or campers along the beach, not more than one in ten survive. Their keen appetite for milk fails gradually, and they pine away and die quietly within a few weeks. Of the six washed ashore during the week of our visit not one lived more than ten days, and though "Tillamook" was apparently well and hearty when I left him, five days after his rising like Venus from the sea-foam, he died before the party broke camp, much to everyone's regret.

At last, after days of waiting, we woke one keen, bright morning with a curious sense of something missing. A moment later it dawned upon us that it was the roar of the surf that was gone. There could be no mistake about it. We threw our ears up the wind, and could catch only a dull, drowsy growl in place of the loud, angry snarl which had become a part of the substratum of our consciousness. Before the griddle was fairly hot, down came a messenger, hot-foot from Captain Indian Joe, to say that our chance had come. Cameras were loaded, guns given a last smear with oil, egg-boxes piled into the wagon, and in less than half-an-hour we were off up the beach to the hunters' hut.

Here our first difficulty cropped up. The tide was out, and as it would have been madness to risk our chance by waiting (although full-tide would have been far the most favourable time to slip through the surf) there were some two hundred yards of shining sand over which our huge old whale-boat had to be dragged by hand before she could be launched. This three-quarters-of-an-hour job merely prepared us to form a due and respectful estimate of the power of the breakers, when we felt her tossed about beneath us like a tooth-pick a few minutes later. Fortunately we were all accustomed to rowing, and our six oars, with Indian Joe at the tiller, quickly drove her through the lowest place in the surf-barrier and out to sea without misadventure.

The sea-lion rocks were the innermost of the group, and as we drew near we could see ripples begin to run through their ranks, which finally reached the water's edge, and the great dun beasts began to pour into the waves in a steady, undulatory stream. Those nearest the edge just "wobbled" over, about as one would have expected to see sausages do if suddenly endowed with life, but

the momentum gradually increased in ratio to the distance, until those highest up on the ledges were executing a superb, undulatory toboggan-slide, which ended in the water with a splash that sent the spray flying twenty feet in air. The first to plunge off were the mothers and babies, the last a splendid old bull who had been occupying the post of honour and danger on the highest ridge of the reef. He moved with the dignity befitting his rank, like a captain leaving his sinking ship.

The rocks we were bound for were three huge "hay-stacks" of basalt, with abrupt cliff-sides from sixty to a hundred and twenty feet high, and flattish sloping "roofs" of from an acre to an acre and a half in extent. They were not in the least promising-looking subjects, as not only were their sides exceedingly steep but the rock was rotten and crumbly, giving neither safe hand-hold nor foot-hold, and a climbing-hook wedged into a crack might easily split off a huge block or even a whole ledge. Indeed the inner islet had had a large, arch-shaped opening washed completely through it, fifty feet high by sixty wide, the shelf-ridged sides of which were simply lined with puffins and murres and their nests. We picked out the middle rock as the most "climbable" looking. As we came within clear eye-shot it began fairly to swarm with birds, like an arc-lamp in May-fly time. Squadrons of impudent pug-nosed puffins, with their short wings and roll-shaped bodies, buzzed about like feathered bumble-bees. Regiments of graceful guillemots and murres whirled and flashed in sweeping circles about the eaves of the haystack, or sat on dress-parade in long, white-waistcoated lines on every available inch of ledge and shelf. Gaunt and ungainly cormorants flapped solemnly backward and forward from rock-top to water or stood at rigid "Tention!" beside their nests and eggs. Myriads of snowy and silvery-grey gulls dotted every notch and cranny of the brown rock-walls with splashes of white, like feathered snow-drops, or fitted swiftly and silently about on various thieves' errands. Wisps of pied surf-ducks, crimson-billed oyster-catchers, delicately pencilled dotterels and pearly-tinted terns filled in the kinetoscope picture. It was the sight of a lifetime. I can shut my eyes and see it yet.

We quickly found a passable landing-ledge. The steady ground-swell, with its rise and fall of four or five feet, would not permit the boat to touch the rocks, but by approaching stern-end-on and landing in a series of flying leaps we were soon ashore, although several of our bulkier belongings had narrow escapes from a watery grave in the process. Working our way along the foot-ledge to the other side of the islet, we discovered, after several unsuccessful attempts, a gully-like gap in the cliff-wall which promised a possible path upward. Ten minutes' vigorous scrambling brought us upon a little shoulder-like ridge or spur jutting out from the main rock about sixty feet above the water. The first man who pulled himself up on to this

found himself kneeling in a gull's nest. Up we all swarmed headlong, at his shout, eager as a parcel of children in the copses over the first primrose, and in less than five minutes had captured nearly forty clutches of eggs.

But alas, the real fortress was yet to be scaled. Between us and the delectable ground at the top still rose forty feet of almost perpendicular cliff. From the narrow neck which joined the little shoulder on which we stood to the main mass rose a sheer, knife-like angle of rock, on one side of which a few painfully-widely separated knobs and short, slippery ledges formed a sort of ghastly possibility of a devil's staircase to the top. It was bad enough to look at from below in cold blood, but when you had scrambled about ten feet up it, and looking down upon either side of the sharp-angled, vertical spur to which you were clinging, could see nothing between you and the white-fanged surf seventy feet below but the sloping, half-rotten, six-inch ledge into which your toe-nails instinctively strove to drive themselves through the soles of your boots, it was productive of strange and surprising sensations. The naturalist takes no shame to confess that one downward glance at the surf-cauldron between his insteps brought up such a surge of remembrances of his unprotected wife, and family of tender age, together with others that strangely reminded him of the parade-deck of a Cunarder, that the next thing he clearly recollects was suddenly finding himself sitting, extremely close to the ground, in the precise centre of the levellest patch he could find on the shoulder aforesaid. It was several minutes before he could gain his own consent to crawl to the edge of this delightful table-cloth-sized patch, and holding on to the blessed ground firmly with both hands, look down at the path up which he had climbed to it. As, however, the little eyrie in which he lay was simply crowded with nests, whose rightful owners were protesting volubly about his head, and the ledges and crannies of the great rock-walls which stretched away on either side of the angle were piled high with snow-drifts of nesting birds, so close to him that he could easily have reached out and touched scores of them with a trout-rod, he concluded to make the best of the situation. He had come, not for eggs, but to see the birds at home, and nowhere could he have found a finer opportunity for a little social intercourse if he had climbed forty more precipices. And when, by working his way out to the extreme acromiion-process of the shoulder on which he stood, he found that he could get an excellent view of the roof-like top of the island scarcely twenty yards away, he was perfectly content and settled down in the weak June sunshine to enjoy himself.

The nests, with which every foot of the island above breaker-shot was simply crammed, could be divided into three great classes: the grass nests, the burrow nests and the nests that were no nests at all. The grass nests were those of the gulls and the cormorants, the

puffins and petrels occupied burrows, while the murre and guillemots, who formed at least two-thirds of the occupants of the rock, laid their eggs on any odd spot of the bare rock which was level enough to keep them from rolling right off into the water. And indeed, some of their nest-spots scarcely even fulfilled this condition, for the eggs would hardly stay there unless the bird sat on them to hold them in place.

The most workmanlike and comfortable-looking nests were those made by the gulls, and as this is the only creditable thing I know about them I hasten to set it down here. They are useful beasts as scavengers, three of them being equal to a turkey buzzard and ten of them to a pig, but they will steal like a congressman and murder like a pirate. They swarmed in the wake of our party like vultures after a battle, and long before the rightful owners, whom our approach had frightened away, dared to return to their nests, these saintly-looking scoundrels swooped down upon the unprotected eggs and young, right under our very noses.

Here came a curious illustration of the limitation of their intelligence. The larger eggs they promptly broke with their powerful bills and sucked at once, no need to teach them to suck eggs. But turning suddenly I happened to catch sight of one of the rascals sidling up to a beautiful white petrel's egg, which had been fished out of its burrow and laid on the sod, waiting for the egg-basket. My first impulse was to throw a clod at him, as a petrel's egg was something of a prize, but he was so evidently puzzled that I decided to risk that particular specimen, just to see what he would do. His idea of an egg, evidently, was an oval, spotted thing, at least three inches long, but this round white sphere, scarcely more than an inch in diameter, was another sort of pebble. After poking it gingerly once or twice with his beak to see if it might be something squashable in the berry or jelly-fish line, he decided that the proper thing to do was to swallow it whole. Again I restrained myself, hoping fervently that it would choke him, but after one or two violent gulps during which, by some miracle, it escaped breaking, he coughed it out again and deposited it on the rock. His reasoning evidently ran, "It's neither big enough nor coloured enough to be breakable, it's too big to swallow. I give it up." He next turned his bush-whacking attention to a couple of dead cormorant nestlings which happened to occupy the next nest (we found a number of dead nestlings on the rock, from what cause we were quite at a loss to determine, possibly cold, or previous attentions on the part of the gulls) and picking one of them up tried to swallow a wing of it. As this declined to go down without the rest of the body, which was hopelessly too big even for a gull's gape, he fussed around with it in a disgusted sort of fashion for several minutes, and then calmly picked it up, carried it to the edge of the rock and dropped it over. When he found it again, on the beach-ledge below, it would probably be more amenable to reason.

in the matter of swallowing piecemeal. Obviously eternal vigilance is the price of safety, even on Bird Rock, and the brooding murre sits as close as she does for two reasons—to keep the egg on and to keep the gulls off.

The colours of the various eggs present some interesting problems. Several of them conform to the protective theory perfectly. Those of the gulls, for instance, which lie right out on the open ground in their large, grass-built nests, with nothing between them and the sky except a few thin spears of grass or wiry sprigs of yarrow, are tinted a dull, earthy brown, with darker splotches, matching their surroundings so perfectly that constant vigilance had to be exercised to keep us from stepping on them before we saw them. Those of the puffins and the petrels, being deposited in the ends of burrows in almost total darkness and utterly invisible to any enemy, were naturally devoid of colour, pure white—Nature, so to speak, wasting no pigment where none was needed.

But what is to be said as to the eggs of the cormorants, which were as utterly exposed as those of the gulls and in the open bowls of much larger nests, built up, funeral-pyre fashion, a foot or more above the surface of the ground, by the *débris* of successive generations, twigs, grass, feathers, and last, but chiefly, dried fish bones, the disgorged remains of former dinners. Instead of being brown or even grey or neutral in tint they were of a staring white, or with a slight skim-milk, bluish tint in them, and of a rough, chalky surface, just as if they had been recently smeared by an amateur whitewasher. And indeed the lime-coat of their shells was so loosely attached that they would make a broad chalky mark when rubbed upon a coat-sleeve or other dark surface. Here was not only no protection, but wide open defiance of danger. The only possible explanation which seems to present itself is that both papa and mamma cormorant being most devoted sitters, and one or other of them practically on the nest almost every moment of the time from laying to hatching, the eggs are, to all intents and purposes, under cover and as completely protected from hostile eyes as if in a burrow. And there is little danger of their being exposed by any frightening away of the old birds, for cormorant *père* is about as ferocious and indigestible-looking a customer as can well be imagined, with his gaunt twenty-four inches of height, glittering yellow eye and snake-like head and beak, and as a matter of fact he will take a back seat for nobody except the great sea eagle.

This last-mentioned gentleman is indeed the sole Lord of the Manor of Bird Rock, the only enemy whom its inhabitants have to dread, except our own species of bipeds without feathers. He is said to descend occasionally, after hatching is fairly under way, and collect his rents in the shape of a sumptuous, but one would think somewhat cod-liver-oily, banquet on some of the young birds. They couldn't taste worse than caviare, however.

The eggs of the mures are equally puzzling in their tints, for though laid out on the naked rock with nothing but the sky above them, and plainly visible from every direction except below, they form a perfect spring flower-garden of tints. Their ground colour ranges from pure white, with various washes of delicate grey, through half-a-dozen shades of baby blue up to purest azure, and upon this bright background is spread an elaborate pattern of splotches and splashes, of all sizes and shapes, thickest toward the large end of the egg, and ranging from dusky brown to chocolate-red and velvety black. Of hundreds of eggs examined I found no two alike, either in shade of ground-tint, or colour, size or number of splotches. There is certainly no attempt at protective colouring of any sort here. The only explanation that even suggests itself is that the birds, like the cormorants, are almost incessant sitters, one or the other of them being on duty every moment from the time the egg is laid. And there is an additional element of safety in that the mures sit, not like the cormorants singly, but in squads and shoals, the number of birds on each "nest" being limited only by the size of the available patch of space. The closeness with which the eggs are packed may be imagined from the fact that on a single ledge, about three feet wide by twelve feet long, one of our party counted ninety-two sitting birds.

But if so protected, what need of any colouring at all—why are they not plain white, like the cormorants' and puffins'? The student—colloquially yclept "The Undertaker," from the chastened melancholy of his habitual air—puzzled long over this apparent waste of pigment, and finally, after careful observation, emerged with the suggestion that it was due to the communal nesting, marked variations in colour being necessary to enable each bird to recognise his (her) own egg among such a basketful. The theory was further supported by the fact that not only did the eggs vary widely in colour and markings, but in size and shape also, the smallest being scarcely larger than good large hens' eggs—Brahmas or Langshans, for instance—while the largest equalled moderate-sized turkey-eggs. Even the shape varied very considerably, for though the general form was that of a rapidly-tapering oval, like turkey-eggs, some tapered so abruptly as to appear positively top shaped, while others were almost as even as olives and others nearly cigar-shaped.

The range of these variations, both of size and colour, obtruded itself in a most practical way when we came back to fit our booty into the cardboard racks of the large egg-box. This, being a simple commercial structure, was built solely with reference to the almost infinitesimal variation of the hens' egg of commerce, and it was a worse puzzle than "pigs in clover" to get these wildly-individual children of the cliff-ledges to fit in with anything like economy of space or even safety. The longest and slenderest eggs would slip completely through the pockets of the rack, while the shortest and broadest

would bulge over on both sides, so that they could only be put in alternate compartments, and when you had at last got the tray filled and tried to put on the buffer-sheet of cardboard which was to form the bottom of the next layer, you found that the tops of the largest eggs projected at least from half to three-quarters of an inch above those of the smallest. Such wide variations as these could certainly be utilised by the mother-bird, for they would make the eggs more unlike one another than our human babies up to, say, three months of age, and we all know that their mothers can tell them apart without the slightest difficulty, though we often wonder how under Heaven they can

The naturalist was at first inclined scoffingly to maintain that such variations were utterly imperceptible to the limited intelligence of the birds, and that probably the hatching was as purely communal as the nesting, that each bird simply planted herself down upon the first egg she found vacant upon her return from the feeding-ground, caring not a boddle whether she or somebody else had laid it. All she wanted to satisfy her was the possession of an egg in that particular group-nest. But the student, by dint of lying down upon his stomach on the top of the cliff, and craning his neck over the edge in the most uncomfortable fashion so that he could look directly down upon a nest-ledge only ten or fifteen feet below, was able to confute this cynical view of the murre's maternal intelligence. What he saw was a most interesting and quite complicated performance. The sexes evidently took turns in sitting upon the eggs. Whenever the male bird returned from feeding he pitched upon the extreme outer edge, which, indeed, was the only place where he could find any clear footing, and there called and clucked and craned his neck until he could elicit some response from his mate. The moment he had located her he plunged at once into the thick of the press and fought and shouldered and pecked his way through to her, to the intense disgust and dissatisfaction of the other birds. As soon as he was safely anchored on the precious egg, his mate, instead of taking flight from where she stood, simply reversed the performance and fought her way out to the edge of the ledge, amid a chorus of squawkings, every bird she passed within reach of giving her a parting peck for good luck. So that possibly the variations of colour and shape may be of practical value to the birds.

The peculiar peg-top shape of the egg has certainly a practical value of another sort, and that is in preventing the egg from rolling. Eggs of such taper when disturbed will not roll straight onward like a barrel, but swing quickly round on their own axis and come to a standstill, large end downward, within four or five inches. We could hardly believe that the form would have such a decided effect in this regard until we tried some practical experiments with the eggs, placing them upon flat or gently sloping surfaces and starting them to

roll It was simply astonishing how quickly they would whirl around on their own vertical axis It took quite a smart push to send them more than nine inches away from the starting point, while if the push were given within an inch of either end of the egg, it would simply whirl round on its own axis without stirring more than a couple of inches from the spot

The most comical feature about the nesting of the murre is that they do their sitting standing up Indeed, it is hard to imagine how they could cover the egg sufficiently to keep it at the proper temperature, if it were not for their communal nesting, for they stand bolt upright, like soldiers upon parade, astride of their eggs, and must depend upon the contact of their neighbours' bodies for complete protection That they sit astride of their eggs is proven in a most disastrous manner by the results of a sudden flight from the nests on their part It takes a good deal to frighten them off their nests, but when they do go they are exceedingly apt to carry the eggs with them, pitching them not merely clear of the ledge but eight or ten feet out into the water Almost every shot that was fired by us to obtain some of the rarer cormorants resulted in the throwing of a number of murre's eggs off the nesting-ledges, and when we were working our boat through the archway already spoken of, which pierced the inner rock, a perfect shower of eggs and young birds fell all around us as the terrified tenants of the ledges fled in dismay Mr Frank Chapman relates a similar experience on his visit to the great Bird Rock in the gulf of St Lawrence

By far the most original of all the nests were those of the puffins and petrels Every level or even roof-like space about the rock was covered from one to three feet deep with a coating of soft, friable earth, composed partly of rotten rock, but chiefly of the remains of the droppings of myriads of generations of sea-birds In fact it may be remarked in passing that the odour of the island, in spite of the magnificent ventilation by every wind of heaven, resembled that of an old and badly-kept hen-roost In this soft and fragrant soil the powerful bills of the puffins have dug out innumerable burrows from two to four feet in length, at the end of each of which a rough nest cavity is scratched and a single chalk-white egg is laid Each main burrow may have from one to four short side passages leading off from it, so that one ground-opening may accommodate four or five mother puffins All you have to do is to lie down on the ground, thrust in your arm and pull them out, one after the other—providing that they don't get you by the fingers first But this little proviso throws the odds rather, if anything, in favour of the puffin, for they bite like a beaver-trap Here, as everywhere, audacity is the thing that tells You must plunge the hand in boldly and quickly, so as to completely block the mouth of the burrow with your shoulder as soon as possible, for the puffin, like all other burrowing

animals, as old rat-catchers and trappers assure me, will not bite in the dark. By this method you will not get bitten more than once in three or four puffins. You must handle your bird discreetly, however, even after you get him out, for a puffin robbed of his egg is as vicious as a rattlesnake, as I found to my cost. I had extracted one of them by this painless process, and laying him gently down on the ground beside me, turned to plunge after the egg, supposing that he would make the best of his liberty at once. But no such idea entered his head. Before I could wink he had me by the leg, and I had to choke him for what seemed at least ten or fifteen minutes before I could make him let go, and bore the visible marks of his fury for weeks after. When at last I did get him loose, I laughed till I nearly fell off the ledge at the sheer, unadulterated nerve of the little beggar, and I have no doubt that that puffin is still relating to his grandchildren the story of his victory.

Even the slight and delicately-built petrels can drive their burrows into this friable soil, though these seem to be dug with the feet rather than with the beak. Wherever they can they take advantage of the previous work of the puffin, so that it is not uncommon to find a happy family in one of these burrows, with a couple of petrels in the front attic and hall bedroom, so to speak, and two or three puffins in the two-pair back.

The petrels are out on their feeding-ground all day, and never come near the burrows except at night, so that you might be constantly about the rock from dawn to dark for weeks and yet never see a sign of a petrel, and it is really hard to imagine where the pearly-white eggs which dot the burrows come from, as even the female petrel is never found at home, except during the actual process of incubation. In fact we never saw a petrel during the whole of our stay, except one or two which we found in the burrows, though we took scores of their eggs and could have taken hundreds.

The Oologist—surnamed "The Farmer" for short—had, however, on a previous visit to Netarts waded out at low tide to a small rock close to shore, whose top was riddled with petrel-burrows. The tide rose unexpectedly and he had to spend the night on the rock in his shirt-sleeves, without either supper, blankets or coat, but even at that he declared that his experience with the petrels was worth the discomfort. Just as the last gleam of daylight disappeared they swept down upon the island like a swarm of bats. Those that were in the burrows came squeaking and whistling out to meet them, until the whole place, from two feet underground to six feet above it, seemed simply alive with them. It was a most uncanny performance, for though the ground under his feet was full of squeakings and gurglings, and the air of soft twitterings, while the breath of swift wings would fan his face now on this side now on that incessantly, not a bird, not a form of any sort, not even a shadow was to be seen.

When there are nestlings to be fed, the parent birds come home with their crops full of a sort of oil, the partially-digested extract of the fish which they have caught. On reaching the nest they thrust their beaks into the open and clamorous mouths of the young and simply squirt the extract down their throats into their crops, thus antedating by several thousand years the forced-feeding methods of poultrymen. The situation has a drawback for the egg-collector, since, on the principle of "easy come, easy go," the young petrel is almost as ready to eject his dose of cod-liver oil as he was to have it injected, and the moment you touch him will promptly "play Jonah" in your direction with surprising power of projection. To have an ounce or more of hot, rancid fish-oil suddenly shot up your sleeve is not exactly gratifying, either to your nerves at the time or to your nostrils afterwards.

But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the foxy natives of various sea-coasts, among them the Australian, get their principal supply of oil for the year from this source. They both empty the crops of the younger nestlings and take the bodies of the older ones, which become mere balls of fat. So oily have these latter become that—it is alleged—all that is needed to make excellent candles of them is to dry them and poke a wick down their throats. A match does the rest.

In the midst of our enjoyment, ere we had been on the rock three hours, which seemed scarce thirty minutes, Captain Joe suddenly signalled to us. No breeze had risen, but the advance ripples of a sea, raised by some storm half-way to Honolulu, had slipped in under and past us, and the sweet surf was roaring defiance to our landing. Hastily collecting our precious specimens, we started down, only to find the waves beating over the ledge along which we had worked our way round the point of rock from the landing-place to the foot of our cliff-gully. There was nothing for it but to drop our rope straight down the other side of the shoulder and swing ourselves down it, hand-over-hand, forty feet sheer on to the rocks below. This, with the lowering of our egg-boxes, guns, camera, etc., took some little time, and we couldn't imagine what made Indian Joe so anxious to hurry us on board.

We soon found out, however, for ten minutes' vigorous pulling with the tide brought us in plain sight of a surf-wall which had grown up, like Jonah's gourd, six or eight feet in half as many hours. It wasn't attractive to look at, but we were flushed with our triumph over the Rock and ready for anything. A moment we hung on the tide, then at Captain Joe's hissing, "Now, boys!" slap we dashed at it! The staunch old whale-boat shot up into the air like a thoroughbred hunter at a fence, a breathless downward plunge on the other side—and we could see the wall of furious water behind us.

But horrors! It was coming after us. It gained on us every second

Should we never pull out of that trough? The green terror astern was too much for Solomon's nerves, with a gasp he turned his head wildly to gaze over his shoulder for a soft spot to be washed up on. Instantly he caught a crab, fouled the next man's oar and the boat swung sidewise. Crash! came a quarter of a ton of green water right over our stern and half-way up to our seats. Biff! came ten tons of the next wave against our seaward side, rolling us over like an empty cracker-barrel. Luckily the "crab" had knocked Solomon over on to his back, in the bottom of the boat, while his oar went floating out to sea. This cleared the next man's oar, we struggled into our stroke again and were under way before the next wave caught us. Five minutes later we landed, safe but excessively wet, especially Solomon, who was still lying on his back, feet up in air, in about nine inches of water. His impression apparently was that he had gone to the bottom and was being drowned. No sooner had we persuaded him out of this and got him on his feet than a single glance at the fire in the Captain's eye sent him scuttling ashore with astonishing alacrity. Indian Joe was ready to scalp him, not so much for nearly swamping the boat and drowning half of us, as for the exceeding coldness and wetness of the quarter-ton of Pacific Ocean aforementioned, which had deluged his broad shoulders, as he stood in the stern.

Farewell to the Bird Rocks of Tillamook Light, but also, and most fervently, *au revoir!*

WOODS HUTCHINSON.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE REGISTRAR- GENERAL.

THE FORD,
GREYWELL,
HAMPSHIRE,
September, 1902

DEAR MR REGISTRAR-GENERAL,
I have for many years perused the tables of your annual reports, which bear upon them the superscription that they are "presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of His Majesty," with an unquestioning faith in the accuracy and impartiality of your statements born of reverence for your august office

And that faith, originally entertained implicitly without examination, has been confirmed and established by the study of each succeeding report

I have asked myself whether it were possible for any man to display greater indifference to danger in the cause of truth than to inform mankind without circumlocution that in the last twelve years there have been three during which more people were killed by vaccination than by the disease it claims to prevent

I imagine that I should have continued to extend an indefinite measure of trust in the cold detachment of the tables of your report, regarding them as equally far beyond the reach of criticism as fate, and as partaking of the immutability of space and the fixed stars, had not the chief newspaper of the world issued from an office of high importance and greater age than your own statements entirely irreconcilable with the figures you record

The *Times* informs the public that its new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has entailed an expenditure of over a hundred thousand pounds, which ceases to surprise anybody who looks at the list of contributors. It is wonderful to discover from the advertisement that there are so many professors in the whole world as have been induced to participate in the production of this work!

No one who devoted a long spring day to the reading of the

"First Announcement" in the *Times* of the 9th of May, beginning with the claim that the book contains all knowledge, and ending with the promise of a large but secret discount to those who purchase with celerity, can have risen from the perusal unconvinced that he owed it as a duty to his pocket and his head to buy the book and believe its statements

The volume that has dissipated in a day the accumulated statistics of your sixty-three annual reports has been presented to me by a Society in whose labours I take a friendly interest. The book contains an article entitled "Experiments on Animals," which purports to explain "the present method of experiments on animals in the United Kingdom," and to set forth the beneficent results of those experiments

That the statements in this article, dealing with a controversy that to-day divides mankind, are put before the public with a freedom from prejudice and a dispassionate accuracy superior to your own, must be conceded by anyone who discovers that the two persons responsible for this final addition to exact knowledge upon that controversy are Mr Stephen Paget, who has already written a book that has happily afforded as much material for a judgment against as for "the present method of experiments," and Dr Noel Paton, who is so little concerned with either side of the controversy and so detached from the tiresome provisions of the law that he entirely forgot to procure a licence when in 1895 he himself experimentally starved kittens for fifty-six and a half hours, and although you, sir, are not concerned with the first part of the work of these gentlemen, which explains among other things how a certain Parliamentary Report other than your own is compiled, it may lend weight to their authority and contribute to the final discredit of your own to discover that in that report the single uncorroborated statement of any person (whose actions are by law subjected to inspection) that he has not broken the law is accepted as conclusive proof of his veracity

Recognising that to a book containing all knowledge searchers after truth must turn if they would learn whether experiments upon animals have indeed led to discoveries that have lessened the mortality from any diseases, the two Professors have not hesitated to expose the invalidity of your figures and the mendacity of your reports

It may be observed in your defence that nowhere have you ever suggested that the discovery of Glycogen by means of experiments on living animals is the cause of the continued and deplorable rise in the death rate of persons afflicted with diabetes that you have the temerity to record, but it is not easy for the enquiring student to discover the hidden motives that have led you to record a rise in the death rate of every disease that has in truth and in fact, as these professors show, almost disappeared from the world owing to the labours and discoveries of those who perform these experiments.

Anthrax is the first definite disease dealt with both by the professors and by your tables. But your figures deal with mankind, while those of the professors are confined to sheep and cattle, and therefore your statement that in 1899 a larger number of people than in any previous year died of anthrax escapes challenge and refutation.

Again in the case of consumption, as you have fortunately not attributed the decrease in the death rate from the disease which you record in recent years to the open-air treatment which has covered the country with sanatoria, your figures are not impugned. But when we reach diphtheria you stand convicted at once of flat misrepresentation.

The "Encyclopædia" tells us that "In England the antitoxin treatment was begun in the latter part of 1894. Besides its curative use, the antitoxin has also been used as a preventive to stop an outbreak of diphtheria in a school or institute or hospital or village, and with admirable success." There can be no doubt, therefore, that since 1894 the death rate from diphtheria must have been steadily decreasing in consequence of antitoxin treatment yielded to mankind by the blessed agency of experiments upon living animals, and the careless ineptitude, to use no stronger censure, of publishing such figures as I now append stands revealed by their mere repetition. —

TABLE 18. ENGLAND AND WALES. ANNUAL DEATH RATES FROM
VARIOUS CAUSES, TO A MILLION LIVING PERSONS. 1881—1900.

DIPHTHERIA									
1881	1882.	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887.	1888	1889	1890
121.	152	158	186	164	149	160.	171	189	179
1891.	1892.	1893	1894.	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900
173	222	318.	291.	259	291	245.	243	291	290

With regard to tetanus the "Encyclopædia" tells us that the antitoxin treatment has been practised and recorded since 1897, and although the Professors reluctantly admit that "the use of the anti-tetanus serum does not exclude the use of other drugs also," and do not deliver a final judgment against your tables, it is nevertheless difficult to give credence to your statement that only twenty-six persons died of tetanus in 1896, and that in 1900 when the serum was available the deaths from tetanus should have risen to 66!

Under the heading of Myxoedema the "Encyclopædia" tells us that "in 1888 the Clinical Society of London published an exhaustive report of 215 pages on 119 cases of the disease, giving all historical, clinical, pathological, chemical, and experimental facts but out of 215 pages there is but half a page about treatment, of the useless old-fashioned sort." And as a result it has come to pass that "now, with little bottles of tabloids, men and women are restored to health

"who had become degenerate in body and mind, disfigured and "debased" All of which is due directly to experiments on living animals

This being so, what possible defence can there be for your deliberately deceiving the public with the figures you affect to have collected relative to the death rate from diseases of the thyroid body? * So absolutely incredible are these figures when placed in juxtaposition with the plain statements of the two professors that I quote them in full for your everlasting confusion —

DEATHS FOR DISEASES OF THE THYROID BODY IN ENGLAND
AND WALES

1881.	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890
91	114	89	117	111	123	141	137	152	174
1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900
163	174	237	195	215	230	245	295	312	322

ANNUAL DEATH RATE FOR DISEASES OF THE THYROID BODY PER
MILLION BEINGS IN ENGLAND AND WALES

1881	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890.
3	4	3	4	4	4	5	5	5	6
1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898.	1899	1900
6	6	8	6	7	7	7	9	10	10

In the case of rabies you can enjoy such consolation as may be derived from the reflection that you have nowhere committed yourself to so much as a suggestion that the compulsory introduction of the dog-muzzle has brought the death rate to nil, so that the statements of the two professors in the "Encyclopædia" that persons properly treated with Pasteur's inoculations become "proof against any outbreak of the disease" does not affect *your* report, but only demonstrates the absurd inaccuracy of medical men, newspapers, and the authorities at the Pasteur Institute itself, each of which has frequently, until 1899, when rabies disappeared altogether, reported deaths from rabies in England subsequent to the inoculations

It would almost seem that for anyone carefully to gather statistics of deaths from any disease made the subject of investigation by way of experiments on animals invariably leads to the promulgation of inaccuracies deserving stern disclosure in the "Encyclopædia"

In the case of cholera, however, the two professors make no attack upon your tables, for though they describe Haffkine's injections (based upon experiments upon animals) as a "preventive inoculation," and

* "We class deaths from Myxoedema under diseases of the Thyroid Body"
Extract from letter from the Registrar-General's Office, Somerset House, dated the 29th of August, 1902

allude to its insertion into the bodies of 42,179 persons in India, they do not assert that a single cholera patient's life was thereby saved, but content themselves with recording that no one died of the injection. Moreover it appears that the wondrous serum is withheld from us at home, and that 547 persons were permitted to expire in 1900 in England and Wales without its intervention. I am sure everyone must agree that in a "complete library of modern knowledge," when we explore the article on typhoid fever and find that no mention is made of the death of a single soldier in South Africa from this disease after being inoculated with Wright's serum, we are bound to conclude that no such unfortunate occurrence has taken place, and that as whole regiments were certainly inoculated, the reports made by the War Office of deaths from typhoid in those regiments are as lacking in foundation as are many of your own statistics. They must all have died of something else, or be still alive.

Your own tables also for the death rate in England and Wales are quite absurd, for the serum has been in the possession of the faculty since 1897, yet you assert that the death rate per million living in England and Wales has risen from 245 in that year to 290 in 1900!

But not content with thus suggesting by means of false tables that these precious serums hurry the patients faster out of life instead of curing them, you have advanced to the promulgation of a yet graver error and have by implication contended in your tables dealing with the death rate from diseases of the circulatory system that a novel application of drugs in such cases, due to conclusions based upon experiments upon animals, have led to a higher death rate per million, whereas the more conscientious and unprejudiced compilers of the "Encyclopædia" show that this cannot be so.

For on the action of digitalis upon diseases of the circulation, as demonstrated by experiments on animals, they endorse the following statements of Professor Fraser that "The indications of its use in disease were thereby revolutionised, and at the same time rendered more exact, and the striking benefits which are now afforded by the use of this substance in most (cardiac) diseases were made available to humanity." And on the action of nitrate of amyl they quote with emphasis the words of Sir T. Lauder Brunton on the beneficent consequences of its use —

"I knew from unpublished experiments on animals by Dr A. Gamgee that nitrate of amyl had this power, and therefore tried it on the patient. My expectations were perfectly answered."

How invincible, then, must be your inaccuracy when you endeavour to get anybody to believe that the death rate per million persons from diseases of the circulatory system has risen from 1,371 in 1881 to 1,709 in 1900!

I have surely, sir, brought evidence enough from this monumental depository of exact knowledge to prove that your tables of death

rates, which you yearly present to both Houses of Parliament, stand convicted of being among the most colossal frauds of this or any age

I regret that not being at present a member of either House it is not in my power personally to protest there against the grievous waste of public money entailed in the printing and publishing of your mendacious reports. But the great and distinguished and self-sacrificing body of experimenters upon dumb animals whose beneficent labours you presume to traduce are fortunately not without eloquent representatives at Westminster. Sir Michael Foster in the one House, and Lord Lister in the other will surely not long endure in silence the impertinences of a mere statistic collector, and to their tender mercies in the forthcoming Session of Parliament I leave your sixty-third annual report

I am your faithful servant,

STEPHEN COLERIDGE

LABOUR ORGANISATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is little or no evidence of the existence of the modern trade union, so far as recorded facts are concerned, prior to the year 1700. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the principles of trade-unionism developed in Great Britain until at the present time the unions are strong, numerous, well-equipped with funds, and generally recognised as important elements in industrial development. It is rare now to meet an employer in the old country who does not in some degree approve of organised labour. He may deprecate particular methods and insist that organisations encroach upon the rights and responsibilities of employers, but the underlying principle of labour organisation is recognised.

A trade-union is understood to be an association of wage-earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment, and it is in this form and for this purpose that the union has existed in England for at least two centuries. It did not spring full-grown into existence, but grew as industry developed. This has been the course, too, in the United States, although the development has not extended over such a range of time. Prior to the establishment of the factory system in the United States there was little labour organisation. The factory system was not the cause of organisation in England, nor was it particularly the cause of it in the United States, but with the factory system industry itself became more thoroughly organised, and by the concentration of workers helped largely to create the desire for their organisation.

The southern colonies, where the slave system existed prior to the Civil War, did not offer any fertile field for wage-earners to agitate the question of organisation. The northern colonies, although having a different system of labour from the South, also offered but little field

for labour agitation prior to the establishment of the factory system, because industry was primitive in its nature, land was plentiful, labourers were in demand, and habits and wants were simple. The two systems of labour, slave and free, naturally had their effect in various directions, both in the economics of production and in the relation of the labourer to society. As mechanical industries developed, free labour offered opportunities for movement, yet historically there is not revealed any concerted action of any consequence during the colonial period, except incidentally in the early days in Massachusetts, when the ship caulkers, who were politicians, organised what was known as the "Caulkers' Club," and it is from this name that the American term "caucus" was derived. This club existed in the early part of the eighteenth century, but in those days the elements of organisation were wanting, for organisation comes through the aggregation of labourers in industrial centres.

The domestic system of labour also stood in the way of extensive organisation. Thus it was not until the opening of the nineteenth century that labour unions began to have any influence in industrial affairs, and their influence was very slight until after the first quarter of that century had passed. In 1806 the Tailors' Union was established, partly for trade purposes but largely on account of political interests, as the tailors had always been participants in political matters. This association grew from the influence exerted by members of the craft coming from England, who preserved their loyalty to the Journeymen Tailors' Unions of the old country. The hatters had an organisation in 1819, and the shipwrights and caulkers established an order in 1822, under the name of the "Columbian Charitable Society of Shipwrights and Caulkers of Boston and Charlestown." This organisation was chartered by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1823. An association called the "New York Society of Journeymen Shipwrights" was incorporated in the City of New York in 1803, while the house carpenters of the same city organised in 1806. It is probable that the compositors of New York were organised in the earliest years of the last century, for in 1817 they had a society known as the "New York Typographical Society," with Peter Force as its president.

With the year 1825, on account of new elements and purposes which appeared at that time, the development of the labour movement took on new force. No single cause for the spirit of that year can be assigned. There were many reasons for it, among which were the demand for shorter hours of labour and for higher wages, a desire to experiment in co-operation, and the spirit of association, which rapidly developed through the influence of the altruistic preachings of Robert Owen, who came to America in 1824. A wave of Socialistic doctrines, which may well be called the transcendentalism of industry, swept over the country. Fourier and others helped to feed this spirit, and very

many Socialist experiments were inaugurated, more than two hundred Communistic villages having been founded as the result of the doctrines taught by Charles Fourier. So the period from 1825 to 1850 may be called a period of reform movements, all having more or less influence on the spirit of organisation, which spirit extended to the wage-earners.

The rapidly developing factory system, the very essence of which is the principle of association, added economic force to the general reform movements, and after 1825 unions began to be formed everywhere in the Northern States, accompanied by an agitation for legislation for working men, Boston and New York being the most prominent centres of all the movements. Naturally, labour literature appeared, and in 1825 the *Working Man's Advocate* was published in the City of New York. This publication was followed by the *Daily Sentinel* and *Young America*, all published by two Englishmen, George Henry Evans and Frederick W. Evans, who came to America in 1820.

In 1830 a working men's convention was held at Syracuse, in the State of New York, which convention put up a candidate for Governor. The next year the movers, under the name of the "Working Men's Party," united with the Whigs, and succeeded in electing three or four members of the legislature. An important convention was held in Boston on the 16th of February, 1831, consisting of farmers, mechanics, and other working men. Out of this meeting grew a delegate convention, held in 1832, in September. This convention discussed land interests, taxation, and co-operative trading. Many of its demands were similar to those advanced by the Evans brothers. The Hon. Edward Everett, afterwards Minister to the Court of St. James's, commended the organisation of the Working Men's Party as represented in the convention of Boston. Other meetings were held in that city, at which it was recommended that the mechanics of all branches should hold meetings by themselves for the purpose of consulting together and of doing all possible things to enable them to come to a mutual agreement upon the system of working hours. The right of labourers to organise for the purpose of securing and protecting their interests and the question as to whether general trade-unions would diminish strikes and lock-outs were also prominent in all the discussions. Following these meetings in the City of Boston in the years 1831 and 1832, the General Trades Unions of the City of New York were active in discussing the same questions, and this is the first attempt, so far as the history of the development of industry is concerned, to unite working men of different trades in one organisation. In later years this attempt was repeated by the Knights of Labour.

The agitation for organisation during the years following those just named took various forms, and in some cases the employers took part in the matter from their point of view. At a meeting held in

the Exchange Coffee Rooms on the 15th of May, 1832, the merchants and shipowners voted to "discountenance and check the unlawful combination formed to control the freedom of individuals as to the hours of labour, and to thwart and embarrass those by whom they are employed and liberally paid" The meeting also pointed out what it considered to be "the pernicious and demoralising tendency of these combinations and the unreasonableness of the attempt, in particular where mechanics are held in so high estimation and their skill in labour so liberally rewarded" The capitalists and other employers in their assembly at that time held that labour ought always to be left free to regulate itself, and that neither the employé nor the employer should have the power to control the other, and they looked with deep regret upon any course designed to coerce individuals and to prescribe the time and manner of labour The employers announced that labour organisations would drive trade from the city, and they passed a resolution pledging themselves to "neither employ any journeyman who at the time belongs to such combinations, nor give work to any master mechanic who shall employ them while they continue thus pledged to each other." In this resolution 106 firms joined

From this statement it will be seen that seventy-five years ago there was as much opposition to the organisation of labour in America as existed in the old country, but as the country grew accustomed to labour organisations, it learned to consider them as helpful in many ways, and that they were not antagonistic to proper development The American people, like the English, realised that trade-unionism represented a struggle for improvement, and that it ought not to be subjected to legal disabilities, nor considered with suspicion, nor brought under harsh investigation, nor subjected to persecution A larger knowledge, a wider sympathy, caused the American people to realise that in spite of antagonism, disabilities, and suspicion, the most intelligent and industrious artisans of the country were making great efforts to aid in the upward struggle, and to enable the workmen to meet the great exigencies resulting from sickness, accident, old age, disability, irregularity of employment, death, and the destitution of widows and orphans Hostility ceased in a great measure The courts became more friendly, and instead of declaring all organisations to be conspiracies, as was the habit in the earlier part of the century, they gradually took the ground that organisations were legitimate, and that the efforts to secure increased remuneration were not efforts to restrain trade, and the unions were therefore able, after a somewhat tedious contest, covering more than a quarter of a century, to throw off legal disabilities and take their place among modern institutions as a recognised force in the public welfare, and there they remain.

The general understanding at the present time is that combinations, either of labour or of capital as such, are not essentially objects of

distrust, evils to be throttled, or diseases to be eradicated from the economic system, and with this understanding comes the recognition of the truth that unregulated competition is the law of death and not of life, that it means everywhere the survival of the unfit—the unfit employer as well as the unfit employé, and the unfit type of industrial organisation, whether of employés or employers. The people are learning that combination is the inevitable result of efforts to escape suicidal conditions of unregulated competition of all forms, whether it be the destructive competition of producers fighting each other in the dark for custom, or the hungry competition of workmen fighting each other in the dark for the custom of employers—the opportunity to earn a proper remuneration.

This brief historical review of labour organisation in the United States shows that it constitutes an integral part of our industrial development and is really an influential feature of industrial achievement. Since 1825 the history of trade-unionism is a progressive one. Out of the earlier combinations there have grown some great associations or organisations, developing power and bringing to the attention of the country conditions which need reform and relations which call for the highest ethical influence to secure their proper adjustment, and it is sufficient in this place to say that, no matter what the opposition of any particular period was or the character it assumed, no matter what antagonisms within disturbed the order of development, no matter how defections reduced the ranks of unionism at times, and jealousies prevented success, labour organisations have continued through success and failure, and their propaganda have extended first to all great interests and ultimately to all parts of the land.

Among trade-unionists there are three types of unions recognised—the local, the national, and the international. The typical local union is made up entirely of members who live and work in one town or one restricted locality, and its business is conducted in the democratic way, by a vote of all the members meeting in one place. The national and international unions really constitute but a single type, though the formal distinction between them is carefully preserved in all trade-union literature. The typical national union aims at bringing under one control the workers in its trade in the United States, while the international union, so called, draws into its constituency the local unions of the United States, Canada, and sometimes Mexico. Local unions are the constituent elements of national and international unions, and the voting is done by delegates. Most of the national trade-unions are affiliated to one great federal organisation, known as the American Federation of Labour. The railway brotherhoods, so called, keep their separate organisations without affiliating to any other body. There are some independent unions, while the Knights of Labour are a body entirely distinct from all other organisations and have a different organic law.

It is difficult to ascertain the membership of unions. In Great Britain the law requiring registration enables the Government to state with fair accuracy the strength of unions in that country. According to the latest reports available, the English trade unions had a membership of 1,802,518, while in the United States, with double England's population, the estimated membership of labour organisations on July 1st last was 1,400,000. It is estimated at the present time that there are nearly 18,000,000 persons (men, women, and children) in the United States working as wage-earners. The percentage embraced in the labour unions is not large, therefore, being not more than 8 per cent of the whole body. It must be remembered, however, that in many trades the members are organised up to a large proportion, sometimes 90 per cent of the total number engaged.

The American Federation of Labour probably represents at the present time 850,000 members, while it is claimed that the Knights of Labour have a membership of nearly 200,000. Some years ago this latter organisation numbered nearly 1,000,000. The Order of Railway Conductors of America has nearly 25,000 members, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers over 34,000, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen nearly 38,000, the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen about 44,000, while the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen, the Switchmen's Union of North America, the Order of Railroad Telegraphers, and the Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen, whose membership has not been recently reported, all constitute influential organisations. All these organisations, with some independent bodies, make up the total stated—about 1,400,000.

The objects of most trade-unions are well represented in the declaration of the Federation of Labour, which demands eight hours as a day's work, favours the national and state incorporation of unions, urges the obligatory education of children and the prohibition of employment under the age of 14, calls for the enactment of uniform franchise laws, and opposes contract convict labour and the truck system of payment of wages. It favours the adoption of employers' liability acts, and generally indorses the claims of trade-unionism everywhere.

Trade-unionism represents the interests of specific trades. The principles underlying the tenets of the Knights of Labour ignore specific vocations and seek to harmonise all individual or separate interests in the interests of the whole, the declared aim of the order being to secure to the workers of society the fullest enjoyment of the wealth they are supposed to create and leisure for the development of intellectual, moral, and social faculties. Many of the tenets of the Knights of Labour are similar to those of trade-unionism, and they demand the incorporation of labour organisations, as do the unionists. All orders in America favour industrial arbitration and are practically opposed to compulsory arbitration.

The Order of the Knights of Labour is more socialistic than the American Federation of Labour, but both have made some declaration in the direction of Government ownership. For many years there has been a contest for control by the socialistic members of the latter body, but so far the Federation has been conservative, and with one exception has resisted successfully all attempts to make a socialistic organisation of it.

Some of the large unions have funds of considerable amount. One of the best representative orders in this respect is the Cigar-makers' International Union, with a membership of nearly 34,000. During the last twenty-one years this order has paid in benefits \$4,737,550.

The objects of all organisations are peaceful and moral and do not invite antagonism, but when it comes to action, then men differ not only as to the value of the work of organised labour but as to the legitimacy of its purpose. As a rule, trade-unions are opposed to strikes, and they declare themselves not in sympathy with the strike method of enforcing demands. They, of course, insist upon the right to strike, and the courts sustain this right. It is the almost universal attitude of courts in the United States that if one man can leave his employment, two or more may do so, and that there can be no restriction upon this privilege. The courts hold, however, as they do in England, that intimidation and violence must not accompany strikes, and that the strikers themselves, in indulging in these things, are amenable to criminal law. Strikes are no longer considered as conspiracies, however.

During the twenty years closing December 31st, 1900, there had occurred in the United States 22,793 strikes, involving 117,509 establishments. Of these strikes, 50.77 per cent succeeded, 13.04 per cent succeeded partly, and 36.19 per cent failed. Labour organisations ordered 14,457, or 63 per cent of all the strikes occurring during the period, and of those ordered by organisations, 52.86 per cent succeeded, 13.60 per cent partially succeeded, and 33.54 per cent, or about one-third of all the strikes ordered by organisations, failed. From these data is seen the practical influence of labour organisations in their attitude towards strikes.

To-day the most prominent leaders of all labour organisations are joining hands with broad-minded employers everywhere in efforts to adopt the joint committee method of settling disputes. They are learning from the experience of the mother country that it is better to have such joint conciliation committees, before whom all grievances can be laid as soon as they arise and by whom they can be talked over in a friendly but interested way. Our most intelligent captains of industry are thoroughly alive to this view, and in connection with organised labour they have a grand opportunity to accomplish results that shall be beneficial to themselves and to the community.

Probably these efforts will be facilitated through the incorporation of

trade-unions There is nothing in the laws of any of the States of the Union that prevents such incorporation, nevertheless but few organisations have taken advantage of the laws allowing incorporation In the State of New York there are a few incorporated unions, but as a rule unionists are fearful of the results of incorporation They fear that their funds may be attached whenever members of a union commit overt acts and thus subject them to suits for damages, and that whenever a decree of a court should be against a union, the result would be a loss of the charter and disintegration of the organisation In all probability they would stand better as incorporated bodies—entities in the eyes of the law—than they do as voluntary organisations

The decisions of the American courts relative to the liability of strikers in what is known as picketing are similar in tenor to those which have been made by the courts of England The real question is whether strikers should be enjoined against maintaining patrols or any form of picket to prevent non-union men from entering the works of an establishment under strike, or from preventing the employer from carrying on his business unless he shall do certain things which have been demanded of him The courts have no hesitancy in declaring that where picketing is accompanied by intimidation or force, the parties organising or directing such force or intimidation are liable under criminal law There are also some decisions declaring that picketing itself is a menace, and hence an intimidation, and therefore illegal There has been no decision, however, as far reaching as that in the Taff Vale railway case, recently decided by the House of Lords The doctrine laid down by the Law Lords, however,—that any organisation that can work an injury must be held responsible for the damages resulting therefrom—will undoubtedly receive attention in America

Unions are very much opposed to the modern method of restraint through injunctions, and complain of the expansion of the injunction, under which strikers are warned to refrain from doing things which if done would be crimes under statutory law and punishable accordingly They insist that should they be accused of any violence, they should be allowed trial as criminals or breakers of the law by a jury in the ordinary way, when they can have, under the bills of rights as they exist in the United States, the privilege of facing accusers and bringing forward evidence in their defence Many eminent jurists feel that the expanded use of injunctions in late years is not in accordance with the strictest equity, but the difficulty lies in modifying by legislation some of the principles involved at common law in the writ of injunction

Trade-unionists have undertaken to secure recognition through a system known as collective bargaining, the adoption of sliding scales being a feature of this work Collective bargaining has also been indorsed in many cases by employers, but occasionally, as in the great Homestead strike in 1892 and some other labour conflicts, the scale

has been a prominent cause of difficulty. Employers sometimes resent the idea of collective bargaining, because in carrying it out there must be a recognition of the union. Men like Mr John Pierpont Morgan, however, prefer to deal with well organised and administered trade-unions as the medium through which to arrange questions of wages and other conditions of employment, rather than to subject themselves to the chaotic and unreliable results which are found when workmen act as individuals.

The great organisations are growing more and more conservative, especially those represented in the American Federation of Labour, which was organised permanently in December, 1886, under its present name. The country at large owes a debt to this order which is not always or very generally recognised. At the time of the great strike in Chicago in 1894, when the American Railway Union, the order that organised the strike, demanded a general or sympathetic strike of all mechanics and artisans, the executive committee of the American Federation defeated this purpose, and no general strike occurred. Again, in the great steel strike of 1901, when the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers thought that by a general strike, sympathetic in its nature in a sense, they would be able to win against the powerful United States Steel Corporation, the executive committee of the American Federation of Labour declined to advise a general strike. In all probability, this action had as much to do with bringing the strike to an end as any one element.

Of course, organised labour has received many very severe blows. The rapid decrease in membership and influence of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers on account of the disorders at Homestead in 1892 is a very striking instance in this direction. The same association lost, in a way, again in 1901, but on the whole it has been progressive, and now, by wise management, its position since the strike of last year is encouraging. Unions come and unions go, but the most powerful and influential have a long and honourable history, although conservatism and wise action have often been the result of radical, extreme, and dangerous methods.

Probably the best known, and in a popular sense the wisest, union in the country is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. This organisation has exerted a sure and steadying influence in various controversies. Its members are called by the members of other unions the aristocracy of labour, but they came to their present enviable position through some of the extremest efforts to carry their points that have been made in this country. Their wisdom is the wisdom of experience, and the managers of the brotherhood have been wise enough to recognise experience. Other organisations are benefiting by such experience, and as time goes on they will exert a still greater influence in the industrial field. Unions are, as a rule, friendly to machinery, are studying practical, economic questions, and are not drags upon

industry The exceptions to this rule are now so few that they need not be considered

When the greatest capitalists of the country are ready to recognise and deal with unions, and to advocate the advantages, through conciliatory methods, which can come only through organisations, and to meet the leaders of labour unions in great conferences, as they have done recently, for the discussion of vital economic and moral questions, there need not be much fear of antagonism The old suspicious attitude towards trade-unions in the United States is practically a thing of the past

CARROLL D WRIGHT

THE THEORY OF GOVERNMENT BY DEMOCRACY.

DEMOCRACY is defined in the New English Dictionary as that form of government in which the sovereign power resides in the people as a whole and is exercised either directly by them or by officers elected by them

The object of this paper is to enquire into the theoretical basis on which such a form of government may be justified. It seeks to answer the question Does a pure Democracy represent a higher phase of social evolution than other forms of government, and if so, in virtue of what general principle or, on the other hand, are we to look upon existing democratic institutions as expedient only under certain conditions and among certain races and not embodying any principle of universal application?

An essential preliminary to the enquiry will be a candid examination of the difficulties and paradoxes which the definition of Democracy suggests

It belongs to the conception of Democratic Government that the will of the majority shall prevail in all matters of legislation or administration, and the first difficulty arises out of this obvious fact. It is clearly not the majority in any community, but the minority, and often a very small minority, which possesses the knowledge, the education and the habits of mind necessary for forming a sound judgment on the intricate questions which government involves. Every difficult problem, social and political as well as scientific or mechanical, requires patient investigation by persons with special training and qualifications, and can certainly not be solved by a majority vote of persons without such qualifications. It is not by taking "the suffrage of the plough" that we can discover, for instance, the ultimate effect of war upon trade, or settle the rights and wrongs of a racial dispute at the other side of the world. At first sight Democracy appears to make the mere counting of heads the final test of truth or error, and many people believe this to be the very essence of the Democratic creed. One often finds, for example, in newspaper columns arguments based upon the

assumption that the fact of commanding a majority is in itself a proof of the correctness of an opinion. Needless to say, if this were the true theory of Democratic Government, it would be difficult to defend.

The next difficulty that occurs is that the exercise of sovereign power by the people involves treating all votes as of equal value, whereas the minds whose decisions the votes represent are not of equal, but of vastly different value, regarded from the point of view of the well-being of the community. The more this difficulty is examined the more formidable it becomes. In whatever philosophical sense all men may be equal, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that so far as endowments and opportunities are concerned, there is and can be no such thing as natural equality, and if our theory of Democracy is to stand, we must not merely admit a natural inequality, but endeavour to comprehend its full extent and make it one of the premises on which the theory rests.

The physical differences that characterise mankind, such as those of race, strength, powers of endurance, and so on, are undoubtedly great, but they are insignificant compared with those that are to be found on the intellectual and emotional planes. And it is not to be supposed that this latter class of differences results purely from environment and the personal use of opportunities, any more than the physical differences do. The enormous variations, for instance, in the strength of the passions, in the logical and artistic faculties, in sensibility, in powers of memory, and so forth, are very largely inherent variations, independent of any accentuation during the life of the individual. It is necessary to insist upon this in order to avoid the confusion of thought which leads some to assert that the differences which characterise mankind are the result merely of inequality of privilege and opportunity; so far from this being the case, there is no reason to doubt that the higher the stage of development which a society has reached, the greater will be the inherent differences which characterise its members. While, however, these inherent mental differences greatly affect the true value of the individual vote, it is undoubtedly to the inequalities that result from education and personal effort that we must look, to see the Democratic Paradox in its most glaring light. If a man's natural endowments have been developed by education, if he has been trained to concentrated effort and to detachment of mind, his value to his fellows will, other things being equal, be vastly greater than that of his uneducated neighbours. If he has made a special study of any one branch of politics or economics, his opinion, within his own sphere, will certainly be worth more than that of the non-expert, yet Democracy counts the expert's opinion as one vote and leaves the issue to be decided by the ten thousand non-experts!

So much for the paradox of attaching equal value to all votes, irrespective of the mental endowments or education of the voter, let us now turn to another difficulty, closely allied, yet deserving a separate

category. It may be said that, as with individuals, so with communities, it is the moral decisions that are most important, not those dependent upon special knowledge or abilities. The great heart of the people, we often hear, is sound and may be trusted when great issues are at stake. In other words, the most important issues on which the Democracy is called upon to vote appeal to the sense of fairness, generosity, justice, love of truth, and so on, all of which are to a considerable extent independent of education. Assuming this to be true, the broad question remains. Are the majority any more likely than the minority to give a decision in accordance with the dictates of morality? Can it be seriously maintained that with the majority of inhabitants in any country, devotion to righteousness and truth will habitually outweigh self-interest, where these conflict? Let us ask ourselves. Was it only tyrants and oligarchies and never majorities that were guilty of stoning the prophets? Certainly, if wisdom does not dwell in majorities, no more does goodness.

It is necessary to mention one other difficulty which is bound up with the conception of the sovereign power as residing in the people as a whole. This is the seeming incompatibility of Democratic Government with the concentration of power rendered necessary by a great war, or by the community becoming involved in critical relations with other powers. Under such circumstances, the publicity, delay and uncertainty, which popular government entails, might conceivably prove fatal on occasions when secrecy, swiftness of action, and the steady pursuit of well-defined aims were needed to ensure success. One can well understand the feeling which prompted Lord Salisbury, after war had broken out in South Africa, to suggest that the blame for alleged deficient preparations should be laid, not upon the departments concerned, but upon the British Constitution. There is no doubt that under a despotic government the lack of publicity and accountability to the nation would have been much more favourable to military preparations.

To sum up. Government by Democracy, as set forth in the accepted definition, is liable to the following objections.

(1) That the knowledge required for directing the affairs of the community is not found in the numerical majority of its members, but in the minority,

(2) That this form of government confers political equality where there is no corresponding equality in the social or economic value of the political units,

(3) That it is not the majority but the minority of individuals who habitually place the public good before personal interests, real or supposed,

(4) That government by the people tends to interfere with concentration of power in times of emergency.

Before stating what I take to be the enduring principle underlying

Democratic Government, it is necessary to make passing mention of certain ill-defined and untenable notions as to what this principle is

The idea of natural equality has already been dealt with, a good commentary is furnished by the story of the enthusiastic advocate of this doctrine, who, when the mob orator proclaimed that "One man is as good as another," marked his approval by shouting "Aye, and better too"

The old notion of Democratic Government as resting on certain "natural inalienable rights" is equally untenable. The roots of the idea lie far back in the universal traditions of a golden age of primitive innocence, some far-off "state of nature," which existed before man had sought out the many inventions that have brought such trouble on the race. Needless to say, it cannot be proved, either historically or from the analogy of savage tribes, that there ever was a time when unquestioned equality of rights and powers obtained among members of tribes or communities. "Let us return to Nature" was the cry of the 18th century, but Nature tells us little about any inalienable rights, save those of the strongest.

A third more plausible notion is that Democracy is justifiable because the members of the various classes of society are the best judges of their own grievances and requirements. The self-interest of the many, it is held, will result in the good of all. But this theory, though containing elements of truth, will not bear close examination, as to the perception of grievances, it may be correct, but the redressing of them is not a matter on which the whole body of members have any natural or intuitive knowledge, in every case problems are involved which require patient working out by individuals with special capacity for the work. The rule of the majority will not of itself necessarily result in the greatest good even of the greatest number, much less of all.

Most of the difficulties which the conception of Democratic Government involves arise out of the failure to keep in mind the line of separation between the work of governing, which belongs to the few, and the work of selecting, watching and controlling the governors, which belongs to the many. Rousseau, in his "Social Contract," expresses the opinion that Democracy is a form of government which would be suited to a nation of gods, but which is not adapted to human nature as we know it, but when we remember that his conception of Democracy was that of an entire community assembling in periodical mass meetings and deciding each question as it arose, we are not surprised that he relegates it to an ideal sphere. The same misconception, the idea that Democracy involves the literal *governing* by the people, was much in evidence during the French Revolution, and, though perhaps in a different form, is by no means dead in our own age.

The true point of view from which to regard Democratic Government is that it represents the *reciprocal play of expert judgment and common sense*

Not only the administrative work of government, but all real initiative, all hard work of investigation of social problems or of attempted redress of grievances must, if they are to be successful, be undertaken by those who are specially qualified by training and natural ability for the work, or who in other words may claim to be experts in their own line. It is only by specialisation of function that a high degree of efficiency can be attained in any direction, and the functions of government are no exception to the rule, however difficult it may be in their case to draw the line between expert and non-expert. The distinguishing feature of Democracy is that the experts, the real governors, instead of being appointed by an arbitrary central power, receive and retain their authority by justifying their opinions and acts to the common sense of the community which they govern. The root principle of Democracy, therefore, is that the expert must justify himself to the common sense of the non-expert.

Let us apply this principle to the four objections we have been considering

(1) It takes for granted the relative fewness of individuals capable of directing the affairs of a community. The political functions of the great mass of the electors in any Democratic country are confined to the approval or disapproval of certain sets of opinions, as represented by rival candidates. Even in Representative Assemblies the functions of the majority are confined to criticism and the pronouncing of approval or disapproval of the work of the few real leaders. Also in popular movements that appear to be spontaneous in character it is the very few who can focus and give expression to that which the many can only vaguely feel. It is therefore the small minority who have the capacity for leadership, but that minority does not coincide with the so-called governing classes, as very many people suppose, nor yet even with the educated classes, but is spread over the entire community, and it is hardly possible to over-estimate the significance of this distinction. However capable a ruling class may be, however lofty its code of honour, however careful its training of each successive generation, it is indisputable that by its very existence it limits enormously the field from which the leaders of the community may be selected. The greater the number of capable men whose services are available to the public in any capacity, the richer and stronger the community will be, and every man able and willing to perform public duties but shut out by poverty or arbitrary social standards represents a direct loss to his fellows. The minority do, as a matter of fact, lead and govern in a Democracy as much as under an aristocratic government, but it is a minority drawn from all sections and classes and not dependent upon birth, wealth, force, or priestcraft.

(2) The natural inequalities among members of a community, on which stress was laid, form the basis for the selection of leaders. The greater the differences of endowment and capacity, the greater will be

the opportunities of selecting men likely to be serviceable in various directions. In all societies it is those who are in the widest sense the fittest who ought to bear rule, and the Democratic method of procuring the rule of the fittest is to give every natural aptitude for leadership the freest scope to assert itself. The Democratic creed demands that every person aspiring to lead shall forego all claims based on privilege or force and rely wholly upon the strength of his own qualifications for leadership, and upon his powers of making others realise these qualifications, in the same way it demands that the voter shall have no artificial privilege on account of superior education or social position, but shall rely wholly on the natural influence over his fellows which such superiority gives him. In this respect the Democratic creed stands in direct opposition to a class of opinions at one time almost universally held, and which still obtain to a very large extent, even among professed supporters of Democratic principles. These opinions we may summarise as follows —

Education in itself, seeing that it makes the citizen's opinion of more value to the State, ought to confer additional political privileges; wealth, in virtue of its responsibilities and its large contributions to national and local finance, is entitled to additional voting power; the great aristocratic families, with their traditions of public service and education directed towards that end, are entitled to any privileges, open or tacit, which they may enjoy, because of the services they render in giving continuity to the national life and preserving a certain standard of honour in public affairs.

It is curious to find that so strong a Democrat as John Stuart Mill advocated the bestowal of additional votes upon graduates of universities, members of the liberal professions and those who had passed creditably through the higher schools. It is however indisputable that education, as such, gives a man additional influence far beyond that which he could gain from having two or three votes in place of one. Mill himself states that "opinion" is one of the greatest active social forces and that "one person with a belief is a social power equal to ninety-nine who have only interests." The person with a belief, that is to say the educated person, who has reasoned out his own convictions, would not gain but rather lose in social power by additional votes, since they would mean the substitution of artificial privilege for genuine influence. A similar argument applies to the property vote. Taken over a sufficiently wide area, it is no doubt true that the personal qualities which tend to the production of wealth are of great value to the community, but these qualities are in themselves a social power, and their possessors would not have less influence but more, if plural voting, with the irritation and class feeling which it provokes, were abolished.

With regard to the privileges of the upper classes, it is noteworthy that whenever any extension of popular government is in question, the

attitude of its opponents is always one of fear lest the Democracy should take the control of public affairs entirely out of the hands of the class of men hitherto holding it and be guided by men without real training or experience. This attitude is well exemplified in Mr Lecky's book "Democracy and Liberty." Mr Lecky holds (and no doubt rightly) that the legislative and administrative control of public affairs in this country has, in the main, been exercised for generations by men of a certain social status, "government by gentlemen" is the phrase used to express the idea. He believes that the ideas of honour and social obligation—the spirit of "noblesse oblige"—which prevail among this class constitute a genuine guarantee that a certain degree of probity will obtain among its members as a whole, which guarantee he holds to be lacking among the "professional politicians" whose advent he fears. One must freely admit that the gospel of "noblesse oblige," though not the highest conceivable standard of conduct, and certainly not identical with Christian ethics, is undoubtedly a social force and contains elements of permanent value, but we may naturally ask. Why should Democracy shut out from power men of the class supposed to adhere most closely to this ethical standard? The natural influence of whatever is great and noble in the character of members of the aristocratic classes would not be less, if artificial privileges were withdrawn, but immensely greater. The populace is not blind to noble qualities, it is only apt to become so, when those who exhibit them are thrust over its head in virtue of ancestry, wealth, favouritism, or any cause other than free choice. The life of our late Queen has shown us in a striking manner how noble qualities may become more powerful for good by their own natural influence than by their exercise through the channels of prerogative. Her very readiness to bow to the will of her people, to efface herself politically if need be, gave her a real political influence far greater than she would have exercised had she tried to follow the example of some of her predecessors, and obtained for her person and office a hold on the affections of her people to which it would be hard to find a parallel.

We have thus in the main two theories as to the method of ensuring the rule of the fittest, we have the Democratic theory, according to which great qualities will find recognition in virtue of their natural influence if only they are allowed free scope, and in keeping with this theory the expert must *appeal* to the mass of the non-experts to give him the power he seeks, by trying to make them see the questions at issue in the same light as he himself does. Opposed to this we have the theory that conformity to certain standards should confer arbitrary privileges and powers over against those who have not so conformed, and if this theory were pushed to extremes, as in a country like Russia, the expert would *impose* his will upon the mass of the non-experts in virtue of his arbitrary privileges. I give without comment two interesting and suggestive illustrations of the influence in the present day of

the latter theory The first is an article that appeared a short while ago in one of the leading Reviews with the object of proving that the type of administrator and public servant turned out by the great public schools of England is the finest the world has seen, and that *therefore* it should be made a condition of entry into any of the public services that the candidate shall have gone through one of the public schools The second is a debate reported in the newspapers as having been held by the Hardwicke Society at the Inner Temple Lecture Hall, London, subject —That one of the qualifications for attaining the parliamentary franchise should be the passing of a test in *military rifle shooting*! The view was at one time widely prevalent, and is still largely held, that a despotism, the extreme example of privilege, would be the best possible form of government, if we could only insure a benevolent and enlightened despot To anyone holding this view an admirable chapter in John Stuart Mill's "Representative Government" entitled "The ideally best form of Government," may be commended In demolishing the time-honoured fallacy, he brings out one of the most important features of Democratic Government, namely the reflex effect upon the mass of the people of even so simple an act as giving a vote once in three or four years, and shows how it inevitably tends to widen the outlook, to stimulate intellectual activity and to create common interests It is in fact only under Democratic Government that a community can realise itself to the full as an organic whole No doubt it is very often the case that a nationality is brought into being through an armed struggle under a strong military leader, and as Mr Herbert Spencer points out, governmental structures have been largely conditioned by this fact, but the sense of unity created by war will last only so long as the danger of collision with other communities is felt It is only by every member standing in organic relation to the central brain of the community, so to speak, that the latter can become, in any complete sense, a social organism

The question however will naturally arise Granted that Democracy is, from an ideal point of view, the best form of government, what guarantee have we in practice that the mass of the people will fall in with the views of the wisest and most far-seeing of their would-be leaders? That the experts, in other words, will succeed in justifying themselves to common sense? To this the answer must be a frank avowal that we have no guarantee whatever A nation must find out by its own mistakes which way true wisdom lies, and the more direct the connection between governors and governed, the speedier will be the discovery of error A man is quickly conscious of something amiss, if his foot is injured, but if it is only his boot he may go far without noticing it The obscure labourer stands to the benevolent despot in something like the relation of the boot to the brain, but when once he has a vote, he becomes, like the foot, in vital connection with it

(3) We have now to consider the bearing of the theory upon the third objection referred to as arising out of the definition of Democracy, the fact, namely, that the majority of mankind are naturally predisposed to regard public affairs from the point of view of personal interests rather than of any particular standard of morality. The point of the objection lies in the danger of persons morally unfit for leadership rising to power by appeals to unworthy motives. This may come about in three ways —

- (1) By appeals to personal aggrandisement, that is to say by bribery and intimidation, whether direct or in subtle refinements beyond the reach of any conceivable law,
- (2) By appeals to class prejudice, and
- (3) By appeals to national or race prejudice

As regards the first method, like many other evils it has a tendency to right itself, the same mental characteristics that lead a man to seek power by such a method will lead him to abuse it when obtained, and in the long run he will be found out and discredited. The constant and palpable danger of bribery and intimidation is also a stimulus to greater earnestness of purpose on the part of those opposed to such practices, there is no doubt also that the multitude are quick to perceive real disinterestedness and are ready to applaud a higher standard of morality in others than they are in the habit of conforming to themselves.

With regard to appeals to class prejudice, the possibility that the selfish interests of one class may prevail to the detriment of the whole community is a danger incidental to government of every kind. The special fitness of the Democratic form of government for minimising this danger lies in the fact that every class is represented and each one can raise its protest when any action likely to injure its own members is contemplated. There is thus always a chance that the evil may be at least postponed and time gained for soberer judgment to assert itself. The consequence is that though unfit persons may often rise to leadership by appealing to selfish class interests, their power of violently interfering with established social order is *very much smaller* than if they had been officials under a despotism or oligarchy, and further, there is a much better chance of their unfitness being discovered by those who have given them their position.

The most dangerous kind of appeal to unworthy motives is that which flatters national or race prejudice, and the insidiousness of such appeals lies in the garb of virtue which is thrown around the passions they excite. Nothing is easier than for national aggression, greed and militarism to masquerade as patriotism and burning zeal to spread abroad the blessings of civilisation. The fighting instinct is a fundamental factor in human nature, and once it is fairly aroused appeals to reason and conscience are vain. The admission of the seriousness of this danger brings home to our minds a fact we should never lose sight of, namely this, that Democracy cannot lay claim to be in itself

a guarantee of progress, it does however certainly claim to be the most favourable *condition* under which progress can be made. If the national relations with other powers are regulated solely by a few irresponsible rulers, they will be dependent upon the personal character of these rulers, but under Democratic Government they will fairly accurately represent the plane of morality which the nation as a whole has reached. Respect for other nations, willingness to learn from them and scrupulous regard to truth and honour in dealing with them are qualities whose reflex effect for good upon the community possessing them is incalculable, but they are qualities hard to acquire and slow of growth. If a nation, on the other hand, is totally incapable of rising to a higher ideal of nationality than that of a militant organism existing for the purpose of getting the better of its neighbours, then it must just continue the struggle along the lines of its own choosing, in the long run, by the slow but sure operation of natural causes, the entail of human progress will pass entirely away from such a nation to other communities content with the less exciting ideals of industrial and intellectual development. The ideals that make for true progress must arise through other agencies than those of government, but given their existence in the minds of individuals, however few, they have a far better opportunity of permeating the whole community by a frank appeal to the mass of the people, than they could have if the few who cherished them had the power of enforcing them. In an ideal Democracy those who are not only intellectually but morally the fittest would be the chosen leaders, and the only road which can lead to this somewhat remote goal is for the people to realise the consequences of their choice, and learn from their own misdeeds. In the individual the moral fibre is strengthened only by conscious choice, that is to say a beneficent action resulting from inherited tendency or outside influence is not in the strict sense a moral act, for it leaves the man morally neither stronger nor weaker, but if the action results from holding up, as it were, the conflicting motives in the balance and throwing volition into the scale which conscience approves, then the man is morally stronger by reason of the action. It is the same with communities, the benevolent despot's good deeds in relation to other powers leave the character of the individual subject neither better nor worse, but those of a Democracy re-act on the character of every voter and give the community a lift along the path of true progress.

As to the difficulty which the best minds must necessarily find in carrying others with them, it need not be supposed that this will deter them from engaging in public affairs, the desire to lead is a primal instinct, apart from any personal advantage that may be gained by it. Further, if one man with an opinion is a greater social force than ninety-nine with only interests, the social force represented by a few public men of personal integrity and disinterestedness is out of all proportion to their numbers. Such characteristics are the strongest of all social

forces, provided always that their natural influence is allowed free scope. The reflex effect also of the continual effort to carry conviction to other minds is in the highest degree beneficial, it supplies the stimulus lacking in autocratic rulers, that element of struggle, which is the condition for the development of whatever is best in man.

(4) We shall now turn briefly to the bearing of our theory of Democracy upon the apparent incompatibility of government by the people with concentration of power in times of emergency. We are face to face here with the fundamental opposition of the Democratic and the Military Ideals, the one emphasising the liberty of the individual and the principles of self-government and equality, the other demanding complete subordination of the individual, instant and blind obedience to superior authority and the strict separation of rank. The spirit of militarism is inconsistent with Democratic Government, if a Democracy allows its thoughts and activities to centre habitually upon armed struggles with other communities, it will soon cease to be a Democracy and will model its institutions upon lines in keeping with the military spirit. The objection to Democracy which we are considering must therefore be taken as referring only to such warfare as is forced upon the community as something apart from its usual interests and ideals. With this restriction, it is not difficult to show that the disadvantages of publicity and delay are far more than counterbalanced by the spirit of national unity and solidarity which Democracy creates, and which constitutes a defence infinitely stronger than could be obtained from any compulsory military service. Unless the leaders justify their attitude to the minds of the people, there will be no war, if they do, the war will no longer be an affair of the government only, but something in which each individual in the nation has an interest.

Having now tried to show that Democracy represents the reciprocal play of expert judgment and common sense, in which the expert must justify himself to the non-expert, it is necessary to enquire whether or not we have here any principle which holds good in other spheres than that of government.

If we take the domain of science we find that an investigator will justify a new theory, not to the general public, but to his fellow-experts, so long as it remains only a theory, but as soon as it is to be applied in some practical way affecting the whole community, then the non-expert not only asserts the right but is bound in self-defence to examine it in the light of his own common sense. In the same way, with regard to art, the principle has clearly no bearing upon the technical side of the artist's work, in this respect the painter or sculptor or musician must justify himself to those who have similar technical knowledge, that is to say to his fellow experts, but when we come to the point at which the artist touches the whole social organism, that is, the message or emotion which his work conveys, then every unsophisticated person has the right to pronounce approval or disapproval, so long

as the opinion of outsiders is perfectly honest, it has a distinct value, even to the artist, in fact only so far as the artist can carry this intelligent appreciation of outsiders along with him will his art make real progress in the community. Applying the principle to architects, engineers, lawyers, doctors and professional men generally, we find a similar rule holding good. The technical side of their work does not directly concern the general public, but in the practical application of their special knowledge they must be able to justify themselves to common sense if they are to find scope for their activities.

The analogy throughout helps us to see that while there are innumerable technical details involved in the art of governing with which the Democracy should not interfere, yet in its practical application the would-be leader (or expert, as we have called him) must justify himself to common sense.

Specialisation of function is a necessity, both in the community and in the individual, by concentration of energy a degree of efficiency or knowledge is attained that would be impossible if all the faculties were equally developed, but it always involves a risk of the loss of the sense of proportion, or of certain faculties becoming benumbed as the price of the enhanced acuteness of others. To the specialist the world has a certain tendency to fall into two unequal parts, the greater inhabited by his fellow experts, with whom he may compare notes and quarrel or fraternise, and the lesser, the outside world, inhabited by "the people which knoweth not the law." Experts, especially if they form a compact body, are constantly exposed to the temptation to regard the non-expert's point of view with contempt, to adopt the attitude of the eye saying to the hand "I have no need of thee." For example, what we call priestcraft is not an isolated phenomenon, but the result of religious teachers (experts in their own department) giving way to this temptation, as a consequence, instead of relying implicitly upon the inherent influence of their divine message, they come to regard themselves as a class apart, possessing privileges unattainable by outsiders and therefore entitled to coerce belief and conduct. A sufficiently compact body of political or scientific theorists would present a precisely similar spectacle, providing they could obtain the power and had no Democracy to hold them in check.

We may therefore take it as a general principle that while specialisation is a condition of progress, it yet needs common sense, or, we ought rather to say, the non-specialised faculties generally, to act as a corrective. The expert must be the servant of all, never the master, in the sense of forcing his conclusions upon others in virtue of superior technical knowledge. "He that would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all."

If the foregoing constitutes a correct generalisation, we may expect to find some indications of a similar principle at work in the life of the individual.

While bearing fully in mind the logical pitfalls which beset every analogy between an individual and a community, we may yet safely assert that the reciprocal play of expert judgment and common sense in a Democratic state is paralleled in the individual by the reciprocal play of Reason on the one hand and the whole of the less highly specialised mental faculties on the other. A brief reference to the relation of the Reasoning Faculty to Reflex Action, the Instincts, the Emotions and Intuition will serve to make the parallel clear.

(1) Reflex Action, that is to say, action resulting from habit, impulse and the unconscious response to physical needs, bulks far more largely in our lives than the Reasoning Faculty, yet the latter, like the expert minority in communities, ought to lead. But if the Reasoning Faculty were habitually brought to bear on every detail of life and conduct, the result would simply be a crippling of the other faculties. The building up of sound habits depends largely upon a process of training ourselves to rely upon Reflex Action, just as the building up of a community of capable citizens depends largely upon a similar process of reliance upon the Democracy on the part of the political leaders. It would be as harmful to the individual to try to direct every detail of life by Reason and conscious thought as it would be to a nation to attempt to direct all its local affairs by centralised Government Departments, the more we rely upon Reflex Action, the more it responds, just as the populace has responded to every increase of responsibility granted to it by the governing classes.

(2) In the reciprocal play of Reason and the Instincts we find a similar parallel. In a well-ordered life, Reason does not seek to supersede or coerce these seemingly lower faculties, but recognises their importance, appeals to them and relies upon them. However much some of the Instincts may appear to ally us to the lower animals, there is yet in every Instinct something to which Reason may appeal, for example, mention has been made of the Fighting Instinct as one which often degrades both nations and individuals, to uproot it altogether would be impossible, for it has after all been one of the factors in the development of the Race, but what Reason can do is to provide scope for it on a continually higher plane, thus reason may *appeal* to the Fighting Instinct, retaining it as a motive power, but exercising it in struggles of an intellectual or spiritual kind, not less real because more impalpable than those of the battlefield or the prize-ring. In the same way there is in every individual member of a state something to which a would-be leader can appeal. There may indeed be no response, but the making of the appeal, rather than the attempt to coerce, is the vital condition of progress.

(3) In considering the relation of Reason to the Emotions, the analogy would seem at first sight to break down, for we cannot say that there is in *every* emotion something to which Reason can appeal, and in fact we need to be continually rejecting the promptings of such

emotions as Reason condemns. But if we take the emotional nature as a whole, as we are really bound to do, then the same rule holds good that we found elsewhere, namely that Reason must not coerce, but must appeal to and rely upon the emotional side of our nature. The logical perception that such and such a passion is wrong will in itself do nothing to subjugate it, the real motive force that will drive it out is the appeal to some other emotion. The mainspring of all decisive action lies in the last resort in the emotional nature, and those who imagine that they are regulating their lives solely by the generalisations of pure Reason are very greatly mistaken, such persons in their attempt to rid themselves of emotional bias are simply creating for themselves a bias of a special kind, which, as Professor James points out in his essay on "The Will to Believe" has also its roots in the emotional or passionate nature. This we may call the intellectual or scientific bias, and its effects on conduct may be as disastrous as those of any other kind of prejudice or passion, a fact overlooked by those who affect to scorn the emotions altogether. Those who suffer from this intellectual bias correspond in our analogy with those who imagine that the social millennium would come if the state were controlled by specialists of various kinds. A very elaborate illustration of the theory of the absolute supremacy of Reason applied to government is furnished by Plato's Republic. Plato set himself to imagine a perfect state, in which Reason should be supreme in every detail, and only the wisest hold sway, but in the last resort his system was to rest upon force, not on the consent of the governed, and from our point of view the interest lies in Plato's admission that deterioration would be certain in the long run, however perfect the founders of the state might be. To return to our analogy, there is, of course, a proper sphere for the absolute elimination of feeling which is the scientific man's ideal, namely the sphere of abstract thought—the process of relating mental abstractions and forming new generalisations; in this process what Bacon called a "dry light" is needed, and feeling should be ruled out, but when the generalisations of the intellect are applied to conduct, Reason can never afford to disregard the emotional nature. This gives us a parallel to the distinction that we drew between the technical side of an expert's work, which does not concern the general public, and the practical application of his technical knowledge, in which he must justify himself to the outsider, it also suggests once more the inference that the rulers in a state have certain functions with which the Democracy, having once elected them, ought not to interfere.

(4) Intuition is a word somewhat indefinitely used, but I have taken it as indicating the faculty of going direct to a conclusion without knowledge of the process by which it is reached. The fact that conclusions so arrived at may turn out to be wrong does not justify us in excluding them from consideration. They may be hopelessly wrong, but on the other hand, they may, and often do, anticipate by centuries the slow

processes of logic. We must therefore recognise at least the possibility of getting better guidance for conduct from Intuition than from Reason itself, this is not to say that Reason must forego its function of leadership, but only that it must take Intuition into account as a fact of life and give full weight to its promptings. To ignore truths known intuitively because they cannot be immediately proved is to stunt the life altogether. Where it is not used the Intuitive Faculty will tend to disappear, where it is developed to its highest extent we have the poets and prophets of the race. The analogy of the relation of Reason to Intuition helps us to understand that a political leader must not only be continually appealing to the Democracy for the acceptance of his own views, but must also keep constantly in mind the fact that plain unsophisticated people will sometimes go straight to a conclusion sounder than his own, in spite of all his special study. As Mr Gladstone once reminded us, the babes and sucklings among the people sometimes take a saner view of a question than the wise and prudent who aspire to lead them. This does not mean that the wise and prudent should forego their attempts to lead the community, but only that they should not lose sight of their own limitations and should welcome every new light, however humble its source.

The point of the whole of this analogy from the individual life is that everyone may find in his own life the same paradoxes which are involved in the conception of Government by Democracy. Both in the individual organism and in the social organism the specialised must appeal to and rely upon the non-specialised, in both, the true leader and guide, in order to reach the highest efficiency, must become, not the master, but the servant of all. The main business of life, after all, is not the fostering of mental acuteness for its own sake, any more than the function of government is merely the increase of wisdom in the individuals who happen to be the rulers, in the one case the full development of all the faculties, in the other the well-being of the individual members of the community, is what is aimed at.

It is this harmonious development of the whole of the faculties and potentialities, resulting in a unity higher than the processes of Reason could bring about, or perhaps even conceive of, which constitutes that "state of nature" which poets have dreamed of as having once had a real existence on earth, but which remains for us an ideal that we may approximate to, but never wholly attain.

E. R. NEWBIGIN.

THE ABUSE AND CONTROL OF HYPNOTISM.

DURING the last few months advertisements have been appearing in some of the popular magazines which most people can hardly have failed to have noticed. These advertisements set forth the merits of various courses of instruction, which profess to teach "hypnotism," "personal magnetism," or as some call it "the science of personal influence," etc. In many cases hypnotism is not mentioned in the advertisement, as some people are prejudiced against that name, and hence a pseudonym is used, such as has already been mentioned. It is probable that, as the result, within the last twelve months some thousands of hypnotists have been let loose upon the world.

The "courses" are put in such a way as to lead the casual observer to think that their primary object is of a philanthropic rather than of a mercenary nature, and it is only on a deeper investigation that the deceit of the whole matter is laid bare. Whether this deceit is intentional or the result of gross ignorance is not for us to say, and does not in the least affect the question before us. It will be useful to give an example which will illustrate the nature of these "courses." Speaking of hypnotism one of them states —

"The All-wise Creator has not given it to the few, it is inborn in every person, and it is only necessary to put forth a proper effort to achieve the success which God intended should be his."

In another place the same "course" states —

"You would hardly be foolish enough to walk up to a stranger and ask him to loan you \$1,000. If you wished to borrow the money you would first get acquainted with him, you would try to get him to like you, you would lead him on gradually, this is the successful method."

We are told in one place to use hypnotism in the cause of all that is good and right only, in the next the various ways by which money may be made through it are enumerated.

Now these "courses" anticipate that there will be some difficulty

in many cases in obtaining subjects for experiment, and that should subjects be readily obtainable they may often not be of a susceptible nature, or at any rate not sufficiently so to be hypnotised by the beginner. As they truly state, the first few subjects are the most difficult to hypnotise, after one or two have been successfully put to sleep confidence has been gained. The first point then that it is necessary to teach is how to get over this difficulty. The beginner, or for the matter of that the "finished" hypnotist, is to lead his friends gradually on, by first proposing certain muscular and nervous "tests" ("DO NOT," says one of these "courses," "UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES MENTION HYPNOTISM OR MAGNETISM"*)

Should any of those present be unable to perform the "test" we are instructed to make them try again, until the majority are able to do so. One of these "courses" then goes on to state that if these instructions be carefully carried out, one may lead the subject into the hypnotic state before he realises what is being done. The greater portion of this "course" is permeated by the rule contained in the following quotation —

"If you wish to exert a lasting influence on a person, you must influence him in such a manner that he does not dream that you are affecting him. He must think that he is doing every act that he performs of his own free will and accord."

These so-called "tests" are by no means harmless.

Under normal conditions, if a person, whilst supporting one arm with his hand, suddenly remove the hand, the arm will not fall but remain in the position in which it was supported, through the action of the voluntary muscles. The course teaches that when this occurs we are not obtaining the greatest amount of rest for the muscles, and that we should practice until the arm falls like inert matter when the supporting hand is removed†. The teaching is absolutely false and pernicious, as the tests consist in abolishing normal actions. This also places a person in a condition in which he can be readily hypnotised, and in which reflex actions necessary for the maintenance of the health of the body may be inhibited.

Another danger of these practices is perhaps of a far graver character than the above. We refer to post-hypnotic suggestion. When a subject is in the hypnotic sleep suggestions may be given that at any time in the future he will perform some given action, the actual time and date may be suggested, or he may be told to perform the action when a certain foreseen probable combination of circumstances occurs. One of us has seen, for instance, a subject told that at twelve o'clock on the next day he would imagine

* This sentence is put thus, in capitals, in the "course"

† The same doctrine is applied to other parts of the body

himself to be a monkey and would climb on to the roof of a certain house, and up a certain lamp-post. He followed these suggestions implicitly, although the actions were quite at variance with the character of the man, who was middle-aged and very quiet and staid under ordinary circumstances. A large number of similar examples might be cited. Now in proper hands post-hypnotic suggestion is of benefit to mankind, as for instance for curing deleterious habits. But if beneficial suggestions may be made, so also may detrimental and immoral suggestions, and examples are not wanting in the annals of hypnotism where such suggestions have undoubtedly been made. A hypnotist may put his subject to sleep before witnesses, and make apparently no improper suggestions, he may, however, say, "Next time I want to hypnotise you, to save trouble, all that I need do will be to say 789B" (or some such formula), "and you will immediately fall asleep." If proper care be taken to impress this thoroughly upon the subject the result will be as desired. When the hypnotist next meets the subject he has only to repeat the required formula and tell him to sleep, and he has then every opportunity of giving any post-hypnotic suggestions that he may wish. If he do not wish to give such suggestions he may make the subject perform any desired action, and then command him to forget absolutely that such a thing has ever been done. There is no necessity for us to point out the possibilities which lie in this direction. They will be perfectly obvious to all. It will suffice to say that a careful perusal of the evidence given at a recent trial, perhaps one of the most immoral cases within the memory of man, has led us to believe that there was something of this nature in the background. There is one more possibility bearing on this point these "courses" profess to teach how to hypnotise persons in their sleep. We have consulted some of the ablest medical hypnotists on this, and they seem doubtful about the point, neither is it an easy one to settle, as most persons object to the experiment being tried with them, and no wonder. Evidence however tends to show that this has in some cases been done with a subject who had already been hypnotised by the same person. Here we have a similar danger to the last quoted. We do not, however, lay much stress upon this point, as the experiments which we have seen upon it are not altogether satisfactory.

We may here quote with comments a few "Points to be impressed upon Subjects before Hypnotising," as we find them in one of these "courses" —

<i>Quotation</i>	<i>Comment</i>
(1) Hypnotism within itself is absolutely harmless	(1.) This is not true, no harm may result from being hypnotised once or twice, but in time it is sure to prove more or less deleterious.

- | <i>Quotation</i> | <i>Comment</i> |
|--|--|
| (2.) No one can be hypnotised against his will | (2) This is correct, but as has been stated by the "course" itself, it is possible to hypnotise a person gradually, without his realising the fact. Moreover, when a person has been once hypnotised, a suggestion may be made which will enable the operator to hypnotise him again without any opportunity of exercising his will |
| (3) No one can be hypnotised unless he complies with certain conditions, and does his part to bring about the state. | (3) This is virtually correct, but subject to the last observation. |
| (4.) Anyone who is hypnotised has done more himself to induce the condition than the operator has done | (4) This is not correct, though as has been stated the subject must comply with certain conditions. |
| (5.) The hypnotist possesses no special power, nor can he gain permanent control over anyone, or absolute control even temporarily | (5) In a sense it is true that the hypnotist possesses no special power, that is to say it is an acquired power. He has learned a science and uses it.
To say that he cannot gain permanent control is obviously incorrect, as many well-known experiments show, indeed the 'course' itself deals with this point among other things.
It is quite certain that for all practical purposes very nearly absolute control is gained during hypnosis |
| (6) To be hypnotised in no way shows a weakness | (6) This is correct |
| (7.) Weak-minded people (contrary to the opinion of some) do not make good sensitives | (7) This is in no way correct; it would not be advantageous to tell your subject that a weak-minded person was readily hypnotised. |

We may add one more quotation of a different character —

"Notwithstanding all the wild and vague talk about the harmful effects of this dreadful (?) and mighty (?) power, it is one of the most innocent agents known to modern science"

There is no need to make any further comment on this after our previous remarks

If we look carefully at all these facts it would certainly seem that some course should be taken to prevent the indiscriminate use of this science, or at least to prevent the sale of publications which teach it. The vendors of these "courses" naturally cry out against laws to prevent hypnotism, as for example —

"The result of the passage of a law allowing only some special class of persons to use hypnotism would, at the present time, amount to prohibiting its use. The passing of laws against public exhibitions means to deprive the masses of the people from an opportunity to learn something of a valuable science, which we really have just commenced to investigate. Some will argue, the less the world knows of hypnotism the better. Our only reply to such persons is, that they have been born out of date. They should have existed a thousand years ago, when their ideas might have been more in keeping with the times. To-day the world cries out for knowledge upon which rests the safety of our nation and republican institutions. A thorough understanding of nature's laws has always enured to the benefit of humanity, and ignorance has always been a curse, an incubus on a country's welfare, a hotbed of superstition, bigotry and idolatry."

This is hardly convincing.

It appears to us that the time has come when the practice of hypnotism should be restricted, like that of vivisection, to qualified persons in whose hands it may be used for the good of humanity, and not for mischievous objects. At all events, a person who desired to practise hypnotism might be required, like one who wants to carry a gun or keep a dog, to take out a license. This would at any rate identify the people who wished to hypnotise their neighbours, and to practise hypnotism without such a license should be made penal. In the meantime these "courses" are still being sold in an ever-increasing quantity. Now even supposing that such a law were passed in the near future, it would be very difficult to enforce it, as an unscrupulous man would be free to do as he liked in private, without anyone being the wiser. It might be better to forbid the sale of such literature, but that would be more debateable. Meanwhile the most feasible way of striking at the root of the matter appears to be the voluntary suppression of the advertisements of these "courses" in this country. If the various publishers would refuse to insert such advertisements in their publications, we should, for a time at least, be able to prevent the multiplication of unscrupulous operators. We venture to appeal to those who are responsible for the insertion of such advertisements to refuse them in the future. We feel sure that in so doing they would be rendering a service to the public, for the number of those who have invested in these "courses" is already great and is rapidly increasing week by week.

F W EDRIDGE-GREEN

E G P BOUSFIELD.

CENTENARIAN FRIENDLY SOCIETIES.

IN one of the Appendices (K) to the last published report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies will be found (p 314) a very interesting list of centenarian Friendly Societies within the United Kingdom. If we throw out of account societies since dissolved, or whose registry has been cancelled, and even those which made no return for the year and therefore *may* be extinct, we find still a total in England and Wales (I shall advert further on to Scotland and Ireland) of no less than 187 societies—besides one that has become a “branch” of an order—which were more than a century old in 1900. Their distribution varies curiously. Yorkshire heads the list with 26 societies, next to it Derby and Devon run a neck-and-neck race with 19, London follows close with 18, Leicester can produce 12, Northampton 11. but no other English and no Welsh county reaches a second figure. Fourteen English and two Welsh counties have but one centenarian society apiece, Cambridge, Hereford, Herts, Middlesex, Monmouth, Suffolk, Westmoreland, and six of the twelve Welsh counties do not figure on the list. Very little, often no relation appears to exist between the number of old societies and the area or population of the county. Big Yorkshire may indeed take the lead, but Derby, with 560,907 acres area and 490,886 population matches Devon with 1,633,369 acres and 663,827 population, Cornwall, with its five societies to an area of 886,384 acres and 319,214 population, more than doubles the two of Kent, with 969,890 acres and 934,865 population; smallest Rutland with its 108,700 acres and 20,742 population may boast of a centenarian society against counties nearly nine times as big which have none, as Suffolk (acreage 931,132, population 361,856) and Cumberland (acreage 973,086, population 266,921). A certain proportion consists of women’s societies, showing that habits of thrift in our female population are by no means of yesterday, Devon has no less than seven of these, York four, Somerset three, Derby two, Gloucester, Lancashire, Leicester and Warwick one each. Sometimes we find a men’s and a women’s Friendly Society side by side, perhaps very near in order of date, as at Axminster, the “male” society dating from 1762, the “female” from 1766. In a good many instances the

designation "male" (*eg*, the "Beer Male Friendly Society") seems to indicate that a "female" society must formerly have existed at the same place. There are, moreover, two important societies which appear to have been founded for women rather than by them, the "Friendly Society for the Benefit of Widows of Officers of the Royal Marine Forces at Plymouth," dating from 1766, and the still older "Society for the Benefit of Widows of Officers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery," London, dating from 1752.

If we consider the centenarian societies from the point of view of their membership, the remarkable fact comes out that a large proportion of them are quite small,—59 with less than 50 members, and 61 with between 50 and 100, making together nearly two-thirds of the whole. Whether this implies that such centenarians are dying out we have little means of judging. This is indeed probably the case with some of the smallest, where the funds do not average £2 a member (though even so the lowness of the figure may arise from a practice of periodical division), but I do not find more than nine of these. The proportion of funds to members, in itself indeed no absolute test of actuarial solvency, is often a high one, in some cases, one may say, temptingly high. The largest group of societies consists of those with under £10 per member, of which I find over 80, over 50 have less than £20, over 20 less than £50, 10 less than £40, a handful more between £40 and £100. Finally comes a group which may deserve individual notice —

County and Society	Date of Foundation	No of Members	Funds	Proportion of Funds to Members.
SUSSEX—Society of Good Fellowship, Petworth	1794	35	£3,537	Per Member Over £101
SOMERSET—Female Club. Cheddar	1792	9	£1,376	Over £151
LANCASTER—Liverpool Marine Society	1789	16	£3,375	Over £210
CORNWALL—Millbrook Permanent Annuity Society	1781	50	£10,751	Over £215
LONDON—London Protestant Union	1798	220	£84,275	Over £383
LONDON—Society for the Benefit of Widows of Officers of the Royal Regiment of Artillery	1752	253	£117,815	Over £466
DEVON—Friendly Society for the Benefit of Widows of Officers of the Royal Marine Forces, Plymouth	1766	105	£68,231	Over £649

It is somewhat remarkable that of the seven societies with the largest proportional amount of funds one should be a society of women and two others for the benefit of widows, so that the sexes are nearly on a level in the benefits of the wealthiest societies of the centenarian group

The great bulk of the centenarian societies appear to be of a general character as respects membership, except in some large towns or on the sea-coast. Among the more prominent exceptions are the "Friendly Society of Miners, Tradesmen and Others," Bonsall (Derby), 1786, the "Mariners' Union Society," Bideford (Devon), 1792, the "Middleton-in-Teesdale Miners' Friendly Society" (Durham), 1797, the "Liverpool Marine Society," 1789, and "Liverpool Pilots' Benevolent Society," 1796 (Lancashire), the "Goldsmiths' Friendly Society," 1712, and "Amicable Society of Saddlers and Harnessmen," 1779 (London), the "Newcastle-on-Tyne Printers' Benefit Society," 1735, and "Keelmen's Benefit Society," 1786 (Northumberland), the "Armley Clothiers' Loyal and Friendly Society," 1760 (York). A few are expressly connected with religious bodies, as the "Rainow Church Friendly Society," 1796 (Cheshire), the "Protestant Union," 1708, and "Society of Protestant Refugees from High and Low Normandy," 1764 (London), the "Birmingham Roman Catholic Friendly Society," 1795, and "Birmingham Unitarian Brotherly Society," 1799 (Warwick), and the "Provident Society in Connexion with the Presbyterian Chapel," Stourbridge, 1784 (Worcester). Two or three seem to be political, as the "Loyal and Constitutional Society," Newton Abbot, 1786 (Devon), or the "Loyal Georgian Society," Halifax, 1779 (York). The prefix "Young" or "New" or "Second" in a few cases indicates the existence of still older societies that have disappeared. There must thus have been an older "Union" society at York, when the "New Union Society" was founded in 1767, at Wadsworth (Yorkshire), when the "Young Amicable Society" was founded in 1778, at Snettisham (Norfolk), when the "Young Friendly Society" was founded in 1794, at Welshpool (Montgomery) when the "Welshpool Second Friendly Society" was founded in 1795.

It is only in a very few cases that the specific benefits of the society are indicated by its name. There are a couple of Burial Societies, the "Royal Laboratory Burial Society," Woolwich, 1772 (London), and "Wngley Head Burial Society," Failsworth, 1794 (Lancashire), and an Annuity Society, the "Millbrook Permanent Annuity Society," 1787 (Cornwall), not to speak of two or three professed "Sick and Burial" societies, which, as these are the two most usual benefits, need not be specified.

I have hitherto dealt only with England and Wales. Of the latter it need only be further observed that, apart from the fact already mentioned, that no more than half of its counties have any centenarian society on the register, its oldest society of the class dates from 1757,

the "Llangedwyn Friendly Society" (Denbigh), with only 27 members and £133 funds, while its largest, the "Welshpool Second Friendly Society," already mentioned, has £2,852 funds and 220 members, or nearly £13 per member

When we turn from England and Wales to Scotland, we are met by a very different state of things. We are struck on the one hand by the small number of counties to which Scotch centenarian societies are confined, on the other, by the great antiquity of some of them.

The former peculiarity is explained by the fact that organised mutual help is by no means general throughout Scotland. No county in England or Wales is without its registered Friendly Society. In Scotland—incredible as it may seem to many at first sight—eleven counties out of thirty-three, or one-third of the whole number, have none. Not only distant Orkney and Shetland, or tiny Kinross or Peebles or Bute, but the vast adjacent stretches of Sutherland and Ross in the north with (together) nearly 100,000 inhabitants, Elgin and Nairn with (together) over 54,000, Wigtown in the south with over 32,000, Berwick with nearly 31,000, do not figure on the Registrar's list. Sparseness of population, difficulties of locomotion, racial differences, may serve to account for the fact, but there it is. We need not therefore be surprised to find that whilst, as we have seen, of 41 English counties only seven, and six out of 12 Welsh, have no centenarian society, out of the 22 Scotch counties which figure on the register of Friendly Societies, only eight are named on the list of centenarians. And on it not a single female society finds a place.

But out of 34 Scotch centenarian societies four carry us back to a period earlier than that of the earliest English ones. The "Incorporation of Carters in Leith" (Edinburgh) goes as far back as the middle of the 16th century (1555), and is thus more than a century and a quarter older than the society which heads the English list, the "Friendly Society at the Norfolk Arms," Ivimey Street, Bethnal Green (1687). The "United General Sea-box of Borrowstounness Friendly Society," Bo'ness (Linlithgow), 1634, distances the English patriarch by over half a century (53 years), the "Poor Sea-box of St Andrew's" (Fife), 1643, by nearly half (44 years), the "Fraternity of Dyers" (Linlithgow) by eight years (1679). Another remarkable feature of the Scotch list of centenarians is the large proportion of societies that are connected with particular callings, 15 out of 34, or nearly half the total. Besides the four above mentioned ("sea-boxes" being evidently mariners' societies), we find the "Lodge of Journeymen Masons," Edinburgh (1707), the "Ancient Society of Gardeners," Dunfermline (Fife), 1716, the "Lesmahagow Masonic Friendly Society" (Lanark), 1736 (belonging to a period when Freemasonry was, in Scotland at all events, not yet divorced altogether from Masonry, and which must therefore, I take it, reckon also as a trade Friendly Society), the "Society of Weavers in Pollokshaws" (Renfrew), 1749, the "Friendly

"Society of Fishermen of Fisherrow" (Edinburgh), 1760, the "Journeyman Bakers' Friendly Society, of Glasgow" (Lanark), 1765, the "Glasgow Journeyman Coopers' Society" (Lanark), 1781, the "Mearnsire Friendly Society" (Kincardine), 1792, the "Friendly Society of Sons of Bakers in Glasgow" (Lanark), 1793, the "Master Bakers' Friendly Society of Glasgow" (Lanark), 1795, and the "Friendly Society of Entered Porters in Leith, the 36" (Edinburgh), 1798. A society of an apparently municipal character is the "Burgesses and Trades Poor Box of Anstruther Easter" (Fife), 1701. The first patriarchal society of a general friendly character is the "Old Kilpatrick Friendly Society" (Dumbarton), 1756, though this becomes from thenceforth the prevailing type in Scotch centenarianism.

The membership of the Scotch centenarians is generally small. The "United Presbyterian Ministers' Friendly Society of Edinburgh" (1797) heads the list with 406 members. It is followed by the "Halbeath Friendly Burying Society" (Fife) with 339, the "Glasgow Water of Endrich Friendly Society" (Lanark) with 276, the "Carron Friendly Society" (Stirling) with 275, the "Clydesdale Upper Ward Society of Glasgow" (Lanark) with 238, and five others with over 100, leaving more than two-thirds of the total with less than that number. The funds on the other hand are often considerable. We have seen that out of 187 English centenarian societies only seven have over £100 a member. But out of 34 Scotch centenarians (scarcely more than one-fifth of the English figure) no less than seven reach that amount, viz —

County and Society	Date of Foundation	No of Members	Funds	Proportion of Funds to Members
Renfrew - Innerkip Society	1798	11	£1,146	Per Member Over £104
EDINBURGH — Incorporation of Carters in Leith	1555	57	£7,081	Over £124
ABERDEEN—St Andrew's Society of Aberdeen ...	1788	83	£14,049	Over £169
LINLITHGOW—United General Sea-box of Bo'ness Friendly Society	1634	45	£7,898	Over £175
EDINBURGH — United Presbyterian Ministers' Friendly Society	1797	406	£78,144	Over £192
FIFE—Poor Sea-box Society of St Andrew's	1643	8	£2,256	Over £282
ABERDEEN—Scottish Episcopal Friendly Society Portroy ...	1793	59	£32,022	Over £542

In two societies on the list indeed the number of members is so small that they may be feared to be dying out

Ireland adds but one centenarian society (omitting a non-returning one) to the group, the "Society for Relief of Distressed Literary Teachers and their Families," dating from 1789, with a membership of 15 only and £6,417 funds, giving the high proportion of over £427 per member

To the list of centenarian societies registered in Great Britain under the Friendly Societies Act may be added a society in England and two in Scotland, registered as "benevolent," *ie*, not mutual but purely altruistic, and one registered as "specially authorised," to which the privileges of the Friendly Society only apply in part, *viz* —

Country, County and Society	Date of Foundation	Members	Funds	Class
ENGLAND GLOUCESTER—Friendly Society of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford, for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Clergymen and Families of Distressed Clergymen in the Diocese of Gloucester or Cheltenham ..	1796	—	£22,617	Benevolent
SCOTLAND LANARK—Graham Charitable Society, Glasgow	1759	—	£8,750	Benevolent
ABERDEEN—Society in Aberdeen for the Benefit of the Children of Deceased Ministers of the Church of Scotland, and of Professors of the Universities of Scotland	1799	—	£13,207	Benevolent
ENGLAND LONDON—City Dispensary, College Street, Dowgate Hill, E C	1789	1219	£2,489	Specially Authorised

Writing in this REVIEW on "Gilds and Friendly Societies" nearly thirty years ago (March and April, 1873), I pointed out that, notwithstanding statutory confiscations of gild property, a gild was actually established at Attleburgh in Norfolk as late as 1628,—that the furniture of another Norfolk gild whose lands had been seized by Henry VIII. remained in its hall till 1650, when it was ruined, that as respects pure craft-gilds, which had remained outside of the statutory confiscations, there remained orders and by-laws of the "Worcester Gild of "Carpenters and Joiners" which were continued till so late as 1793

Whilst in Scotland the preface to the rules of the "Beneficent Society in Borrowstounness" (Bo'ness), founded in 1781, mentioned as still in existence, the "General Sea-box," instituted 1634, and the "Landman's Box," instituted 1659 (besides two later ones of 1738 and 1757). And I expressed the conviction "that there is no historical gap between the gild of old times and the modern Friendly Society," and that "if we knew all, we could trace the actual passage from the 'one to the other'" (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Vol XXI, p 738)

Since that time my friend Mr Brabrook (the present Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies), in his valuable little book on "Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare" (forming one of the "Victorian Era Series," Blackie and Son, 1898), has expressed the opinion "that the evidence of any direct connexion between the guilds of the Middle Ages and the modern Friendly Society is scanty, if indeed there can be said to be any such evidence at all. The oldest existing societies, founded in 1687, 1703 and 1708, are those which were founded among the Huguenot refugee workmen in Spitalfields, and the modern London Friendly Society is one of the boons those admirable men conferred upon this country in return for its hospitality" (p 45)

Now, so far as Scotland at all events is concerned, I think the evidence of Mr Brabrook's own late report as above quoted is decisive as to the fact of the connexion which he fails to see (or at least failed to see four years ago). What can the "Incorporation of Carters in Leith," dating from 1555, the "United General Sea-box of Borrowstounness Friendly Society," dating from 1634, or the "Fraternity of Dyers," Linlithgow, dating from 1679, be, but old guilds surviving as Friendly Societies? Had the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the youngest of these was founded, sent to our shores these French refugees, who no doubt founded the oldest existing London society? And since we are thus forced to recognise in the four oldest Scotch societies transformed guilds, is there not at least the strongest probability that the other Scotch Friendly Societies, directly or indirectly, have the same origin?

Scotland no doubt stands on a different footing from England as respects association for mutual help. There has been beyond the border no confiscation of gild property such as took place in South Britain under the Statutes of 37 Henry VIII, c 4, and 1 Edward VI, c 14. And as respects England and Wales, I fully admit that the list of centenarian societies supplies no evidence of the existence of such societies prior to those founded by the Huguenot refugee workmen in Spitalfields. But even if we were to admit unreservedly the descent of the modern English Friendly Society from these Huguenot bodies, the connexion between the gild and the Friendly Society, so far from being destroyed, would be established. For these French craftsmen—

* Only two out of the four societies appear now upon the register

"admirable men," Mr Brabrook justly calls them—came from a country where not only had gilds never been suppressed or discouraged, but where, since 1581, the gild system had been extended to all classes of artisans, and, under the very king who signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was sought (by his great minister Colbert) to be forced on all individual workmen. The famous lawsuit between the Parisian Tailors' Gild and that of the Old Clothesmen, as to what constituted a new coat, which had begun in 1530 and was only put an end to through the suppression of the whole gild system by Turgot in 1776, was little over 150 years old when the Protestant silk-weavers of Lyons were driven away from France*. They were members themselves, probably to a man, of an old and important gild in their own country. What more natural, more inevitable, than that they should bring with them their tradition of mutual help, and seek to carry it out in the land of their adoption?

Mr Brabrook indeed only affiliates on the French refugees "the modern *London* Friendly Society." Perhaps we may go a little further, and deem it probable that they carried with them their traditions of gild helpfulness wherever they came to settle in any number, as for instance at Canterbury, where we know that the French Protestants have retained to this day, by archiepiscopal grant, the use of a chapel under the cathedral, and where we find a centenarian society dating from 1737. But the fourth centenarian society in London itself, the "Goldsmiths' Friendly Society," established in 1702, appears to be a large trade friendly society kindred in nature to the old craft-gild, and it seems to me impossible, having regard to the imperfect means of communication, physical and intellectual, between London and the Provinces in the 18th century, that French refugee influence can have extended to Earl Shilton in Leicestershire by 1714 ("Earl Shilton Friendly Society"), or to Wadsley in Yorkshire by 1732 ("Wadsley Sick and Friendly Society," now, however, dissolved), to say nothing of various societies designated as "old" (one dating from 1747), or of the past existence of older societies implied in the designation of some centenarians as "new" (one such dating from 1767). There appears to me still to be weight in the facts, pointed at by me in 1873, of the formation of a gild in Norfolk in 1628, of the hall retained by another till 1650, of a Worcester craft-gild having gone on making "orders and by-lawes" till 1793. I refuse, in short, to believe that, notwithstanding the cruel confiscations of 1545 and 1547, there was ever a time when the English artisan or labourer in town or country altogether forgot the practice of organised mutual help in time of need, or that the coming of some thousands of foreign artisans trained in such practice can have done more than apply a new stimulus to such practice in the few towns where they may have sought a

* See M. P. Hubert-Valleroux' valuable work, "*Les Corporations d'Arts et Métiers, et les Syndicats Professionnels en France et à l'Etranger*," Paris, 1885, p. 17, and *passim*.

liveliness* It seems to me much more likely that, after the union with Scotland, Scotch immigrants into England brought with them the spirit of mutual help embodied in the old "incorporations," "boxes" or "fraternities" which still subsist in the Lowlands, and have materially contributed to rekindle that spirit south of the Tweed

Thus, although the direct connexion of the modern Friendly Society with the old gild can only be said to be established as to Scotland by the "list of centenarian societies," the probability of such connexion as to England, I think, must be deemed to have been greatly strengthened thereby

J M LUDLOW

* Sometimes the language of a Friendly Society's rules sounds strangely mediæval. Thus, a rule of the St George's Lodge of the Dewsbury Order of Odd Fellows, which came under my notice when I was at the Friendly Societies Registry Office, contained the words "every member must *man-find or man-bind*," which looks as if retained from some old gild rule

THE FRENCH IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A REVIEW of the position of the French in Central Africa may be interesting at present on account of the many complications which are foreshadowed and the inevitable disappointments in store for them, both from a commercial and a colonising point of view

It is almost a matter of wonder to see the French in such great haste to obtain effective hold of their immense Central African sphere, seeing that the Convention with Great Britain of 1898 defined their boundaries closely enough, permitting them to prepare the way for future development by less tragic means than endless, costly, armed expeditions. But in these matters we have to look to political influences to account for the hurry, and above all, to military ambition and pressure which no French Colonial Minister can resist

The military expeditions have grown in number and power by acquired momentum, far ahead of any commercial requirements, in fact, with disastrous results to the actual trade carried on between Central Africa and Europe, which is in truth of no very great value. It requires a very strong dose of optimism to predict that the French will reap any advantage whatever from their conquests, taking into consideration the climate, the geographical position, and the people they have to deal with. These countries, inhabited entirely by blacks, centres of active slave dealing, can in no way be compared with old civilised countries like India, China, or Egypt, where populations have been trained through long centuries to labour and industry of a high order. Although among the blacks there exists a certain talent for handicraft, it is rudimentary, and these little groups of workers are so widely and thinly scattered over immense areas as to be of small value from a business point of view

The French Central African Society has wielded great power over the Colonial Office, stimulating the military party to activity, and it is to the desire of ambitious military schemers for employment rather than to any commercial or popular movement that France owes her recent additions to her Colonial Empire. It is this influence which

dominated the policy in Tonking, resulting in the constant enlargement of its boundaries through Annam and Cambodia to the frontier of Siam—now marked on French maps with the words, "Zone of French influence", which also brought Madagascar to France at the cost of 7,000 lives, which prompted the Marchand mission to Fashoda, to cut across our track and hinder the Cape-to-Cairo scheme, and which is now urging the French Government with harmful energy to prepare a great Central African Government anxiously anticipated by would-be administrators and functionaries. The voices of a few reasoning economists are drowned for the moment in the military fanfaronade, holding in check all discussion of the arduous and costly problem the French have to solve.

Since 1898, successive expeditions have converged from the French Niger Territories, from South Algeria, and from the French Congo towards Lake Tchad, which has ever exercised a mystic charm over the minds of explorers. Rabah, the usurper of Bornou, has been killed, and his son Fadel'allah recently met the same fate, so that all the belt of black countries stretching from the North of Sokoto, the north of Bornou and Baghirmi to the confines of Wadai, the most easterly limit of the French sphere, are now occupied in a military sense. The conquest of Wadai presents features which give rise to increased anxiety, as this native state is one of the best armed, though there can be little doubt about the power of the combined French expeditions to reduce it. Still a new element of danger looms forth more strongly here than in the other countries, as in this district the Arab element under the Senussi is bestirring itself, it possesses considerable power and influence, and we shall see later that this influence may have a disastrous effect on the French policy in Central Africa. But even if we consider the French as now firmly settled in these countries, peopled with timid blacks from whom little is to be feared, the succeeding problem, what to do with them, presents no seductive outlook.

The key to the situation is the question of transport, for here we have a vast land-locked empire, the roads to which are all long, complicated and difficult. For the present the question of a great Trans-Saharan railway may be left out of account, and in all probability more mature consideration will convince the French of the futility of such a scheme. Three roads running through French territory are available, from the east by the Niger, from the south by the French Congo, and from the north, Tunis or Algeria, across the great Sahara. Of the three, the only one which can be made of practical utility for a long time to come is that across the Sahara. From the centre of Africa there are several well-known caravan routes, all capable of being commercially used, provided the intervening tribes can be brought to acquiesce in the French domination. All these terminate in Turkish territory. From Sokoto, the caravan track runs through Air, Ghat and Ghadamès, from Bornou, through the oasis of Kauar on to Murzouk in Fezzan, and from Wadai, through Kufra to Benghazi.

They are all capable of being much ameliorated, and through the medium of Arabs could be worked at a reasonably cheap rate, certainly much more economically than any other road yet known. Crossing the Sahara is certainly not an enviable task for Europeans, but when Frenchmen realise what they can do and cease to dream of what they would like to do, it is almost certain that they will find themselves obliged to face the Sahara problem if they are to obtain even the smallest benefit from their Central African possessions. The reason is very simple, in this case the camel can be used, and it is an animal relatively cheap and naturally adapted to the climatic conditions.

For the present, however, the French turn their eyes with hope towards finding an outlet from Bornou and Baghirmi through the Congo State towards the Atlantic. A very simple study of the conditions of these countries will convince them of the enormous difficulties, not to say impossibilities, of such a scheme. The easiest, nearest and most feasible outlet from Bornou to the south-west, towards the Atlantic, is in the hands of the British Niger Protectorate, as it has the advantage of enormous stretches of river navigation up the Niger and the Bénoué, though that still leaves a difficult parcel of territory between the Bénoué and Lake Tchad to be organised and pacified. But here the distances are almost insignificant in comparison with what the French have to face, and there can be little doubt that in spite of French activity the Niger Company will be able to effect a reasonably cheap system of transport long before the French can open any way through their Congo and Ubanghi districts. To the south of the Central African countries, conditions of transport become enormously costly from the fact that human labour has to be used. The land is covered with forests, rivers, and marshes, where the camel cannot be utilised, and it is this fact which makes any commercial development slow and costly. It requires at least six to eight men to replace a camel. The questions of their food and water are always annoying, besides the troubles of desertions, betrayals and sickness.

To the north, across the Sahara, the conditions change. Here exists all the necessary material to establish a regular commercial service, and in spite of the enormous length of the roads, the cost of transport is relatively cheap. It is not difficult to understand the reason of this. Scattered all over the Sahara are to be found oases where camels are bred expressly for the purposes of transport, they form the principal wealth of the tribes, and support with ease the heat of the desert and the cold of the mountains which have here and there to be crossed, but they could never be introduced into the forest and marshy countries of the southern Congo belt.

Moreover, although the tribes of the Sahara are very much mixed, they are endowed with a vastly superior intelligence to that of the blacks of Central Africa, and possess a commercial instinct which leads them to breed camels either for hire or sale, from which they reap

considerable benefit. It is the existence of these oases, centres of camel breeding, which makes it possible for caravans to traverse the Sahara, and at the same time there is a perfect system of guides organised. In ordinary times of peace, each tribe establishes a small passage tax, for which it furnishes the necessary guides, and provides a change of camels, a thing very often necessary, as it is rare for the same set of camels to traverse the whole distance from the coast of the Mediterranean to the centre of Africa. In fact it is not always necessary for the owner of a caravan to possess his own camels. He can easily arrange at a fixed price per camel for the transport of his merchandise from one given point to another. This is in fact what is most frequently done, and it greatly facilitates caravan traffic, and makes it commercially possible. The whole of the Sahara indeed is dotted with these small centres, which may be likened to primitive posting stations where relays can be obtained. While on a journey, the cost of the food of a camel is practically nil, and the expenses of the Arabs themselves run to very little in money value, the time counting nothing.

Just now, the outlook for the French in this direction is not, however, bright. At the slightest suspicion of trouble the Arab caravan owner ceases to move. He is by nature supernaturally prudent. Thus on the news of the fact of the French operations in Central Africa, the present trade will no doubt entirely cease. The caravan owner has no means of judging how he may be dealt with at the hands of the Frenchmen he comes across, and moreover these unusual disturbances always lead to pillage in the Sahara itself.

It would, however, be stupid to believe in the fantastic legend that the Touaregs live by robbing caravans—they would grow very thin on such a regimen—though statements of this nature are often found in writings about the Sahara. On the other hand, it is perfectly true that caravans are sometimes robbed, but such cases invariably occur when two or more tribes are at war with each other, and the caravan unfortunately finds itself caught in the midst of the trouble, then even neutral property is not respected. But the extreme caution of the Arabs generally prevents them from falling into these traps, for while on the road they are quite prepared to spend six months, a year, or even two years in some safe spot until the trouble has blown over, and they never take needless risks. A caravan is sometimes captured, but such cases are very rare indeed. Besides, the chief of a valuable caravan is usually sufficiently well armed to keep the poorly-armed tribes in respect.

The Arabs have many reasons for looking with no favourable eye on the changes likely soon to disturb all their commercial arrangements. In their trade with Central Africa they had what was to them a precious advantage in the existence of slavery. It is a very important factor to be considered in calculating the future development of these countries. The French administration will of course immediately abolish this social custom, and the Arab will no longer be able easily to

obtain his cheap labour. Not only did the slaves serve as the workers, they were also easily moved merchandise for sale and exchange among all the Central African countries. Even the caravan owners from Tripoli would on their arrival at once commence dealing in slaves, while awaiting the disposal of their European merchandise and the buying of their ivory, ostrich feathers and skins. It may easily be guessed therefore with what mistrust the caravan owner will venture to these countries where all his ancient customs are upset and where he will find new rulers he is not accustomed to, whom he fears or whom he hates, on account of the complete derangement of his commerce.

There are many other difficulties which will no doubt cause the stoppage of the caravan trade for a long time. The various tribes of the Sahara are to a certain extent Mahomedans, and though not clear in their religious conceptions, they are very much under the domination of the Senussi, who threaten to become the great stumbling-block of the French in their attempt to traverse the Sahara. Every effort is being made to conciliate them, and if their goodwill could be secured, the question of opening the roads from the Centre of Africa would be easily solved, but it is a grave matter which threatens much danger. The Senussi are the fanatical enemies of all Europeans, it is they who have always kept the Sahara closed to white exploration, and recently, their hatred has rather seemed to be on the increase. Since the defeat of the Dervishes on the Nile by Lord Kitchener, the Senussi have become the leaders of the anti-Christian movement in Africa. Only a few years ago they left Gerboda, an isolated spot between Benghazi and the Libyan Desert where they formerly had their headquarters, and have established themselves in the oasis of Kufra on the direct road to Wadai. Here they are freer from any possible interference either by Turkish or Egyptian Governments, and they have pushed their propaganda during the last ten years with remarkable vigour. Their political and religious object is to keep the Sahara closed, and as the Chief of the Senussi has recently adopted the title of Mahdi, they clearly intend to form the last Moslem stronghold in Africa. It is very much to be feared that the French will have before them the task of finishing the work begun by Lord Kitchener at Khartoum, that is, to destroy the last force of organised Moslem fanaticism in Africa. The Senussi have always been in contact with the Dervishes on the Nile, from whom they have received many reinforcements, and at the same time they have easily obtained supplies of arms and ammunition through Benghazi, though the Turks are supposed to prohibit this traffic. Their freemasonry is a powerful institution, possessing ramifications all over the Sahara, though the direct influence is more vigorously felt on the line from Benghazi to Wadai, and it is very unlikely that they will easily abandon their supremacy. If the French find themselves obliged to extinguish the power of the Senussi, it is difficult to imagine how they are to operate from Wadai, where the establishment of a military base would involve untold labour.

and expense, and any operations in the Sahara proper, over such immense distances, are almost impossible

But even supposing the French find the way to secure open roads over the whole of their sphere to the north, they will come into direct contact with the Turks Tripoli and Fezzan have been officially handed over to Italy by the French, who have constituted that country the future heir to those territories, but on this point it will be interesting to note what the Turks think about the matter and what they are doing No doubt the French hope to revive the old scheme of finding a way from their Central African possessions to Gabès in Tunis, but without the possession of Ghat and Ghadamès they will find such a task extremely onerous Ghat and Ghadamès are two old centres of commercial exchange, where camels, goods and slaves were dealt in Possibly of course their future possession by the French may have been foreseen in the Franco-Italian agreement of this year, but meanwhile the Turks show no signs of abandoning Tripoli to the Italians, on the contrary, recent news rather shows that they are manifesting a strong determination to hold to their Colony When the convention was signed between England and France regarding the Central African spheres, no account whatever was taken of the Turkish protests, though geographically and by ancient trade relations they were undoubtedly Turkish Hinterlands

It can easily be seen, therefore, what grave questions face the French in their attempt to utilise their Central African spheres, and one fact above all should be noted The value of the trade to be done has always been grossly exaggerated In the very best years, it is probable that exports and imports combined rarely exceeded a quarter of a million sterling Again, such countries cannot be compared with the French colonies of Indo-China, where the native is a worker and civilised, and above all, the climate of Central Africa is an impossible one for Europeans

What good a railway can do to such countries it is difficult to imagine, seeing the meagre resources offered, for they are in reality very poor; and the people are lazy and unproductive, while consuming very little European merchandise There can be no comparison instituted, such as some Frenchmen are fond of establishing, between a Trans-Saharan and the Trans-Siberian Railway, for the latter ends in the most populated country in the world, amidst a hard-working and civilised people, and promises to become to some extent an international road As a matter of fact, in estimating the value of a country, it is the value of the man as a worker which forms the largest asset, and the wild products of Central Africa, such as ivory and ostrich feathers, offer but very small prospects of trade, as their commercial value, owing to the very limited bulk, amounts to nothing serious

THE AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL PERIL.

WE English are indeed a queer race, fond of depreciating ourselves and our industries and everything that appertains to us, until foreign countries are ready to take us at our word, and almost believe that we really are the poor "no-good back numbers" that we make ourselves out to be.

A year or so ago we suffered from an outcry as to the superiority of German artillery equipment. Nothing would stem the tide of belief in that until our Government bought a number of complete German batteries, and tried them at home. Oh, those gun-carriages! How they did take the gilt off the German gingerbread, until the carriages and wheels broke up everywhere, in the train, on the roads, at drill, and if they had been tried much longer they would have broken when the trumpet-major sneezed!

After that the American craze set in with redoubled force. It has been in the air for a long time, but our most virulent attack of the illness is quite recent, and it shows no abatement as yet.

It has fallen to my duty within the last year to make a somewhat lengthy inspection of English and American factories on behalf of the Indian Government, and with a view to the improvement of their works for the manufacture of gun mountings, etc.

I went to the States partially imbued with the belief in the superiority of everything American in industrial science, and have spent some months there in visiting factories, talking with employers of labour, and generally seeing as much behind the scenes as it is possible for a visitor to do.

I have considerably modified the views I originally held, for reasons which will, I think, hold good with my countrymen.

Take Chicago for instance, Chicago the second city in the Union, one of the greatest manufacturing centres in the world and destined eventually to be, in every sense, one of the greatest cities in the world. Chicago is very full of lessons, and they do not all point one way.

If one could imagine a youth developed spasmodically in various directions, greatly developed as to the arms and shoulders, say, and only partially developed as to the legs and feet, greatly developed as to certain brain qualities which affect commercial superiority and very slightly developed in others, and with a very good opinion of himself all round, that youth would be very typical of American industrial science. It is very doubtful whether British self-depreciation is a wise thing, and whether our eternal habit of looking at the worst side of all we do tends to our good, but whether it does or not, it is certain that nothing is more foreign to the American mind than self-depreciation in any form. American journalism is very personal and very outspoken—many Americans consider their Press too personal and too outspoken—but the Press of all shades of opinion has one strong point in common, it is convinced that anything American is better than anything not American, whatever its kind. This total lack of the saving grace of modesty may be annoying to others and may be a ground for criticism, but when accompanied by open and cynical national selfishness, it seems extremely good for the progress of a young country. "Remember our successes, forget our defeats" is the principle that American industry goes upon, and it is good for the ultimate success of industry if for nothing else. So we hear a great deal about the America Cup, which has been held in the States for fifty years, but never a whisper about the Cape May Cup which was won from America under similar circumstances over twenty years ago, and to regain which no effort has been made. In the comic papers no picture sells so well or is considered so much as that of Johnny Bull crying over the loss of his trade and being generously reminded by Cousin Jonathan that he has whipped Johnny in every branch of industry. The idea is summed up in two lines of a solemn hymn of thanks to the Almighty, which appeared in the *Chicago Record Herald* on Thanksgiving Day, 1901—a hymn that is meant in genuine earnest and not in satire. The lines run —

"We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast made us first
Among the mighty nations of the world"

But that is only one side of the picture, on the other we see American industrial science leaping to the front, a competitor who threatens to distance us at our own doors, but who can after all be grappled with and equalled, if not surpassed, by any firm that can and will adopt the best of the American methods and rest them on a substratum of British workmanship. The American Industrial Peril is very real and very close if British Industry refuses to realise the danger ahead and to alter its methods so as to conform to the needs of the day, but it can be readily averted by all who have the courage and breadth of mind to grapple with it in the right way.

If there is one point more than another that has been fully brought

home to me during my visit, it is the fact that American supremacy in Industrial Science is due not to anything special in the genius of the American, but to the environment and general conditions of thought among which the American lives. As a great captain of industry in Chicago (himself a Scotchman) said to me "It is not the "Yankee but the air of Yankeeland that leads to success." There is nothing in American Industrial success that cannot be assured to our own manufacturers if they—and their workmen, for that is a great point—will only grasp the nettle firmly, and determine to snatch flax from it. If it were necessary to express in one word the often-discussed but never defined "secret" of American success, it can best be given in the word "breadth",—more breadth of view as to the needs of modern industries, more breadth in their development, more breadth in meeting all those needs in the fullest manner compatible with future profit. That Britons can and will use these conditions with advantage, where they get the chance, is proved by the very large percentage of British men who are found in the very front ranks of American industry. It is difficult to count heads in this matter, for it is not always easy to find out a man's nationality, and many men who have lived long in America call themselves Americans, though they have never been nationalised, yet in one great city in the Union, I in my short visit found that the President of the greatest electrical concern, the President of one of the largest "National" Banks, the President of one of the largest engineering concerns, one of the leading lawyers and one of the greatest preachers were all British, and this will be found lower down the scale, for many a leading mechanic is British also. To give one instance in point Studebaker's is probably the best and largest road-waggon factory in the world its master mechanic is an Englishman. If British determination can win in the very stronghold of Yankee up-to-dateness, if it can equal the Yankee at his own game in his own country, it can apply the same methods—in so far as they are good—to its own industries in the home country.

And the one "secret," if secret there be, is "breadth." We need greater breadth of mind in considering the trade to be supplied, greater breadth in applying every labour saving device that can be devised to lessen manual labour and quicken the handling of material, greater breadth in making the articles that a market requires and not those we choose to think it ought to require, above all greater breadth in encouraging labour to do its share of the work. And labour also must show greater breadth of mind, must realise that, if England is not to be permanently distanced in the race, every man must give his energies to developing to the utmost the productive possibilities of every machine he works at. The greater the production of each machine the cheaper the out-turn, and it is by cheapness as well as excellence in out-turn that industrial businesses grow, and in their

growth employ more and more labour at a higher and higher remuneration.

For it is not so much in the excellence of American machinery that success lies, as in the out-turn obtained by that machinery. The American machinery, good as it is, cannot surpass the machinery used in some of the best English firms, nay, English machinery has some good points that are lacking in that made across the water, but nowhere out of the States have I seen machines forced to yield such an out-turn. Is there a brass foundry in Great Britain, for instance, that gets from 500 to 600 moulds per day of 10 hours out of an ordinary pneumatic moulding machine? Is there an iron foundry that can get 1,500 moulds in the same time from the same machine, however simple and however rough? Yet these figures are the ordinary daily rates of one great factory at Pittsburg, and similar work is done in countless other places. "Labour is dear in America," we are told, and it is, but labour could well earn equal wages in England if it would give as great a return in the day.

Overhead travelling electric cranes are widely used in England, as in America, but it is very rare to see them working in tiers, one above another, it is rarer still to see them provided with self-extending arms to move material from one bay of a shop to another. Yet the latter feature I have seen in the States, and the former is quite common, even Government factories have them! In American steel works, for making steel bars and plates, the original heat under which the ingot was poured is never lost until the ingot is delivered as finished material, it is rushed through the works, dragged by engines while white hot from one workshop to another, and finally dumped into the waiting railway cars. Where in Great Britain is the metal run straight from cupola or converter into ingot moulds, mounted on railway trucks, which are coupled up and have a locomotive under steam ready to drag the load away directly the last ingot is poured? But that is done day in and day out at the Illinois Steel Works near Chicago, and in several other places.

It is not only in the general "hustle" to get a big out-turn from every machine, or the determination to use only the latest and most remunerative machinery—a determination which leads in very many American factories to the constant throwing out of use and selling as old iron scrap of still serviceable machines because they are out of date and do not give a large out-turn—it is not only to the general determination to make the most of every chance that American success is due, though these causes have much to do with it. Much is owing to the intelligent liberality with which men are treated, to their semi-independent position, and to the broad lines on which they are remunerated when successful. I know that men are harder worked in the States than elsewhere, that the rush and struggle for life are more intense, that more weaklings succumb, and more men fail in

middle age to achieve success than elsewhere. But, on the other hand, the rewards of success are much greater.

It is a well-known fact that a service that contains even a few great prizes, that enables a very small percentage to come quite to the front, will be more readily filled by a better quality of man at lower initial rates than a service which is without such openings, even though it may offer a high average wage to the average man. And the same principle applies to industrial work in the States. The discipline and hours are stricter and longer, and more men give up the race because they cannot live at the pace, but more men come to the front, and a greater freedom is given to the individual exertions of every man. In England, if a workman has an idea that he believes will result in the improvement or cheapening of the work he is actually engaged on, he has in hardly any case the means of bringing it to the notice of his chief,—except through his foreman, and what that means I need not dilate on to anyone acquainted with English manufactures. In the States every man has a right to see his boss, he gives no reason except that he wants to see him, and when he gets his interview—which he does, although he may have to wait a few days for it—he is sure of a careful hearing. He enters his “boss’s” office and is greeted with, “Well, John, sit down and tell me what you have to say.” He states his business in the fewest possible words, and is sure that any suggestion will have due consideration and trial, and that if it turns out to be a success he will be well rewarded for it. Moreover, we may go further than that, and say that he gets rewarded more surely for any extra effort he may make, *if he succeeds*. In one great steel industry, not far from New York, I was shown a system of remunerating labour which fully accounted for the great success of the factory, and for the fact that in all its career it had never had a strike. Men in this firm are paid by results, and if these results are above the normal the pay rises abnormally. For instance, the usual number of pourings obtainable from a furnace in each run is eleven. By the closest attention to every detail, by incessant and scientific stoking and work of every kind, it is occasionally possible to obtain twelve pourings. The wages earned by the men at the furnace when eleven pourings are obtained are forty dollars, but if twelve pourings are obtained they are eighty dollars. Double pay for one more pouring! And in other branches of work the increase of wages for abnormal out-turn is very nearly as high. Such increases are higher than strict accounting would figure out to be reasonable on the individual job. But they pay, pay enormously, “for,” as the President of the firm told me—himself a typical American of the best kind—“it not only pays us to know that we are getting a larger “out-turn for the same supervision and general expenses, but think “of the benefit we get from the increased work of all the men who “are striving to earn the high bonuses and just failing. They all earn

"it occasionally, when everything happens to go in their favour, and
"that encourages them to strive after it always"

Thus it is to greater breadth of view that we must look for the future success of British manufacturing industries, greater breadth in adopting newer methods of out-turn, in rewarding men who are successful, and in encouraging a race for the largest out-turn compatible with efficiency. There is no royal road to success, it can only be won by hard work and close attention. But the keynote of all British progress in this direction is breadth—breadth—breadth

C C TOWNSEND

(Major, R A, Indian Ordnance Department)

SEA-MAGIC AND RUNNING WATER.

I CUILIDH MHOIRE

WITHIN a hundred years ago many of the islefolk, and not only in the more remote places, openly practised what are called pagan rites. Many of these dealt with water, more particularly with the water of the sea for to the people in the west the sea is an ever present power to be feared, to be propitiated, to be beguiled if possible, to be regarded as a hard foster-mother, perhaps hardly to be loved. I have never heard any definition of the sea more impressive than that of a fisherman of the isle of Ulva, whom I knew. "She is like a woman whose beauty is dreadful," he said, "and who breaks your heart at last whether she smiles or frowns. But she doesn't care about that, or whether you are hurt or not. It's because she has no heart, being all a wild water."

I have often read of the great love of the islesmen for the sea. They love it in a sense of course, as the people of the land love uplands and wild moors, and the movements of clouds over stony braes or above long pastures by low shores and estuaries. Nor are they happy away from it. How could they be, since the wave is in their hearts. Men and women who are born to the noise of the sea, whose cradles have rocked to the loud surge or dull croon of the tides, and who have looked on the deep every day in every season of every year, could not but feel towards it as a shepherd feels towards the barest hills, as a forester feels for the most sombre woods, as the seed-sower and the harrower feel for the monotonous brown lands which swell upward till they seem the last ridges of the world wherefrom rounded white clouds rise like vast phantom flowers. In this sense they love it, and truly. And there are some who love it for itself, and its beauty. And there are a few who love it with passion, who feel its spell irresistible, magical. But it is not of the exceptions I speak: it is of the many. These do not love what they have so much cause to dread, what holds so many little fortunes in so great

and loose a clasp; what shuts off from so many desires, what has so common a voice of melancholy, what makes an obvious destiny take the measure of fatality, an implacable doom. For them, when the sea is not a highway, it is a place of food, the *Cuìdh Mhoire* or Treasury of Mary, as the Catholic islesmen of the Southern Hebrides call the sustenance-giving waters. When neither, it is most likely to be a grave, the cold drifting hearths of the dead.

At the time I speak of, the people in many parts were good Christians for most days, and then one day other selves hidden under taught faiths and later symbols would stand disclosed. Above all, when certain days of traditional sanctity recurred, it was customary to perform rites of a druidic or pagan remembrance, in the face even of priests of a Faith that has ever turned stern eyes on all rites of the eager spirit of man save its own. And what the people were then, in the many, they still are in the few, though now for the most part only where the Great Disenchantment has not yet wholly usurped the fading dominion of the Great Enchantment.

It was the custom, then, and still is in some isles, for mothers to wet brow or finger of their new-born in the flow of the tide at the end of the third week of the child's life. The twenty-first day, if a Sunday, was held to be the most fortunate, and a Thursday next to it but a Friday was always to be avoided, and a Saturday was held in some fear, unless the child was dark in hair and eyes and colour. It was above all needful to see that this wave-baptism happened when the tide was at the flow. If it were done at the ebb, woe to that child and that mother—soon or late the "baptised" would be called, to sink in deep gulfs and be homeless and no more seen—and, in the west, for the dead to have no green grave for sleep-covering is a nakedness of sorrow ill to endure for those left to mourn.

I remember, when I was a child, being taken to have tea in the cottage of one Giorsal Macleod, in Armadale of Sleat, who had lost both husband and son through this sea-hallowing rite having been done at the ebb. Her husband was a young man, and had never spoken to her of the fear of his mother, who through a misjudgment in a time of weakness and fever had "waved" him after the turn of the ebb. But one day when Annra Macleod came in to find Giorsal crying because unwittingly she had done a like thing, he laughed at her folly, and said that for himself he cared no whit one way or the other whether the child were dipped in this hour or in that. But before the month was out, and on a calm night and just as the herring had risen, Annra's feet tangled in the nets, which fell back with him, and he sank into the strong ebb, and was sucked away like a fading shadow. And seven years from that day little Seoras, the boy, when fishing for *pròcach* in the haven, stumbled from the coble's heavy bow and into the swift-slipping greenness. He was good at the swimming, and could easily have saved himself on so calm a day and

with the coble not a fathom-reach off but he was an ebb-child, and his fate was on him, and he was called out to deep water and death. His mother saw this. And when she spoke of her sorrow she used invariably the words, ' *A Dhia* (O God), 'twas a long-laid death for "my cold darling 'twas I that did it with that dip in the ebb, I not "knowing the harm and the spell, *A cursúin mo ghraidh, A m'ulaidh* "'s *m'agh'* (O pulse-let of my love, O my treasure and joy!)"

In those days I speak of, the people used to have many sea-rites, and, almost in all the isles, on *La' Chalum-Chille* (St Columba's Day) in particular. Offerings of honey-ale or mead, fluid porridge, kale-soup, precious bread even, were given to the god of the sea. As the darkness of Wednesday night gave way to dawn on Maundy Thursday, as Mr Carmichael relates in his beautiful *Carmina Gadelica*, the man deputed by the islefolk would walk into the sea up to his waist, and then, while he poured out the offering, would chant

A Dhe na mara
Cuir todhar 's an tarruinn
Chon tachair an talamh
Chon bailcìdh dhuinn bialdh

"O god of the sea
Put weed in the drawing wave
To enrich the isle-soil
To shower on us food"

"Then those behind the offerer took up the chant and wafted it "along the sea-shore on the midnight air, the darkness and the "rolling of the waves making the scene weird and impressive"

That I have not seen, and now I fear the god of the sea has few worshippers, and knows no scattered communes of bowed chanterers at midnight

But this, though also I have not seen, I know of at first hand. A man and his three sons, on an island which I will speak of only as south and east of the Minch, went secretly on the eve of St Columba's Day a year ago, and took a pail of milk from the byres, and a jug of running water of a wellspring, and a small loaf of bread from the oven, and a red faggot from the fire held in a cleft stick. The youngest son threw the fire into the sea, crying "Here's fire for you!" And the other sons poured on the black flood the surf-white milk and the rain-grey water, crying "Here's cool water for you!" and "Here's "the kindly milk for you!" And the father threw the loaf of bread on the wave, and cried "Peace to your hunger!"

That was all, and they did it secretly, and the sons (it is said) half to please their father. Only one or two neighbours knew of it, and they silent before the minister, but somehow it came to the man's ears, and like most of his kind he was angry at a thing beyond him

and his understanding, and spoke in contempt to one better than himself (I do not doubt), and threatened him with a public exhorting from the pulpit, so that Mr M—— sullenly promised no more to do the thing his forbears had done for generation upon generation

"After all, the minister was right," said some one to me, who had heard the tale "for Mr M—— was only holding by a superstition"

I did not make the obvious retort, but said simply that it was better to hold by old things of beauty and reverence than to put a blight on them

I do not say the minister was wholly wrong. He spoke according to his lights. Doubtless he had in remembrance some such passage as that in Deuteronomy where the ban is put upon any who will suffer his son or his daughter to go through fire, or upon any that draw omen from the cry of fowls, or upon the interpreter of signs. And compelled by that stubborn thralldom to the explicit word which has been at once the stern strength and the spiritual failure of all the Calvinistic denominations (in our religion-harried Scotland at least), he spoke in numbed sympathy and twilight-knowledge

Since, I have tried to learn if Mr M—— had knowledge of the ancient meanings of that sea-rite, and if other words, or chant, or *urnnugh-mhara* or sea-prayer, had been used by his elders. But, as yet, I have not learned. I have wondered often if this broken and all but silent rite were a survival of a custom before ever St Colum was heard of. The bread offering and that of the milk are easy of understanding. But why should one give fresh water from an earth-spring to that salt unstable wilderness, why offer to it a flame of fire, whose pale crescents of light or moving green lawns beneath swaying cataracts are but the glittering robe over a cold heart, than which no other is so still everlastingly in an ancient and changeless cold?

II SEA-MAGIC

In one of the remotest islands of the Hebrides I landed on a late afternoon in October a year ago. There was no one on the island except an old man who was shepherd for the fourscore sheep which ate the sweet sea-grass from Beltane till Samhain * one sheep for each year of his life, he told me, "forby one, and that will be right "between them an' me come Candlemas next" He gave me water and oatcake and offered to make me tea, which I would not have. I gave him the messages I had brought from the distant mainland of the Lews, and other things and some small gifts of my own to supplement the few needs and fewer luxuries of the old islander. Murdo MacIain was grateful, with the brief and simple gladness of a

* "Beltane till Samhain" 1st May till Summerend (31st October)

child By mistake a little mouth-organ, one of those small untuneful instruments which children delight in and can buy for a few pence, was in my package, along with a "poke" of carvies, those little white sweets for buttered bread dear to both young and old—though even they, like all genuine products of the west, great and small, are falling away in disuse! The two had been intended by me for a small lass, the grandchild of a crofter of Loch Roag in the wester-side of the Lews: but when the yacht put in at the weedy haven, where scart and gillie-breed and tern screamed at the break of silence, I heard that little Morag had "taken a longing to be gone" and after a brief ailing had in truth returned whence she had come.

And for the moment neither snuff nor tobacco, neither woollen comforter nor knitted hose, could hold Murdo as did that packet of carvies (for the paper had loosened, and the sugary contents had swarmed like white ants) and still more that sixpenny mouth-organ I saw what the old man eagerly desired, but was too courteous and well-bred even to hint: and when I gave him the two things of his longing my pleasure was not less than his. I asked him why he wanted the *cruit-bheul*, which was the nearest I could put the Gaelic for the foreign toy, and he said simply that it was because he was so much alone, and often at nights heard a music he would rather not be hearing. "What would that be?" I asked. And after some hesitation he answered that a woman often came out of the sea and said strange foreign words at the back of his door, and that, he added, in a whinnying voice like that of a foal, came, white as foam, and went away grey as rain. And then, he added, "she would go to that "stroked rock yonder, and put songs against me, till my heart shook "like a tallow-flaucht in the wind."

Was there any other music, I asked. Yes, he said. When the wind was in the west, and rose quickly, coming across the sea, he had heard a hundred feet running through the wet grass and making the clover breathe a breath. "When it's a long way off I hear the "snatch of an air, that I think I know and yet can never put name to. "Then it's near, an' there's names called on the wind, an' whisht an' "all. Then they sing an' laugh. I've seen the sheep standing—their "forelegs on the slit rocks that crop up here like stony weeds—"staring, and listening. Then after a bit they'd go on at the grass "again. But Luath my dog he'd sit close to me, with his eyes big, "an' growling low. Then I wouldn't be hearing anything no more "at all. But, whiles, somebody would follow me home, piping, and "till the very door, and then go off laughing. Once, a three-week "back or so, I came home in a thin noiseless rain, and heard a "woman-voice singing by the fire-flaucht, and stole up soft to the house-"side, but she heard the beat of my pulse and went out at the door, "not looking once behind her. She was tall and white, with red hair, "and though I didn't see her face I know it was like a rock in rain,

"with the tears streaming on it She was a woman till she was at the shore there, then she threw her arms into the wind, an' was a gull an' flew away in the lowness of a cloud"

While I was on the island the wind had veered with that suddenness known to all who sail these seas A wet eddy swirled up from the south-east, and the west greyed, and rain fell In a few minutes clouds shaped themselves out of mists I had not seen and out of travelling vapours and the salt rising breaths of the sea A long wind moved from east to west, high, but with its sough falling to me like a wood-echo where I was Then a cloudy rain let loose a chill air, and sighed with a moan in it in a moment or two after, great sluices were opened, and the water came down with a noise like the tide coursing the lynns of narrow sea-lochs

To go back in that falling flood would be to be half-drowned, and was needless too so I was the more glad, with the howling wind and sudden gloom of darkness and thick rain, to go in to Murdo's cabin, for it was no more than that, and sit by the comfortable glow of the peats, while the old man, happy in that doing, made tea for me

He was smiling and busy, when I saw his face cloud

"Will you be hearing that?" he said looking round

"What was it?" I answered, for I thought I had heard the long scream of the gannet against the waves of the wind high above us

Having no answer, I asked Murdo if it was the bird he meant "Ay, it might be a bird Sometimes it's a bird, sometimes it's a seal, sometimes it's a creature of the sea pulling itself up the shore an' makin' a hoarse raughlin like a boat being dragged over pebbles But when it comes in at the door there it is always the same, a tall man, with the great beauty on him, his hands hidden in the white cloak he wears, a bright, cold, curling flame under the soles of his feet, and a crest like a bird's on his head"

I looked instinctively at the door, but no one stood there

"Was the crest of feathers, Murdo?" I asked, remembering an old tale of a messenger of the Hidden People who is known by the crest of cuckoo-feathers that he wears

"No," he said, "it wasn't. It was more like white canna blowing in the wind, but with a blueness in it"

"And what does he say to you?"

"His say is the say of good Gaelic, but with old words in it that I have forgotten The mother of my mother had great wisdom, and I've heard her using the same when she was out speaking in the moonlight to them that were talking to her"

"What does he tell you, Murdo?"

"Sure, sometimes he has nothing to say He just looks in the fire a long time, an' then goes away smiling"

"And who did you think it was?"

"Well, I thought it might be Mr Macalister, him as was drowned

"on St Bride's day the minister over at Uiseader of Harris I've heard he was a tall, fine man, an' a scholar, an' of great goodness an' fineness And so I asked him, the second time he came, if may be he would be Mr Macalister He said no, an' laughed the bit of a laugh, and then said that good man's bones were now lying in a great pool with three arches to it, deep in the sea about seven swims of a seal from Eilean Mhealastaidh, the island that lies under the shadow of Griomaval on the mainland of the Lews" *

"An' at that," added Murdo, "I asked him how he would be knowing that"

"How do you know you are a man, and that the name on you is the name you have?" he said An' at that I laughed, an' said it was more than *he* could say, for he did not seem to have the way of a man an' he kept his name in his pocket:"

"With that he touched me an' I fell into an *aistling* † And though I saw the red peats before me, I knew I was out on the sea, and was a wave herded by the wind an' lifted an' shaken by the tide—an' a great skua flyin' over saw my name floating like a dead fish an' sank to it an' swallowed it an' flew away An' when I sat up, I was here on this stool before the peats, an' no one beside me But the door was open, an' though there was no rain the flagstone was wet, an' there was a heavy wetness in the room, an' it was salt It was like a spilt wave, it was"

I was silent for a time, listening to the howling of the wind and the stumbling rush of the rain. Then I spoke.

"But tell me, Murdo, how you know this was not all a dream?"

"Because of what I saw when he touched me"

"And what was that?"

"I have the fear of it still," he said simply "His arms were like water, and I saw the seaweed floating among the bones in his hand. And so I knew him to be a *morar-mhara*, ‡ a lord of the sea"

"And did you see him after that?"

"Yes"

"And did he say anything to you then?"

"Yes He said to me after he had sat a long time staring in the fire 'Murdo, what age have you?' An' I told him I said I would have eighty years come Candlemas He said 'You've got a clean heart an' you'll have three times eighty years of youth an' joy before you have your long sleep An' that is a true word It will be when the wild geese fly north again' An' then he rose and went away There was a mist on the sea, an' creepin' up the rocks

* "Seven swims of a seal" A seal is supposed to swim a mile on one side, without effort, without twist, and then to change to the other side and swim in the same way the next mile, and so on

† An *aistling* i.e., a swoon with remembrance

‡ "Morar (or "Morair") a lord, as Morair Gilleasbuig Mhic 'Illeathain (Lord Archibald Maclean)

"I watched him go into it, an' I heard him hurling great stones an' dashing them 'These are the kingdoms of the world,' I heard him crying in the mist No, I have not been seeing him any more at all "not once since that day An' that's all, *Bàn-Morar*"

That was many months ago There is no one on the island now no sheep even, for the pastures are changed When the wild geese flew north this year, the soul of Murdo MacIain went with them Or if he did not go with them, he went where Manan promised him he should go For who can doubt that it was Manan, in the body or vision, he the living prince of the waters, the son of the most ancient god, who, crested as with snow-white canna with a blueness in it, and foot-circt with cold curling flame—the uplifted wave and the wandering sea-fire—appeared to the old islander? And if it were he, be sure the promise is now joy and peace to him to whom it was made

Murdo must have soothed his last hours of weakness with the *crut-bheul*, the little mouth-organ, for it was by the side of his pillow In these childish things have we our delight, even those few of us who, simple of heart and poor in all things save faith and wonder, can, like Murdo MacIain, make a brief happiness out of a little formless music with our passing breath, and contentedly put it away at last for the deep music of immortal things

III ACROSS RUNNING WATER

At a running water, that comes out at a place called *Sràth-na-mara*, near the sea-gates of Loch Suibhne, there is a pool called the Pool of the Changeling None ever goes that way from choice, for not only the crying of the curlew is heard there, or the querulous wailing lapwing

It was here that one night, in a September of many storms, a woman stood staring at the sea. The screaming seamews wheeled and sank and circled overhead, and the solanders rose with heavy wing and hoarse cries, and the black scarts screeched to the startled guillemots or to the foam-white terns blown before the wind like froth The woman looked neither at the seafowl nor at the burning glens of scarlet flame which stretched dishevelled among the ruined lands of the sunset

Between the black flurries of the wind, striking the sea like flails, came momentary pauses or long silences In one of these the woman raised her arms, she the while unheeding the cold tide-wash about her feet, where she stood insecurely on the wet slippery tangle

Seven years ago this woman had taken the one child she had, that she did not believe to be her own but a changeling, and had put it on the shore at the extreme edge of the tide-reach, and there had left it for the space of an hour When she came back, the child she had left

with a numbness on its face and with the curse of dumbness, was laughing wild, and when she came near, it put out its arms and gave the cry of the young of birds. She lifted the *leanav* in her arms and stared into its eyes, but there was no longer the weary blankness, and the little one yearned with the petulant laughing and idle whimpering of the children of other mothers. And that mother there gave a cry of joy, and with a singing heart went home.

It was in the seventh year after that finding by the sea, that one day, when a cold wind was blowing from the west, the child Morag came in by the peat-fire, where her mother was boiling the porridge, and looked at her without speaking. The mother turned at that, and looked at Morag. Her heart sank like a pool-lily at shadow, when she saw that Morag had woven a wreath of brown tangled seaweed into her hair. But that was nothing to the bite in her breast when the girl began singing a song that had not a word in it she had ever heard on her own or other lips, but was wild as the sound of the tide calling in dark nights of cloud and wind, or as the sudden coming of waves over a quiet sea in the silence of the black hours of sleep.

"What is it, Morag-mo-rùn?" she asked, her voice like a reed in the wind.

"It's time," says Morag, with a change in her eyes, and her face shining with a gleam on it.

"Time for what, Morag?"

"For me to be going back to the place I came from."

"And where will that be?"

"Where would it be but to the place you took me out of, and called 'across'?"

The mother gave a cry and a sob. "Sure, now, Morag-a-ghràidh, 'you will be my own lass and no other?'"

"Whist, woman," answered the girl, "don't you hear the laughing 'in the burn, and the hoarse voice out in the sea?'"

"That I do not, O Morag-mo-chridh, and sure it's black sorrow to 'you and to me to be hearing that hoarse voice and that thin 'laughing'."

"Well, sorrow or no sorrow, I'm off now, poor woman. And it's 'good-bye and a good-bye to you I'll be saying to you, poor woman. 'Sure it's a sorrow to me to leave you in grief, but if you'll go down to 'the edge of the water, at the place you took me from, where the 'runnin' water falls into the sea-pool, you'll be having there against 'your breast in no time the child of your own that I never was and 'never could be'."

"And why that, and why that, O Morag, lennavan-mo?"

"Peace on your sorrow, woman, and good-bye to you now;" and with that the sea-changeling went laughing out at the door, singing a wave-song that was so wild and strange the mother's woe was turned to a fear that rose like chill water in her heart.

When she dared follow—and why she did not go at once she did not know—she saw at first no sight of Morag or any other on the lonely shore. In vain she called, with a great sorrowing cry. But as, later, she stood with her feet in the sea, she became silent of a sudden, and was still as a rock, with her ragged dress about her like dragged seaweed. She had heard a thin crying. It was the voice of a breast-child, and not of a grown lass like Morag.

When a grey heron toiled sullenly from a hollow among the rocks she went to the place. She was still now, with a frozen sorrow. She knew what she was going to find. But she did not guess till she lifted the little frail child she had left upon the shore seven years back, that the secret people of the sea or those who call across running water could have the hardness and coldness to give her again the unsmiling dumb thing she had mothered with so much bitterness of heart.

Morag she never saw again, nor did any other see her, except Padruig Macrae, the innocent, who on a New Year's eve, that was a Friday, said that as he was whistling to a seal down by the Pool at Sràth-na-mara he heard someone laughing at him, and when he looked to see who it was he saw it was no other than Morag—and he had called to her, he said, and she called back to him, "Come away, Padruig dear," and then had swum off like a seal, crying the heavy tears of sorrow.

And as for the child she had found again on the place she had left her own silent breast-babe seven years back, it never gave a cry or made any sound whatever, but stared with round, strange eyes only, and withered away in three days, and was hidden by her in a sand-hole at the root of a stunted thorn that grew there.

At every going down of the sun thereafter, the mother of the changeling went to the edge of the sea, and stood among the wet tangle of the wrack, and put out her supplicating hands, but never spoke word nor uttered cry.

But on this night of September, while the gleaming seafowl were flying through the burning glens of scarlet flame in the wide purple wildness of the sky, with the wind falling and wailing and wailing and falling, the woman went over to the running water beyond the sea-pool, and put her skirt over her head and stepped into the pool, and, hooded thus and thus patient, waited till the tide came in.

IV. THE TWO VOICES

Of the delight of the sea no man or woman, from Sappho to the latest sea-singer of the Gael, has ever chanted more than a small choric cry of rapture in an unapproachable pæan—the pæan of the worship and joy and dread love of the sons and daughters of men since time was. To many there is no rapture like the rapture of the

sea, no beauty like its beauty, no enchantment greater, no spell so subtle and so strong

But even for these, as for many of those who do not feel this enchantment or know this spell, it is possible to touch in the magic of the sea a sorrow as deep as any human sorrow when time has healed the sting of the first lash, a melancholy more profound than that inhabiting the most waste places or the desolate regions of the poor in great cities

This knowledge, which has been intimate to so many, never so poignantly came home to me as when, one day in the spring of this year, while on those wild Breton coasts of the Tréguier headland, I was shown an ancient sundial which had been found in the sea, on a day when the tide had fallen away to an unprecedented distance. It had belonged to the mediæval manor to whose successor I was now a visitor—a successor itself perilously close to that ever climbing, grey, muttering waste

When the dial was cleared of the weedy tangle which had so long held it in its place beneath the ceaseless tumult of tides and driven surge, the inscription, faint as it was, was at last deciphered. It ran—

Les Jours passent, la Douleur reste

"The days pass, grief endures" Is not that at times the very burden of the sea? And how could that memory of mortal sorrow, wedded to the inexplicable sadness of the ancient waters, come with a more searching pitifulness than from an old sundial long sunken from the rose-sweet manor-garden beneath the cold and barren drift of the tides?

It was a grey day when I read this inscription on the brine-bitten dial—the grey wind of the east laboured across heavy seas, that here and there turned over green flanks, and sank in a swirling seethe, spreading idly in long ragged traceries on the grey flats and green-grey hollows. Not a sea-bird rose on white wing, or complained with hoarse-scream or shrill reiterated cry along the wild and deserted shore. *Les Jours passent, la Douleur reste*. It was the dull chime of the sea put into human speech.

Later, in the manor-garden, among the roses already falling after days of rain, I could hear the slow, monotonous beat of the sea. The words of a singer of to-day came into my mind—

"Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep—

We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Saying, 'If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle, and reap'
All is reaped now, no grass is left to mow."

I could not shake off the depression which had come upon me, and even when in the little chapel, alone there save for one old woman sitting with bowed head so that I could see nothing of her but a

blurred darkness in the shadow, I heard the solemn words of the Franciscan hymn

"O Beata Solitudo !
O Sola Beatitudo !"

the sadness of that melancholy magic did not pass, but only deepened into a more solemn inward cadence

But in the morning, when I woke, the sound and call of the sea came with a lifting wing Out on the tossing wilderness of blue and white all the tides of happiness in the world seemed to be on the moving dazzle of exultant life

Then I thought no more of that sad sea-music of the grey dusk, of the days that pass and of the sorrow that stays But, instead, I turned with a new gladness to a volume lying near, that had in it my book-plate motto—

Le Temps passe, la Beauté survit

Here I felt was the truer, or at least the better, reading of the obscure voice of the many waters To the artist, what words could have so high and deliberate dignity, so deep an inward fortifying?

And all that day, through sun and shine and lifting and resting wind, if I heard one deep muffled voice sighing, *Le Temps Passe*, I heard a deeper and unmuffled voice answering, *La Beauté survit*

V CHILDREN OF WATER

There is a restlessness unlike any other restlessness in the vagrant spirit of man a disquietude that is of the soul as well as of the body, for it is the tossed spray of forgotten and primitive memories And yet, perhaps, this feeling is only the dream of those unquiet minds who are the children of water

Long ago, when Manannan, the god of wind and sea, offspring of Lir, the Oceanus of the Gael, lay once by weedy shores, he heard a man and a woman talking The woman was a woman of the sea, and some say that she was a seal but that is no matter, for it was in the time when the divine race and the human race and the soulless race and the dumb races that are near to man were all one race And Manannan heard the man say "I will give you love and home and peace." The sea-woman listened to that, and said "And I will bring you the homelessness of the sea, and the peace of the restless wave, and love like the wandering wind." At that the man chided her, and said she could be no woman, though she had his love She laughed, and slid into green water Then Manannan took the shape of a youth, and appeared to the man "You are a strange love for a seawoman," he said "and why do you go putting your earth-heart to her sea-heart?" The man said he did not know, but that he had

no pleasure in looking at women who were all the same At that Manannan laughed a low laugh "Go back," he said, "and take one "you'll meet singing on the heather She's white and fair But "because of your lost love in the water, I'll give you a gift" And with that Manannan took a wave of the sea and threw it into the man's heart He went back, and wedded, and, when his hour came, he died But he, and the children he had, and all the unnumbered clan that came of them, knew by day and by night a love that was tameless and changeable as the wandering wind, and a longing that was unquiet as the restless wave, and the homelessness of the sea. And that is why they are called the Shiochd-na-mara, the clan of the waters, or the Treud-na-thonn, the tribe of the sea-wave

And of that clan are some who have turned their longing after the wind and wave of the mund—the wind that would overtake the waves of thought and dream, and gather them and lift them into clouds of beauty drifting in the blue glens of the sky

How are these ever to be satisfied, children of water?

FIONA MACLEOD.

INDIAN CASTE AND ENGLISH LAW.

TO prognosticate the legal future of India without considering Caste is to reckon without your host, and when, at the end of a masterly comparison between the methods of Rome and of England in legislating for subject peoples, Mr Bryce prophesies that English law will gradually drive out the native system, that is precisely the omission that he makes. It is true that "Studies in History and Jurisprudence" does contain one reference to Caste, but it is confined to seven lines, and those are not in the Essay on "English and Roman Law." Every man is entitled to base his argument upon what postulate he pleases, and Mr Bryce starts with the large surmise that the religions of India must some day perish. But when he goes on to assert that the native laws must perish with the native religions he makes an assumption that is permitted to no one. It seems presumptuous to criticise a writer who is the unique authority upon the most ancient, as well as upon the most modern, among the great Christian polities, but, even when it comes from Mr Bryce, so vast a generalisation cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. He cannot thus wipe out the line that divides East and West.

It is no doubt true that law in India is interwoven with religion; but that is not the whole truth. Law and religion are both based upon Caste. Two trees grow side by side and interweave their branches, till they appear as one, yet, although the tangle of their growth appears inextricable, it may be that when the trunk of one is cut down the other shall not perish. Whether the one must of necessity fall with the fall of its neighbour cannot be known until the other is felled, it may be that it draws enough sap from the ground to keep it erect when the other's support has been taken away. If or when the religions of India perish, must the laws with which they are intertwined perish too? Or will the laws draw enough vigour from the firm ground in which they are rooted to survive alone?

It is a little difficult for the Western man of to-day to understand

the Caste system—I will not say in its details, for that would require the study of more than a lifetime, but in its main principles. And this is partly the fault of our nineteenth-century historians, who were dazzled by the belief that “the Parliament of man, the Federation of “the World” was rising at the dawn of a new day, they hoped soon to see the whole world sitting at a Round Table, and their chief interest was to trace the lineage of their Ideal back through modern Parliaments of a single nation to its remoter forbears, the Witana Gemote and the Great Council of the Realm. Social Institutions, on the other hand, they treated as if the continuity of their history had been broken right across by that chasm over which, somewhere about the time of the Revival of Art and Letters, they suddenly leapt “from Status to “Contract”

The illustrious jurist who wrote those words used them merely to illustrate and to emphasize his account of a long historical process, he did not intend the epigram to be a complete description of that process—still less did he suggest that the process itself was complete. Sir Henry Maine was far too profound a thinker to suppose that evolution in any region is finished, that it may not pause or “throw “back,” however perfect its work may seem to one contemplating it from the point of view of the mere moment. But the mistake is one that lesser men make all too often, and when we read of the Guilds of the Middle Ages, or admire their handiwork, we are too much inclined to look upon them only as interesting subjects of antiquarian research. We may be grateful for the priceless monuments of Art that they bequeathed to us, but we imagine that, as a part of the social structure, they perished like the power of the Towns, like the universal authority of the Pope, before the destroying Monarchs of the sixteenth century.

That idea is entirely untrue, for though the mediæval Guilds themselves exist only as interesting survivals, like some of the City Companies in London, yet their spirit continues among almost all those workers in England, outside the service of the Crown, whose work is purely personal. The great majority of those who labour with their brains or with their hands (independently as far as their own immediate work is concerned of Capital or Land) are to-day banded into guilds. The Trades Unions are, of course, the most obvious instance; but what guild in Plantagenet times exercised a more stringent control over its own members, or was more jealous of competition from without, than that most “up-to-date” body, the London Stock Exchange? The Inns of Court, the Incorporated Law Society, the Institutes of Surveyors, of Civil and of Mechanical Engineers, of Chartered Accountants—to name some of the best-known—are bodies governed each by members of a particular profession. The servants of Government do not appoint their own officers, and in so far they form an exception to the general rule, but it

is difficult to deny the existence of a spirit akin to the guild-spirit in the Navy, the Army (with its Regiments), and in the several Civil Services of the Crown. And, further, at this moment even the great capitalists themselves, strong as their millions make them, seek to gain greater strength by forming guilds of their own for mutual support and combined attack.

Those are the two objects for which men associate into guilds, and so desirable are they that in the twentieth century, as in the thirteenth, men will give up some of their cherished independence to retain them. The Anglo-Saxon race, more than any other, elevates the independence of the individual into a fetish, but even that self-reliant brood cannot do its daily work without association. Now such an independence is characteristic of but a few among the many and diverse races that inhabit India, and their Castes are so much the more powerful than the Guilds of Europe in that they are not only associations of men following the same calling for the objects of that calling, but of persons worshipping the same gods according to the same rites, and under the guidance of the same priests. They forbid intermarriage with other Castes, they forbid their members even to partake of food with those outside the bond. The ceremonies that surround childbirth, the ceremonies of marriage, the ceremonies that follow death, all alike are imposed and controlled by the Caste. There is but one way by which the individual can enter it—birth, and there are but two by which he can leave it—death, or that moral death which is called excommunication.

These institutions then pervade all the phases of life, there is no action, however trivial, however solemn, in which they do not support and restrict their members. They are also of immemorial antiquity. What wonder that but little individual independence or initiative is left to men whose fathers' fathers, and their fathers' fathers before them, have leaned upon that support and have been tied down by those restrictions? The longer the Castes continue, the more they become indispensable. When a man is driven from his Caste, he is said in common parlance to have been "placed in a house apart", he has been cut off from all intercourse, except with his immediate family, who are outcast with him. In losing his Caste, he has lost his part in society. If India were to lose its Caste, there is no social system ready to replace it, and while a fragment of Caste remains, it is difficult to conceive that any can grow up under its shadow. Without a social system upon which to rest, no system of law can exist at all, the thing is impossible, as much as for a tower to stand without its base.

All this, it may be said, is true of the Hindu Castes, but it takes no account of Islam, a religion which does not recognise any such system. True that it does not, but no one who knows India can deny that a system of Caste flourishes among a large part of its Mussulman popula-

tion. Its existence is due, some say, to the converts from Hinduism having retained their ancient divisions, others attribute it to the Mussulmans having gradually adopted social rules that they saw around them, just as conversely Hindus have adopted the practice of secluding women. Probably both causes have operated, but at any rate it is certain that the Mussulman weaver of Bengal cannot intermarry with the Mussulman cultivator. Among the higher classes of Muhammadans no doubt such distinctions do not exist, but the Muhammadans are a minority among the population of India, and for purposes of attack and defence they are but one great Caste. Armies do not fight against navies, but armies against armies, navies against navies, and Castes against Castes.

Again, when all is said, what are the inroads that the law of England has made upon that of India? Let us examine them for a moment. It is in the first place an undoubted fact that British rule has introduced into India an impartial and efficient administration of justice. That is as much the work of men as of measures, but the measures that have contributed to this end are by no means few, and they derive a great part of their usefulness from having been cast in the form of codes. The most enthusiastic admirer of English law cannot assert that the principle of codification has been borrowed from it; for the laws of India are to the laws of England as cosmos to chaos. Procedure, evidence, offences and punishments, contracts, the relations between landlord and tenant in the several Provinces, these are some of the subjects upon which the law has been codified. Among the laws which have not been submitted to this process, perhaps the most important are those which regulate the tenure and devolution of property, and these it would be almost impossible and certainly undesirable to codify, for they vary from Province to Province, from Caste to Caste, often from family to family. Both the Islamic and Hindu laws of succession are based in the first instance on religious teachings, a fact which gives colour to the statement that the laws of India are inextricably interwoven with religion. But though these systems are deduced historically from the injunctions of Muhammad or from the Vedic scriptures, their development was early taken out of the hands of the theologians by writers who were jurists rather than divines. A disputed succession among Muhammadans turns, not upon the interpretation of texts from the Koran, but upon the commentaries of Abu Hamfa or of Abu Malik, among Hindus it is decided not by reference to the Vedas and Puranas, but to the Mitakshara or to the Daya Bhaga—works which are no more books of religion than the “Imitation” of Thomas à Kempis is a text-book of law.

The Hindu law of succession has, it is true, been modified in one most important particular by the influence of English law, namely by the introduction of a power to devise property by will. This is a piece of judge’s legislation, as it is called; for the property of Hindus,

as well as of Mussulmans, is especially excepted from the operation of the Succession Act. It throws a curious light upon the structure of Hindu society that in the leading case upon this subject a will was propounded which had been made by a member of a capable and very wealthy family, who constitute a Caste-division by themselves. Though they are themselves Brahmans, they cannot sit down to food with other Brahmans, because it is said that their ancestors were once forced to eat beef by the Mussulman ruler of Bengal. Their isolation has spurred them to progress. The custom of testamentary disposition has indeed taken root in India and is likely to increase, but it may not be impertinent to remark that this is a custom by no means peculiarly English, for its origin is Roman.

Civilised mankind is generally agreed upon punishing the more heinous offences against the person and the property of others, though the modes of punishment may differ, murder and theft are, in theory at any rate, punishable under the laws of England as of Louisiana, of New York as of the late Transvaal Republic, and the Indian Penal Code incorporates these universal principles. It was drafted by Lord Macaulay, and no doubt his English mind gave it a certain English colouring, but when he turned aside at the threshold of a promising political career in order to make a fortune for his family at Calcutta, he was no "grave gray lawyer of King's Bench Walk," nor was he trammelled by the prejudices of a lifetime spent among the parchments and pedantries of Westminster Hall. He brought to the task so reluctantly undertaken genius, the vigour of youth, wide reading, and sympathies as wide, and in the Indian Penal Code he raised to himself a monument more durable than bronze. The passage in that great work which bears most unmistakably the impress of its author's mind and style lays it down that to impute against a man what may injure him in relation to his Caste is punishable as defamation—an offence which includes both the "libel" and the "slander" of the Old Bailey. Adultery too is punishable in the male offender.

The provisions for the punishment of rioting, of criminal trespass, of simple assault even, have been twisted by the exigencies and ingenuity of Indian litigants and pleaders into a machinery by which they can get what are really civil issues decided, to their own satisfaction at all events, through the prompter and cheaper procedure of the criminal courts. When there is a dispute between neighbours as to the proper position of their landmarks, or between two cultivators, both the lessees of a landlord who has taken a heavy premium from each for the same field, it is a heavy and expensive business to commence a suit upon title, which is sure to be protracted and may outlive both the contending parties. Far simpler (and at the same time far more exciting) to bring the sons of either family on to the boundary in dispute to brandish their clubs, while the elders stand by, each encouraging his own side and abusing the other, and then for one

of each party to rush off to the next police-station or to the nearest magistrate, so as to be the first to pour out his breathless story of outrage and oppression. That is the practice in its lowest terms, but of course the outrage and oppression are not always mere conventions, the exacting landlord or the fundamental vendee may try to enforce his "right or supposed right"—to quote the Penal Code's definition of unlawful assembly—by inflicting some real wrong. Between the two extremes there is an infinite gradation, and it is terribly difficult for the overworked Magistrate, anxious not to encroach upon the jurisdiction of the Civil Judge provided he can keep the peace within his own charge, to discover at the beginning of the case where he can draw the line. When he has heard all the evidence it may be easy enough, but by that time the mischief has been done, he must give a decision one way or the other, and that decision is sure to be used by the party which succeeds in his Court as if it were a decision of title in their favour.

The orders of the Court, whether in civil or criminal causes, are given by a single man, so that, with one modification of the utmost importance, justice is dispensed on the principle that has obtained in the East ever since the only tribunal sat "in the King's Gate." Trial by jury has indeed been introduced as to certain criminal matters in a few selected districts, nevertheless, steps were only recently taken towards abolishing this procedure in the most advanced Province of India. The proposal was ultimately abandoned, but its discussion showed that competent authorities differed diametrically as to whether the system had had any measure of success, and apparently no extension of it is contemplated. The Assessors who assist a Sessions Judge in the ordinary districts (those where there are no juries) have merely advisory functions. In civil procedure there is nothing remotely resembling a jury-trial, if we omit from consideration the practice within the narrow limits of the Presidency Towns, where the High Courts have for historic reasons a jurisdiction of first instance, and administer it on quasi-English lines. The "ordinary original civil jurisdiction" of the Calcutta High Court is confined to the limits of the original English settlement, and is bounded by the Mahratta ditch, but Mr Bryce throughout treats the Presidency Towns as if they bore to what he calls "country places" the same metropolitan relation that London bears to Rutland, whereas in fact Bombay and Calcutta are to the vast area of agricultural India almost as foreign as Hong-Kong is to China, or Gibraltar to Spain.

The one important principle in which the Indian system differs from the patriarchal one of the King's Gate is that of appeal. Wide rights of appeal are given by the Codes of Procedure, and by a process perhaps natural the High Courts have developed their statutory powers of revision, so that in almost every matter of any weight the unsuccessful litigant can challenge the decision of the Court of first

instance both upon law and upon fact. Of this privilege he avails himself freely—in some Districts and under some High Courts more freely perhaps than elsewhere, but everywhere to so large an extent that many experienced observers look upon finality as a most pressing need. Whether they are right, or whether the conditions of India under British rule render this universal right of appeal necessary, it is certain that nothing can be further from the spirit of English law. In England there is no appeal from the decision of Magistrates unless they themselves state a case for the opinion of the High Court upon a question of law, and they cannot be compelled to do so, if they do not consider that such a question arises. How few in each year too are the sittings of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, in which, if the Judge who tried him in the first instance thinks fit, and not otherwise, the convicted prisoner has the legal portion of his case re-heard!

So far does the law of India still differ from that of England, nor are we likely to discover what is the legal heritage to which they may some day succeed unless we can bring ourselves to consider those "hundreds of millions who fill the fertile land between the Straits of Manar and the long Himalayan snows" not merely as if they were so many pawns upon an academic chessboard. The peoples of India are something other than an agglomeration of innumerable units among the ruins of a dead civilisation, they are races, tribes and castes, whose organisation is ancient indeed, but alive.

E M KONSTAM

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MEETINGS between friendly monarchs and speculations among ingenious journalists as to their significance fill up the dead season during which Parliamentary activity is temporarily suspended. This year they have been more numerous than usual and—rumours adds—more noteworthy. Probably the most important, and certainly the least talked about, is the interview between Tsar Nicholas II and King Victor Emmanuel II. It is credibly stated to have secured for Italy very considerable advantages *in spe* or at least to have sealed the previous understanding between Rome and St Petersburg which so suddenly brought Italy to the forefront of international politics. It may ultimately culminate in a second Triple Alliance, formed for the purpose of safeguarding the interests—real or alleged—of the signatory Powers in the Mediterranean. Meanwhile Spain is alarmed, and, moved by the marvellous success scored by the Italians, the Cabinet of Señor Sagasta held two councils within a fortnight for the purpose of devising the ways and means of doing likewise. I was in Madrid at the time and had occasion to exchange ideas on the subject with some of the most influential politicians in the country. The gist of their views is briefly this. Spain could and should take a leaf out of Italy's book with as little delay as possible. The difficulty lies in the fact that the attention of the country and the time of the Government are wholly absorbed by the negotiations with the Vatican on the subject of the Congregations, and that the Liberals cannot keep in office longer than a couple of weeks or months. The Pope, who has made no public protest against the aggressive policy of MM Waldeck Rousseau and Combes, is uncompromising and inexorable in his dealings with Spain, and the Spanish Press as well as the bulk of thinking Spaniards are naturally incensed. For they feel that underlying this rigid attitude is a threat which they could at present afford to treat with utter indifference—the threat of unleashing the dogs of war and setting Carlism against Alphonsism. No serious Spaniard now believes in the revival of Carlism. It is dead. Even

some of the leaders who still publicly affect to imagine that it is merely slumbering, admit that a civil war for the purpose of bringing Don Carlos or Don Jaime to the throne is no longer within the range of possibilities. Therefore the menace implied in Cardinal Rampolla's unbending attitude might safely be disregarded and the question of the Religious Congregations settled in accordance with the vital interests of Spain.

It was precisely for the purpose of dealing thus with that thorny problem that Sagasta and the Liberal Cabinet were called to power in March last year. They responded eagerly to the invitation and the Prime Minister unfolded a programme which even M. Combes would have willingly endorsed. But there his labours ended. Not only have his Government effected nothing but they have attempted nothing. On the contrary they have given way on points on which the Conservatives or Clericals would have withstood the encroachments of the Vatican with determination and success. And the result is that they will be compelled in a few months, possibly in a few weeks, to make way for the Conservatives, who at least entertain firm convictions, stand or fall by principles and honestly seek to carry out their programme. One may differ widely from the Spanish Conservatives on the subjects of education and religion, but it is impossible not to respect their fidelity to the cause which they uphold and their perfect consistency in words and acts. Moreover they set far less store by the sweets of office than their opponents. Their leaders, being generally men of independent means, have no motive for making hay while the sun shines, so that from an economic point of view their tenure of power weighs less heavily upon the country at large than that of the Liberals, who are now accused even by some of their own partisans of having taken office under false pretences. In any case, as the policy which Sagasta has been pursuing is arch-Conservative and ruinously Clerical, it seems but fair that the Conservative party should be allowed to carry it out, especially because they can obtain more favourable terms from Rome than the so-called Liberals, whom the Vatican never takes seriously. It is a curious fact that under the Liberals the religious orders, the clergy and the episcopacy enjoy a far greater liberty of action than under the Conservatives and that the latter never hesitate to punish an offending bishop, canon, or monk, even when excommunication confronts the venturesome minister. The Liberals, on the contrary, allow things ecclesiastical to slide.

I have just had several conversations with the chiefs of the Conservative party, who in a month or two will again rule the country. They are generally men of higher culture and fewer prejudices than their political opponents. There are too among them zealous and almost fanatical Catholics like General Azcarraga, whose lack of judgment would wreck any cause, but the chiefs of the party are polished men of the world whose personal views on religious matters

are dispassionate and sometimes philosophical. The gist of the statements which they put before me is briefly this. The Conservative party in Spain is not, as a whole, clerical. It is always more ready to repress the encroachments of clericalism than the Liberal party, and it is invariably more successful. The religious question has therefore been wrongly made the political party cry of the Liberals, who exaggerate its importance and then do nothing to bring its problems to a satisfactory issue. It is quite true that there is a religious difficulty in Spain and that the Government must tackle it, no matter what party is in power. Religious congregations are numerous in the country. They tend to grow and expand indefinitely. They are more easily recruited in Spain than elsewhere, owing partly to the great development of the religious sentiment there and partly to the fact that a man of the people who can get clothes to his back, a roof over his head and food enough to keep body and soul united is generally delighted to join a congregation which assures him those boons during the term of his natural existence and delivers him from the need of toiling and moiling for a livelihood. Hence every new congregation which springs up or enters the kingdom from abroad becomes a fixture. It may, nay will, take root and expand, but it will never disappear.

Now beyond certain limits this growth of the religious orders is harmful to the country. Those limits, which were not fixed in the past, must be clearly defined in the present and carefully observed in the future. And that was the task which the Liberals undertook to accomplish; but after having spent eighteen months in office they have left the problem further from a satisfactory solution than before.

It must not however be supposed that any Spanish Government can imitate the example set them by other countries. The conditions which obtain in Spain differ from those of Anglo-Saxon and even of the kindred Latin States. Heretofore the principle was followed which is acted upon in England and the United States, that religious congregations should be allowed to increase and multiply at will and without let or hindrance. But it has now become painfully clear that this policy of *laissez faire* presupposes a strong and highly cultured people whose traditions, strivings, ideals and robust common sense can serve as correctives and hinder the undue development of associations of men whose work is generally contemplative and unproductive. The attitude of indifference on the part of the State must therefore be definitely abandoned.

On the other hand, a policy of coercion and expulsion would be equally pernicious. "We in Spain owe more to the religious orders than do other peoples. Our public instruction, defective though it certainly is, would be incomparably more so if we had not the advantage of a considerable number of schools founded and conducted by religious orders who impart gratuitous instruction to

"children The system of obligatory education does not exist in Spain—at least not in reality There are not schools enough to render it possible And the lay establishments which are to be met with here and there throughout the Peninsula are, with some few exceptions, enormously inferior to those which are presided over by the Christian Brothers, the Marists, the Augustinians and other religious congregations And that is intelligible The lay school teachers have but very small salaries allotted to them and they do not always receive even these. The Congregational brethren, on the other hand, want only food and lodging and receive them from the people For several months the lay teachers often get no pay at all, and the arrears owing to them amount in some places to a considerable sum Under such conditions it is impossible to attract efficient pedagogues If part of the money still paid for the Navy, for instance, were—could be—devoted to public instruction, the profit to the country would be incalculable

"Meanwhile we must make the most of such ways and means as we possess, and these are largely schools kept by religious congregations The Government could, of course, suppress those, but the act would be suicidal It may be humiliating to confess that our best schools are voluntary, denominational and congregational But it is a fact which we cannot blink, and if the whole truth were told we should avow that we have too few of them. When, therefore, any party in the State talks magniloquently of anti-clericalism, in the sense in which the word is employed in France, it is playing to the gallery

"Nor is it in the matter of education only that the religious orders have merited well of the country They have accomplished much in the way of mitigating human suffering and lessening human crime. How much, very few are aware who have not made a special study of the subject But one instance may be cited as typical Criminal females are probably among the most loathsome specimens of humanity We have a prison here in which many of them are kept for various terms, and it used to be a veritable pandemonium. The Governor, warders, inspectors and others could do little or nothing to improve matters They had no hold on the inmates, no moral lever Then the Sisters of Charity asked to be allowed to take over the establishment and their request was granted The result is surprising—almost miraculous Order, cleanliness, cheerful resignation and sorrow for past crime are among the salient characteristics of the prison and its inmates The Sisters have several times requested the Government to remove the soldiers altogether from the precincts, brute force being, in their opinion, wholly superfluous And one has but to compare this model institution for females with the prisons for men, where the gaolers are laymen, in order to realise what an abyss separates the two systems'

"That is a solitary instance. There are others in the domain of private charity which could be appealed to with equal confidence. Now those rays of sunshine cannot be deliberately shut out from the poor and suffering. We owe much to our religious orders at present and our efforts must be directed to hold fast to that which is good, eliminating whatever tends to become baneful. Such is the attitude of Spanish Conservatives. They are not Clericals, but still less are they anti-Clericals."

Both parties in Spain seem resolved to launch out into the domain of foreign policy without further delay. Italy's example is irresistible. Moreover the question of Gibraltar, the desire of making arrangements for a share of the spoil on the shores of the Mediterranean and the exhortations of certain foreign Governments leave Spain but little choice in the matter. During the first week in September the members of the Government discussed the subject very closely, and the Ambassadors in Paris and London came to Madrid to give expression to their views. But the present Cabinet is in its last agony, and nothing is more unlikely than that it should enter into any binding agreement on the eve of resigning. In all probability the Foreign Policy question as well as the *modus vivendi* with the Vatican will be left to the Conservatives to settle. It is not difficult to foresee the manner in which it will be ultimately solved. A military convention with France, providing for reciprocal aid in case of war, is already a foregone conclusion. That is certainly the view taken by the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, by the present Minister of Foreign Affairs and, I presume, by the leaders of the Conservatives, who are soon returning to power. In the next Government it is extremely probable that the chief of the party, Señor Silvela, will take over the portfolio of foreign affairs.

King Victor Emmanuel's visit to Berlin has given the German press a welcome pretext for unrolling once more the whole question of the Triple Alliance and of Germany's relations with Russia. In particular those organs which reflect the opinions to which the Government is desirous of giving currency assert that the most important event of the year—nay, of the new century—was the meeting between the Tsar and the Kaiser. It was characterised, they affirm, by extreme cordiality, and the upshot of the conversation between the two rulers will, when it assumes shape and form, mark the beginning of a new era in European history. The two monarchs together, they add, wield enormous power, war and peace are in their hands, united, there is little which they cannot accomplish. Keenly conscious of these great potential advantages, they joined hands on the Baltic and agreed upon a common line of policy, the far-reaching effects of which will soon become apparent to the world. Such is the tenor of recent German press commentaries.

With the exception of one very characteristic incident no one can say for certain what really passed between Tsar and Kaiser. Their

chancellors are of course in the secret, but discretion is alleged to be the most statesmanlike quality of both. The solitary incident which has leaked out is however very significant and throws a flood of light on the relations between the two monarchs. It is a well-known fact that the moment Kaiser Wilhelm sailed away from Reval the Department of the Russian Censor issued an order peremptorily forbidding all newspapers to publish any statement descriptive of the German Emperor's departure. This prohibition puzzled foreigners. In Russia the motive that inspired it was pretty generally known, at least in those circles which take an interest in foreign politics. Now the secret is out. Just on the point of steaming away, the "Hohenzollern" signalled to the "Standart" the following extraordinary message: "The ruler of the Western Seas sends his greeting to the ruler of the Pacific Ocean." To which curious but not surprising farewell the Tsar sent the chilling reply: "A pleasant voyage." So much for the personal relations between the monarchs.

As to the likelihood of their adopting a common line of policy, no attentive student of contemporary history can for a moment regard the statement as serious. For many generations Prussia's interests never ran counter to those of her Eastern neighbour, to a considerable extent indeed they were parallel. Hence the close friendship which subsisted between them so long,—a friendship to which Prussia owes very much of what she has and is. To keep on good terms with Muscovy has therefore always been the basis of Prussia's foreign policy, and a strong recommendation not to break with this ancient tradition is said to have formed the gist of the last words spoken by the first German Kaiser on his death-bed. Bismarck was certainly faithful to it down to the end of his life, and the degree of success or failure which attended the Government's efforts to maintain cordial relations with Russia constituted the standard by which he invariably gauged the policy of his successors.

But things have changed since then—had, in fact, changed considerably during the life of the Chancellor himself. For the needs of the united German Empire differ largely from those of the Kingdom of Prussia, and wherever they differ, they almost always clash. Under Bismarck Germany sedulously held aloof from colonial undertakings, which were regarded in the light of hindrances rather than helps to development. Thus it was held to be a clever stroke of policy on the part of the first Imperial Chancellor that he succeeded in tempting Jules Ferry to "entangle" France in Tonkin. There were, of course, some Teutons who, viewing the subject from a different angle of vision, reproached their Government for not having deprived the Republic of some of her colonies at the close of the war. But even they would never have looked with eyes of longing upon territory in China, and as for Eastern Europe they would have deemed it to be treasonable to Russia and suicidal to their own country to encroach upon Asia.

Minor politically or commercially Germany was regarded as identical with its army, which had no mission to accomplish beyond the seas, nor even in the near East. Hence Russia was free to move whithersoever she listed in Asia Minor, China, Persia and India.

But Kaiser Wilhelm turned over a new leaf, seeking outlets beyond the seas, endeavouring to lay the foundations of a World Power and drawing up a naval programme which in some fifteen years, more or less, will give Germany a fleet almost equal in mere numbers to that of Great Britain. Colonies are the one thing now necessary to the rising rival of this country. The velleities in this direction which steadily made themselves manifest in South America—especially in Brazil—called forth several emphatic expressions of displeasure in the United States and in all probability drew forth President Roosevelt's recent emphatic reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine. In the East of Europe—the country which in Bismarck's day was not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier—the Kaiser's endeavours have been crowned with an unlooked-for degree of success. His friendship with the Sultan coincides with the decimation of the Armenian people and with the attempted coercion of the Cretans. His influence has superseded that of the Tsar. The concessions he has obtained for his enterprising subjects create commercial and economic interests which would render the protectorate of the country by Russia almost valueless. Mesopotamia, which has already been studied, surveyed, described by eager Germans, will be exploited from Berlin. Attempts have been made of late by the *Figaro* newspaper to show that the Bagdad railway is an international rather than a German enterprise, and that it cannot therefore in any way harm Russian interests, commercial or political. The contrary proposition had already been affirmed with extreme emphasis by the Russian Finance Minister, M. Witte. And now the *Novoye Vremya*, replying to the *Figaro*, declares in the most express terms that it is a purely German undertaking, is calculated to do immense harm to Russia and for that reason ought not to be supported by those who call themselves Russia's friends.

In the Far East, where Russia enjoyed for a considerable time a free hand—especially in the palmy days of Li Hung Chang's preponderance—Germany's activity has been equally marked and scarcely less successful. Muscovy regarded all the north-east of the Celestial Kingdom as her own legitimate sphere of influence. Her only serious rival, in commerce, was Great Britain, in political influence she had none. But since the Kaiser called upon the peoples of the West to safeguard their holiest possessions all this has changed. The "leasing" of Kiau-Tschau marks the beginning of Germany's advancement in China and the clashing of her interests with those of her former ally at another point of the globe. It would be difficult to overrate the feelings of disappointment and disgust with which those new developments of her foreign policy are regarded by the statesmen and

politicians of Russia. And those enumerated by no means exhaust the list

One of the most serious problems with which diplomacy will be confronted in the near future is the fate of the kingdom of Persia. To some extent indeed it is an open book, which he who runs may read. The northern provinces are already to all intents and purposes Russian territory and have been this for many years. In war time they would be used as a military basis without hesitation on the one side or protest on the other. In the south, and more particularly on the shores of the Persian Gulf, British influence has heretofore been supreme. And it is obviously in the interests of the British Empire that this *status quo* and its essential condition—the independence of the Shah—should be upheld in their present form. Russia's desire however is to "protect" the south equally with the north and to control the Persian Gulf itself. And herein lies the crux of the whole matter. Some British politicians hold that in order to obtain the friendship of Muscovy our Government could not do better than to hand over Persia to the Tsar. Others maintain that, do what we may, we are powerless to hinder our rivals from having their own way in that country, because in time they can draft inexhaustible land forces into the provinces of the south, against which the most formidable navy cannot strike a blow. Others again—and among them Lord Curzon, who for many years has made an exhaustive study of the subject with all conceivable data at his service—affirm that the maintenance of India is incompatible with the abandonment, voluntary or otherwise, of Persia to Russia.

And as usual in all such cases there is something to be said in support of each view. But the balance of argument would seem to be on the side of those who, like the Viceroy of India, regard the present equilibrium of influence as necessary to the stability of the Empire and the prosperity of India. The only reasons in favour of this opinion have been recently set forth by Captain Mahan in an interesting article which has attracted considerable attention at home and abroad. The political and commercial value attaching to the control of the Persian Gulf lies, according to this authority, in its advantages as one of the termini of a future inter-oceanic railway. "The track" of this, as determined by topographical considerations, will take in "great part a course, over which, at one period and another of history, commerce between the East and West have travelled. . . . The "railroad will be one link, as the Persian Gulf is another, in a chain "of communications between East and West, alternative to the all-water route by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea." Without superseding the all-water route, the railway will, by increasing existing interests and creating new ones, confer upon its owners and upon the nation whose subjects they are a large measure of commercial influence, which in these days, and in countries where government is weak, readily becomes political.

Whose duty and privilege is it to control the terminus of this new route? In the first instance, answers Captain Mahan, Great Britain is called upon to say whether she will discharge this duty or let it go to another. The sources from which this right and obligation derive are the safety and prosperity of India, the fact that she has discharged this office in the Gulf for generations and the necessity of safeguarding the commercial and military sea-route to the Far East and to Australasia. It would, according to him, be folly to allow any other Power to share that control. "Concession in the Persian Gulf, whether by formal arrangement or by neglect of the local commercial interests which now underlie political and military control, will imperil Great Britain's naval situation in the Farther East, her political position in India, her commercial interests in both, and the Imperial tie between herself and Australasia."

More than once suggestions have been made by amateur politicians in this country that some such combination might be devised for the maintenance of the "open door" in Persia as has been adopted regarding China, and the United States were mentioned as a desirable party to that agreement. But as Captain Mahan points out "it is not to the interest of any third State to interfere between these two [Great Britain and Russia] or to disturb—much less to destroy—the local balance of power which now exists between them and can probably be maintained. As regards its particular interests, the hands of any third State will be not more, but less, free, should that balance yield to the decisive predominance of one of the two throughout the regions involved. Nor can a third State expect to restore equilibrium, if lost, by itself taking the place of the one that has gone under."

Germany's position, however, differs from that of all other outsiders. She possesses undoubted commercial interests there—artificially created no doubt but none the less real—and in that part of the world commercial and political influence and aims are interchangeable terms. The concession to extend the Koniah railway to Bagdad will give her a larger and a firmer hold than she at present possesses. And the necessary outlet to this important line is the Persian Gulf. This is where Russian and German interests collide once more and render the devices and shifts formerly resorted to by Prince Bismarck for the purpose of cultivating friendship with Muscovy utterly futile. Between Germany and this country, however, despite "the bitter temper openly and even outrageously shown by the German people towards Great Britain in these last three years" there need be no antagonism in the Near East, for in those regions their interests are identical. British capitalists should be encouraged to invest in undertakings having for their object the development of Persia and Mesopotamia in order to strengthen the claim of this country to political consideration. The German railroad would then find its terminus in a British system. At present Germany, whose nearest port

is in the North Sea, is engaged in exploiting a country from which she is much further away than England or Russia. Without our hearty co-operation she cannot hope to realise her scheme. The friendship or else the destruction of the British power is the one condition of her success. And "of the two, the friendship will be the cheaper and more "efficacious"

For generations Russia has been accustomed to find her roads to expansion barred by Great Britain, by land and by sea. In time, however, she has grown used to this opposition and become expert in circumventing it. Moreover she has no special claims to gratitude on the part of this country as she certainly possesses on that of Germany. Hence the intense bitterness aroused by the discovery that Germany harboured schemes in the Near East which if successfully carried out would blast Russia's cherished hopes.

The notion that with national interests clashing at so many points—interests too which each party regards as vital—the meeting between Tsar and Kaiser can have been extremely cordial, or can have culminated in a common policy, is too preposterous to be entertained for a moment, even were we still in the dark concerning the icy reply signalled by "the ruler of the Pacific Ocean to the ruler of the "Western Seas"

In France the closing of the congregational schools has set parties and factions by the ears almost as much as did the Dreyfus case. Passion is not perhaps aroused quite to the same extent as during the last act of the drama that was concluded at Rennes, but the rôles of assailants and defenders are so whimsically distributed that it is not by any means easy to say in advance who is in favour and who against the action of the Government. Thus one would expect as a matter of course to find the Socialists ranged on the side of liberty pure and simple and zealous Catholics on that of law and order. As a matter of fact however it is the other way round—the Socialists have generally thrown their weight on the side of what they term legality, while the Catholics are valiantly doing battle for freedom. Again many well-known Agnostics and some gifted Atheists are feverishly active, breaking spears for the cause of the monks and the nuns, while the inactivity of the Bishops has scandalised the humble partisans of the Congregations and the protracted silence of the Pope has filled their hearts with dismay. In a word a veritable *chassez croisez* has been effected all round.

It is not unreasonable to assume that Frenchmen are much better judges of their own needs and of the most efficacious ways and means of ministering to them than foreigners can be, and if even they disagree among themselves, it would be presumptuous in an outsider to venture to lecture them on their duties. But it is interesting and instructive to learn how they criticise each other—always with considerable ingenuity and never wholly without a basis in fact. Thus some among

the late Dreyfusards, whose respect for abstract legality borders upon worship, point out that the measures adopted by the Government are wholly illegal because based upon the retrospective action ascribed to a law which should have none. The clause in question when introduced into the Associations Act was indeed intended by the legislators to be invested with retrospective force, but this express intention is not to be found in the wording of the clause itself, and should not therefore be interpreted as if it were. From the point of view of the juriconsult this argument seems unimpeachable, but it vanishes before the incredulity of the Government majority who loudly proclaim their faith in liberty, equality, brotherhood.

Others again whose democratic leanings are above suspicion affirm that the intention of the legislators—which is admittedly clear—ought to suffice and that it is absurd to talk of the sacred liberty of fathers to choose their children's teachers because as a matter of fact that liberty is seldom exercised in reality. Some few reproach the Cabinet with doing too little or too much—too little to curb Clericalism effectively and too much to inflame popular passion. Teaching Congregations were not, they pertinently remark, specially singled out by the law for suppression or coercion, yet those are precisely the associations against which the authorities have levelled the brunt of their attack. Why, they ask, has the Government not dared to enforce the law against those religious corporations which tend the sick in hospitals and succour the needy in their homes? Because there are no lay institutions to take their place.

It seems fairly safe to assert that the number of lay schools ready to do the additional work thrown upon them by the sudden influx of children is not by any means adequate—and this, if true, is calculated to draw down more odium upon the law than any alleged harshness in carrying out certain of its clauses. The late scholars of the monks and nuns whose education must now be provided for by the State amount to between 30,000 and 40,000 children of both sexes. The Clerical Press affirms that they are considerably over 100,000, official statistics however show that this estimate is grossly exaggerated. But even forty thousand is increase enough, and the authorities seem to have taken very little trouble as yet to make proper arrangements for receiving and educating them.

The monks and nuns who have quitted France have found a hearty welcome in Belgium, Austria, Spain and other countries, where they are founding new houses or enlarging old ones. In Switzerland the existing law has been strictly enforced according to which no new religious orders or congregations may be introduced into the country, nor old ones, already forbidden, resuscitated. Temporary refuge is not refused, nor are the members of any religious association as individuals expelled, but convents, monasteries and other establishments of congregations and orders are subject to that restrictive article

of the law Any order which possessed a house in Switzerland before the year 1874 can continue to live there now and even receive their brethren from France But none others The Cistercian nuns in the Canton of St Gallen and the Carthusian monks near Leuk belong to orders which are prohibited by the law. Therefore they are not tolerated The Swiss Press, it must be said, has taken the matter very calmly The *Bund*, a Radical organ, writes "It was high time to "take definite action, otherwise we should have had a fresh influx "owing to the expulsions from France The influence of the Congregations on the education of the young and on the domain of "economics where they absorb everything—an influence which has "proved fatal to countries like Spain, Portugal and even France—"would have made itself felt among us sooner than people fancy" The Roman Catholic organs too discuss the matter in a very moderate tone, dealing with it mainly from the point of view of that right of asylum which Switzerland has ever accorded to foreign refugees But the Governmental and Radical papers point out that that right has in nowise been tampered with, seeing that the individual monks and nuns are free to reside in Switzerland if they choose, it is only the Congregations as such which are prohibited

In France the success scored by the Government cannot be seriously regarded as final, nor the religious question as settled It has but entered upon a new phase, and the next development will probably be a move either in the direction of the abrogation of the Concordat and the separation between Church and State or else in silently allowing things to revert to the *status quo ante* One result is already quite clear to every observer that in the lack of competition between monastic and lay schools lurks a very serious danger to the latter which the State cannot afford to ignore

E J DILLON

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

IN reviewing the chequered career of William Hazlitt I am reminded of the motto on an old Chinese mirror, which, being interpreted, runs as follows "Man combs his hair every morning, why not his 'heart'?" An excellent precept, truly, to meet one's eyes at the beginning of each day. Those of us who have learned to love Hazlitt in spite of himself must ever regret that he neglected the comb in both particulars. His hair, indeed, might have been forgiven him, unkempt locks are the privilege of genius. But an unkempt heart is another matter, especially when any combing it receives is done publicly, and the combings printed for all who run to read. It was, I think, this lack of self-respect, far more than his supposed misanthropy or his personal vindictiveness, that gave Hazlitt's enemies their opportunity, and so besmirched his fame that he is only now, more than seventy years after his death, winning general recognition as one of the most brilliant men of letters of an exceptionally brilliant generation. However, signs are not wanting to-day that he is at last coming into his own. In the present year he has been accorded, for the first time, the honour of a "collected edition",* and now his name is inscribed on the roll of Messrs Macmillan's Academy of English Letters, membership of which, confined as it is to the true Immortals who being dead yet speak, confers the surest hall-mark of literary worth. The volume of induction—"William Hazlitt" (Macmillan and

* "The Collected Works of William Hazlitt" Edited by A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover. With an Introduction by W. E. Henley. Complete in twelve vols. (J. M. Dent & Co.) This excellent edition, now in course of publication, has one fault—it is strictly limited, and sold "in sets only." It is to be hoped that the success of the present venture will encourage Mr. Dent to make a wider appeal.

Co)—is from the sympathetic pen of Mr Augustine Birrell, whose warm admiration for Hazlitt's works has already found expression in more than one passage of his *Obiter Dicta*. Mr Birrell writes without bias and without blindness. He does not shrink the "*Liber Amoris*" business and other unpleasant incidents in Hazlitt's life, but, unlike some other writers, he places them in their proper perspective as incidents and not as the man's whole life, and reminding the reader that a man is much more than the mere sum of his actions, he seeks, not without success, to bring out the qualities which made Charles Lamb write to Southey, "I think W H to be in his natural and healthy state "one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing"

Some of the critics have protested, as critics will, against the freedom of quotation which Mr Birrell has allowed himself, but, for my part, I have found the quotations, lengthy as they are, a welcome feature of an admirable book. Mr Birrell is a master of the art, knowing just what to quote and when, and the well-chosen passages he scatters through his pages should send many fresh readers to the works of this delightful writer. Moreover, as Mr Birrell pleads in his own defence, it is almost impossible to write about Hazlitt without quoting him extensively. You can scarcely turn a page of his *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, his *Round Table*, his *Table Talk*, his *Spirit of the Age* ("the harvest home of his mind"), and a dozen other of his works, without your eye catching some brilliant *aperçu* which calls for citation, they form a quarry of thought, and suggestion for thought, to which the reader can return again and again with renewed satisfaction. As a critic Hazlitt's position is difficult to determine, and one would have liked his biographer to have given more attention to it. He stands somewhere between the impressionist and the scientific schools of criticism. Landor says "Hazlitt's books are delightful to read, "pleasant always. But I don't get much valuable criticism out of "him". This is, in a sense, true, because Hazlitt's best critical essays are in reality creative work, as original and permanent in their way as the works they criticise. They record the adventures of a soul in the world of literature and art, and throw a light upon books and pictures, "like that of a painted window". They may not offer "much "valuable criticism" from the academic point of view, but they certainly make good literature, and we must be duly grateful. This is counting Hazlitt as a mere impressionist, but he was something more, his fine natural taste was supplemented by a faculty of analysis which was never wholly dormant, even in his rhapsodies of pleasure, and generally kept his judgment sound. It is surprising how few blunders he made, and how many of his pronouncements, courageous and independent in his day, have since become the commonplaces of literary criticism. As Mr Birrell justly points out, in speaking of the *Lectures on the English Poets*, to-day all well-read, sensible people

entertain as their own the lecturer's opinions about Chaucer and Spenser, Gray and Collins, Swift and Goldsmith, but in 1818 these opinions were very far from being "in widest commonalty spread"

To put down a book of Mr Birrell's without a single theft would argue in the reviewer a lamentable lack of sensibility. There is not so much "Birrelling" in the present volume as in some of its predecessors, the author doubtless feeling that a formal biographer must not be *too* playful, but there is enough to make the reader turn the pages with pleasurable anticipation. Here is a bit Hazlitt has rented 19, York Street, Westminster—Milton's old house—from "that tough old reformer," Jeremy Bentham, and the rent is not forthcoming —

The philosophic Bentham seems so far to have forgotten his abhorrence of attorneys and our absurd juridical system, as to put an execution for rent into Milton's house, and, when remonstrated with, to have excused himself by saying he had never heard of Hazlitt as an author, and regarded him only as a tenant. And yet the old man had visited Leigh Hunt in prison, and finding the author of *Rimini* playing battledore and shuttlecock with his jailer, not only watched the game with interest, but at its close volunteered a practical reform in the constitution of shuttlecocks, which struck the jailer as excellent, and has remained unattended to from that day to this

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In another volume of Messrs Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" Series Mr Herbert Paul appears as the biographer of "Matthew Arnold." Hazlitt, Matthew Arnold—the juxtaposition is piquant, the critic of personal predilections and "first times" and Bohemian tastes rubbing shoulders with the critic of academic respectability, who held the theory, though he did not always practise it, that literary criticism, to be worth anything, must be "of the centre," a question of received authority approaching almost to an exact science. There could be no better illustration of the adage that it takes all sorts to make a world, in literature as in other things. Mr Paul's monograph is interesting and lively, as everything from his pen must be, but some will be inclined to doubt whether it gives an adequate presentment of its subject. Arnold's intellectual activity carried him into many fields. As a critic his writings are still an active force in English literature, as an educational reformer he did more than any other man of his time to bring the organisation of our secondary education within the range of practical politics, as a theologian he startled the Church into a reconsideration of its dogmas in the light of modern thought, the end of which is not yet, and, finally, as the apostle of culture he sought to turn the thistle into the rose, and increased the gaiety of

nations by glibly at the thistle for remaining what seed, soil, and the eternal laws of nature had made it. All these phases of Arnold's work are admirably treated by Mr Paul. But of the man himself we get very few glimpses—his Rugby and Oxford days are dismissed in a few pages, and in dealing with Arnold the poet his biographer unmistakably halts. This is the more unfortunate because Arnold's poetry, though it can never be really popular, is considered by most competent judges as that portion of his work which is likely to live longest. Such poems as "Sohrab and Rustum" and "The Forsaken Merman," with its exquisite mingling of the sob of the sea with "the half-articulate cry of a creature in pain," must take a permanent place in English poetic literature, while in the group of poems of which "Dover Beach" and the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" are, perhaps, the best examples, the intellectual melancholy of Arnold's generation finds its most perfect expression. They crystallize, as it were, the "wistful yearning" of the religious sceptic who has cut himself adrift from the simple, unquestioning faith of his fathers, and has yet to find an anchorage of his own.

Mr Paul is not unmindful of these things, but he makes no attempt to bring out the significance of Arnold's poetry as a whole, or to study its main tendencies in relation to the times which gave it birth. He prefers to take each poem separately, almost as an isolated event, and to pay more attention to the text than to the spirit. Some of his comments are not happy, as witness his criticism of the last line of the sonnet "Written in Emerson's Essays"—

"Dumb judges, answer, truth or mockery?"

"What is the use," he says, "of asking dumb judges to answer?" This, and other instances that might be quoted, would seem to betray hasty writing. Yet, from all points of view save the poetical, Mr Paul has written an excellent book, both witty and wise. Of Arnold's personality he says, in a concluding chapter which is one of the best in the book—

He was short-sighted, and his eye-glass gave him a false air of superciliousness. In reality he was the most genial and affable of men. But he had a great deal of manner, which those who did not know him mistook for assumption. It was nothing of the kind, but a mixture of old-fashioned courtesy and comic exaggeration. He was always willing to tell a story, or to join in a laugh, against himself. He was essentially a polished man of the world. He never gave himself airs, or seemed conscious of any superiority to those about him. No one could be cross or bored when Matthew Arnold was in the room. He was always amusing, and always seemed to look at the bright side of things. He could be very dogmatic in conversation, but never aggressive or overbearing. For a poet he

was surprisingly practical, taking a lively interest in people's incomes, the rent of their houses, the produce of their gardens, and the size of their families. He had none of Wordsworth's contempt for gossip, and his father's strenuous earnestness had not descended to him. Mr Arthur Benson, in his portly biography of his father, tells us how the author of *Literature and Dogma*, on being confronted with some paternal dictum, replied with his confidential smile, "Dear Dr Arnold was not infallible." Mr. Arnold's smile was like a touch of nature, it made the whole world kin.

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Students of Shakespeare are under a heavy obligation to Professor Littledale for his revised edition of Dyce's "Glossary to the Works of William Shakespeare," recently issued by Messrs Swan Sonnenschen and Co. Alexander Dyce died in 1869, but his Glossary still holds its own as a standard work of reference for the elucidation of Shakespeare's text, and this in spite of a serious drawback which has materially restricted its sphere of usefulness. Originally published as an appendix to Dyce's own edition of Shakespeare, all its references have hitherto been merely to the volume and page of that edition, thus making it a very troublesome work for those who do not possess Dyce's text. Professor Littledale has changed every one of these references, and made them conform throughout to the act, scene and line numbering of the Globe text, thereby creating a volume which can be easily used with any edition of the poet's works. He has also brought into the Glossary itself many valuable footnotes from the nine volumes of Dyce's text; and, where necessary, he has revised Dyce's explanations and illustrations in the light of modern research, cutting out a few things, modifying others, and adding a number of new articles from his own pen. Thus, though the bulk of Dyce's work is untouched, Professor Littledale has practically given us a new book which should live for many years to come.

Indeed, in its new form, Dyce's "Glossary" can never be really obsolete. So far as Shakespeare's text is concerned, the commentators are approaching the end of their tether. Shakespearian scholarship in this generation, as Professor Littledale points out, "has been concerned more with questions of authorship, chronological order, and psychological exposition, than with textual exegesis, much of which was settled once for all by the men of Malone's and Dyce's times." Yet there are many obscure expressions and phrases in Shakespeare which still baffle the ingenuity of editors. Not a few of these will probably never be illumined, and others, no doubt, are simply misprints. In this connection, there may be something in the old conjecture of Shakespearian scholars that the earliest copies of Shakespeare's plays—the so-called quartos—were piratical editions printed from stenographic

notes taken in the theatre, and that many of the obscurities of the text are due to the indexterity of the stenographers. As an example of an obvious misprint may be cited Dame Quickly's words when she told of Falstaff's death—"a' babbled of green fields" (A phrase, by the way, which I cannot find in the present volume.) Many conjectures have been made as to the real meaning of the words. Perhaps the most interesting is one given in "The Library Shakespeare," edited by Samuel Neil, and published by William Mackenzie (1876). Neil suggests that Falstaff, prompted by the memory of childhood's lessons, was really repeating part of the twenty-third Psalm, in which occurs the passage, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." The explanation is so ingenious, and even poetical, that one would like to forget that the words in question are not Shakespeare's at all, but an inspired variation of Theobald's for the apparently meaningless phrase in the "Folio," which has, "His nose was as sharp as a pen and a *table* of greene fields." I do not think the commentators will ever make anything of that

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Dipping into the bran pie of recent fiction, already full to overflowing though the autumn publishing season has barely begun, I have drawn up three "likely lots"—"Love with Honour," by Charles Marriott (John Lane), "A Son of Gad," by John A. Steuart (Hutchinson and Co), and "Children of the Bush," by Henry Lawson (Methuen and Co). I have been fortunate, for I can recommend all three as decidedly worth reading. "Love with Honour" must take precedence for the high literary qualities it possesses. Mr Marriott has already made his mark as the author of "The Column," a remarkably clever novel which, quite apart from the success it gained with the reading public, was recognised by good judges as a work of great promise. In the present novel Mr Marriott shows that he is not standing still. The reader is conscious throughout of that firmer touch which comes of increased experience. The story—a good one—is skilfully constructed, the characters, both major and minor, are exceedingly well drawn, and the dialogue is far fresher and more natural than the continuous sparkle which did duty for conversation in "The Column." The author's own style, moreover, is purged of that "sincerest flattery" of Mr George Meredith which marred his earlier work. In short, Mr Marriott is "finding himself," and with "The Column" and "Love with Honour" behind him there is no knowing how far he may go. He is brimful of ideas, and expresses them with a literary distinction which one more often associates with the essayist than the novelist.

Mr J. A. Steuart is always a safe novelist, and though "A Son of Gad" does not, in my opinion, reach the high level of some of the

author's earlier work—notably "The Minister of State"—it is an excellent novel, thoroughly interesting from first page to last. Mr Steuart has built his story round an idea—the community of interest and sentiment between Great Britain and America "which is fast "Americanising England and Anglicising America." The scene is laid in the Highlands, in and around Dunveagle Castle, which the creditors of the old laird, Alan Maclean, have sold to Duncan Ogilvie, an American railway magnate. The poignancy of the situation is increased by the fact that Ogilvie is the son of an old tenant on the Dunveagle estate, whom the laird had quarrelled with and ousted from his farm, and that Alan Maclean, now dispossessed by the son, is living at the farm, a remnant left to him from the wreck of his fortune. The story opens with the home-coming of the new laird to Dunveagle Castle, and the impotent wrath of its old owner. But there is a younger generation to be reckoned with—Connie Ogilvie and Norman Maclean—and the experienced novel-reader will know what that means. The interest of the book does not depend so much upon novelty of plot as upon the excellence of the character-drawing, the descriptions of Highland scenes, and the contrast between old and new ideals of life. Mr Steuart has both humour and observation, and a style that is refreshing in its quiet vigour and freedom from slipshod haste.

In "Children of the Bush" Mr Henry Lawson has collected another sheaf of stories, sketches, and poems, dealing with Australian life "out back." In their humour and pathos, their vivid local colour, and their strong characterisation, they are no whit inferior to the stories the author gave us in "When the Billy Boils." A comparison between Bret Harte and Mr Lawson is inevitable, but the latter is no imitator, he has an atmosphere of his own, born of the Australian Bush. Both teach the same lesson—"There is a soul of good in things evil." Mr Lawson is never weary of proclaiming that however low a man may have fallen, there is still a chord in his heart which, if touched, responds, it may be with a deed of supreme self-sacrifice, or with an act of tender service to one as degraded as himself. These sketches are so obviously "slices of life," and the characters so clothed in flesh and blood, that we feel after closing the book that we have added to our own personal experiences and to the number of men and women we know.

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Few lives offer so much tempting material for a biography as that of Alexandre Dumas *père*, and few present so many difficulties to the biographer when he comes to close quarters in his endeavour to get the man and his work within the covers of a book. He was so absolutely a law to himself that criticism is futile, and to evolve order

out of the chaos of his life is a task which may be likened to that of preparing the accounts of a bankrupt company-promoter who thinks in millions but has neglected "double-entry." Yet Mr Arthur F Davidson, in "Alexandre Dumas His Life and Works," just published by Messrs Archibald Constable and Co, has made the attempt, and with surprising success. In his preface Mr Davidson says "None but a 'simpleton or an impostor would think to measure the length and 'breadth of Alexandre Dumas within the compass of one moderate 'volume. And, in fact, the various French works concerning 'Dumas have all confined themselves to some particular side of his 'talent or some particular period of his life. there does not exist in 'his own country any comprehensive and continuous work—bio- 'graphical and literary—such as this is intended approximately to 'be." He has done his work extremely well, selecting and handling his materials with discrimination, and unfolding the wonderful story of Dumas' life, side by side with a critical appreciation of his works, in a continuous and well-sustained narrative that might very well be a romance. Dumas' life was, indeed, a romance. He wrote romances all his life, and he lived up to them so far as circumstances would permit. The incidents of his own career were as extraordinary as anything he invented for his books.

Mr Davidson brushes away not a few of the myths which have gathered around this remarkable man, but as often as not he substitutes sober facts that are even more astonishing. He goes thoroughly into the vexed question of Dumas' "ghosts." There can be no doubt that the legend of "Maison Dumas et Cie" rests on a very substantial foundation, but it is equally certain that all that is best in Dumas' more famous works is Dumas' own, and that, with the exception of Maquet, not one of his known collaborators ever produced anything worth considering when working on his own account. Maquet was on a different footing. For ten years he worked closely and continuously with Dumas, and collaborated with him in all the great novels. Mr Davidson gives an interesting description of their methods of work. In all the books written in partnership with Maquet, except *Le Chevalier d'Harmental* and *Sylvandire*, Dumas suggested the subject.

In such cases, after discussing the plan with his partner, Dumas' habit was to draw up in outline a scheme of the whole, with the divisions and titles of chapters. then, when the assistant had filled in the outline, the MS was handed to Dumas, who re-wrote it with such additions and alterations as he thought fit. The same course was followed in other books besides those written with Maquet. Edmond About has described how he saw in 1858 at Marseilles the rough draft of *Les Compagnons de Jéhu*, in which the master's original model had been developed by an assistant and which Dumas now

took and wrote his romance from, elaborating it and *séant l'esprit à pleines mains*.

This re-writing process sometimes failed when time was short, and then the MS would be delivered to the printer just as it was written by the collaborator. Thus the last chapters of *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne* were printed direct from Maquet's copy, and similar things became more frequent in later years

A READER

THE BOERS AND THE EMPIRE

SWORDS may be readily beaten into ploughshares, but it is not so easy to turn them into fine pens, nor is the rough and racy language of soldiers and farmers—serviceable enough for the everyday needs of the people of South Africa—a suitable medium for diplomatic discussions in Europe. It lacks the fine distinctions and the delicate shades of meaning which a highly cultured nation is so apt to look for. My comrades and myself felt all this very keenly from the outset, and we would therefore much rather have striven in our humble way to make history than to write it—that is to say, we would have gladly co-operated with our new Government to smooth away the traces of bitterness left by the war and lay the foundation for the well-being of all our fellow-subjects in South Africa. That was our fervent desire from the first, and not the drawing up of manifestos and appeals, the wording, nay the very drift of which were certain to be scanned as through a microscope and construed by a standard of interpretation which, differing widely from our own, must needs be misleading.

Yet we took the latter course instead of the former, and the evils which we anticipated from it have already come to pass: our words are misconstrued, our actions assigned to wrong motives, our very aims are misstated and condemned. If the odium resulting from that complete—but, we doubt not, involuntary—misunderstanding, fell upon ourselves only, we could endure it with fortitude, we certainly would bear it in silence. But as we have reason to fear that our acts—or rather acts and motives which are mistakenly held to be ours—will seriously harm our sorely tried people in the eyes of the British people, it may be well to set forth in a few words the scope of the work in which we are engaged, the reasons which moved us to undertake it, and the conditions which, if fulfilled, would make our further efforts superfluous and at the same time would offer the best chance of rendering South Africa contented and delivering its people from misery.

Here again I must ask Englishmen to remember that they are dealing not with a diplomatist versed in the use and abuse of language

but with a plain-spoken farmer and soldier speaking frankly to fair-minded men, whom he takes to be willing to hear the truth and honestly minded to do what is right and fair. They have no reason to doubt our sincerity. If we needed any testimony on that score, it would be tendered—nay it has been tendered—by Lord Kitchener and those other representatives of the British Army who had dealings with us at a time when everything, including cunning, is said to be fair. We then gave our word, since then we have kept it. We called on our people to come in and lay down their arms. Although many of them had made up their minds to hold out and fight to the bitter end, they none the less sacrificed their own wishes and acquiesced in ours. How many million pounds were saved the British nation by that surrender—which was inspired by the motives that still actuate us—it is needless now to reckon up. But the saving was very considerable, at the very lowest estimate.

Having accepted the terms which Lord Kitchener was authorised to offer us, we have never sought to have them modified. No step which we have taken since then will reasonably admit of any such interpretation. We have no right to go behind the Treaty which ended the war and opened an era of peace, and we have ever acknowledged the fact. What follows from that? That the British people possess a right to leave widespread human misery unrelieved? If this were indeed so, I would still refuse to believe that a nation so sensitive to human suffering throughout the world would deign to avail itself of any such formal line of reasoning. They cannot but be aware that there are some rights the exercise of which constitutes a terrible wrong, and assuredly this, if it existed, would be one of them. Moreover the people whose warm sympathies, assuming the shape of material help, go out spontaneously to the famine-stricken Russians, the homeless inhabitants of Martinique, to every race whose lot is wretched, cannot abandon to a miserable fate brave men whom they sincerely welcome to the Empire as fellow-subjects, and whose hearty co-operation is an essential condition of the well-being of the entire community. That was the firm faith to which my comrades and myself tenaciously clung,—to which we still tenaciously cling despite the misunderstandings of the past few months. And in this we hold that we are doing justice to the humane feelings, the generous instincts of the British race. What we sought for therefore was not a modification of the terms of the Peace Treaty, but that immediate help—to which as subjects our people possess a claim—of which they are in sore need, and the bestowal of which—as it seemed and still seems to us—is the most efficacious means of realising the intentions of the British Government. Holding so strongly that it is in the interests of both sides that the ravages of the war should be speedily repaired, we may at first have underrated the difficulty of making our point clear to others—indeed we deemed it self-evident—and some people concluded that we were

endeavouring to obtain another treaty containing more acceptable terms than the first. In truth we were but seeking—as all British subjects are warranted in doing—to secure the most favourable treatment possible, whether as a matter of right or of enlightened policy.

But no unbiassed man, be he Boer or Briton, who is acquainted with the country, the people and the misery that hangs like a cloud over both, will deny that relief—immediate and efficacious—is as necessary in the interests of the Empire as it is in those of its most recent subjects in South Africa. The need is such that it cannot wait every week, every day it becomes more pressing, and delay may render assistance, I do not say wholly useless, but unavailing as a means to the twofold end which the Government on the one hand, and we who would gladly second its efforts on the other, hand, have at heart. The farms and agriculture which made the two South African countries all that they were and had, no longer exist. Cattle and implements, without which work cannot be resumed, are gone. The woful desolation which the war has brought in its train is intense and widespread—I only wish I could make the people of this country realise how intense and widespread. For to hear of such things is not the same as to see them embodied in suffering women, wasting children and strong men powerless in the midst of ruins and ashes to help either. The feelings which such sights engender in members of the ill-starred race do not cling merely to the garments we put on and off. They reach the heart and pierce it. And if the bulk of Englishmen only realised the pitiable state of our men, women and children we should have no need to put our appeal in words.

It was when weighed down by that load of grief and care that we reached the shores of England, and it may well be that the most friendly attitude which we were then humanly able to assume seemed to many people in this country less demonstratively cordial than the warm welcome which we received warranted them in anticipating. But is it reasonable to explain that natural attitude by any other than the obvious facts intelligible to all? A man whose father, sons or brethren have been killed in a quarrel may agree to forgive the slayer, to live with him in peace, to become his fellow-worker in a good cause, to hope and endeavour to become his friend, but can he be expected to do more than that before the first blades of grass have sprung up on the graves of those near and dear to him? No man worthy of the name, coming as we came from the ruined home of his people, of his people who had lost their worldly goods, their kith and kin and the independence which they set above either, could have accomplished in that respect more than we did. If he feigned more, he would be a hypocrite, if he effected more, he would be an angel.

Our resolve then was to make the best of things as they were, and by having the first needs of our farmers relieved to work hand in hand with our new Government. Now the first step in this direction is the

rebuilding of the farmsteads, the purchase of implements and live-stock, in a word the allotment of a sum of money sufficient to set up the people and allow them to resume work. We held aloof from all discussions about the past which seemed calculated to produce bitterness in the present or obstacles to good fellowship in the future. We hoped that the whole subject would be dealt with in a humane, in a generous spirit. We were all the more confident of it that in this case generosity and national self-interest converge in a single point.

And having come in that frame of mind to plead a cause which seemed to speak eloquently enough for itself, we were sorely disappointed by the result. At least we had every reason to consider that we had failed in our errand. We had never regarded the fund of three millions mentioned in the Peace Articles as sufficient for the purposes for which, we understood, it was to be set apart. We are farmers, not financiers, and the subject of the three million pounds—insufficient for the purpose to which it was to be devoted—together with the loan which was to bear interest after two years but to be without interest until then, appeared to us to be wanting in clearness. We therefore did what we thought was necessary and sufficient in order to have light shed upon the matter. But the financial question, we were told, was not to be reopened. We respected that decision while regretting it, for we took it to mean that no appeals for help would be listened to and that generosity would be compressed within the limits of legal obligation under the treaty. We may have been mistaken in drawing this inference from facts which apparently admitted of none other. But if so, it would have been easy to convince us of our error, which opened before us a gloomy, a harrowing prospect. This was not done, and we then took a step at once necessary and painful, in a direction which we would modify to-morrow, if the fears which compelled us to take it were shown by acts to be no longer real. It has been assumed since then that we did not take kindly to the loan. But that supposition is gratuitous. We came to appeal for funds for sorely needed assistance. As to the shape in which material help was to be given, we had neither the right nor the will to pick and choose. A drowning man does not refuse to be rescued because the apparatus thrown to him floats upon bladders instead of corks. He eagerly snatches at such appliances as are at hand and is grateful to the giver. That was our position exactly. Let our people be saved from ruin, whether it is done by loan or by free grant is a secondary matter. But having seen no prospect of their receiving such help as we thought adequate we appealed in our urgent need to all the nations of the world.

That course has been sharply criticised, not only for what it implied, but also for the incidents with which it is said to have been accompanied. In neither case, I submit, have those strictures been deserved. So far as we can see, all that our appeal to foreigners implied was that our people were in sore need of instant relief and that we were willing

to undergo the humiliation—no trivial ordeal, I can assure my readers—of pleading for it. It implied nothing else that had not already been expressed in the publication of the results of our mission in England. The negotiations in London had been made known to all. Nothing that we have said on the Continent was calculated to change their import. Our action, therefore, was natural, necessary, and painful. For we are to the full as desirous as our new Government can be of sedulously removing every cause of friction, every ground for bitterness and distrust between the two races upon whose good fellowship depends the welfare of South Africa. And we should deeply regret if the necessity of seeking abroad what we should have been grateful to obtain from our new fellow-subjects in England were unfortunately likely to retard the welding process. But we fear that in all probability it would. Memories of help withheld despite pressing needs and an urgent appeal for justice or generosity, are certain to live long, die hard, and inflict damage out of all proportion to their seeming importance. And while painful incidents of the war, however deep the wounds they may have inflicted at the time, are forgiven and even forgotten, those which follow the peace rankle long in the minds of a high-spirited people. And the knowledge of that certainty filled us with grief.

I wish it to be clearly understood that I am but stating a well-known fact, not uttering a covert threat. For I am speaking bluntly to frank Englishmen who, I trust, can face facts and act upon them. But we are as sincere as we are plain spoken, and having accepted the terms of peace, will strictly observe them. Yet it should be borne in mind that however high a person's sense of duty, the masses are men, not angels, and the strict observance of clearly defined duties is not the same thing as positive zeal. And active zeal, hearty co-operation, is an essential condition of the prosperity of South Africa and of the attainment of the aims which the Government has professedly set itself. It likewise represents a material gain inasmuch as it renders economy in military matters possible. No British Colonies are ruled against the will of the people. The Government, we are willing to assume, desires that the latest addition to the Colonial ultramarine Empire should not form an exception. Meanwhile, however, it is announced that the garrison is to be raised to 70,000 men, who with 30,000 police make a total of 100,000 armed men. The cost of that military establishment is serious, but doubtless the authorities believe it to be the minimum compatible with tranquillity. Now a people animated by the feelings I have alluded to above would themselves further most of the objects for which soldiers have now to be employed, and that free of cost to the taxpayer. And the justifiable lessening of the garrison by 50,000 men is a boon for which both the Government and the nation would have reason to feel grateful.

The sum required to relieve the primary needs of our South African

fellow-subjects would not constitute a really irksome burden for this wealthy Empire, though it is certainly more than I have yet seen any disposition to grant. The number of farms destroyed is larger far than people in England—aye, and than many Englishmen in South Africa—imagine. We ourselves, who know the country and the people, are reduced to estimates which, laying no claim to absolute accuracy, would, if our request for help were entertained, require to be officially verified by some impartial Commission. By the report of such a body of men we would willingly abide. Meanwhile to discuss with acrimony the number of ruined farmsteads—which I repeat is much larger than people suppose—and their money value is a hindrance to an understanding instead of a help. And an understanding between the Government and the governed is a necessity. That once compassed, all other things will be added to it. That is why we rest our case mainly on the community of interests between the two. I say nothing now therefore of the other arguments that the Government having taken over our assets has *ipso facto* assumed our liabilities as well, and that the guarantee it gives us of our lawful property covers all debts due to the subject by solvent debtors and therefore all property destroyed by necessity of war. If that confidence and good feeling which would go far to draw together the two races in South Africa and induce them to work in harmony can be established by a policy of—let us call it—generosity, it is surely needless to haggle over mere money or to stickle for alleged absolute rights.

So much for what was implied by our journey abroad. Now as to the manifestations which are said to have accompanied it. Not a single incident took place anywhere which ought reasonably to wound the sensibilities of the most patriotic British subject. For that fact I vouch as a man of honour, and my comrades' experience is identical with mine. Englishmen who were present at our meetings and listened to our speeches—and I am now speaking of Englishmen who have never professed any sympathy for our cause—have borne the same testimony. Wherever we travelled not only did we ourselves eschew politics, but we insisted on having them excluded by everyone else with whom we came in contact as well. How far we went in that direction will never be known from the newspapers, which can no more take cognisance of the private acts which prepare the ground for public ones, than they can perceive motives or gauge intentions. The scrupulous care with which we steered clear of everything to which a British man or woman could take exception on patriotic grounds, was perhaps much greater and more effective than would have been the case had we been born subjects of the British crown. We journeyed abroad on a philanthropic errand and to that we rigidly confined our efforts.

It is painful to have to defend ourselves against charges based upon our appeal to the charity of foreigners, after having taken such minute and successful precautions to afford no pretext for them. But the

unwelcome fact is forcing itself more and more upon us, that the Boer character is but very imperfectly understood by the British people, who too often play upon the wrong chord when it seems so easy to touch the right one. In this there is at least as much matter for regret as for blame. With the very defective, and indeed misleading, information which is generally supplied to the British public, it is not easy to see how the views which it forms of the state and strivings of the Boers could well be more correct or the feelings which it entertains towards themselves could be more sympathetic. No people are more straightforward, more staunch, more devoted than ours when properly treated, and nothing is less difficult than to treat them with that cordiality which our fellow subjects in England doubtless feel, but are not capable of expressing effectively. Ice and cold water are essentially one, yet the laws that govern them differ widely. So it is with the characters of Boer and Briton: methods which persuade the one repel the other; acts which seem friendly or indifferent from the standpoint of the Englishman take on the opposite hue when seen from the angle of vision of the Afrikaner. Thus, as some persons in this island disapproved our appeal to the world for help, which we deemed natural enough, so most of our people in the new Colonies have their suspicions aroused by the action of the Government in still maintaining some Concentration Camps, and in buying up the ground of the Boers there and of others outside the camps who, had they been assisted a little, could and would have resumed their peaceful labours. "For whom," they ask, "is our land being purchased? Is some vast colonisation scheme being matured, and if so, why are we eliminated from it? Evidently because we are "distrusted." Now distrust, especially when unmerited, is not an element of harmony in a country occupied by two races who were lately at war. Neither does a policy which tends to cut off a large number of farmers from the land and set them drifting into cities contribute to peace and stability. Their stake in the common weal is *nil*, and their temptation to fish in troubled waters is great. Lastly, I cannot help uttering a word of regret that the delegates of the late South African States now in Europe are not allowed to return home. At the conclusion of peace it was well understood and stated that they would be free to go back after the war was over. And in truth there seemed no reason why any obstacle should be placed in their way. When they came to Europe they were genuine delegates of a real Government, whose orders they obeyed just as my comrades and myself did, and whose confidence they fully retained to the very last. Would it not be conducive to reciprocal trust if they were told that they might return to their native country? In any and every case, to hinder them or any burghers from going home is an act which cannot be reconciled with the spirit or with the clear intent—as we all understood it—of the Treaty of Peace.

And if, as we believe, both Britons and Boers are equally desirous of establishing reciprocal trust, it must be evident to all that nothing could more materially contribute to the realisation of this praiseworthy aim than a general and complete amnesty which would sweep away once for all one of the most potent causes of estrangement between the two sections of the population. Even if the men whom this opportune exercise of royal clemency would directly benefit were but vulgar rebels, its beneficent effects would of themselves suffice to justify it. But they are not mere rebels, if there be any truth in the essentially English saying that blood is thicker than water. The sentiments that inspired them to help their brothers—a warm devotion to their kindred, a selfless love of country—would have moved Englishmen in their place to go and do likewise. This consideration alone ought to turn the scale of mercy in their favour. But if further argument were needed it would be furnished by the example of magnanimity set by the Boers themselves after the Jameson raid. They at once waived their right to justice and treated their enemies with extreme clemency, and this without waiting for any appeal. Generosity in the present case, however, is not merely the practical conclusion of an argument, it is the dictate of national self-interest as well, which would vastly benefit by the healing of wounds which are still profound and inflamed. It is also in harmony with the cherished traditions of the British people to display generosity to a brave, defeated foe. And generosity shown to our intrepid comrades would carry with it its own reward—it would prove excellent policy in the long run,—policy to the full as beneficial to both sides as it was in the case of Canada, whose high-spirited people appreciated, forgave and finally forgot.

If I have in any degree succeeded in making our position clear, if I have shown that it is compatible with the conscientious discharge of our obligations as subjects, if I have brought home to the British mind the desirability—nay the necessity—of lending a helping hand to the Boer, not only for the sake of humanity but also as a matter of good policy, and have proved that the avowed aims of the British Government are identical with the interests of our kindred in South Africa, then I shall not regret that I have broken silence.

LOUIS BOTHA

THE PLACE OF EMILE ZOLA IN LITERATURE.*

AFTER the funeral I set myself to read over once more the beautiful pages which Emile Zola wrote on his return from Croisset, where he had been following the funeral cortège of Gustave Flaubert. It is a striking picture, poignantly real, as so much of his work is. The sadness of the moment produced emotions such as had been lulled to rest for twenty years in the pages of the *Romanciers naturalistes*. He seemed to be watching the little procession advancing across the rich Normandy pastures, with barely two hundred faithful followers behind the hearse, almost all writers mourning their master and friend, calling up memories of a life devoted entirely to letters, learning from Maupassant the details of his sudden death. "A beautiful death," he wrote, "a swift blow such as one might envy, which made me desire both for myself and for those I love a similar crushing of the insect under the finger of the giant."

Destiny has fulfilled that wish. Zola has died as he desired to die, like his great friend, without knowing the terrors of the last death-struggle. But instead of going to a peaceful repose in some sweet country cemetery, accompanied by his intimate friends, he was carried to his last resting-place followed by an excited mob, guarded by an army, through streets lined with the whole force of the police, while in the distance Paris—the Paris whose visions, rages, convulsions he had so well described—was sullenly growling at him. "Many were missing whom one would have expected to find there." And there were many present whom one was surprised to see. In front the funeral cars were hung with wreaths from all the corners of the earth; behind a mixed troop of friends, reporters, colleagues, and curiosity-mongers, workmen's deputations were brandishing their red-ribboned wreaths like bannets, and at times shouting and clamour arose from their serried ranks. Had it not been for the firmness of the family and intimate friends—Desmoulin, Fasquelle, Charpentier, Bruneau, Dr.

* The Complete Works of Emile Zola are published at Fasquelle's, in the Bibliothèque Charpentier.

Larat,—who worthily protected their dead, we should have seen the great writer's body captured by the various parties, and his coffin turned into a political platform. Those who, like us, have simply loved Zola as a simple and good man, who have admired a writer whose work will remain as one of the most powerful literary manifestations of the XIXth century, who have retained their entire confidence in a friend who was very faithful and who professed the religion of faithfulness, these, lost as they were in the crowd, disturbed in their mourning, hindered in their emotion, could not but be astonished at the contrasts presented that day. They remembered that no one protested more energetically than Zola against the invading tyranny of politics,* and here they saw politics triumphing over his tomb. They thought of his veneration for old friendships and their eyes sought for the friends of earlier days who were absent from this last tryst. They thought of his life as entirely consecrated to a colossal and patient labour of which the results have been, as it were, wiped out by one single act, which was the only thing that counted now in the eyes of those two troops of partisans and of enemies cleanly separated by a narrow cordon of police. They concluded that among that crowd, in France, indeed in the entire world, there were but a very small number of people who gave to his work the attention it deserved, compared with those who judged it according to whether the author in their opinion served well or ill such and such a cause, or such and such a party. "Ah! how sad are the funerals of great men!"

However, when history has softened these enmities and has restored things to their proper position, Zola will regain his true physiognomy, which is neither that of a polemic nor of a partisan, but of a writer. It is as a writer that I would set him forth in this article. I shall not try to indicate the place which the future will assign to him, nor attempt to forestall the judgments of posterity, this is not the moment, nor am I able at present to claim and exercise the rights of the critic. I shall confine myself, therefore, to giving my impressions, in view of the work which I have seen developing from year to year, and whose robust workman I have so much loved. I shall also endeavour to point out what has been his influence on the literary movement of this later period—as far as a man can speak of the waves which bear him up or of the mountain which he climbs †

I

Emile Zola acquired his reputation in a manner somewhat brutal. The beginning of his career had been difficult, retarded by the necessity of gaining his daily bread which an insufficient talent can hardly sur-

* See *La République et la Littérature* in the *Roman Expérimental*.

† I refer the present reader to two of my previous writings, from which I have taken up several points: the pamphlet entitled *A propos de l'Assommoir* (11—18, Paris, 1879), and the 5th chapter of *Les Idées morales du temps présent* (11—18, Paris, 1892).

vive When he entered the world of letters, after having been employed for some time by the firm of Hachette, he combined the activity of a professional journalist with the careful production of a writer who is looking to the future While composing his early novels, he was also writing dramatic critiques for newspapers, critical essays on art, and even reports of Parliamentary debates At thirty-five years of age he found himself on a level with a number of his contemporaries, in that neutral zone between success and obscurity where many remain to vegetate to the end Alphonse Daudet had outstripped him Hector Malot, Claretie and others seemed also about to pass him in the race Critics took little notice of his books, the public were scarcely beginning to receive them with favour, the two syllables of his name were echoed only in a narrow circle of friends and comrades Loving his work for its own sake, he accepted without bitterness the prospect of never arriving at the "great success" from which he thought himself shut off by an impassable barrier, it is often remembered of him that at the time of *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné* he congratulated Daudet on the way his editions were going off at the book-shops, and said that as for himself he had quite given up the idea of ever "selling well" This, however, did not prevent him from carrying out with quiet persistence his scheme for the *Rougon-Macquart* series, a task which had been planned out as early as 1868, and to which he kept fairly close all the way along From that first moment he knew that he should write one novel on art, one on the army, one on the people, one on the higher commerce, and so on He had planted the roots of his genealogical tree He had already constructed the immense framework which he was destined to fill in through nearly thirty years of continuous toil The books accumulated one on top of another, *La Curée* (1870) followed *La Fortune des Rougon* (1869) after the tragic interruption caused by the war came *Le Ventre de Paris*, *La Conquête de Plassans*, *La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret*, *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon* The seventh volume of the series, *L'Assommoir*, brought the author at a stroke into glaring notoriety

There was a tempest It began from the moment the first chapters appeared in *Le Bien public*, whose readers made such an outcry that their publication was interrupted, they were continued in a new review, *La République des Lettres*, which consisted of contributions, under the editorship of M. Catulle Mendès, from the newer writers who were above all things bold and always on the look-out for novelty The storm beat almost without intermission from the time when the novel was published in book form until the first representation of the play which was founded upon it by Busnach and Gastineau (1877-79) An article on Contemporary Novelists, published during this interval in the Russian review *Le Messager de l'Europe*, increased the agitation, so that the journals, at that period, brought out a large number of articles of a most violent character on the subject of the work and its

author * In the novel *L'Œuvre* where he most directly represents himself under the name of Sandoz, Zola describes his impressions in view of this first uproar—which was to be followed by so many others; they are the impressions of a calm, laborious, confident man, who retains his self-possession, without fear and without emotion, and is just a little surprised at the cyclonic disturbance of which he is the centre “Il en riait, excité plutôt, les épaules solides, avec la tranquille carrure du travailleur qui sait où il va”†

He was not understood, but that did not matter, he would continue on his way, and perhaps in the end the public would see that his aims at an artist and a thinker were far removed from those attributed to him. Meantime he resisted the attack, returned blow for blow, and in defending his method in a striking series of articles in *Le Voltaire* and *Le Messager de l'Europe*, he mapped out a whole programme and developed a complete literary theory. The theory was “Naturalism.” This term once discovered or rediscovered (if I remember right Diderot was the first to use it), Zola became the leader of a school, he had disciples; the great battles of romanticism had to be fought over again, and it was certainly not his fault if the diversity of intellectual tendencies, which is one of the dominant traits of our epoch, prevented the growth and duration of this impetus.

II

Naturalism, to use the name by which Zola christened his literary theory, was the result of the scientific movement of the first half of the XIXth century, just as romanticism came from the historical movement which preceded it. It is associated with the collection of doctrines represented, in the various sections of the intellectual world, by such men as Auguste Comte, H. Taine, Claude Bernard, etc. Their common characteristic was to range themselves on the side of Science and to rely, not on previously accepted propositions, but on observation and experience, or on facts and documents. Zola was not a learned man. He simply had a taste, perhaps even an instinct, for science, and he made straight for those who endeavoured to perfect and adjust her methods. But, although he claimed kinship with them with all the excitement and wonder of a novice, he was by no means received with corresponding enthusiasm. Taine, for instance, declined to acknowledge him. When he was shown the irrefutable connection between *Le Roman Expérimental* and *La Philosophie de L'Art*, it is said that he quoted the following line of Racine —

“Le flot qui l'apporta recule épouvanté”‡

* Amongst others, *Notes et Impressions*, by Louis Ulbach, in *La Revue Politique et Littéraire*, Dec 28th, 1878, a piece, by M. Claretie, in *La Presse*, Jan 20th, 1879, etc.

† “He was amused at it, or excited rather, keeping his shoulders square and his broad back steady like a workman who knows what he is about” *L'Œuvre*, pp 249, 250.

‡ The wave which brought him recedes in horror.

This "horror" was no proof against the fact Taine in the line of æsthetics and literary criticism had formulated the claims of certain minds who were wearying of Cartesian routine, Zola fulfilled the same function in the line of the literary imagination, though he forgot, as we shall admit further on, that in passing into this domain the doctrine was losing its most solid foundations and its best supports. Neglecting to pay attention to the objections which would have caused him to hesitate, he set to work to apply this doctrine, to the best of his ability, in a series of articles which may be read in the volume entitled *Le Roman Expérimental*. The principal article, which gives its name to the collection, is nothing more, as the author himself says, than "a work of adaptation," applied to *L'Introduction à l'Etude de la Médecine Expérimentale*, with the object of establishing a literature of scientific writers as opposed to that of "idealists" "and here the word 'idealist' indicates writers who go beyond observation and experience in order to base their works on the supernatural and irrational, who, in one word, admit of mysterious forces, outside the determinism of phenomena." Zola chose the famous work of Claude Bernard, because medicine appeared to him to afford some resemblance to literature why should not the method which the scientist applies to medicine be identical with the method which the author would use in writing a novel? Like the scientist, the "novel writer is an observer and an experimentalist combined. The observer on his part gives the facts as he has observed them, fixes the starting point, lays the solid ground on which his characters are to walk and his phenomena to develop. Then the experimentalist appears and starts the experiment, I mean to say he makes the personages in a particular story move, in order to show that the succession of events will be just what the determinism of phenomena together with study demand that they should be." The application of this method could not fail to rescue the novel from "the lies and errors through which it was trailing," and bring it into the region hitherto occupied only by science, in allowing it to be the vehicle for expressing and diffusing well-established truths.

These few lines are, I believe, a faithful summing up of the literary doctrine which Zola developed in his theoretical articles, which he adopted as the norm of his criticism, which he applied in his novels and which he even attempted further to generalise, since he speaks somewhere of the "naturalist republic." In discussing it here I shall be obliged to take up some of the arguments which I have already sketched out elsewhere*.

The scientist and the novelist who wish to tie themselves down to the same method have this essential difference between them that the former is not master and cannot control his experiment. He has in fact before him phenomena which his intervention can either prepare

* *Les Idées morales du temps présent*, p. 193

or provoke, but he cannot modify their course or their result. If, for instance, he inoculates a dog with the virus of rabies, the virus will take effect quite independently of him, and it will be the same with every analogous experiment which he attempts to make on animals. In the moral order such operations are simply impossible, since we have no means whatever by which to subject a human being to the action of this or that influence in order to observe how he will behave after submitting to it. We cannot even, except in very rare cases, take an individual from his surroundings in order to place him in circumstances which we ourselves have chosen. We are not in a position to make a single *experiment*. We are therefore reduced to *observation* only. And even observation is much more restricted than in the case of medicine. Although even there it may be limited by regard for human life, and by the law of the land, the doctor is able to observe in persons attacked by certain illnesses the effects of certain remedies, and to draw certain conclusions therefrom. He will affirm, for instance, that, taken in certain doses, opium induces sleep, morphine facilitates respiration, quinine reduces fever. But what can the observer of human or social phenomena see, beyond the general trend of things, the aspect of the whole, the external appearances? If he is a psycho-physiologist, a sociologist, or a statistician, he may be able to pick out the clearest and best established facts with a view to grouping them and deducing conclusions which will perhaps present a certain solidity—often indeed how disputable! But if he is a novelist or a writer of plays? The characters he brings on the scene have not at all the realism of the physiologist's dogs or guinea-pigs, he is the master and can arrange to his fancy the circumstances in which he makes them evolve; the events through which he causes them to move depend on his own imagination, the effects of those events, which *he* has created, on the characters, which *he* has chosen or prepared, depend again upon his own will. The experiment therefore is not conducted apart from him, but by him and in him, so that it proves more with regard to the study of his own temperament than to that of the "human truths" which he professes to seek. Whatever care he may expend on collecting his "documents," the use that he makes of them furnishes a true "document" for historical criticism only, and if he has a mind to draw conclusions from the actions or the peculiarities of his heroes, there will always be the retort that after all he invented them himself and that fiction will never be anything but fiction.

These are elementary objections, but in 1879 many would have smiled at them. "Naturalism" represented at that time a reaction against the conventional literature which was still in the ascendant, it was an impulse towards the "truthfulness" which all schools seem to approach when they first appear, and above all a definite break with romanticism which had too long troubled the normal character of our literature with its excesses, its exaggerations, and its rodomontades.

At one moment even it seemed to be uniting under its banner a certain number of literary masters and of young men who were disposed to fight over again, on fresh ground, the famous battle of *Hernani*, and Zola's *salon* was not lacking in a certain remote resemblance to the *salon* of the Arsenal where Nodier, fifty years before, was wont to assemble the ranks of the revolutionaries of literature. Zola claimed fellowship with Flaubert, who allowed him to do so with a wry face. Alphonse Daudet with his pocket-books and his precise view of life, Edmond de Goncourt with his notes and his passionate love of "documents" and of the *petits faits vrais* were able to accept the principal points of the programme. Duranty, who in old times had done battle on behalf of the "realism" of Champfleury, came in with a will. The young men flocked. Paul Alexis, a native of Aix-en-Provence like Zola, remained a faithful and exaggerated disciple and wrote his biography*, Guy de Maupassant, full of the severe teaching of Flaubert, J. K. Huysmans, who introduced in his first novels the qualities of a Teniers, an Ostade, a Jan Steen, Henry Céard, admired by the circle on account of his wide culture, Léon Hennique, a good artist with solid talents.

These men, who have all made their mark, grouped themselves for a time round Zola. Their union was strengthened by the publication of a collection of short stories called *Les Soirées de Médan*. But it did not last, and they soon dispersed, each to follow his own bent, without having produced any such series of works as would display the bond of common tendencies. In those days they believed themselves to be in agreement and went regularly to spend Thursday evening with the master, in his *salon* in the Rue de Boulogne. The room was charmingly decorated, in it the most modern pictures harmonised with antique furniture. In one corner, in front of a writing-desk which was always perfectly tidy, a large Portuguese armchair covered with red velvet indicated the usual seat of this powerful worker. What splendid talks we had in this friendly retreat! What ever-memorable evenings! Zola has exactly described in *L'Œuvre* all their good humour and simplicity. Madame Zola presided over them with most affectionate cordiality. Zola, who was reputed in the outside world to be taciturn, was wont to expand on these occasions and to show unexpected vivacity, giving himself up entirely to the hour. It has always been said that he was not *spirituel*. Possibly, but he could be very eloquent. His conversation would open out on some subject and he would dip lightly into it, affording rich glimpses, scattering in profusion bold ideas and suggestive criticisms, which fixed and retained the attention. He seemed to come out into full blossom when he found himself surrounded by the guests whom he welcomed with a kind smile and a warm grasp of the hand, "radiant with the pleasure of receiving" them at table in his young household, just as he used to be in old

* 8vo Paris, Bibliothèque Charpentier.

"times when he shared with them his meagre bachelor repast. A perpetual dream of friendship possessed him, Thursdays seemed to follow one another to infinitude, even to the furthest distances of old age. All to be together eternally! All to take their departure at the same hour and to achieve the same victory!" I believe the disbanding of the little group caused Zola much suffering, and it was not without emotion that in thinking of the evenings of the past years I read over again the following passage in the last pages of *L'Œuvre*. "Ah well! and was that to be the end of his long illusion, of the dream of eternity which had made him place all his happiness in a few friendships chosen from childhood and enjoyed up to extreme old age! What a lamentable band! What shattering of hopes at the end! A balance-sheet to weep over, after the bankruptcy of the heart! He wondered at the friends scattered all the way along, at the great affections lost on the road, at the perpetual changes in others around him, while in his own existence he saw no change. His poor Thursdays filled him with pity, so many memories to mourn over—a slow death of all that one loves best! Were they to resign themselves, he and his wife, to live in the desert, shut off there by the hatred of the world? Or would they open wide their door to a flood of strangers and careless visitors? Little by little a certainty grew up from the depths of his grief all was coming to an end and nothing would begin again in life . . ." Can you not understand, in reading these lines, why Zola was judged so differently by those who came near to him and by those who only knew him through his writings? To the latter he is a hard realist, an ambitious man, a proud and violent polemic. The former knew him as a familiar and friendly figure—an example of the simple, quiet and good man, which alone will live in their memory.

III

Although Zola's literary theory may be disputed, it nevertheless formed the basis of his principal work, *Les Rougon-Macquart*. The twenty novels of which it consists are conceived and carried out in the spirit of *Le Roman Expérimental*: the author believes that he has kept his own personality quite out of the books, that the existence of his two hundred characters can be perfectly authenticated, and that he has confined himself to recording their adventures, just as a good entomologist would describe the habits of insects. The method, the composition and the style are perfect in their unity. The language is always the same—clear, precise, highly coloured, saying exactly what it wishes to say with no studied refinement. There are few images, with the exception here and there of some great and highly appropriate symbolic comparison, such as the *mouche d'or* in *Nana*. Short phrases directed straight to the point, without padding, without rhetoric, without harmonious effects, without complications of any sort. And these

traits can be discovered in his composition, as simple as his phrases, divided into large and precisely defined sections. Altogether the novels give one the impression of a road travelled over in great strides, like those of a giant in the old legends. The developments work out by the minute enumeration of details far more than by amplification, the habitual tool of romanticist rhetoric which is rarely used here. All these novels seem to have been run into two moulds which Zola has made for his own use. The first is that of the "collective" novel, within a huge framework numerous persons manœuvre with marvellous harmony on the outskirts of the central figures, here, as has been often remarked, the principal character is the crowd. The second mould is that of the "intimate" novels: the framework is smaller, the movement more restricted, the principal figures are more distinct, the narrative seems to be feeling after a symbolic meaning. According to the subject he was dealing with, Zola chose one or other of these two moulds, which he used almost alternately. He was more successful with the first than with the second. *L'Assommoir*, *Germinal*, *Au Bonheur des Dames*, *La Débâcle*, are far superior to *La Joie de Vivre*, to *L'Œuvre* or to *Le Rêve*. Towards the end in the *Trois Villes** and the *Quatre Evangiles*† the first method definitely outstripped the other. The fixed and almost absolute character of these two moulds prevented the novelist from varying his manner, and from "freshening himself up," as they say. From *L'Assommoir* down to *Travail* (I have not yet read *Vérité*, which is in course of publication and is said to be complete) he remained strictly faithful to the methods of his art. And this fidelity gives extraordinary unity to his work, an extremely rare thing in the history of letters. The whole structure, as well as the several novels composing it, presents the appearance of a mass or a block, imposing like a vast architectural building, whose details, examined closely, are of unequal value, but whose general effect is irresistible. Admiration grows as one realises that this mass is alive, *grouillante*,‡ to use a word of which Zola was fond, that it reproduces contemporary scenes in all their variety, that it resembles a colossal fresco representing the society in which we live—viewed at a certain angle and by a certain eye.

Is this fresco as near to the truth as Zola wished it to be—as it ought to be if it is to carry out his programme as an observer, and his idéal as a "scientist"? That is another question. He used to define art as "a corner of nature seen through a temperament"—it was through his own temperament that he took in the whole drama of society, that he transcribed it, and that, as happens with every writer and every artist, he was bound to modify it. I cannot discuss here, in all its details, the representation he has given us. It has, however, two essential traits which I will proceed to examine.

* *Lourdes, Rome, Paris*

† *Fecundité, Travail, Justice, Vérité*

‡ *Swarming*

To begin with—all the world has noticed it—there are missing from his portrait-gallery the superior characters, who play a part in the world, no doubt quite out of proportion to their numbers, since they are rare, but so conspicuous and so important that a picture of social life from which their part has been omitted cannot be a complete one. The characters of the *Rougon-Macquart* novels are all taken from the average or from below the average of humanity. They have neither elect souls, nor complicated hearts, nor sovereign intellects. Often, on the contrary, they have only the rudiments of humanity reduced to its most simple forms. Some of them are artists, like Claude Lantier, statesmen, like Eugène Rougon, great merchants, like Octave Mouret, they fail or succeed according to circumstances, but neither in the quality of their talents nor in that of their characters do they belong to the true *élite* of their profession or their class. You will seek in vain amongst them for those outstanding figures such as one comes across now and again in *La Comédie Humaine*, or such as Tolstoi excels in depicting. It will be said that this defect in itself contributes to the imposing unity of the work by keeping it nearer to the average truth, but such an argument is no satisfaction to those who believe that humanity is quite as “true” and more complete in its superior or selected types than in its inferior or common ones.

The second trait is a more delicate one.

Whilst the superior individualities are left out of the picture, beings governed by their lowest instincts on the contrary occupy a large place, quite out of proportion to that which they fill in the world. It would certainly be impossible to find a house in Paris where so many horrors accumulate as in that of *Pot-Bouille*, any more than a family could be found as prolific in vices as the *Rougon-Macquart*, and if one took one's impression of French society from the history of that family, one would be committing a most grave and mischievous error. In addition to this Zola frequently places these exceptionally low creatures in the forefront of his novels, whereas in reality they occupy only the backgrounds of life, and he describes them without sparing the sensibilities of his readers in harsh, violent, and brutal colours. These pictures have alienated from him a large portion of the public, and have drawn down upon him the bitterest criticism. We might perhaps find reasons to account for these excesses. But, without disputing them, I feel bound to say that they have been grossly exaggerated. I have just read *L'Assommoir* again—the first of his books to provoke much criticism, and I have also re-read, in an old publication of my own, a few extracts from articles of that period. Well, I am amazed at the prodigious want of comprehension with which this magnificent book was received, one of the most powerful, the most moving and most *useful* that could be! Not for a moment was I either “revolted” or “disgusted” as were most of the critics at the time. I am not speaking, be it understood, of the higher criticism, whose rights are above

dispute, and which hardly ever goes beyond them, but of that hasty and often inconsiderate judgment which becomes noxious when it deals out summary execution to a masterpiece. And if there is anything that irritates me even at this distance of time it is to read, over a signature such as that of Jules Claretie, phrases like this — "In contradistinction to the character in fairy stories who used to change everything he touched into gold, M. Zola changes all that he handles into filth. An odour of brutality rises up from all his works. His books smell of filth."*

It is possible that the injustice of such reproaches may have driven Zola into the needless brutalities which disfigure some of the succeeding volumes. They are at times quite out of place, for example, a certain scene in *L'Argent*, and all the more shocking when they appear in the form of *hors-d'œuvre* in bad taste. One is inclined to suggest that the author was unable to resist the somewhat childish temptation to bravado, to keep up the sorry reputation created by the foolishness of certain writers, to answer with renewed daring those who reproached him with having already gone too far. He has given a different reply elsewhere, with better reasons, collected and summed up in the conclusion of a long study entitled *De la moralité dans la littérature*.

On a higher level than the speculators in vice and the speculators in virtue, there are the true writers, those who follow their temperament and who hardly concern themselves with being either vicious or virtuous. They study man and nature, in full freedom. One anxiety alone occupies their mind — to live the life of the age, that is why they are heedless of fashion, and filled with contempt for the proprieties and conventions of society. So that it is foolish to regard their boldness of language and of analysis as an intentional pandering to the ribald curiosity of the mob. And supposing the mob to attempt to satisfy their taste for filth in these works, it would be an ignoble pastime which would contaminate only the mob engaged in it, there are many folks who turn over the pages of Rabelais solely for the purpose of discovering dirty words. A real author, a great novelist like Balzac, will build up his work in human shape, just as high and as true to life as it ought to be, even in its more atrocious forms. The lesson depends on the correctness of the document. Thenceforward, feeble men and hypocrites may revile the work and its author, may cover them with filth, and refuse to acknowledge them, the monument will none the less be raised, stone by stone, and the day will come when posterity, at last understanding its logical grandeur, will bow in admiration before the superb mass.

If this reasoning is open to question, it is on account of the persistent confusion which it reveals between the novelist and the man of science. Zola believed too firmly that the first could become

* *La Presse*, Jan 20, 1879

identified with the second, and he accorded to him too many rights and prerogatives which belong only to the other. "No system of practical "morality," he says, again, in the study from which we have just quoted, "can be based on works of the imagination, whereas works of "reality forcibly convey a safe and profitable lesson." But his "works "of reality," I am obliged to repeat are, in a final analysis, but works of imagination, the truths he proclaims are only *his* truths, and are besides enveloped in fiction; and when he assumes the important rôle of the "physiologist," it ends in his going out of his own domain which is poetry, without penetrating into the domain of true physiology, which is closed to him.

It must be remarked that once he had completed the *Rougon-Macquart* series Zola appeared to leave behind him the naturalist theory, perhaps, in applying it, he had recognised its dangers, perhaps, as the years went on, the romanticism of his youth, which he had repressed, reasserted its rights. He retained the mould which he had made, but, from the beginning of the *Quatre Evangiles*, the break with his former doctrines is complete. In these books, indeed, we are frankly separated from reality. In order to develop his idea the novelist is obliged to go beyond the present world and to encroach on the future. The uncertainty of such a proceeding does not hamper him. He no longer works on the facts, but on postulates which seem to go a long way towards being pure chimeras, and "experience"—if the word can still be used—is carried on into the mystery of futurity. Instead of a representation of the society in which we now are, instead of the "severe lessons of reality," we have a picture—and a very fine one—of the society of to-morrow, and we have social dreams. By a singular change of course, the writer, who only saw the worst side of the man of to-day, and who showed up with such vigour of satire all his spots and blemishes, his vices and abominations, has come to think of the man of the future solely as a being delivered from all this unworthy ballast, and adorned with the loveliest virtues. He is inspired by the most utopian of social dreamers, Saint-Simon, and above all Fourier. Across their dream he would in his fancy join hands with Rousseau: man is spoiled only by society and will be perfect when he has changed its forms. To hasten this perfection he institutes a morality as simple, as direct, as the structure of his own sentences and the architecture of his novels. Let us grow and multiply! Let us work and speak the truth! Let us do justly! If a man has many children and works hard, all comes right, social enmities are appeased, poverty disappears, well-being sets in. It is very simple, every one is very happy, and every one lives a very long time. Zola and Tolstoi are very far apart, but they are alike in this, that they both believe that the application of a principle would suffice to drive out Evil and that it could easily be done were it not for hindrances entirely caused by the selfish calculations of Governments and the ill-will of the upper

classes The distance traversed from *Germinal* to *Travail* is enormous, an entirely new spirit fills and animates the ancient mould, which still determines the shapes cast long ago for other materials If Zola had lived a few more years he would have become the prophet of an optimistic, benignant, and "romantic" socialism, which would have had no "naturalism" in it and would have borne no resemblance whatever to the socialism preached by some of his former friends

IV

We have seen that naturalism, as a literary group, had but an ephemeral existence But the influence of Zola has not been limited by the duration of his "school" No doubt the "scientific" or "experimental" part of his theory has been dropped on the road he himself gave it up, and we might look round in vain to-day for a single novelist who would attempt to apply to his art the method expounded in *L'Introduction à l'Étude de la Médecine Expérimentale*, or in *Le Roman Expérimental* What has survived, on the other hand, is the craftsmanship and the literary side of the doctrine, the accurate study of environments, the careful detail, the habit of regarding the characters brought on the scene, even the least important, as living beings whose acquaintance must be made even through their ancestry, who must be shown with all their real habits, and whom the writer has no right to treat arbitrarily, to please his creative fancy or to fit the needs of some proposition already laid down And in this there is an entire transformation of the technique of the novel, of which there is a very good exposition to be found in a chapter in *Le Roman Expérimental* entitled *Le Sens du Réel*, for instance, the following passage —

It would be a curious study to describe how our great contemporary novel writers do their work. They base almost all their books on notes taken at great length. When they have studied the ground they are going to cover with scrupulous care, and when they have gathered their information from all sources and hold in their hands the numerous documents they need, then only do they sit down to write The plan of the book is furnished by these same documents, because it happens that the facts classify themselves in logical order the one with the other, a symmetry is established, the story is composed of all the observations which have been collected, all the notes taken, one leading to another by the very interweaving of the lives of the characters, and the *dénouement* is no more than a natural and necessary consequence. You see, in this work, how small a part is played by the imagination We are far away from Georges Sand, for instance, who, it is said, would sit down with a ream of blank paper before her and then, starting from an introductory idea, would go straight on without stopping, composing accordingly, relying with absolute certainty on her imagination, which furnished her with as many pages as she needed to make up a volume

It may be pointed out that all these peculiarities are to be found in Balzac's work. And that is true. But in his case the method is instinctive and far less exact. Zola defined the method, and above all perfected the use of it, he adapted, so to speak, the tool to its work, he showed how it ought to be handled in order to get the best possible work out of it. I should be prepared to say that he gave to the novel that clearness and definiteness of form which in his time belonged to tragedy, were it not that in its very nature the novel is capable of infinite transformation and renewal.

Zola has also extended the limits of the conventions—and by this I mean those limits which fashion has agreed to impose on liberty both in the handling and in the literary expression of actual life, that rule which imposes on the writer certain reserves, certain attenuations, certain formulæ. His daring, often excessive, opened up a dangerous pathway, but, in spite of its dangers, this pathway must be and must remain open. I have admitted that he perhaps misused the “physio-logical man”, but before him no one gave that man an adequate place. Perhaps he made use of the *mots propres* with excessive indifference to their *propreté*, but before him there was too much beating about the bush, and, indeed, it is always in such popular springs that the language becomes rejuvenated. It may be that he accumulated unseemly details and risky situations with too much complaisance, but before him, the novel was too often straining after insipidities and trifles, and we ought to be grateful to him for delivering us from that. In fact if there is any progress to be looked for in this kind of thing, it is to be expected only in the direction of even greater efforts towards sincerity of observation and truthfulness of expression. Zola has taught us to value such efforts and to try them. One can only regret that on his own account he did not always manage to steer clear of prejudices and defects which at times came to resemble, in the opposite sense, those he was fighting against. All the more because his excesses in this direction brought down upon him a particularly painful taunt, that he was calumniating his country and giving the world an unjust and false idea of French life. For my own part, I can hardly believe that his foreign readers could have fallen into so gross an error. They ought to understand, they have surely understood, that the novelist who seeks to apply to his art the method of the physiologist must, like him, study not so much the normal functions of organs in perfect condition as the effects of certain poisons or the condition of certain diseased subjects, consequently, the proportion of the vicious and corrupt in his books no more corresponded to the general average of immoral persons in his country than the proportion of consumptives in a special sanatorium would correspond to that of the sick people in a whole nation. Moral evil forms the material for the novelist just as physical evil is material for the physiologist or the doctor. Like fortunate nations, good

people have no annals the misfortunes and catastrophes to which they are liable and which affect us in life can only very exceptionally furnish themes for poetry for poetry it is necessary that a man shall be the producer of his own misfortune, and it only interests us when it gives us heroes who are the victims of their own weaknesses, faults or crimes

The influence of Zola has benefited many who have not been aware of it or who have misunderstood him, it can be traced in almost all the novelists of our time, even in those whose tendencies, whose turn of mind, whose talent, would appear at first sight to be most free from it Nor is it confined to French literature it has spread also to foreign countries Long study would be required in order to follow this out But in any case we find it clearly marked in two important groups the *Véristes* who have transformed novel-writing in Italy, with MM Verga and Capuana, Mme Serao, etc, and in Germany, the writers of the *Freie Bühne* from which have sprung such men as Gerhardt Hauptmann, Max Halbe and many others It has often been said that without *Germinal*, *Die Weber* * would never have existed, and it may be true, in spite of the individuality of the vigorous talent which is exhibited in this commanding work. Many other examples equally striking could easily be found With Tolstoi and Ibsen, though perhaps in a less degree, Zola has been one of the masters most universally granted a hearing, and one of the most active and widespread influences of the end of the nineteenth century.

With respect to his influence, as to his work, future generations will dispute its beneficence and its quality, but not its importance At present we do not know what place he will take, we can only assert that it will be a high one Future historians of French literature, the historians also of those "principal currents" which M Georges Brandes has indicated, the historians of the European or even universal literature which is in course of preparation through the diffusion of languages, the facilities of travel, and the multiplication of international ties,—all these will meet him on their way I know not whether it will behove them to salute him as the precursor of a movement whose course we are not yet able to see, or as a master who has himself attained to the highest point of a literary form or style If I ventured to sum up in a few words what I think of his more immediate rôle, I would say his great merit has been whilst saturated with romanticism to have grasped its inadequacy He can never be praised too highly for having shaken the intellectual tyranny of that unhappy school and for having brought novel-writing back into the straight paths of observation and simplicity

EDOUARD ROD.

* Hauptmann

THE EDUCATION BILL AND THE FREE CHURCHES.

I PROPOSE in the following pages to show—

1 That the claim of the Church of England as developed in the present Bill is that her schools shall be treated precisely as Roman Catholic schools claim to be treated

2. That this claim is a new claim on the part of the Church of England as a whole, and was not made at the time when Mr Forster's Act was carried

3 That this claim invades the conscience of Nonconformists

4 That Nonconformists must oppose it, if in the end the Bill is passed, by every endeavour to make the Bill unworkable, one of the great forms of resistance being the refusal of the school rate

I.

What is the Roman Catholic claim as regards schools? I will quote from one of the Roman Catholic authorities who is commenting on a proposal by Mr Broadfield, of Manchester, for a settlement of the Education question "If the teaching of religion as a lesson were all we as Catholics are aiming at in insisting upon having our own schools, Mr Broadfield's method would meet with little opposition from us, if he would allow us—which I am sure he would—a veto on certain books and theories of education and make the Catholic teachers a *sine quâ non* But we go a step further and demand a Catholic school, which is a very different thing from a school in which the Catholic religion is taught—as different I might say, as a life of Christ written by Renan and the same life written by St Bonaventure would be to us as a reading-book This seems to me to be the bone of contention of the Nonconformists in rightfully objecting to send their children to our schools They may trust us not to interfere with the conscience clause, and not to teach their children any religion, but an air pervades the school, and, willy-nilly, the children become imbued with Catholicity"* Speaking in the House of Commons on the same

* *Manchester Guardian*, May 29th, 1902

subject Mr Dillon said "What was the Catholic position in this matter? They attached the most vital importance to the teaching of religion in their schools, but they attached even greater importance to the Catholic atmosphere of their schools. He cared very little for the teaching of religion in the schools if the school was not Catholic in all its influences and atmosphere. Dogma and Catechism in his opinion were the least part of religious training. They regarded education as a very different thing from what it was sometimes treated as in that House. He should be disposed to place the objects of education in the following order. First of all the religious moral training and the formation of the character of the child, secondly, his physical health and development, and lastly the acquisition of learning." In Mr Dillon's view the formation of the character of the child is mainly secured by his breathing through the school day the atmosphere of the Roman Catholic religion.

I do not propose in this article to relate the history of the attempts of the priesthood to control education in Roman Catholic countries. In his book on "Democracy and Liberty," Mr Lecky has given a fairly full account of the European controversies and their result. Much information as to Ireland will be found in the recent works of Mr McCarthy and Mr F. H. O'Donnell. But I gladly recall that Roman Catholics in this country have shown no disposition to proselytise by means of their schools. Cardinal Manning in particular fully recognised the Nonconformist case. Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* of February, 1883, in reply to Dr Dale he said "Further and most emphatically, I agree with him that to compel Nonconformists of any kind to go to an Anglican school or to any school where their conscience can be tampered with is a flagrant injustice." Cardinal Manning went so far as to urge the multiplication of small schools as a protection to conscience. He admitted that there were educational objections to small schools, but contended that secular efficiency must not be put against religion and conscience, and that even cases where the numbers were few and scattered should be treated exceptionally. Further it has to be remembered that Roman Catholic schools are in very few cases the single schools of their district. Again the Roman Catholics as shown in the present discussions are willing to trust the parents of the children to elect representatives in such a way that some kind of popular control is assured. The Anglicans who are working this Bill refused to yield on this point. They would not trust the parents. Altogether there is no reason to suppose that there would be any practical difficulty in making an arrangement for Roman Catholics in England which would be compatible with religious liberty. This fact I may say was fully recognised by the most extreme Nonconformists in the battles of 1870.

In the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* published a short time ago one of our most eminent educational experts, Sir Joshua

G Fitch, says that there are three sharply defined forms of opinion in regard to religious teaching. First, there are those who hold that the State should confine itself absolutely to secular instruction and leave the teaching of theology to the several Churches. This is the principle on which the school systems of France and of the States of the American Union are founded. Second, "There are others who contend that education is wholly incomplete without religion, that the teaching of religion means the enforcement of a creed, that the proper exponents of a creed are the authorised ministers of religion, and hence that a system of religious education should be essentially denominational, and that if the State helps or controls primary education at all it should do so through the agency of the Churches and their ministers. Throughout all Europe the Roman Catholic Church has always insisted on this view, and has been unwilling to entertain any proposals for a compromise. In some sections of the English Church the same belief exists, though to a much smaller extent." There is a third class who regard the reading of the Bible with simple undogmatic explanation as appropriate to the intellectual needs of childhood, and well suited for general adoption by Christians so long as whole liberty is given to the minority to withdraw their children from any religious instruction that they may disapprove. I question whether Sir Joshua Fitch if he were writing to-day would use precisely the same words. For the English Church through this Bill is making the second claim. It is a matter of notoriety that the Bishop of Rochester has taken a leading part in the preparation of the present Bill, and that he is active in its conduct. Writing in the *Times* of September 4th he said "Are those far wrong who argue that denominational teaching, given perhaps in grudging deference to a statutory requirement, in schools managed by a majority of men of all convictions, and staffed (exactly as the present School Boards are staffed) by teachers, many of them excellent, and most of them Christian, but appointed under conditions prohibitive of any enquiry into their religious attachments and convictions, and so into their fitness to give *ex animo* the teaching of the denomination, will be different in many, and perhaps in most cases by only a very little from undenominational teaching?" The Bishop goes on "But obviously this is not all. For, as everyone knows, no one who really cares for education of any sort will identify it with instruction, with the half-hour's lesson." The *Guardian* says "Churchmen are agreed that religious education is not a matter of a religious half-hour a day, but of the tone and influence of the whole schoolday in a school of which religion is the chief element." By religion, of course, is meant the denominationalism of the Church of England. This view was very frankly expounded by one of the chief advocates of the Bill, Lord Hugh Cecil. Speaking on May 6th, 1902, he said "A Church school, a Wesleyan school, a Roman Catholic school are schools with two

"doors, and the second door leads on into the church or chapel, and "brings the child into contact with and under the influence of this or "that denomination" The overwhelming majority of Voluntary schools are Church schools It follows that the whole object of the school is to prepare the child to go into the Church This is to be secured not by a religious lesson each day, but by having the appointment of the teacher in the hands of the clerical managers, who will see to it that from morning to evening he works in harmony with them. They are forbidden to choose a grossly incapable teacher Whoever is selected must have some kind of qualification, but he may have a minimum educational qualification if only he will work with the clergyman There may be among the candidates a man of the highest possible efficiency as a teacher, but if there is any doubt as to his willingness to serve the clergyman he will be excluded More than that, the clerical managers are to have the power of dismissal They are free to dismiss the most capable teacher if he proves recalcitrant in giving the kind of religious atmosphere and influence which is demanded This Church atmosphere is to prevail all the day, and will run through the secular teaching It may be said that the State will control the secular instruction to the extent of fixing subjects and text-books and paying money It may be so, but everything depends on the spirit in which the subjects are taught Neither is there any security in the prescription of text-books, for no good teacher is a slave of his text-book He comments upon it as he thinks necessary We have here then schools supported by public money which are to be privileged areas of influence for a religious denomination which may provide very little of the necessary funds beyond the use of the building

This, I repeat, is the new claim of the Church of England, and it must be owned that the clerical advocates of this Bill have been quite frank in making it The Archbishop of Canterbury is always frank, and while Mr Balfour was declaring the other day that the control of the Church was nominal, the Archbishop said that the occasional subscriptions for extraordinary repairs "was what they paid *for having* "the schools in their own hands, and it was quite worth their while to "pay" If this Bill is carried the schools will be in the hands of the clergy, the teachers will practically be their curates, and the drift of all the teaching will be to prepare the scholars for membership in the Church of England

II

The extraordinary violence of the attacks made nowadays on the religious teaching in the Board Schools and on the Cowper-Temple clause make it worth while to relate briefly the history of both I shall show that as a matter of fact the religious teaching in the School

Boards was imposed by Churchmen of all shades, and that the Cowper-Temple clause was the work of a singularly representative champion of the Church

There were in 1870 men like Dean Gregory, but the prevailing sentiment even in the High Church Party was decidedly against them. Dean Gregory speaking at a meeting in Southampton said "I should be afraid to die if I had given up one of our schools to the School Boards." At Bournemouth he said "If they wanted to know the precursor of that terrible day of which they were told in Revelation, the day of anti-Christ, which would come sooner or later, he would tell them. He believed they would be helping on that cause of anti-Christ by allowing a School Board." His speech a little later on in Convocation is familiar: "The School Boards had lowered the tone of morality and increased the amount of crime, and he felt that the rate paid for them was money rather given for the promotion of vice than for the interest of the country."

When in 1870 the Nonconformists were confronted with the tremendous problem of education, they were gravely divided. Many of them perceived that the only logical solution of the difficulty was that the State should control secular education, while the churches provided for religion. A large number took the view that the teaching of the Bible was a necessary part of education, and that to exclude it by law from the public schools was an act of irreligion. Mr Spurgeon, though he too wavered under the difficulties of the problem, ultimately threw his great influence in the direction of Bible teaching. The controversy was settled by the Church of England, and by all sections of that Church. At a memorable meeting in St James's Hall on April 6th, 1870, held under the auspices of the Education Union, which represented the Church of England in the controversy, Lord Shaftesbury presided, and argued vehemently in favour of religious education which he defined as Bible reading. He said that they had heard a great deal of the religious difficulty, but he did not believe it. He had had great experience for the last forty years among the people, and his experience did not lead him to believe in the religious difficulty. At Ragged Schools he had known children of a dozen denominational schools all taught Bible Christianity in one room with perfect harmony. The working man's religion was simply that of the Bible. Nineteen-twentieths of them belong to various sects, and ask the reason why and they would not be able to tell you. Mr T Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," followed on the same lines. He advocated the New South Wales system, where all denominations were harmoniously taught. The Marquis of Salisbury then proposed the adoption of a petition in conformity with the views of the meeting, and urged the sinking of minor differences. Lord Salisbury said "I listened with admiration to the hearty Protestantism of your noble chairman which always meets with such a hearty response from an assembly of

"Englishmen, and while he was uttering those eloquent and burning words I reflected that there were sitting beside him on this platform Roman Catholics who probably if they had spoken would have retorted on his Protestantism with anti-Protestantism as eloquent and burning. But as I reflected that Protestants and Roman Catholics who have absolutely nothing in common but their love for the one Saviour had met together upon this platform in a great cause, and when such a phenomenon occurs, when such differences shrink into insignificance, I think it becomes you to ask what is the reason which brings them together. You may depend upon it that it is no petty nor trivial cause. You may depend that the foundations of faith are not slightly threatened when men differing so widely meet to work together. And I ask you to respond to the harmony thus shown, to forget that you may differ upon this or that doctrine or practice, and to remember that there are no doctrines and no practices of the various sects of Christians that differ so widely as these differ from Christianity."

Mr Cowper-Temple is now almost forgotten, but in his day he won universal respect as a Churchman and a Christian. His speeches show a spirit of high courtesy and fairness, and his ability was by no means inconsiderable. So much was he trusted by Churchmen that he was appointed Chairman of the National Education Union brought into existence to oppose the National Education League. The Union held its first Congress at Manchester on November 3rd and 4th, 1869. Among its officers were the Archbishop of York and many Bishops. Mr Cowper-Temple, the President, said in his speech, "When we seek for vehicles of instruction that are authoritative, universal, and uncontroversial, may we not find them by looking into the first parish church where we shall see the Bible, the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed in the most prominent position? These are not the exclusive heritage of the Church of England or of any body of Christians. They are the birthright and the cherished profession of all Christians, and they will provide exactly what is wanted for teaching the elements of Christianity without sectarianism." Mr Cowper-Temple's speeches were all pitched on the same note. Thus at Bournemouth in 1870 at a meeting over which the famous Bishop of Winchester presided, Mr Cowper-Temple said "No one desired that these schools for young children at present under eleven—and perhaps hereafter it might be under twelve—should be made in any proper sense of the term sectarian, should be made places of proselytism, places of controversy, or places where any of these points on which Churchmen and Dissenters differed ought to be taught or explained." From these views no dissent was expressed. It was as President of the English Church Union that Mr Cowper-Temple brought forward his famous clause. It did not meet with universal approbation from the Union, but on the whole it was accepted. The

Guardian of that day which conducted the whole discussion in a most conciliatory spirit and with great courtesy to Nonconformists, said "We presume that this change will have to be accepted. The great phalanx of those who desire religious education would be broken up by an attempt to fight the Government and the Leaguers together on such a point. At the Union meeting in St. James's Hall many of the speakers, and they not the least influential, either urged it or acquiesced in it. Even in the Educational Union itself, though it is well known that it as a body has never adopted the proposal of Mr Cowper-Temple, its chairman, there have always been many who held this to be an open question." Mr Gladstone declared that the plan was "one which is perfectly practicable, which to a large proportion of the community would be highly acceptable, and which to all those to whom it was not absolutely acceptable would yet be much less unacceptable than any other that could be adopted." Mr Miall and his party objected on the part of the Dissenters, but the opposition from the Church was mainly led by Mr Beresford Hope, who with "Batavian grace" protested against the exclusion of the Church Catechism on the ground that the first portion of it was composed by Dr Newell, Dean of St Paul's, an Elizabethan divine, who was a leader of the Low Church Party, and likewise the inventor of bottled beer!

Bishop Thorold, who in 1870 was Vicar of St Pancras, took a keen interest in the Education Controversy, and became a member of the London School Board. Dr Thorold made alliance with a party of the Nonconformists against the Secularist party. The basis of the alliance is explained in a letter published in his biography: "We Churchmen almost all over London fought on the same platforms and in close association with the principal leaders of the Nonconformist bodies against the secular party which strained every nerve to get rid of religious teaching, and when they dared even to banish the Bible. The friends of religious teaching in the Board Schools were triumphant in London. Churchmen and Nonconformists had a common aim on this question. There was no notion of a compromise with the crushed secular party, and no case for compromise between themselves. The Bible reading and teaching were to be as a matter of course on a Christian basis."

One of the finest descriptions of unsectarian religion will be found in Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent": "Bible religion is both the recognised title and the best description of English religion. It consists not in rites or creeds, but mainly in having the Bible read in Church, in the family, and in private. Now I am far indeed from undervaluing that mere knowledge of scripture which is imparted to the population thus promiscuously. At least, in England it has to a certain point made up for great and grievous losses in its Christianity. The reiteration again and again in fixed course in the public service of the words of inspired teachers under both covenants, and that in

"grave majestic English has in matter of fact been to our people a vast benefit. It has attuned their minds to religious thoughts, it has given them a high moral standard, it has served them in associating religion with compositions which even humanly considered are among the most sublime and beautiful ever written, especially it has impressed upon them the series of Divine Providences on behalf of man from his creation to his end, and above all the words, deeds, and sacred sufferings of Him in whom all the providences of God centre." Finally, the *Guardian* of October 23rd, 1872, said. "There is a certain decreasing number of persons who hold or feel it to be indispensable not only to teach religion to children, but to teach it through the medium of precise formularies. These persons have played a considerable part in the past, but the great course of events into which the Church has, as we think most wisely, thrown itself, has left them on one side."

Testimonies might have been multiplied, but I claim to have proved my point. The unsectarian religious teaching which is now so bitterly denounced by Churchmen as worse than worthless, and the Cowper-Temple clause which is pronounced intolerable, were planned by Churchmen, brought into force by Churchmen, and with the approval of the overwhelming majority of Churchmen of all schools.

I may add that at the present time the chairman of the Birmingham School Board is a bishop, of the Southport School Board a canon, of the Sheffield School Board a vicar, of the Salford School Board a canon—all of the Church of England.

The great feature of this Bill is that it throws the Church Schools on public funds, and denies public control. It will be very easy to show that even a few years ago this was considered by Churchmen alike impracticable and intolerable. In 1870 there was a provision in the Education Bill by which power was given to local Boards to levy a rate for the support of schools in which they might determine that the religious teaching should be denominational. This was a mere trifle in comparison with the proposal of to-day, but it raised a furious storm, and on this point the Birmingham League was victorious. We shall see later on that Mr Chamberlain advocated passive resistance to rates in reply. It seems to have been forgotten that Nonconformist ministers signed in enormous numbers a protest which was presented to Mr Gladstone. It said. "We regard this as a form of concurrent endowment, and are sure that as a rate for the support of schools where the doctrines of a sect will be taught, it will be resisted, and be the cause of strife more perilous than that formerly provoked by Church rates." Copies of the protest were sent to 7,300 ministers, and 5,173 ministers signed it. It is noteworthy that no fewer than 878 Wesleyan Methodist ministers out of 1,598 were among the signatories. The proportion in other bodies was even larger. Further,

until a few years ago Churchmen were practically unanimous in the view that if the Church Schools were put on the rates the public must manage them. Thus the Bishop of Gloucester said "To aid from the rates the objections seemed insurmountable, if they received money from the rates they could not remain free agents in the management of their schools." Archbishop Temple said (*Times*, June 9th, 1896) "If our brethren in the North find the burden too heavy, I entreat them to consider whether it will not be better for the Church that they should surrender some of their schools to the School Boards than that they should put the whole body of Church Schools on the slippery slope of support from the rates." The *Guardian* said (August 21st, 1895) that if the schools obtained aid from the ratepayers, "justice will require that these same ratepayers shall have some control over the religious instruction given. Nothing can evade the peremptory force of this demand of justice." Now the Archbishop explains that he was much opposed to putting Church Schools on the rates because he did not believe any Government would do this without claiming that schools should lose their denominational character. But since the Government had been bold enough to do what he believed to be impossible the position was completely altered. The Archbishop apparently thinks that the Church should take whatever the Government will give irrespective of other considerations.

We must face the facts, and endeavour to understand the position of our real opponents, those who have prepared this Bill and are engineering it. They do not care for the teaching of these elements of Christian truth which are common to all Christian Churches. What they desire is to teach their own special dogmas. They do not recognise the principles of religious liberty. They do not admit that Nonconformists have any rights. Archdeacon Fletcher, in the *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1902, page 547, says, that the local authority school should have always been required to teach the State religion with due observance of the conscience clause. This is the view that must be taken account of. I quote from a catechism which is said to be used in Church Schools.

On page 29

Q To whom are God's covenanted promises made?

A To His Church.

Q Is it not, then, very dangerous to leave the Church?

A Yes, and it is also a very grievous sin.

Q What is the Sin called?

A *Schism*, or division

* * * * *

Q Is it wrong to forsake the Services of the Church of England?

A. Yes.

Q Why?

A Because it is a branch of the true Church.

* * * * *

Q. How are we to know the meaning of the Bible ?

A. We learn it from the Church

Q. Why are we bound to believe what the Church teaches ?

A. Because she is the Pillar of the Truth

On page 42

Q. If after examining ourselves we cannot quiet our conscience, what are we to do ?

A. To go to one of God's Ministers and open our grief

Q. What does this mean ?

A. To confess our sins that we may receive Absolution, together with counsel and advice

On page 53

Q. What is forgiveness of sins called ?

A. Absolution

Q. To whom has God given authority to pronounce Absolution ?

A. To His Priest

Q. When did Christ give authority to forgive sins ?

A. When He breathed on His Apostles and said, Whose soever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them.

Q. To whom are these words now said ?

A. To every Priest when he is ordained.

I find in a Somersetshire paper the following passage in a letter from a country vicar, the Rev R. A. Cayley. "The worship of the Almighty was the established religion of heaven. It would seem that Satan and his followers had objections to this—conscientious ones possibly. They probably complained of too much priestcraft, just as in old time the same complaint was made against Moses and Aaron by Korah. Satan's complaint did not prevent his being cast out of heaven. Are we to accuse the Almighty of intolerance ?" This is in illustration of the saying that the first Dissenter was the devil. We may smile at this, but such views are views for the teaching of which this Bill gives the fullest liberty at the public cost. What was in 1870 a powerless minority in the English Church has now become a great and ruling majority.

III.

It will be seen then that the point of this Bill is that all citizens shall be compelled to support by payments of taxes and rates, not a religious lesson each day, but a Church "atmosphere" and influence which is to pervade Church Schools from the beginning to the end. In other words, the clergyman is to have supreme control, the teachers appointed by him and his representative managers are entirely at his mercy, and further, Nonconformist children in some 8,000 parishes are to be forced by the law into this "atmosphere." This is a gross invasion of

religious liberty, to be resisted to the death. It is not a religious lesson of half-an-hour or an hour a day that is in question. If we believed that the Church laity were with the Bishops there would be nothing for it but a fight to the very end. But it is quite plain that the Church laity are not of this mind, and therefore it is proper to discuss the possibility of compromise.

(1) The compromise of Lord Hugh Cecil, that under certain conditions Nonconformist children shall receive special religious teaching may be dismissed at once. According to the Bishop of Rochester, and I agree with him, the "atmosphere" is the main thing, and the Nonconformist child, after having breathed the "atmosphere" some hours, will cease to be influenced by the religious lesson. The only form of religious teaching that could be attempted in such circumstances would be a refutation and a denial of Anglo-Catholic dogma. To state this view is to dismiss it.

(2) It has been suggested that the Church should have two representatives, the parents two, and that two should be nominated by the Council. Considering that all the claim the Church has to representation is the percentage of funds it supplies this is a large demand. It is calculated by careful statisticians that the amount found by the Church will be about one-eleventh of the sum necessary, and the representation should be in that proportion. Still, I believe Nonconformists would agree to a proposal of this kind provided the majority of representatives are in some form appointed by the public. They would accept the situation for a time. It must be observed that such an arrangement would almost certainly in every case give the majority to Episcopalians. To this we should be willing to agree. We have no fear of public management, we believe the laity of the Church of England to be men of just minds. But this proposal, though it would probably be accepted by Roman Catholics, will be opposed by the authors of this Bill because they are not sure they would get the men they want. They wish to secure the "atmosphere" by giving the ultimate control to the priest who would nominate the majority of managers.

(3) The Bishop of Hereford at the Church Congress, and previously in the *Times*, brought forward a modification of this in a proposal which some leading Nonconformists have supported. His plan would give the head teachership in every school to an Episcopalian, leaving the managers free to appoint without restriction. For one I should be willing to enter into such a compromise, though very many Nonconformists would not. But the support which Bishop Percival has received in his own Church is inconsiderable. In his scheme the "atmosphere" would be doubtful.

(4) It has been suggested that the Scottish system should be adopted. Localities should be allowed to determine for themselves the kind of religious instruction they will have in their schools, and pro-

tection should be given to minorities. Lord Hugh Cecil, in Scotland, talked as if he would accept this plan, and Mr. Balfour has thrown out hints in a similar direction. This plan would be accepted by Nonconformists generally without demur. All they wish is to have public control, and they are not afraid of the results. I do not believe for a moment that it would be accepted by Bishop Talbot and those who are working with him.

(5) Another suggested compromise is that of the Norwich Town Council. Liberals and Conservatives agreed on a plan which was proposed by a leader of the Conservative Party and supported by Mr. George White, M.P., the chief advocate of the passive resistance movement. It was suggested that religious instruction should be secured by a statute with a religious clause in Elementary Schools, based on the scriptures given by the teachers of the schools only, while in the case of Denominational Schools the local authority should be allowed the use of the school buildings during the school hours at a moderate rental, the local authority being responsible for their upkeep, and, if required, for their extension. At all times out of school hours the use of the Denominational School buildings to be guaranteed to the owners of the schools, while one-third of the committee of management should be directly representative of the owners. The managers, of course, would appoint the teachers. The unanimous adoption of this resolution after a remarkably fair and courteous discussion is a sign of the times, and it should be noted that Sir Harry Bullard, M.P., expressed his full agreement with the general principles. I have no doubt that the Norwich Town Council represent the vast majority of English people, Churchmen and Nonconformists alike, but they do not in any way represent the promoters of the present Bill.

(6) Some stress has been laid on the Conscience Clause as a means of protection for Nonconformist children. Of course in no circumstances could the Conscience Clause protect from the "atmosphere," nor has it been found of any use in protecting from the religious teaching. A more efficient Conscience Clause is conceivable, but it must be such a Conscience Clause as that used in Ireland, where Roman Catholics must exclude all except their own children. Churchmen must exclude not only Roman Catholics but also Nonconformists, and Nonconformists exclude all who do not belong to their own communion whenever any distinctive religious teaching is to be given. No pupil is permitted to be present whilst instruction is being given on the Catechism of a different persuasion to his or her communion without the express sanction of his or her parent or guardian written in the form provided.

As for Mr. Balfour's talk about giving absolute control over the secular teaching to the County Councils it is entirely beside the mark. Nonconformists have no special views as to secular instruction. They do believe that secular instruction should be freed from tests, and that

their own children ought not to be excluded from the teaching profession. In common with the vast majority of English people they believe, as Mr Spurgeon expressed it, that piety is not the only nor even the main qualification of a teacher, and they would rather have a thoroughly capable teacher who declined a religious test than a mediocre teacher who accepted it. They do not care who rates them so long as they have control. What they insist upon is that religious freedom shall be secured. Mr Balfour allows the clergymen to nominate the managers who are to nominate the teacher and to have him in their power and use him for the purpose of creating the Church "atmosphere" all the day long. What can a County Council do to counteract this? It is an advantage in many respects to the managers that they should be deprived of the control of the money. They are saved from a good deal of odium and a good deal of trouble in that way, and they are left with every substantial advantage and with all the power they want.

IV

In the event of the Bill being carried through without the granting of public control, what are Nonconformists to do? They have already pledged themselves in ever-increasing numbers to do their best to make the Bill unworkable. This they can do in various ways, through their power on the Councils, through refusal to send their children into the "atmosphere," but mainly through passive resistance, or passive obedience, to the payment of the rates. The Free Church Councils throughout the country by an overwhelming majority have expressed themselves in favour of passive resistance. In the great assemblies of the Baptist and Congregational Unions the same conclusion was come to, amidst unprecedented enthusiasm, and with practical unanimity. All over the country in the great resistance which has been witnessed, references to this policy have been received with vehement and resolute approbation.

Some indeed have argued that the Act can be reversed constitutionally. In reply it may be pointed out that with the House of Lords is the key of the position once the Bill is passed. Others have argued that since the Nonconformists may have submitted to so much they might submit to more. I do not care to discuss this argument. We have drawn a distinction between rates and taxes. We have not been able to separate taxes into their component parts, but we know what the rate is for. However, I think it may be quite true that Nonconformists have yielded by far too much. It is high time that they should cease yielding. If they submit to this Bill they would be only at the commencement of their surrender. Already the Archbishop of Canterbury is informing us that the Church is not going to pay for the up-keep of her school buildings, while retaining them in her own hands. Already

we hear whispers of the effort which the Church will doubtless make gradually to destroy the Board Schools, partly by securing a Church majority on the Education Committees, and partly by using the provisions of the Bill to prevent, as far as possible, the erection of any more Board Schools. There are provisions by which the Church by erecting a building may secure its maintenance from the rates for ever. It is not thought prudent to talk much at present as to the purposes to which the funds set free by this Bill will be applied. But it may safely be said that the object is to make the schools of the future as far as possible Church of England Schools, and to arrest the development of truly National Schools. Against all this we shall defend ourselves in the old way. We have already gone the utmost possible length in the direction of compromise. All our proposals being rejected and the Bill forced through we shall advocate and practice passive resistance. We do not resist because the Government has no mandate to pass the Bill. It seems to us that the Church of England takes an unworthy advantage of us in the hour of our political helplessness, but that would not justify us in so great a step as resistance. Neither do we resist because this Bill threatens to close the teaching profession for our children. As citizens we believe, with all the rising nations of the world, that it is sheer insanity to limit the teaching profession to those who are willing to be serfs of the clergy. But we should submit to this restriction till we were able to alter it by other means. Nor do we resist because this resistance will help the Liberal Party to power and secure the repeal of the law. Many of us are not much in love with the Liberal Party as it is at present. Politicians have not favoured us and we expect little support in our course from them. We resist simply at the bidding of conscience. What will come of that resistance we do not know. It is not our business to know. We resist, not willingly, for we know that the resistance will cost us much. It will involve pecuniary sacrifices which many of us can ill afford, and it will cost us much in the severance from old friends and associates. We resist simply because the State, if it passes this Bill, will make a demand which it has no right to make, and we will carry on that resistance throughout, that whether the triumph comes in our own day or not we shall be justified in the end before man and before God.

I have already referred to the pressure under which Mr Gladstone's Government in 1870 withdrew the clause which virtually enacted a new Church rate. Mr Chamberlain was the spokesman of Nonconformists then. He said "Whatever might have been the opposition brought against the old Church rate, let the majority not doubt for a moment that there would be just as stout an opposition against the new, and the result which followed the opposition of the opponents of the former would, in good time, follow the opposition of the opponents of the latter."

The history of the resistance to the Church rate is full of inspiration

The 'odious tax was extinguished after forty years of fierce vestry contests, appearances before magistrates, distress warrants and distrains and sales of goods, protracted and costly legislation and imprisonment—but the battle was won at last. It was only six years since the last Church rate martyr died. Mr James Brighton Grant (the father of the well-known Radical M.P., Mr Corrie Grant) was a resident at Kettleburgh in Suffolk. In 1864 as a Nonconformist he objected to all Church rates, and finding that payment was claimed in Parliament as evidence of Nonconformist indifference he resolved to refuse the next demand. He was summoned at Framlingham Petty Sessions for a £1 1s 3d Church rate. The magistrates dismissed the summons and a churchwarden then appealed to the Ecclesiastical Court, which decided against Mr Grant, and he was ordered to pay not merely the rate but costs amounting to £257 14s 9d. To recover this amount a forced sale of his property was made, and his business and home were broken up. As there was nothing else to levy on, it was decided to have Mr Grant's body, and so in March, 1867, he was committed to Whitecross Street Debtors' Prison, in London. He bore his imprisonment cheerfully and never seemed downcast or depressed. He said, "I wish my Dissenting friends to use me most unreservedly, but not to be too anxious for my liberation, for since I am in prison I hope the bad law which brought me here will be repealed before I get out, and that my imprisonment may be a means of helping on that result." He could not be induced to petition for his own release, but Mr Peter Taylor, then M.P. for Leicester, presented to the House of Commons a petition in which after reciting the facts the prisoner said, "Your petitioner therefore prays your honourable House to pass such laws as will make it impossible for one religious order to claim supremacy over the others by making them pay towards the expenses of its worship, so that your petitioner may be the last person imprisoned for resisting a Church rate." The prayer was answered for he was the last. Released after five months' imprisonment by the natural action of the bankruptcy laws Mr Grant witnessed from the Gallery of the House the abolition of Church rates in 1868.

Now the righteousness and the wisdom as well as the heroism of men like Mr Grant is acknowledged even by the friends of this Bill. The *Spectator* itself recently declared (September 27, 1902), "We can conceive cases where a refusal to pay taxes would seem to us not only allowable, but a patriotic and righteous act. The resistance to the Church rates on the part of the Nonconformists was, we hold, natural, and justifiable."

I do not profess to believe that the contest in this instance would last long. I have full faith in the fairness of the English people. They hate priestcraft and they love liberty. Many of them do not as yet understand this question, they do not know the magnitude of the sacerdotal claim, but when the time comes for the oppression and

imprisonment of conscientious Nonconformists they will investigate it, and they will repudiate it. Nothing could be more admirable than some of the utterances of steady supporters of the Government at the present time, and I wish I had space to quote the observations of men like Sir Charles Welby and Mr E W Beckett. I have also an immovable confidence in the courage and steadfastness of Nonconformists as a whole. They realise that they have reached the great crisis of their existence and that if they yield now they will throw away all the victories won for them in their grand and touching history. The eyes of all the world will be upon us in this struggle. The humblest sufferer's name will be made known through the English-speaking lands and beyond them. Outside of England, in our own Colonies and in America, the persecutors and the persecution will be the subject of unmeasured amazement and indignation. I cannot believe that the Government will live in the atmosphere it has created for a single year. Then will come the appeal to the country, and we shall see whether Unionists will come forward to defend the Act. But if it is otherwise, if the victory be delayed a little, we will not flinch because it is God's will, as Newman put it, "to throw back the times and moments of that triumph which He has destined for His Kingdom." The iron in the souls of those who have gone before in the path of suffering will strike a fire which will burn till religious liberty in England is real and unassailable.

W ROBERTSON NICOLL

BURNS AS AN ENGLISH POET.

IT is easy to foresee one of two things for the enterprise on which I am starting at this moment. I must either establish a fact in literary criticism or I must resign myself to be regarded as an extremely ridiculous person. I accept the risk.

An English critic of influence and distinction some two or three years ago wrote an essay which received a sort of coronation and was rewarded with a prize of fifty pounds. The writer lamented that Burns had occasionally *descended* into English, and he laboured to prove that under those conditions the poet either lost or in some measure degraded his faculty. My purpose in these pages will be to show that Burns was as indisputably a poet in one vehicle as in the other, and I shall even hope to demonstrate that he is at his best and highest in those frequent passages in which he diverges from that Ayrshire Scottish, which was his birthright, to the English tongue. It is not commonly recognised that (apart from his humorous and satirical poems) something like half of Burns's work is done in English pure and simple, nor is it apparently observed that even in some of those poems which are cited as being in the vernacular, the greater bulk of the verse is not even salted with a hint of dialect. One could readily imagine the laughter which might greet the statement that "Scots Wha Hae" is an English poem. Yet the fact remains that there are only five words in a work of twenty-four lines which are not indisputably English. They are "wha," "hae," "wham," "aften" and "fa'," and it is not necessary to point out that these also are English with a localised spelling. In the "Lines to a Mountain Daisy" there are eight Ayrshire words, and the poem contains nine verses of six lines each. In the "Vision" there are thirty-five consecutive verses of six lines each in which there is not a solitary word of dialect or even of localised spelling. In "Mary in Heaven" we have four eight-line verses of pure English, and no intrusion of a hint of Scots. In "Man was Made to Mourn" there is no dialect. It contains eighty-eight lines. In the "Cottar's Saturday Night" there are one hundred and eighty lines, of which one hundred and thirty contain no Scottish word. It will be admitted by most

whose opinion is of value that these are rather curiously chosen examples of the art of sinking. By the general consent of critical mankind "Scots Wha Hae" is the fieriest and intensest call to freedom to which the world has listened. You have but to write "o" for "a," to insert a "v" and a double "l," and, behold! a poem without a trace of local colour. And it would appear to be pretended that this volcanic splendour of patriotic rage owes its virtue to a few odd forms of spelling. It is fairly clear that it owes its qualities to the fact that its author was a poet of very unusual faculty, and was, when he chose to be so, a poet in the English tongue. In the case of the cited verses of the "Vision," which are amongst the noblest lines patriot ever wrote, there is no such question offered to us, because they are English without spot or stain. The same fact is true of "Mary in Heaven," of which it may be justly said that it reaches the high-water mark of human emotion. The same fact is true of very much more than half the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which has moved its millions to tears and smiles the world over.

Merely to establish the fact that Robert Burns could write lovely or inspiring English is a task which presents no difficulty. But the theory I have at heart to prove is not one which will be at once or willingly accepted. It seems to me as if Mr. Henley had stood upon his head to think when he expressed the idea that Burns *descended* into English. To me it appears that he never in any case, in his really serious work, does anything but soar into it, and that his very value as a poet of dialect is incalculably increased by the fact that he was so great an English master. I shall try to prove that an essential part of his craftsmanship lies in his familiarity with English and his readiness to make use of it, and I shall hope to show a feature of his genius which has hitherto, so far as I know, been disregarded by all his critics. I may say that I do not propose to deal with the Songs, some forty of which are possibly written in English for no better reason than that they were meant by a musical composer for an English, or partly English, market. I do not think them on the whole nearly so good as the Scots verses of their kind, though in both a perfunctory sort of inspiration seems frequently to have been at work. But to know where we are it is needful to say that we are dealing with a poet who for one reason or another chose to confine himself in some seventy poems to the English language, and who invariably employed that language more or less in his wholly serious dealings with pen and ink.

My argument will apply to Burns in his inspired and splendid hours alone, but it is obvious that it cannot deal with all of them. If the gentleman in the "Critic" cannot see the Spanish Fleet he has a reason for it. It is not yet in sight. In trying to show how much Burns was a master of English and to what effect he used his mastery I must not deal with "Halloween" nor with "Holy Willie's Prayer,"

nor "Death and Dr Hornbook," nor "The Holy Fair," nor the lines on Grose the Antiquary, nor the immortal address to the De'il, because not a line of English is to be found in any one of them. That each and every one of these is a masterpiece in its way I am not merely willing to admit but eager to proclaim, and there is one thing I feel impelled to say of them in passing, even if it should point to the extrusion of the English critic altogether. These outbreaks of wrath, of satire, of pathos, of humour and affectionate familiarity with old uses not yet bygone, are not rightly to be enjoyed by any foreigner whomsoever. The true lover of the truly vernacular verse of Burns is that he or she who was bred within their influence in childhood and in whose mind they awaken emotions which they cannot arouse in the minds of others. There are many passages which I cannot read or recall without a clear vision of my father's face, and a clear hearing of his Scottish voice. These things are of course extrinsic to the value of the verse, but they—and a hundred of their similars—lend a sacred pleasure—dare I say?—to the reading of Burns, which is only known to those who have been born within his borders. It is very certain that if Burns had rigorously confined himself to the vernacular he would have had a comparatively poor audience in point of numbers, and even as things stand there are more downright pretenders amongst his professed worshippers than ever followed another poet. All the world over one meets cockney admirers of "Duncan Gray" for example, for whom "spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn" might be Chinese or Choctaw for anything they know to the contrary. It would be absurd to say that an intense pleasure may not be experienced in the reading of great work in any foreign tongue which one has had the industry to study, but Ayrshire Scotch is not merely a foreign tongue to the average Englishman. It is a language of such intimacies as are not to be described in a glossary, and it cannot be appreciated to the full by one who has merely learned it as he might learn French or German. This is true, of course, of all little languages, and is known to lend a peculiar value to many small local literatures. That the poems of Robert Burns enjoy a more than local reputation is due not merely to the abounding genius which inspires the greater bulk of them. It is at least partially due to that other fact that so large a portion of his work (and of the very best and most poetical of it) is written in pure English, and that all but the humorous and satirical work is moderately understandable to the least industrious of English readers.

I shall be careful to bear in mind the truth that when Burns first began to write he had no idea of the dignity to which he was destined to elevate his native speech. In his day Ayrshire Scotch was the natural linguistic weapon for a herder of cattle or a tiller of the soil. No unsetting sun of genius had yet gilded its humble beauties into splendour, and in his wildest fancies the poet could not have dreamed

of the work it would be his to do. He would see even more clearly than men of the present day, how much more copious, varied, sonorous, dignified and polished is the language written by Shakespeare, Milton and Addison than the obscure dialect in which he first learned the art of speech. This knowledge would naturally tempt him to deviate into English when he found himself inspired by a thought of unusual elevation. A little language, such as the Ayrshire Scotch was at the time when Burns was born to make it glorious, is excellent for humour, and super-excellent for the tenderer intimacies of the heart, but it is naturally without terms in which to express certain lofty and subtle forms of thought. My contention in the first place is that Burns realised this keenly, in the second that he was artistically right, and in the third that it was this instinct which enabled him to lay soundly the foundations of a world-wide fame instead of building a merely local reputation.

The peasant of the Parmesan district eats his native cheese, when he can get it, in the lump. The epicure uses it as a condiment only. "Halloween" and "Holy Willie" are Parmesan in the lump. In the "Saturday Night" the dialect is used just freely enough to give piquancy, and in "Scots Wha Hae" and "The Daisy" there is, as we have seen already, but the merest careful sprinkling, enough to bestow a flavour and no more. Dropping the simile, let us notice the overwhelming advantage which Burns enjoys over other great British poets. He is the owner of an additional language, which he can use in its purity if he so pleases, and which he alone amongst other writers of acknowledged greatness is permitted to intermix in any degree which may seem befitting to him with a more dignified and copious vocabulary. To illustrate the astonishing and perfect art with which he does this I must needs have recourse to quotation. But before I proceed to the actual citation of words, I will offer a broad illustration of the principle of the criticism I apply to Burns. Often as he has proved his mastery of pathos, his two greatest achievements in that way are—I presume I may say by common consent—the lines to Mary and "Ye Banks and Braes." Each lays before us the sorrow of departed joys, and the emotions produced by the reading of the one are very closely akin to the emotions produced by the reading of the other. What instinct led the poet to write the one wholly in English and the other in a delicately blended form of the English and Ayrshire tongues? The answer appears to be simple. In the lines to Mary no touch of local colour is needed to add to the poignant effect produced. We are here in the presence of a bereaved human creature whose soul is one anguished cry after the departed. It does not matter in the least whether the heart be that of a Scot or a Breton or a Mongol. Humanity is greater than nationality. Manhood—simple manhood—writhing in that agony we have all known or are doomed to know, sends forth this lamentable and exceeding

bitter cry That it is an Ayrshire peasant who thus suffers makes no difference in the world But in "Bonnie Doon" rusticity is an essential of the whole matter A country girl is lamenting the perfidy of her lover, and if we had not the touching dialect in which she pours forth her grief we should not have present to our minds the simplicity which contributed to her downfall, and which at once elicits our pitying pardon Let us try the last four lines in English —

With lightsome heart I pulled a rose
Full sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my false lover stole my rose
But ah ! he left the thorn to me

Nothing can spoil the beauty of the conceit, and yet a something has evaporated—a suggestion of artlessness and innocence Beautiful it is and beautiful it remains, and if Burns had chosen so to write it, it would have gone home but he did better with it It is pure English with an Ayrshire accent—nothing more But the accent is an essential here And so we get it For Burns never writes English where Scotch will serve his turn better, and never writes a word of Scotch where English is needed for his purpose I suppose that if there is one of his poems more intensely identified than another with what I may call the general Scottish legend it is that tremendous blend of farce and horror, of devilment and beauty, called "Tam o' Shanter" There are many moods expressed in this amazing poem, and they are all differentiated by the linguistic method employed in dealing with them Where the mirth—or the grotesquerie—is at its wildest the speech is at its broadest At the level of narrative its rudenesses are partially subdued Where gravity, or, for the matter of that, mock gravity, comes in, pure English comes in with it The study of the following eight lines will repay the discerning lover of artistic method It will be noticed that the first two lines are as vulgar—I use the word in its legitimate sense—in matter as in expression Then follows the dawning of a reflection in which the verbal fashion is considerably modified, and the last two lines of the passage—in as clean a bit of strenuous English as you may meet in a day's reading—introduce to the imagination a domestic figure at the sight of which many brave men have shaken in their shoes I invite the attention of the critic to the extreme delicacy with which this transition is accomplished

While we sit bousing at the nappy
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na' o' the lang Scots miles,
The waters, mosses, slaps and styles,
Which lie between us and our hame,
Whaur sits our sullen sulky dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm

In returning to the wholly humorous consideration of

The mony serious sage advises
The husband frae the wife despises,

the poet permits himself the broadest employment of dialect as for example :—

She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum.
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as long as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on
The smith and thee got roaring fou on .

And so on, in almost but not quite the broadest of dialect, until the poet's thought rises beyond the noise of Soutar Johnnie's mirth, and the atmosphere of the reaming swats that drank divinely. and with the rising of the thought, he chooses once again the nobler medium of expression, and in eight lines of universally acknowledged beauty he challenges a place beside the best of those who have written in English verse alone

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed !
Or like the snow-flake in the river,
One moment white—then melts for ever,
Or like the borealis race
That flit ere you can point their place,
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Thenceforward for a time the poet holds a middle course The dialect is full, but not quite of the richest, and there are lines in which it is absent altogether, because the storm and the horror are coming on and we must needs have a touch of dignity in keeping with the theme And now the tempest is here in earnest, and no mere dialect is big enough to speak of it

Before him Doon pours all her floods,
The doubling storm roars through the woods,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll,
When glimmering through the groaning trees
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze.

It is a fact which the most cursory study will establish that whenever Burns is splendid he is English, There is of course a sense in which he is splendid almost everywhere, but I do not mean to use the

word that way When he is tender he is English with a •Scottish accent, as I have shown already in one example and could show in fifty if I had the space to move in Whenever he is dignified in theme he is English pure and simple There are five verses in "A Bard's "Epitaph," and here are three of them —

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer
Yet runs himself life's mad career
 Wild as the wave?
Here pause—and thro' the starting tear
 Survey this grave

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame
But thoughtless follies laid him low
 And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious self-control
 Is Wisdom's root

The verse is didactic, and there are some strange people who would limit the definition of poetry to the exclusion of its special mood, but the verse beginning "The poor Inhabitant below" has a place in too many hearts and memories to be readily relinquished

But let us look for a further confirmation of my theory at one of those poems which the careless or casual reader of Burns would class among his vernacular works Let us take the address to a Field Mouse I am not concerned to defend the first three lines of the second verse, which are flatly prosaic in expression, but I call attention to the fact that one of the most humane and elevated thoughts ever expressed by a poet in any language is expressed by Burns in English —

. That ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, *thy poor earth-born companion,*
 And fellow-mortal!

The thought is in itself so tenderly generous that it needs no device of dialect Mrs Browning writes of "jewels five words long" "Thy

"poor earth-born companion" fits the phrase literally. The poet, with that seemingly artless art which is at the very soul of his method, turns to the affectionate intimacies of his native speech at the instant at which they can be most effectively employed—

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibbleⁱ
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!ⁱ
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble
 But house or hald
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble
 And crancreuch could!ⁱ

The dialect is exquisitely suited to the theme, but mark what happens when the poet sees his own possible fate imaged in the disaster which has overtaken the little field-creature. The thought grows to a tragic grandeur, and the language must suit it

Still art thou blest compar'd with me
 The present only toucheth thee,
 But oh! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!ⁱ
 And forward, though I canna see,
 I guess and fear!ⁱ

Here three letters only will obliterate every trace of accent. I am not quite barbaric enough to suggest the obliteration, but it is at least worth notice that so very broad an approach to pure English is made at the moment at which the thought rises into dignity.

The "Lines to a Mountain Daisy" still more strikingly illustrate this characteristic of Burns's method. The poet is here playing, with an extraordinary apprehension of use and fitness, upon that double instrument he uses. Note this —

Alas! it's no' thy neebor sweet
 The bonnie lark—companion meet
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi's speckled breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east

There is no great insistence on the Ayrshire form of speech in any one line of this, but in the third line and the fourth there is just a touch of the tender domesticity of the little language, and then, for the vision of the soaring bird and the wide fresh glories of the morning, the simplest, most melodious and best-chosen English. There is only one word of Scotch in the third verse (and there is not one in the last four) but that word is used with much art to maintain the rustic atmosphere until such time as the poet is prepared to soar

away from it altogether, as he does in the verses beginning, "Such is
"the lot of artless maid"

Cauld blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above thy parent earth
Thy tender form¹

I should be sorry to fatigue the reader, but I cannot resist the temptation to point to the absence of dialect in many of the poet's best-known single lines, such as "the rank is but the guinea stamp," or that noble phrase of mourning, "and left us darkling in a world of tears" The question I have been discussing is not one of comparison between Burns's purely Scottish and purely English work Should such a comparison be attempted it is very evident that not one of the English poems save "Mary in Heaven" would survive it My purpose has been only to show that he did not *sink* into English, but that he rose into it with complete spontaneity and unfailing judgment in all his more delicate, dignified and charming work, and that it is to his mastery of a most delicate, dignified and charming English that he mainly owes the unique place he occupies among poets

And here, in strict reasonableness, I should bring this article to an end, but I wish to take advantage of my present opportunities to offer a word or two with regard to a characteristic of Burns's genius which has never seemed to me to have received its proper award from any of his critics There are few people who are so deeply cleft as the Scotch They are miserly in the extreme, and they are in the extreme open-handed and generous They are douce and sober in the extreme and wildly hilarious in the extreme They include the most tolerant and the most intolerant of men and women Bigots of piety and economy of the most repelling type, harum-scarum jollificators of the most inviting, the unco' guid and the unco' careless, flourish amongst them side by side Burns is the man who most piercingly and inclusively knows them all, and though there are not many who would dispute his knowledge, there are still fewer who have noticed how complete it is "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" is not commonly regarded as an analysis of national character, yet I make bold to regard it as one of the keenest and subtlest pieces of work ever done in that direction The drunken chorus which goes with that most rollicking of all songs of the over-convivial school is a playful but no less trenchant indictment of the Caledonian Conscience

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
Just a wee drappie in our e'e

We are not drunk Flattest of falsehoods We are most particularly

drunk—Willie the brewer, and Rab and Allan the tasters, and the Caledonian Cameronian conscience is going to have a word with us Very good We will admit the impeachment, but with caution, as befits our nationality “We’re nae *that* fou” But even this qualified denial of a too-patent fact will not serve a conscience of the Caledonian Cameronian kind, and we are forced to that further admission of just the wee drappie in our e’e An Englishman would never have thought of it, nor an Irishman, nor a Frenchman, nor any man of any other nationality on earth Do I suppose, I imagine myself being asked, that Burns deliberately thought this out? Not for a moment But it was with him as it has been with all natural singers his genius carried him further than he actually knew or paused to fancy That he knew what he had done when he had done it, and that this was his own reading of the lines I have no faintest doubt whatever.

Admire also the pragmatic person who is so drunkenly persuaded of his own perceptive powers in the line “It is the moon” D’ye doot me? “It *is* the moon.” And I have a reason for the faith that is in me “I ken her horn” Never did malt help a man to a clearer stroke of ratiocination And did ever anybody but a Scot dream of a dogmatic assertion and a clinching justification of it in the middle of a drinking song? *

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

* The observant inebriate is concerned with the moon in the fourth stanza of “Dr Hornbook”

The rising moon began to glow’r,
The distant Cumnock Hills out-owre
To count her horns wi’ a’ my pow’r
I set mysel’
But whether she had three or four
I couldna tell

THE NEWER DISPENSATION.

I

WHEN we realise the content of the Religious Consciousness associated with the Old Dispensation we see the great advance represented by the New. From the conception of God as a jealous, angry, Eastern despot, favouring a chosen people, we have the exalted doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, and the Moral Code of the Sermon on the Mount. This advance was prophesied, led up to, and aided by contributory streams of thought and feeling which were focused and found expression in the Gospels. From the beginning of the Christian era there has been a similar movement in deepening and widening religious concepts, in spite of the conservatism of the Churches, and we have now materials which, if they could be summed up and united by a great religious genius, would give us a Newer "Dispensation" as far in advance of the New as that was above the Old. It is impossible to transcend some aspects of the teachings of Jesus, but, as promised, many things have been added which His generation was not fitted to receive.

Development has been on many lines, but now as then the stones destined to become the heads of the corners have been rejected by the orthodox builders. The progress within the Churches has been greater than we realise, the battles with science greatly aiding Christianity is so elastic that new discoveries, although accorded a hostile reception, are soon assimilated, and with the deepening of knowledge Scientists lose something of their overweening confidence and give us fewer "decretals adorned with a scientific nimbus." While, on the other hand, we have the New Spirit prepared to claim, as the good and wise Bishop Westcott claimed, that all possible advances in knowledge only make explicit that which is implicit in the Gospels.

But progress on accepted lines always excludes some vital truths. There was development in Judaism, but it needed the despised and rejected Nazarene to bring in those higher elements that gave new life to Religion. Still greater truths are being revealed to-day, and are receiving the Pharisaic treatment accorded to all new revelations of the inexhaustible wonders of existence. There is an orthodoxy of science as of religion, and men are lynx-eyed for what they are looking for, bat-blind to all else. Fortunately, Nature never loses her balance, she penalises a partial advance and corrects it by reaction. We have not only the compensating swing of the pendulum, a one-sided movement may be accompanied step by step by its complement. The splendid outburst of Physical Science early in the last century had its complement in those mystical movements which marched by its side, giving us momentous new Gospels, and bringing forward those neglected truths which did not fit the narrow rationalising tendencies of both Science and the Churches. Science in its reaction against superstition ignored masses of vital truth the absence of which vitiates current conceptions of existence. The Church has coolly dropped many of Christ's most precious teachings, as if they were untrue, or only applied to the time they were uttered. While Tyndall was discerning in "Matter the promise and potency of all terrestrial "Life," other profound investigators were exploring the latent faculties of the soul, giving us glimpses into spirit worlds, and proving that Jesus meant exactly what He said. These streams, at first divergent, are showing a tendency to unite. Science, staggered by the rapidity of its progress, is finding deeper depths than were dreamt of in its earlier philosophy. The foundational axiom of the indestructibility of matter is being experimentally disproved. The familiar atom is giving place to "ions" or "electrons" of awful potency, in which matter and force are almost one. Professor Clifford years ago said "There is great reason to believe that every material atom carries upon it a small electric current, *if it does not wholly consist of this "current"*." There is a probability of this last astounding surmise proving correct, and evidence is accumulating to show that the human brain is something like an electrical machine, that the whole body may become a powerful battery, and that we have latent forces which will yet enable us to do the "works" which Christ did, and, as He said, even greater works. His insistence on the power of Faith to remove mountains may yet prove to be only a hyperbolic statement of actual fact, "Faith" being the essential condition for controlling, or directing, those mental and other forces which are our birthright as sons of the same omnipotent Father.

The Spiritual Renaissance, this Pentecostal outpouring, is running in three streams. I gave some hints of the central movement in "The Increasing Purpose" (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, March, 1902), and I hope to return to it at some future time, as its importance both

for Religion and Psychology cannot be overrated. Another movement flows from the mingling of Eastern with Western thought. The first fruits of this were the dismally pessimistic systems of Schopenhauer and his follower Von Hartmann, but deeper knowledge is giving us a more cheerful Theosophy which is likely to play a part in the Religion of the future. It has already given us as a doctrine of existence, a vast system of Spiritual Evolution, beside which the Darwin-Spencer scheme is a bagatelle and falls into place as a mere detail of this stupendous conception. The third movement, with which I now deal, is much narrower, more confused, than either of the others, but the evidence in its favour is much stronger than that for Theosophy, and is rapidly accumulating. This movement is trying to create a strict sectarian monopoly of what should be the prized property of all the Churches, especially the Protestant Churches, as it may prove a tower of strength just where Protestantism is weakest. The Protestants have been strangely blind in cutting the tap-root of religion, and reducing it to a rationalised system of morals "touched with emotion." They have thrown away the most powerful weapon with which to combat the insidious advance of the Romanists who hope to bring England under the rule of the Priests. These astute Ecclesiastics have adopted one-half of Christ's advice to his disciples and are as wise as serpents, and they have never lost touch with those curious spiritual phenomena which run like golden threads through the history of all religions. These "signs" have aided immensely in giving them an authority which they have misused to keep their followers in the rudimental stages of religious development, to keep them tied to the apron strings of Mother Church.

From the purely philosophic standpoint we must regard all religions as meeting some human needs, and as showing some phase of infinite Truth, but if we would escape this death-grip of religious conservatism the progressive elements must unite their forces, sink their petty differences, and open the door to this new outpouring of the Spirit. The progressives must no longer reject the stone destined to become the head of the corner, no longer despise and reject the Light-bringers of to-day, and they must pick up vital truths they have dropped by the way. We need a Higher Rationalism. The comparatively narrow and bigoted thing that now usurps that name has "poured out the child with the bath," in rejecting "superstition" it has thrown away the most vital of truths with it. It uses, and appeals to, only a part of our complex nature, rejects vast masses of evidence necessary for understanding the problems with which it attempts to deal, and has all the characteristics of those sects on which it looks down with lordly disdain. The higher rationalism should give us a Spiritual Science, should save us from the foolishness of rejecting and ridiculing new movements in whatever questionable shape they may come. The aim should be to seize the new or revived

truths that are sure to underlie all cults that get a footing on the world's stage, and unite them in the ever-growing body of organised knowledge, and leave the would-be sects only the residuum of error

II

It is to a body of resuscitated and new truths, that are making great headway among educated people, that I wish to draw attention, and however unpromising the subject, and however little we may agree with the new teaching, I hope to deduce some valuable, breezy, bracing truths that will be the best of all tonics for those of us whose nerves are too much in evidence. "Christian Science" is the name of the new cult. This strange conjunction of terms covers a system of mental cure for both bodily and spiritual ills, that has a far-reaching significance. The fact that its text-book has run through two hundred and twenty-seven very costly editions indicates the number and the social status of the people to whom it appeals. The work, for which there is this extraordinary demand both in America and in England, is so faulty as an exposition, so hazy, and so wearisome in its vain repetitions, that it could have had no success were it not for the practical demonstrations given by those who have studied its teachings. Its main theory is as abstract as any system of philosophy made in Germany, and there is no attempt to bridge the gulf between these abstract conceptions and every-day realities. In addition to the faults of exposition there is a keen money-making element in the whole movement, very different from the "without money, and without price" of the Gospels, which puts one on the alert at the outset. In extenuation it may be urged that people are apt to value at nothing what they get for nothing, and the teaching is really so valuable that all means are justifiable that make people prize it. If the example of Jesus, who had not where to lay His head, be pointed to, the recollection that the head of Christianity in England has a palace and many thousands a year will check the disposition to throw stones. Christian "Scientists" preach a most exalted, a most spiritualised form of Christianity, which could only appeal to the few who have the mystical inner experience. It could have gained no wide acceptance without the "works" which the teachings confer the power of performing. There is this striking peculiarity about the new-old theory; everyone must hope it is true. The mere statement of it is healthy and invigorating, and is especially valuable in these neurotic days when the advertising fiend confronts us at every turn, and even disfigures our rural scenery with reminders of the ills that flesh is heir to.

The doctrine summed up in a sentence is. That those who live the Christ life can do Christ's works, especially those works of healing which play so large a part in the Gospels.

It is curious that this supreme test of the genuineness of a Faith

should have almost dropped out of Christianity, or should be ignored or explained away by many of the churches, and that any attempt to rely on the actual truth of Christ's teaching should get people branded as "peculiar," and bring them within the grip of the Law!

Christian "Science" bears the marks of genuine inspiration, or of preternatural cunning. It appeals to that part of our nature where we are most readily touched. It promises to cure us of our bodily ills, and, in some cases, save us from the surgeon's too-ready knife. This appeals to us all, even to those overworked business men to whom there is no other means of access. In the second place, it is a phase of Christianity and is founded on the Bible. It thus leads from health to holiness, and appeals to those who would not look at Theosophy or any of the Free-thought systems. At the same time it so spiritualises the Bible, adopts so transcendental a system of exegesis, that much cramping narrowness, and the grossly-material views of God, are gently superseded, until the neophyte finds himself in a higher region, so broad that the physical scientist could find little to object to, and yet it bestows the inestimable boon of pure religion. It thus meets, or tries to meet, one of the most pressing needs of the time.

About thirty years ago Mrs Mary Baker Glover Eddy, President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, discovered the system of Mental healing to which she gave the name of "Christian Science." The Hon W G Ewing, lawyer and jurist, recently retired from the Bench of the Superior Court of Chicago, pronounces her the "most marvellous woman of all the ages." I may remark in passing that the system seems to appeal to the legal mind, the late acting head of the Church in America, Septimus J Hanna, being a retired judge, and the head in London is a retired Q C.

Mrs Eddy as a girl showed some glimpses of mystical illumination, and at school delighted in philosophy, logic, and moral science. Later on she did a good deal of literary work. Having arrived, as did Swedenborg, at the idea that all causation is mental or spiritual, she went through a long course of experimenting with attenuated drugs to prove that it was the faith in them and not the drugs that worked the cures, and in January, 1866, she gained "the scientific certainty" that all causation was Mind, and every effect a Mental phenomenon, and that "mind dominated matter, and that drugs are powerless." Mrs Eddy had been a great sufferer from chronic diseases, and in 1866 met with a severe accident which produced an injury the physicians pronounced fatal. On a Sunday morning she was told she could not live until noon, but she replied, "I will be well by 'that time'." She had become conscious of a divine illumination and ministration. Her pastor, who had called to bid her a final adieu before service, returned to find her busy about the house. Feeling that the Divine Spirit had wrought a "miracle," and without under-

standing it, she felt that it must be in accordance with Law, and that the "principle of Divine healing was as true to-day as when "Jesus walked the earth" *

Retiring for three years to meditate and search the Scriptures she gradually evolved the system which was afterwards embodied in "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," the text-book which has had such a striking success. Her first pamphlet was copyrighted in 1870, but did not appear in print until 1876 as "she had learned "that this Science must be demonstrated by healing, before a work "on the subject could be profitably published" The first school was started with one student in 1867. In 1881 she opened the Massachusetts Metaphysical College in Boston, and during seven years four thousand students were taught in it by Mrs Eddy. She was appointed pastor of the first established Church of Christ, Scientist, and President of the first Association. Since then the movement has grown with great rapidity, churches are being established in all directions, it has spread to the Continent, and has the usual crop of imitators and plagiarists.

III

In approaching the main theory, I am beset with difficulties. The text-book contains seven hundred pages of difficult reading, which fascinated and aggravated me beyond measure. Mrs Eddy sets out with a great show of logical order and philosophic precision of statement, but the logic reminds one of Jowett's saying that "logic is "neither an art nor a science, but a dodge." It trips the authoress, and in her philosophic formulæ the nexus between cause and effect is too often missing. Terms are used ambiguously, sometimes in a worldly, and sometimes in an other-worldly, in a literal or a metaphorical sense, without warning. The same idea is repeated with endless variations, and will leave a rich legacy of disputatious matter for coming commentators. On the other hand the work is hazily poetical, stimulating and suggestive, much is brilliant and eloquent, and, where she is dealing with concrete matters, often shows great power. The haziness and intangibility of much of her teaching is the characteristic of Mysticism. Truths have been spiritually discerned too great for human speech, and any attempt to formulate them, to fit them to current concepts, seems unsatisfactory. Mrs Eddy herself says that she speaks a "new tongue," and complains of the inadequacy of material terms for metaphysical statements. "Ear hath not heard, "nor hath lip spoken, the pure language of spirit." Faced by such

* It is to be hoped that psychologists will follow up the splendid lead of Professor James on the matters involved in religious conversions, and fathom some of the mysteries of this breaking in of mystical light, and let us know what part the subliminal self plays in these spiritual experiences. Their reality, significance, and profound interest will only be doubted by the ignorant, or those suffering from arrest of development and lack of faculty.

difficulties I can only hope to give my idea, or impression, of Christian Science, this is the more difficult as much of it is merely Berkeley's Idealism pushed to absurdity.

A few extracts will show the difficulty of getting a coherent statement of the doctrine

Mrs Eddy says "The fundamental propositions of Christian Science are summarised in the four following, to me, *self-evident* propositions Even if read backward these propositions will be found to agree in statement and proof.—

"1 God is All in all

"2 God is good Good is Mind

"3 God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter

"4 Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease—

"Disease, sin, evil, death, deny Good, omnipotent God, Life.

"Scientific definition of Immortal Mind

"God Principle, Life, Truth, Love, Soul, Spirit, Mind

"Man God's universal idea, individual, perfect, eternal"

"Mortal Mind" plays a great part in the scheme and is thus referred to "Usage classes both evil and good together as *mind*, therefore, to be understood, the author calls sick and sinful humanity *mortal mind*,—meaning by this term the flesh opposed to Spirit—human error and evil, in contradistinction to truth and Good" "*Mortal mind* is a solecism in language, and involves an improper use of the word *mind*, as Mind is immortal, and the phrase *mortal mind* implies something untrue and therefore unreal, something having no real existence" "Mortal mind forms all conditions of the mortal body, and controls the stomach, bones, lungs, heart and blood as directly as volition of will moves the hand"

"Become conscious, for a single moment, that life and intelligence are purely spiritual,—neither in nor of matter, and the body will then utter no complaints If suffering from a belief in sickness, you will find yourself suddenly well Sorrow is turned to joy, when the body is controlled by spiritual Life, Truth and Love Hence the hope of the promise Jesus bestows 'He that believeth on Me, 'the works that I do shall he do also'"

The foregoing extracts from various parts of "Science and Health" really hint the whole doctrine. It is important to note the definitions or we shall soon find ourselves in topsy-turveydom. They can be fixed in the mind by the familiar words. "The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." For temporal read *unreal*, and for eternal read *real*, then the idea can be grasped and retained It is the "Maya," the illusions of the senses, as held by Theosophists, and the Buddhists, and as taught to initiates in the esoteric doctrines of the old religions We get nearly the same idea in the term "phenomena" as used by Kant, and in current philosophy, phenomena being regarded

as transitory appearances, or manifestations of the unknown noumena, or things as they are in themselves, unmodified by the limitations of our senses. It is important to bear in mind the definition of man "Man was and is God's idea, even the infinite expression of infinite Mind, and co-existent and co-eternal with that Mind. Man has been for ever in the eternal Mind, God, but infinite Mind can never be in man, though made manifest through him. Man's consciousness and individuality are reflections of God. They are emanations of Him who is Life, Truth and Love."

This idea is vital to the system. The *real* man, then, in each of us is an emanation from, or a reflection of God, and as such is from eternity to eternity, is perfect and harmonious, and knows neither sin, suffering, sickness nor death. But this perfect man is, for a time, incarnated in a mortal, a physical body, and has to work through the human brain with its five senses as its instrument of expression. This immersion in matter is the only "Fall" that the perfect man is subjected to. The jump from perfect man—abstract man—to individual men in matter is one of the weakest parts of the doctrine. No reason for man's sojourn in matter is given, and we are informed of no purpose to be served. Matter is constantly abused and in places is denied reality, and is something outside the "allness" of God! The contradictions are so constant, that from the various conflicting statements I will educe a fairly consistent meaning, and take the responsibility.

All substance, then, is spiritual; but it is viewed by means of a human brain through five very imperfect senses, which respond to, and inform us of, only a few out of an infinity of qualities belonging to this spiritual substance. This limited selection of qualities we call Matter, and regard it as the reality, a very solid fact. Yet the Röntgen Rays and still later discoveries throw a startling light on the nature of matter. As I urged years before, if we could only see by electricity instead of by its near relation—light, this so solid-seeming earth would be transparent to us, and nothing would be visible but the few things that are non-conductors. What a magical transformation this would work in our ideas of matter is only too evident. These considerations, which are both scientifically and philosophically sound, show that our outer senses weave for us a web of illusion, as taught by inspired teachers of all time. Matter *is* what it appears to us when viewed from the worms-eye standpoint of our five senses, but viewed from the higher standpoint of our perfect selves in touch with the real realities, the representations of our senses are as much like the reality as the black silhouettes of our grandmothers are like archangels. The small part, then, of our larger minds which can be cribbed, cabined, and confined in a human brain is called by Mrs. Eddy "Mortal Mind," in contradistinction to our real mind which is an emanation from, or a reflection of, the Deity. The work of this Mortal

Mind, with its limited outlook, is to weave this tissue of illusion, and the consequent blunders form the sin, suffering, and disease of this world. Matter, we are told, cannot feel, cannot suffer pain or fatigue any more than a cartwheel is fatigued by going round, or pained when burnt, neither do nerves feel pain, or muscles feel fatigue—these are only felt by mortal mind. This will seem a wild statement to anyone who has suffered neuralgia, but remember that if we can only detach the mortal mind from the nerves by means of anæsthetics, or by hypnotism, the most serious surgical operations can be endured without any sense of pain. As pain is felt only by the lower mind, not by the higher, the question is whether we cannot detach the pain-feeling mind from the nerves without anæsthetics or hypnotism, or hypnotic suggestion? It is well known that any great mental excitement, or religious exaltation, will make us unconscious of physical pain for the time being, and the religious martyrs of all time were, doubtless, all but insensible to the tortures inflicted on them. It is probable, therefore, that the treatment of the Christian Science practitioner partakes more or less of these pain-subduing influences. That religious exaltation is often attained is beyond doubt.

This mortal mind has other functions besides that of feeling pain, it is also the body-builder and repairer. It constructs the physical body, controls and regulates all its functions, including those unconscious and automatic processes which we do not, as a rule, attribute to any mind we can call our own. This lower mind being the organising and repairing agent, the Christian Scientists contend that when it is healthy and harmonious the body is also healthy. Disease is thus mental in its origin and requires mental remedies.

This organising mind is liable to be thrown off its balance by fear, and by false beliefs, and the body is at once thrown out of gear, or is diseased. The willing atoms fly off to execute the mistaken commands of the morbid mind and produce morbid growths; or missing the healthy organising command partial dissolution may set in. The mortal mind being thus in fault, the Christian Scientist tries to correct the false beliefs by appealing to Truth, to support and strengthen the lower mind by appealing to the higher. The now generally accepted theory that our minds consist of the supra-conscious, conscious, and sub-conscious parts, throws some light on Mrs Eddy's probable meaning.

This is a very free translation of Mrs Eddy's ideas, and I am perhaps reading more of my own thought into them than her followers would approve. But I am only stripping her vague language of some of its ambiguities; extracting meaning from contradictions, taking the spirit and disregarding the letter which, in this case, killeth consistency.

It is contended that all disease is of mental origin, so must its cure

be mental, or "metaphysical" All infection is likewise mental Disease is spread by *fear*, directly in adults, and to children through the fears of parents or others and drugs receive their only efficacy from the faith of the patient, the doctor, or the community These hard sayings are really only over-statements of admitted facts, and there is little doubt that the periodical scares about microbes and maladies are more fatal than the diseases As in the old fable, when the Plague is remonstrated with for killing forty thousand people when it said it was only going to kill eleven thousand, it replied, "I killed eleven thousand, fear killed the rest"

We now arrive at a very important part of the subject, and while only partly original, it seems to contain the germs of a new and much-needed philosophy of health and disease "Mental pictures of health or disease reproduce themselves in the body" "Mind, not matter, is causation A material body expresses a material mortal mind A mortal man possesses his body, and he makes it harmonious or discordant according to the images of thought impressed upon it. You embrace your body in your thought, and you should delineate upon it thoughts of health, not sickness You should banish all thoughts of disease and sin, and other beliefs included in matter. Man, being immortal, has a perfect, indestructible Life It is the mortal belief which makes body discordant and diseased, in proportion as it is governed by ignorance, fear, and human will" "Mortals obtain the harmony of health, only as they forsake discord, acknowledge the supremacy of Mind, and abandon their material beliefs Eradicate the image of disease from the perturbed thought before it has taken tangible shape in conscious thought, *alias* the body, and you prevent its development and heredity This task becomes easy if you understand that every disease is a belief, and has no character or type except what mortal mind assigns to it By lifting the mind above error, or disease, and contending persistently against it, you destroy it"

This idea that mental pictures, whether of health or disease, impress themselves on the body receives confirmation from many sources, and until we have solved the mystery of "mother-marks" we cannot say it is untrue In addition to the images impressed on their offspring by longing mothers there are the phenomena of the stigmata These marks resembling the wounds on Christ's body, said to have been miraculously impressed on the bodies of Saints, are well attested. Eliminating the term "miraculously" we have the same idea, a different phase of the operation of the same mysterious law so dramatically used by Hawthorne in "The Scarlet Letter" This effect of the maternal imagination on offspring is mentioned in the Bible, was believed in by the Greeks, and it may be operative in the hereditary transmission of disease; and it is only an extension of the same law to a person's self, this picturing of health mentally and

reproducing it in the body In any case it is a most healthy and invigorating idea, and must tend to lessen that detestable clinical chatter, that morbid talk of symptoms and treatment, of doctors and drugs, which becomes a disease in itself, and produces that most incurable of invalids the *malade imaginaire*

IV.

This is roughly the theory of the new cult To the ruckrakes of criticism may be left the profitless task of exposing errors and contradictions, my object is to extract the golden grains of truth from a mystical system that should have been stated with Emersonian suggestiveness, rather than in pseudo-scientific form In hinting the theory I have hinted the practice, they are so bound up together that one cannot be stated without the other The fundamental idea of both is the essential health and harmony of the real man As a thought or a reflection of Deity, the Universal Life, Mind, Soul, or Spirit, the *real* man is immortal, incorruptible, free from sin, sickness and "death" This is regarded as the Truth of Being, and the whole aim of the teaching is to lift the mind above all earthly woes, and make it realise and live in the higher and more potent regions of its nature By doing so the individual is placed in a position to receive a larger influx of the Great All-sustaining Life of the Universe This elevated attitude of mind not only lifts us above all the petty worries which are the prolific parents of disease, it also gives a mental and bodily vigour against which disease cannot contend From this higher standpoint war is waged against the lower, or "Mortal Mind", the illusions and blunders of which form the sin and suffering of this world It is contended that a "change of belief changes all physical symptoms and determines a case for better or worse Nerves carry "a changed report over the body according to the changed belief" Disease it regards as merely a false belief of the lower mind, to be cast out by an appeal to the Higher Truth The worst that can be said of this is that it is an over-statement of an indisputable fact Now, with the ordinary man, mortal mind, with its material beliefs, is the predominant partner and the aim of the treatment is to make the real or higher man the dominating factor To this end all the beliefs of the lower mind, the beliefs in disease, are met with sudden dismissal and the Higher Truth is appealed to for the purpose of correcting them The object is to allay all fear, to banish all morbid thought, and all ordinary aids to health are disregarded or put out of sight Nothing is allowed to turn the mind away from the inherent curative powers of Nature The mind is excited by grand views of the realities of Existence to a religious fervour The imagination is stimulated to indulge in pictures of perfect health and harmony, and the patient is encouraged to act as if quite well

All the morbid fancies having been met with emphatic denial, the "*right thought*" is instantly taken up by the healer. This shows that the Christian Scientists are playing with Thought Forces of the strange potency of which we are just getting glimmerings, so the scoffer must walk warily or he may find that he has been laughing at his own ignorance while he thought he was laughing at the earnest workers in the three branches of this Spiritual Renaissance, who are doing so much for the Science of the future.

This taking up the right thought is very significant and is applied to all conditions of life, and if we are to believe the endless stream of testimony, with startling results. When treating disease the sick and suffering patient is lost sight of, and the real higher immortal self is realised as far above the possibility of earthly woes. If this thought can be held by the patient, or the healer, with sufficient clearness and concentration, the effects seem to be magical. The great difficulty is to concentrate on the one clear thought and exclude absolutely the thousand and one other thoughts which clamour for attention. This realising the thought of the perfect self evidently reinforces the subliminal section of the mind which builds and repairs the body, and enables it to overcome the adverse influences which have thrown it out of gear. Here we come upon Plato's "Archetypal Ideas," and Aristotle's "Forms," and some of the profoundest questions are opened up. The power of suggestion, which the experimental psychologists have proved up to the hilt, is evidently operative in this treatment. There can be no doubt that thought tends to realise itself, both on the mental and physical planes, and when two or three are gathered together reinforcing a given thought there is no knowing what force they may exert. The Spiritualists, Theosophists, and Christian Scientists are manifestly dealing with potentialities and powers of vast extent and significance, and to understand and control them will be the work of the Science of the future.

In addition to healing the Christian Scientist "treats" or takes up the right thought to correct everything that goes wrong. Discord is met by the thought of harmony, poverty is met by the thought of the bounteousness of Providence, and of the abundance there is for all. Taking Christ's promises as things to be realised and not to be explained away, they hold the thought that a child of God can lack nothing, and this saves all worry and keeps them in a happy frame of mind no riches could bestow, and in every way the results are remarkable enough to sustain their "cheerful faith that all which we behold "is full of blessings," as Wordsworth says. Christian Science "afire" "with Divine Love" demands above all, that the "metaphysician" should first cast moral evils out of himself, that he may cast physical evils out of his patient. Christ's life is enjoined that His works may follow.

V.

Such in briefest outline is this remarkable system, which flourishes on opposition, and leaves blessings in its train. By the mental treatment the dipsomaniac is enabled to throw off his fetters, and gets to dislike all fire-waters. The smoker forgets his pipe, the myopic throw off their spectacles, and the aged throw off the burden of years. Care and worry are thrown to the winds, physic to the dogs, the talk is all of "demonstrations" and blessings, and the recital of those catalogues of woes which do so much to scatter misery abroad is strictly tabooed. The infectious talk of diseases which, as every medical student knows, sets people fancying they have all the symptoms of the horrors described is never indulged in. So the whole atmosphere in which they live tends to health and happiness, and the sense of power both to help themselves and others is a most enviable possession. Apart from the philosophic interest I feel in all new thought, this aspect of the movement appeals to me very strongly, and whatever the admixture of error, it has evidently some bracing and much-needed truths, of which it should have no monopoly.

A thousand objections may be urged, which may be met by a thousand plausible replies. This battledore and shuttlecock game is profitless, the aim should be to correlate Christian Science with the other Movements, as its adherents show little insight into the real position.

As regards Medical Science. It is known and admitted that all those mysterious nervous diseases covered by the vague term "Hysteria" are curable by sudden shock, powerful effort of will, religious excitement such as that produced by a visit to Lourdes, and the numerous other shrines of which we read. These facts were well known to the medical men, who have missed a chance in not following up that clue. Another fact long combated, but now admitted by Medical Science, is the extraordinary power of suggestion. In Hypnotism this power is demonstrated beyond cavil, but more to the point is a remarkable series of experiments, extending over seven years, made by C. M. Barrows, in America, on "Suggestion without Hypnotism." An account of these was read before the Society for Psychical Research, in January, 1896. Mr Barrows says "I have treated several hundred persons, afflicted with various maladies, including insomnia, rheumatism, neuralgia, intermittent headache, sore joints, hysteria, chorea, morbid phenomena left by the result of disease, functional disorders of the nervous system, dipsomania, stammering, stage-fright, excessive emotion," etc., and he also succeeded in robbing the dentist's chair of its terrors. Five or six out of seven cases were successes or partial successes, and only about one out of the seven resulted in failure. This throws a valuable side-light on Christian Science treatment. Mrs. Eddy repudiates and con-

demns Hypnotism, which is liable to abuse, and claims that the power of the Mental Healer is increased by purity of life, can only be used for good, and ceases the moment any attempt is made to use it for evil purposes

The number of cases recognised by medical men as amenable to suggestion, and other Mental influences, is very great, and the new movement is not so far from orthodox Medical Science as it appears; we can only regret that physicians did not more quickly follow up the clues they had in their hands. The general trend is to rely more and more on nursing and dieting, and less on drugs, and the revolution in the treatment of consumption is significant. Physicians only claim to assist Nature, and when we remember the difficulties of diagnosis, and the liability to get on a wrong track and hinder rather than assist, we see the need of more reliable treatment. This need is emphasised when we see the tendency of physicians to despair of their own art, and to hand their patients over to the terrible knife—to the more progressive art of surgery. So Christian "Science," although so bitterly opposed, may yet prove a benefactor in disguise to the doctors by inducing them to improve their methods, and to regard their patients as something more than mere physical bodies.

Whatever the medical value of the new cult, it may safely be contended that in Mind we have the best of all physicians, and that in the exhaustless store of vital energy of the universe we have an ever-present supply of the best of all medicines, that faith, courage, cheery confidence, give the mental attitude which enables us to avail ourselves of this medicine. In the absence of personal faith the faith of the Mental Healer can supply its place, and the mysterious action of mind on mind aids recovery. The more the mind can withdraw itself from the basement, and the lower stories of its habitation, the body, and the more it can live in its upper stories the stronger will be its command over the body, of the mind over matter. The more it can lift itself above the petty worries, fears, and cares, which are the sources of so much disease, the more it can fix its attention on the larger issues of life the stronger will be the mental power, and the healthier will the body become. It has been scientifically demonstrated that the higher mind, or self, evoked in artificial trance, can diagnose diseases of its own body, prescribe remedies, and predict the whole course and result of the malady*. So in speaking of the higher mind, or self, we are not using a pulpit platitude, but referring to a scientific fact. So we have, literally, the best of physicians within us with his remedies always at hand. We can not only help ourselves, we can help and be helped by others, and may eventually be able to "catch" good health as we have hitherto caught disease!

* See Dr Carl Du Prel's admirable, but misnamed, "Philosophy of Mysticism"

VI

With Christian Science thus unexpectedly reinforcing Christianity just on those points dropped by the Churches, and lifting Christians to a higher platform, with Theosophy revivifying and enriching Western Thought by the wonders of the East, with Spiritualism demonstrating a future life, and the existence of latent faculties and powers, and giving a meaning to life never before discerned, with Physical Science opening up new vistas into the Infinite, new wonderlands, and giving us glimpses of the awful potencies we are subduing to our service, with all this we have a movement of unprecedented significance. And although the different parts of the advancing army may sometimes wage internecine war, it is fratricidal, as they are all complementary to each other and to the older movements. The broadening and deepening of the Religious Consciousness by this Spiritual Renaissance and the wondrous revelations of Physical Science mark a stage in our development as much in advance of the New Dispensation as that was in advance of the Old. All the diverse and apparently conflicting movements have yet a strange underlying tendency to unity, and are manifesting a vaster meaning hidden from the workers by the dust of progress.

E WAKE COOK

THE SHUFFLED GOVERNMENT.

WHEN Bishop Magee was assured by a candid Liberal that the supporters of the established Church would have to deal with the claim of Nonconformists to the use of national churchyards, he replied "It's not the dealing I mind, it's the shuffling" The recent shuffling of his colleagues by the new Prime Minister does not seem, if we may judge from Sevenoaks, to have made a very favourable impression upon the public All practical politicians know the danger of drawing large inferences from a single election But in the Sevenoaks Division last August everything except politics was on the side of the Conservative candidate He was himself most justly popular, and in opposing his re-election the local Liberals took a course which is always fatal, unless special circumstances of a rare kind compel its adoption The enormous reduction of Mr Forster's majority, despite these drawbacks, was startling, and suggests the belated inference that another Liberal, as able as Mr Beaumont Morice, might have rescued East Worcestershire, while he saved the Post Office, from the thralldom of the hereditary principle For if we admit that two Chamberlains may be quite as necessary to a Cabinet as two Balfours, we are not therefore bound to acknowledge the necessity for either one phenomenon or the other The demands of rival families can be more easily reconciled with the interests of the public by curtailment than by extension, and if the patriotism of Mr Gerald Balfour had suffered him to resign the Board of Trade into the hands of a less cultivated chief, no one would have been obviously injured, except perhaps Mr Pierpont Morgan But if a Kentish Home Secretary, whose other qualifications for the office are not apparent, could not rouse a Kentish constituency to enthusiasm for the Government, it was unlikely that they would be more impressed by the first President of the Board of Education, or by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer Yet for the former appointment there is something to be

said Lord Londonderry, having been a successful Chairman of the London School Board, will be able to tell the Cabinet how great a blunder, how inexpressible a crime the destruction of that body (I do not mean the Cabinet) would be. Moreover, the Board of Education has now in the House of Commons the best possible representative, with one exception, that could have been found. Putting present controversies for the moment aside, all friends of education will agree that if the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board could not be Sir Richard Jebb, it ought to be Sir William Anson. It seems, however, to have escaped the notice of Radical reformers that Mr. Balfour has inaugurated his reign by the establishment of a paid sinecure. Sir John Gorst is, so to speak, at an end. His office has been cut from under him, and he floats in the stormy sea of placemen out of place. He can hardly have expected that those whom he had persistently flouted and held up to ridicule would make any effort to retain him. But if there is to be no Vice-President of the Council, why should there be a President? Or if there must be a President, why should he have a salary? The Lord President has now no more to do than the Lord Privy Seal, and it is to be presumed that Mr. Balfour has relinquished the salary which, abolished by Mr. Gladstone in 1884, was revived for Lord Salisbury's benefit in 1900.

The two statesmen who have voluntarily withdrawn from the Cabinet are more conspicuous figures than any of those that remain. Mr. Chamberlain's peculiar predominance has disappeared with the war, and Mr. Balfour, with all his merited popularity, does not fill the stage as his uncle filled it. Lord Salisbury has been, since the death of Lord Beaconsfield, the principal figure in the Conservative Party, and since the death of Mr. Gladstone the first man in public life. As a leader of Opposition from 1881 to 1885 he displayed an energy only equalled by his ability, and of late years there was no one who approached him in mastery of foreign affairs. So great an intellectual force cannot be removed from any administration without impairing its strength and weakening its hold upon the confidence of the country. But the loss of Lord Salisbury, grave as it is, does not stand alone. It has been accompanied by another not less severe. For if Sir Michael Hicks-Beach never attained to Lord Salisbury's eminence, his natural force was not, like Lord Salisbury's, abated. At the age of sixty-four, a young man for his years, he has chosen to leave a department which more than all others at this moment requires strong and vigilant guidance. Liberals are supposed to have some strange prejudice in favour of Sir Michael. If so, it must be a singularly fair-minded one; for a man more conspicuously free from the taint of Liberalism does not exist. He cannot even understand why anybody should object to the Education Bill, and frankly calls the arguments against it nonsense. But with the exception of the late Prime Minister he was the ablest man in the Cabinet, and the man who most

thoroughly understood his own business without any exception at all. He is one of the two or three best speakers in the House of Commons, and the most competent financier produced by the Conservative Party since the days of Peel. He committed blunders such as the Coal Tax and the Corn Duty, of which the most plausible explanation is that when he was outvoted in the Cabinet he considered his responsibility diluted into nothing. But though he had to give way before the great truth that policy controls expenditure, and to pay for the South African War, he kept a tight hand over the spending departments, and he never subscribed to Mr Chamberlain's doctrine that the greatness of a country may be estimated by adding its annual outlay to its permanent debt. The resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach would have been in any case a political loss. Now that we are in the hands of men whose financial models are the South African Republics, it is a national calamity. And who has been put in his place? Mr Balfour might naturally have been expected to choose among his followers for a post of such supreme and vital importance the man with the keenest intellect, the highest reputation, and the strongest will. He chose Mr Ritchie, of whom it is difficult to say much, good or bad, except that he first became prominent through his disinterested efforts to save the working classes from the miseries of cheap sugar, and that he passed the Local Government Act. A conciliatory temper is a useful possession, and that, as well as habits of business, Mr Ritchie has. But it is not everything, and a connection with trade, even a past connection, is a more than doubtful advantage to a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The first use Sir Michael Hicks-Beach made of his freedom was to attack the administration of the War Office. The administration of the War Office depends upon the Secretary of State for War. If, remembering always that he is a civilian, responsible only to Parliament, he confines himself to the discharge of his proper functions, which include all the higher appointments in the Army, and all questions of military policy, leaving to soldiers discipline and detail, the measure of success he attains will be the measure of his own abilities, and if these are slender, he is not to blame, for he did not make himself. But if he sets up to be a sort of amateur soldier, meddles with everything, produces schemes of Army reform which cannot be seriously defended, and capers about in khaki for the amusement of the German Army, the measure of his failure will be the same, and he may think himself lucky should his abilities be small. Sir Michael, however, did not confine himself to general criticisms, which might have passed as merely confirming general opinion. He made a definite accusation which, coming from him, is extremely serious. He said that the War Office, a convenient euphemism for the Secretary of State, was guided in making appointments by "outside influence," which would not be tolerated in the Civil Service. Now, I have not the slightest idea what

in particular he meant, and I suppose that most taxpayers share my ignorance. But he must have meant something, and having been Chancellor of the Exchequer for seven years, he is in a position to know what he is talking about. The charge is one of favouritism, or in plainer English of jobbery, taking the peculiarly heinous form of sacrificing national safety to personal importunity. If it be untrue, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach should withdraw it, and apologise for having made it. What would have been the course taken after reading Sir Michael's speech by a manly, straightforward and sensible Minister for War? He would surely have said, "I, and I alone, am responsible for the military appointments made since I succeeded Lord Lansdowne. I am prepared to defend each and every one of them in the House of Commons, where I call upon Sir Michael to challenge them." Very different is the language of Mr St John Brodrick. He shelters himself behind Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, who, he says, approved of everything he did. It was not their business to approve or to disapprove, but to give Mr Brodrick the benefit of their professional advice and assistance, leaving the responsibility, where the Constitution leaves it, with him. I am not one of those Radicals who think that five thousand a year is too high a salary for a Secretary of State, if he does his duty. But if he is to be the mere mouthpiece of the Commander-in-Chief, or the mere agent of some popular general, five hundred would be excessive. Nor is the answer which Mr Brodrick has thought fit to give any real answer at all. Whether he has himself yielded to illegitimate pressure he knows better than anyone else, unless it was very subtle pressure indeed. But the moment he shifts the burden to other shoulders, his denial becomes valueless. "These appointments must have been well made, because they were not made by me" is a modest but not a logical reply. It is rather to be hoped than expected that this subject will be fully threshed out, and finally cleared up, by Lord Elgin's Private Inquiry Commission.

But already the South African War is fading from public view. Mr Chamberlain does not always look before he leaps. He leapt without looking three years ago. Still, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, he was not quite so insane as to propose to Parliament the suspension of the Constitution at the Cape. Such a measure, as he knew very well, would have been the beginning of the end of a Colonial system in which local independence is the corner-stone. It is a remarkable consequence of the war that Cape Colony should have settled down under the peaceful and tranquil rule of the Africander Bond, never so powerful as at the present time. But statesmen who had made up their minds that the Boers would not fight could scarcely be expected to foresee that the Dutch would vote. Sir Gordon Sprigg, a Parliamentary statesman with a great respect for votes, has ceased to be a Jingo and become a Bondsman. Probably he believes in "efficiency," especially

his own, like other Parliamentary statesmen in the outlying appendage of the British Empire called the United Kingdom Efficiency, the word, not the thing, is another legacy of the war. Eminent persons have assured us in solemn tones, expressing the authority of prophets and the pride of discovery, that efficiency is the one thing needful. Authoritative announcements from uninspired sources should always, as the compiler of a social handbook said of invitations from South Kensington, be received with suspicion. There is no platitude, however commonplace, which may not conceal a paradox. Efficiency has two opposites. One is inefficiency, the other is principle. Nobody, not even the brilliant genius at the head of the War Office, would constitute himself the public advocate of inefficiency. Indeed to efficiency all administrators must in the last resort come. Of this truth there could not be a better example than Mr. Brodrick has kindly given us. Struck by the dazzling originality of the formula "British meat for British soldiers," he ordered that the Army should be fed, regardless of expense, from the produce of Colonies which impose Protective Tariffs against the Metropolis. But the price of New Zealand mutton has knocked this pretty little scheme on the head, so that the Secretary for War has sought refuge in the rudiments of political economy, and the resources of the Argentine Republic. One should never despair. Some day even Cabinet Ministers may learn that foreign trade means home employment, and that to discourage the former is to diminish the latter. It is hardly credible that leading men would elevate to the rank of a political dogma, and even of a dogma distinguishing one party from another, the dull truism that it is desirable not to be inefficient. No, there is another sense, or rather a sense, which may be given to the word. There is an old and dangerous fallacy embodied in a familiar couplet of Pope

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best.

Dr. Johnson put the same idea into a colloquial shape when he said that he would not give half a guinea to live under one form of Government rather than another. Pope would have been prevented by his religion from taking any part in public affairs, even if his ambition had lain that way. Johnson was a great man of letters, but nobody ever reads now anything that he wrote on politics. Both these illustrious persons were true apostles of efficiency. Their doctrine, though perhaps they never worked it out, was that the way in which things were done was more important than the things themselves. So Gibbon defends the martyrdom of Cyprian on the ground that all the arrangements were admirably made, and that the victim was not kept waiting for one unnecessary moment. It is obvious that this theory will take us far. If an absolute despotism carries out public works with more rapidity and thoroughness than a Republic or a limited

monarchy, then tyranny should be preferred to freedom. For what is personal liberty compared with good roads? Half a century ago, in the neighbouring country of France, there was perpetrated an act of almost unexampled efficiency. It is sometimes called the Crime of December, sometimes the *Coup d'état*, and Kinglake has described it in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. It involved perjury of quite an ostentatious kind, and murder on quite an unseemly scale. But the Elysian brethren, as Kinglake calls them, were efficient. They meant to destroy the French Constitution, and they destroyed it. Those who disapproved of their conduct were furnished with free passages to Cayenne, and the more fortunate of them died on the way. Perhaps if Dr Johnson had been among them he might have thought that the difference between the boasted efficiency of the Second Empire and the admitted inefficiency of the Second Republic was worth more than half a guinea.

The old form of Liberalism which restricted Government to the functions of the hangman and the policeman was doubtless too narrow. It was repudiated by Macaulay, a Whig of the Whigs, when he argued against John Bright for the Education Grant of 1847. But the modern idea that principles are all rubbish, and nothing matters except administration, is at least as false and much more mischievous. The enemies of representative Government are fond of asserting that the best administered town in the world is Washington, where there is no elected municipality. Assuming the fact, for the sake of the argument, to be so, does it follow that we should dispense with our municipal institutions? If efficiency be the one thing needful, yes. If not, no. The Education Bill is justified on the ground that it will promote efficiency. I do not believe that it would do anything of the sort. But even if it would, that would not make it the less unjust, or excuse the constitutional anomaly that ratepayers should be unable to control the expenditure of rates. Fancy has ranged very freely round this Bill. Sir John Gorst, who perhaps no longer feels that he ought to know, says in the "Nineteenth Century" for October that the Bill proposes "to make the County Councils and the Municipal Councils of great boroughs solely responsible for education of every kind within their districts." This is our old friend the single authority, of whom I fondly hoped that we were at last rid. The Education Bill, as Sir John Gorst will remember, was introduced by Mr Balfour. Mr. Balfour was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Under what authority will Eton be after the Bill has passed? Under its own Governing Body, including Sir William Anson, as it is now. Under what authority will Cambridge be? Under its own Senate, as it is now. Most members of Parliament send their sons to private preparatory schools. Under what authority will they be? As now, under none at all. But it may be said that the Bill only applies to schools and colleges in receipt of public money. King's College and University College

receive public money Does the Bill apply to them? It does not Even if we confine ourselves to public elementary education, the figment of a single authority is a pure delusion Every such school would, if this Bill passed, be subject to the Board of Education as well as to the Town or County Council If it were in a borough with more than ten thousand inhabitants, or in an urban district with more than twenty thousand, it might be taken out of the County Council's jurisdiction altogether, or it might not If it were not only public and elementary, but also sectarian, it would be subordinate to yet another authority, a board of managers or trustees Even that does not exhaust the list of authorities For the parish council or urban district council will have the right to nominate two persons, of whom one must be the parent of a child at the "Voluntary" School, to the board of management, provided that two are not more than one-third of the board If this chaos of conflicting and overlapping jurisdictions is to be called a single authority, language ceases to have any meaning And indeed there are many signs which point to some such conclusion For I can hardly believe, philology notwithstanding, that Mr Haldane, Mr Sidney Webb, Canon Barnett, and other equally respectable persons have been drinking together for the ostensible purpose of discussing the Education Bill If they did, they must have had a jovial, frolicsome night over what one of them beautifully calls "standardising teaching" Despite the name given to their revels, their style is not exactly Platonic, and what makes the whole thing a little flat is that they all agree A soberer, not to say a drier "symposium" there never was, and yet some of the things said were rather wild Professor Laurie, for instance, does not seem to have quite known where he was For he pronounced that the form of religious instruction given in Board Schools was "satisfactory to the Nonconformists, and is consequently "to be held as the establishment and endowment of their religion in the "school" Here we have the ancient fallacy, which seems still to linger on the North of the Tweed, that there is a Nonconformist religion There are many Nonconformist Churches, but it is against the law to teach the specific doctrines of any Nonconformist Church in a Board School The Cowper-Temple Clause, which regulates the religious teaching lawful in Board Schools, was moved by a pious member of the Church of England Its special application by the London School Board, which has been entirely successful, was made at the instance of a most worthy and zealous Churchman, William Henry Smith Thousands of Churchmen, all Liberal Churchmen, are perfectly satisfied with the religious teaching in Board Schools, from the Bishop of Hereford downwards Nobody can understand the beggarly elements of the question who supposes that religious instruction in Board Schools has anything to do with the differences between Churchmen and Nonconformists It ignores them altogether It is a compromise, which not one layman in ten thousand had the slightest wish to reopen The

clergy have reopened it, as, for instance, Mr Russell Wakefield, who says that "we cannot apply the 'clean slate' policy to our educational 'system'" That is just what the Government has done. The demand of the Liberal Party is not for "a national system of Secular Education" to be maintained out of the public funds, and to be wholly controlled "by the elected representatives of the people." It is that a system which has worked well for more than thirty years should be let alone. There is ample scope even for Lord Londonderry's enthusiasm in the field of secondary or intermediate education, which has been wofully neglected, and for which this Bill does scarcely anything at all. Our elementary education is not perfect. Nothing human is. But there was no reason for disturbing it at this particular moment, except the demand of clergymen and ecclesiastical laymen for more public money without public control. It is absurd to talk about the abolition of the so-called Voluntary Schools. Nobody has suggested anything of the kind. But when we are told that it would cost a hundred millions to get rid of them, we wonder for whom such bogeys are intended. Many of these schools are trusts with endowments, and could not legally be used for any other purpose. To call them Voluntary is ridiculous. Sir John Gorst discloses the awkward fact that some of them subsist upon the Parliamentary Grant, and receive no voluntary contributions whatsoever. Yet notwithstanding the extra allowance given them by the unrighteous Act of 1897, they still cry out for money, money to defray the expenses of the richest church in the world. If Anglican Schools have been closed for want of funds, it is a disgrace to those numerous opponents of School Boards whose princely fortunes would suffice to pay for the whole education of the country. The Roman Catholics, who might with more plausibility, by reason of their poverty, talk of an "intolerable strain," have not allowed a single school of theirs to be shut up.

One ardent Symposist promises as a result of this Bill a supply of "unlimited maintenance scholarships." What in the name of wonder is an unlimited maintenance scholarship? Is the maintenance unlimited or the scholarship, or merely the nonsense talked about the Bill? Another of these convivial apologists, wishing in the guleless innocence of his soul to discredit School Boards, cites the horrible case of a board which offered scholarships to young men and women in a Higher Grade School. There are minds, no doubt, which shrink with disgust from the contemplation of such shameless depravity. The enemies of education are always with us. But it illustrates the sort of harmony which subsists among the friends of the Bill that the provision of scholarships should be held out by one as a tempting inducement, and held up by another as an awful example. Mr Haldane gravely reckons the abolition of the plural, by which he means the cumulative, vote among the advantages of Mr Balfour's measure. But he would hardly contend that the cumulative vote could not be abolished without

abolishing School Boards The principle of one man one vote for Parliament has never been held to require the destruction of the House of Commons

To talk of this Bill as demanded by "the Church" is an impertinence The Church of England demands no such Bill The clerical faction, the sacerdotal faction, Roman or Anglo-Catholic, is a very different thing from the Church, and has no right to speak in its name Half the Liberal Party are Churchmen, and they are in favour of maintaining School Boards Even where there is no Board School, a School Board is useful For it enforces attendance, which other local authorities do not Sir John Gorst admits that School Boards in towns are excellent institutions, and yet they are to be ruthlessly swept away Some of the Board Schools in rural districts, though by no means all, are inefficient The obvious remedy was to improve the School Boards by enlarging the area, and thus increasing the opportunities of choice But if experience be of the slightest value, it is as certain as anything human can be, that in England, as a rule, only bodies elected for the specific object will take any interest in education There may be exceptions The London County Council is probably one, and therefore the Government will take care not to make it the educational authority for London For technical instruction, which is not education, the County Councils as a whole are zealous enough Technical instruction is a practical thing It has a definite pecuniary value, and may end in the improvement of artificial manure The offence of School Boards in the eyes of the Government is their highest merit for the true educational reformer They were not content with the bare fulfilment of their legal obligations They tried to raise, and they were rapidly raising, the intellectual standard of the country by evening classes and continuation schools Upon this sagacious and beneficent enterprise the judgment of the Courts in the case of the Queen and Cockerton fell like a thunderbolt The best chance of bringing education in England up to the level of education in Switzerland, Scotland, and Germany was apparently annihilated with a blow The decision of the judges was of course the law But Parliament is above the law, and a patriotic Administration would have lost no time in restoring to School Boards the power they were believed to possess To spare the rates and spoil the schools was then the motto of the Government If they are legislating to raise the rates now, it is not for the schools but for the Church

This is of course the most thorny and controversial part of a thorny and controversial question Fortunately it is not an issue about which there can be any mistake, on which there can be any difference of opinion among genuine Liberals The Act of 1870, though nominally Mr Forster's, was carried through the House of Commons by the sheer personal ascendancy of Mr Gladstone At the risk, and with the result, of offending his Nonconformist

supporters, the most illustrious Churchman of his time passed a measure far too favourable to the Church, or at least to the Establishment. Instead of providing for a universal system of Board Schools, such as prevails in Scotland, he merely supplied the deficiencies of the Voluntary Schools, which then had some right to the name, by enacting that Board Schools under popular control should be built where they were wanted. Even now the majority of children in Elementary Schools are in schools under private management. Mr Gladstone and Mr Forster regarded it as a great concession, and so it was, that the Parliamentary Grant should still be given to schools no longer National. But it never entered their heads, or struck them as possible, that when Parliament had set up a system of education, those who held aloof from it should be treated with special favour. The Clerical Schools were not to be docked of their grant, they were to have no aid from the rates, and at their peril they were to hold their own against the competition of the Board Schools. Religion might be taught at the rate-payers' expense, if it were not sectarian, distinctive of any particular sect. If it were, no rates were to be spent upon the schools where it was inculcated. Every modification made in the Act of 1870 has been made for the sake of Toryism in the Established Church. There was one such modification in 1876. There was another in 1897. From both of them the Denominational Schools got more money. They have been cockered and bolstered up to protect them against wholesome competition. No Minister, except Mr Acland, has insisted upon their coming up to the proper standard. Yet because nothing else can save them from gradual diminution through the penuriousness of their own subscribers, a great final effort is being made to throw them bodily upon the rates and taxes. This is Toryism, reactionary Toryism, Toryism with a vengeance. It gives Liberals something upon which they can fight, something upon which they can unite something upon which they can, if necessary, appeal to the nation with a clear conscience and the presage of victory. The new agitation against Church rates will be as strong and triumphant as the old. The flabbiness and timidity of modern Liberalism are rather painfully illustrated by the nervous fever into which some men calling themselves Liberals have been thrown by the suggestion that the new Church rate may not be paid. Their fathers would have laughed such feeble scruples to scorn. John Thorogood remained twenty-two months in Chelmsford gaol rather than pay a Church rate of five and sixpence. If this Bill passes, the struggle will only have begun. The cry of no Church rates for Romanising priests will be raised at every election for an English County Council. Dissenters are not the only Protestants in England, nor the only Liberals, nor the only lovers of justice and fair play. Political Nonconformity is a mighty power, and it has been immensely strengthened by this Bill. But it does not stand alone. Liberal Churchmen are tired, and more than tired, of the fussy, foolish

clique that calls itself the Church Party Its policy is reaction. Its name is a fraud It wants a lesson, and unless the usual signs are misleading, it will get one at the next election I should be very sorry, and so, I believe, would most Liberals, to see the parsons become objects of popular hatred No men are more deserving of honour and respect in their own sphere But if they instigate the Government to defy the principle of religious equality, and revive an abuse removed by Mr Gladstone nearly thirty-five years ago, they must take the consequences, and they will have only themselves to thank for them It is an error to say that this new rate is on the same footing as the Parliamentary Grant The Parliamentary Grant involves responsibility to the Board of Education, which in its turn is responsible to Parliament Therefore the nation gets value for its money, the assurance that the schools are efficient For the rate to Church Schools the ratepayer will get nothing, except the privilege of being in a permanent minority on the boards of management It is as if one-third of the House of Commons were elected by the people as a safeguard for the taxpayers, and the rest were nominated by the Crown Mr Chamberlain has of course swung round from the extreme of Radicalism to the extreme of Toryism * As a member of the Birmingham League, he was for making education universal, compulsory, secular, and free, with a School Board in every parish, and a Board School under every School Board As a member of the Tory Cabinet he is for rating Dissenters to keep up the parson's school The Government have thrown down the challenge in the most provocative and insulting form The Free Churches have not been slow to take it up, and we shall see where the new Church rate will be this time next year Perhaps we shall not have to wait so long For Mr. Balfour, defiant at Manchester, has already begun to make concessions in the House of Commons What is the crime of the School Boards, for which they are to be despatched? Efficiency They have done their work too well If their schools had fallen behind in the race, if they had neglected the children after the age of compulsory attendance, if they had let the Church Schools go ahead of them, they would not have been touched No committee of a County Council, with the Council grudging every penny it spends, can have the zeal and energy of a School Board But even if the boot were on the other leg, and the Bill were likely to promote instead of impeding efficiency, the principle of the new rate would be equally bad, and all Liberals would be bound to resist it To treat in the same way a school which is and a school which is not under local popular control, to give them both an equal claim upon the rates, is flagrant and manifest injustice If School Boards had failed, it would still be iniquitous As they have succeeded,

* Mr Chamberlain's recent speech at Birmingham settles on the high authority of the inventor the meaning of the term Pro-Boer A Pro-Boer is one who holds that an institution which receives money from the rates should be controlled by representatives of the ratepayers

it is foolish too. But it is not too late even now to save the School Boards. Church rates cannot be imposed, any more than they could be abolished, in a day. Even if the Bill were through committee, there would still be the stage of report, at which anybody may move to omit Clause Seven, and so destroy the measure if not the Government. In voting against the clause members would not only serve the best interests of their country, but also promote their own chances of success at the next appeal to the people of England.

HERBERT PAUL.

ST. AUGUSTINE AND THE ROMAN CLAIMS.

THERE is, perhaps, no other period of the early Church which affords so reliable a test of the Roman claim of supremacy as the life of the African Church at the beginning of the fifth century. If, indeed, the Roman theologians cannot detect evidence of an acceptance of their pretension by that date, it is confessedly discredited. If in the half century that falls between the death of Julian and the disruption of the Western Empire, when the church-life was so free and so eventful, there is no trace of a submission to the claim of the Roman see, the famous argument from tradition is completely broken. Not to the earlier days, when bishops and churches were so long isolated, nor to the later centuries, when the barbarian invasion had again distorted the course of development, should we look for the most cogent testimony. It is in the peaceful interval between the persecutions and the fall of Rome that we find the most authoritative expressions of the feeling of the early Church. And the African branch of the Church seems to have an especial interest in this regard. More than one Church had only relaxed its fervour and suffered intellectual decadence with the advent of prosperity. The African Church had risen from the humble and not very reputable structure that survived the last persecution to a commanding height in the Roman world. Besides Augustine of Hippo and Aurelius of Carthage, a dozen prelates of great moral, if not intellectual, distinction strengthened its synods and councils. Moreover, the course of its history in the first quarter of the fifth century afforded more than one occasion for an explicit consideration of the pretensions of the Bishop of Rome. There can hardly be a more suitable period in which to test the validity of the Ultramontane argument, and there is certainly no period at which we find the Roman claim rejected with greater vehemence.

St Augustine of Hippo was at once the creator and the theologian of this most famous Church of the fifth century. When he entered the service of the Church in 391, it had not a single bishop of distinction,

and its population was almost lost amidst the multitude of Donatists, Manicheans, and Pagans. Within twenty years Augustine lifted it to the foremost place in the Christian world. Aurelius of Carthage, its chief bishop and statesman, invariably took inspiration from Augustine. From Augustine's seminary ten able and earnest bishops went out to various parts of Africa, and these pupils of his formed the nucleus of every general council. The action of the African Church in its golden age follows the development of Augustine's views with singular fidelity. It is, therefore, to Augustine and his colleagues that we look for the most weighty deliverance on the Roman claim in that age of exceptional freedom of intercommunication.

Augustine has told us very little—though that little is suggestive enough—about his first impression of the Eternal City and its Christian Church. He was never, at any time, the vicious youth the hagiographers have represented him to have been in his pre-Christian days, and the pleasures of the city rather disgusted him. Rome lived from end to end of the year, even whilst the barbarians were gathering thick about its enfeebled frontiers, either in the enjoyment or in the anticipation of its *circenses* and *munera*. Its patricians spent their substance on banquets to trains of vulgar parasites or entertainments of an idle and contemptible mob. A quarter of a million of its citizens spent the whole year in complete idleness, holding out shameless hands for public rations on the bread-steps, and earning only a few coins by the sale of their applause at the Circus, to be spent on dice or wine or the thickly-clustered *fornicee* down the Subura. Augustine had long before given up the circus and the amphitheatre, and the Roman theatre had little intellectual attraction. But he must have watched with a cynical interest the struggle of religions in the city during the few months of his stay there. He came at the moment when Christianity was beginning in earnest its attack on the older religion. Prætextatus and Symmachus were in the middle of their historic struggle for the pagan altar in the Senate. Three other religions—those of Mithra, Cybele, and Isis—were hardly less conspicuous and popular. The Manicheans, to whom Augustine was still nominally attached, were fewer and more obscure. Augustine merely says that “the forest of conflicting sects” led him into sceptical thoughts. He turned to the philosophy of Carneades.

When he came back to Rome two years later, converted into an ardent believer, he was necessarily drawn more into the life of the Roman Church. He had not, indeed, intended to visit Rome, but political troubles forced him to wait a few months there. Yet once more Augustine is remarkably silent about Christian life at Rome, and the blank must be filled up from St. Jerome's ruthless descriptions of it. Jerome had by this time been driven from the city. The populace had threatened to pitch him into the Tiber, he says, and the clergy had made Rome impossible even for his ascetic temper. Pope Damasus,

also, had ceased to "tickle the ears of matrons," as his clergy put it, and rush about the fora in a gorgeous chariot, and give "banquets equal to those of the emperor," as Ammianus says. But the state of things which Jerome describes must have continued. In Jerome's time there was at least one oasis of piety in the Roman Church—the palace on the Aventine where Jerome gathered together his school of noble ladies. This was now all but broken up, and the Church presented an unattractive appearance. No sober historian would take quite at the letter Jerome's testimony to the morals, or absence of morals, of his fellow clergy, but when all reasonable allowance has been made the fact seems to remain that the Roman Church of the fourth century was conspicuously lacking in both moral and intellectual distinction.

But Augustine had not the type of mind that takes a dogma to be enfeebled because it has little ethical support. He must certainly have borne to Africa an unflattering estimate of the prestige of the Roman Church, but we shall not find this interfering with his judgment when direct occasion arises. In fact, it is almost at the beginning of Augustine's sacerdotal life that we find one of his allusions to Rome which is most fondly quoted by the Ultramontane theologian. In the ballad which he wrote in 391, for good Catholics to fling across the forum at their "separated brethren," he invites the Donatists to return to communion with the See of Rome. The verse has, of course, no bearing on the high personal pretensions of the Roman bishop,* but it evinces an absence of prejudice. Communion with Rome, the oldest Church in the west, was an obvious test of orthodoxy.

It is in connection with this Donatist schism that Augustine and his colleagues first reveal to us their non-acceptance of the Roman claim. This is no place to describe the origin of that famous schism, but a few words will explain the relation of Rome to it. M. de Pressensé and other "philosophic" historians have seen in its rise an outgrowth of the democratic spirit, and it is usually taken to have had a serious religious root. The truth is that it arose out of a sordid intrigue of the Carthaginian Church. A spiteful woman allied herself with two disappointed and covetous candidates for the episcopacy, and they called in a group of disreputable bishops who, for a weighty consideration, ordained a rival bishop and launched the great schism. The democratic pleasantries which are found at a later date—such as harnessing the wealthy orthodox to their own chariots, or putting respectable citizens in the place of the miller's ass, and so on—were no less accidental to its course than the theological contentions with which it was quickly clothed. However, this intrigue was remote, if well-authenticated, history in Augustine's day, when the two parties were separated by violent dogmatic differences (as to the value of a sacrament administered by an unworthy priest). In that situation

* It is worth noting that the name "pope" was given to all eminent bishops at that time. Jerome gives it to Augustine, Augustine to Ambrose, and so forth.

even the slenderest notion of there being some peculiar authority in the Roman see would have been eagerly employed. The historical and theological dispute was evidently hopeless. Nearly a century of discussion had brought them no nearer the end. It was only by a recourse to the secular arm and the enforcement of severe secular penalties that Augustine did eventually conquer. In the earlier days, when he yet shrank from the idea of persecution, he would have found a powerful implement in an acceptance of the Roman claim.

In point of historic fact the personal authority of the Bishop of Rome is never mentioned throughout the struggle. Rome was, by the nature of the controversy, on the side of the Cæcilianists (orthodox). Its struggle with St. Cyprian about the reiteration of sacraments was fresh in the memory. But this support of the Roman See is never claimed by Augustine to have any peculiar significance. It is uniformly associated with the support of Milan, and the other European Sees. Nor may we suppose that Augustine merely refrained from attaching any especial weight to the opinion of the Roman bishop because this was not admitted by the schismatics. The Donatists did not recognize any force even in the collective judgment of the "transmarine" bishops. "This is a concern of the African Church," they said at the great Conference in 411, "let the transmarine Churches stand aside and communicate with the winner." Yet Augustine never ceases hurling at them this collective adherence of the European bishops. He would undoubtedly have done the same with the individual decision of the Bishop of Rome if he himself attached any peculiar importance to it. He barely acknowledges the sentimental dignity which clung to it as the one Apostolic See in the west. In 397 the African bishops asked the approval of the Bishops of Rome and Milan (the two being put on a quite equal ground) on a step they had taken in regard to the Donatists, and when the opinion of these prelates was adverse, they quietly disregarded it—though they sent further legates to convince them—and pursued their own course. In 411, again, the opinion of the Bishop of Rome was only quoted collectively with that of the other transmarine bishops. The one apparent case of deference to the Roman claim throughout the struggle was when the Bishop of Rome was asked to adjudicate on it in its early years. But this invitation came from the emperor, not the African Church, and was only addressed to the Roman bishop as an important and impartial neighbour.

Incidentally, one cannot help noting how strangely fallacious was the attempt, popular amongst the Roman party in the last century, to compare the Church of England to the Donatist schism. In the Donatist controversy both parties repudiated that idea of submission to Rome which is now the essence of the Anglican offence, nor is the Church of England in any sense isolated like the Donatist body. There is this amount of parallel: one Christian party in England

denies the validity of its opponents' sacraments and raises "altar against altar" But it is the Roman party that does this

If, however, Augustine and his colleagues so strangely forgot the value of the Roman judgment at a time when it would have been peculiarly helpful, the Romanists may claim that they amended this in their dealing with the Pelagians. It is in this second great struggle that Augustine preached the sermon which concludes with his famous reference to Rome. The phrase "Rome has spoken" the cause is "settled" is, of course, one of those artistic improvements on the authentic passage which one is apt to find in controversial works, but even Augustine's real words are totally misleading when taken out of their historical setting. To put the matter briefly, Rome had taken side with the heretic Pelagius, and as the Eastern Church seemed equally incompetent to see the gravity of the new doctrine, Augustine was deeply concerned. An imperial rescript of April 30th, 418, describes the heresy as "rampant in the city." There seemed a danger of Augustinianism becoming the heresy instead of Pelagianism. In 416 Augustine heard that the Greek bishops had refused to condemn Pelagius. He at once summoned the African bishops to synods at Carthage and Mileve, and obtained a condemnation of the heresy. But the African Church could not, with any dignity and effectiveness, stand alone in the matter, and an appeal was made to Pope Innocent to join the censure. Augustine himself wrote the letters which went in the name of the two synods, as well as a third letter to Innocent which was signed by himself and Aurelius, Alypius, Evodius, and Possidius, his most devoted followers. The See of Milan was no longer of importance, Ambrose was long dead, and the court had fallen on evil days. It was essential to Augustine's success that he should win the support of the Romans, and it is not surprising that he at this time puts the prestige of the Roman See as high as conscience will permit him. In these letters occur his strongest expressions in the direction of the Romanist contention—though they are curiously overlooked by Hurter in his *Theologia Dogmatica*. The signatories pray that "the authority of the Apostolic See be added to their own modest statutes," and that Innocent, whom "the Lord, by a special favour of His grace, has placed in the Apostolic See, and given such a character in our days that we should be guilty of negligence if we failed to suggest to thy holiness what seems good for the Church," should "apply his pastoral diligence to the great dangers that menace the infirm members of Christ." Innocent's reply naturally breathes the dignity of the sovereign pontiff in every line. He takes remarkable pains to point out that they are only following a time-honoured custom in appealing to Rome, whilst his delight at the novelty beams from the whole letter. He fully concurred with their censure, and it is on this occasion that the well-known sermon (No 131) was delivered. Augustine's real words were "Already the decisions of two councils

"have been sent to the Apostolic See and a rescript has reached us
 "The cause is finished would that the error were similarly ended"
 It is convenient for popular controversy to omit Augustine's reference to the two councils and throw the whole credit of the termination on the fact that "Rome had spoken" For Augustine the force lay clearly in the joint enactment, and in the fact that the favourers of the heresy had been repressed at Rome *

But the slighter impropriety of putting into Augustine's mouth the impressive "Roma locuta est" is negligible in comparison with the habit of ignoring the further course of the controversy At the very moment when Augustine, on the 23rd of September, was assuring his Carthaginian hearers that the cause was finished, a vessel was speeding from Ostia with a reversal of the Papal sentence Innocent had died in March, and been succeeded by the Greek Zosimus Coelestius, the companion of Pelagius, flew to Rome, and obtained a hearing before Zosimus and his clergy The Roman bishop at once wrote to tell the Africans he had failed to discover any justification of their strictures, and to chide them for their uncharitable haste After some pompous remarks about the dignity of his See he concluded with this comment on Augustine's zeal "I admonished Coelestius and all the "clergy who were present that these ensnaring questions and foolish "strifes" [considered so grave by his predecessor], "which destroy "rather than build up, proceed from an idle curiosity, each one making "perverse use of his talent and immoderate eloquence" Augustine had hardly time to digest this when he received a yet stronger epistle Pelagius had next appealed to Zosimus, and been completely absolved He was pronounced "a good Catholic" and "of unquestionable faith" Zosimus and his clergy had "scarcely been able to restrain their tears" at the thought that so holy and admirable a man had been condemned

The subsequent proceedings of the African bishops are "not "recorded" Mediæval prudence has spared posterity the pain of reading them at length One indication has survived, a passage in the *Contra Collatorem* (cv) of Prosper From this we learn that a large synod of 214 African bishops was hastily summoned, and a reply was forwarded to Zosimus This letter has been "lost," save for one passage that Prosper has preserved "We hereby ordain" [*constituimus manere* Hefele weakens this in his translation] "that the sentence which Innocent passed on Pelagius and Coelestius "remains in force until they profess," etc So much for their deference to Roman authority But there is good evidence showing that they also appealed to the Emperor, and obtained a strong Imperial rescript against the Pelagians Whether he was moved by the language of the Africans or the sentiments of the court, or both, Zosimus immediately wrote a fresh letter to the African Church The

* The words "Roma locuta, causa finita" are not attributed to Augustine in any version of his sermons Catholic writers (cf Cardinal von Rauscher, Dr Specht, etc) merely contend they justly epitomise the actual quotation, which I give in the text.

letter opens with a quite humorous reminder of Papal infallibility—recalling the titles of “pious, victorious, and triumphant emperors” which Honorius gives himself and his colleagues within a few weeks of the fall of Rome. “Although,” says Zosimus, “the tradition of our fathers has conferred such authority on the Apostolic See that no one would dare contend with its judgment,” and so on. Hurter actually includes this passage, written under such circumstances, amongst his historical proofs of the Roman claim. Coming presently to the point, Zosimus is astonished to hear that the Africans imagine he has declared in favour of Coelestius and Pelagius. He had merely withheld his judgment, in view of the gravity of the case, he is still undecided, but hints that he may condemn. The letter reached the African bishops just as they were assembling for a fresh synod. Its virtual retractation seems to have relieved the strain of the situation, and they were content to formulate their views in a number of canons, which they sent on to Rome. A few weeks later the Imperial spears afforded a fresh argument against the Pelagians, and Bishop Zosimus and the priest Sixtus (the future Pope) realised at length their pernicious errors. Amidst the ringing scorn of some of the ablest of the Italian bishops Zosimus now sent out an unequivocal condemnation of the heresy.

When Dollinger appeals to Augustine against the dogma of papal supremacy, Father Hurter replies that Augustine’s conduct during the Pelagian controversy shows he admitted it. He refers chiefly to the famous sermon, and completely ignores its historic sequel. When one considers the whole story, one appreciates the justness of Dollinger’s appeal.

But an incident occurred a few years later that puts the attitude of the African bishops beyond all controversy. I have mentioned the African Council of May 1st, 418. In the 17th canon of this Council the African bishops brusquely declare that in future no priest or deacon who appeals to “a transmarine see” against his bishop will be readmitted to communion in Africa. This was the beginning of the supreme and definitive struggle of the Africans with the Roman ambition. Urbanus of Sicca had deposed one of his clergy, the priest Apiarius, for improper conduct. Apiarius appealed to Rome, and Zosimus, flattered by the appeal, acquitted him of the charge and threatened Urbanus with excommunication if he did not reinstate him. Hence the canon. But Zosimus now sent a fussy and pompous Italian bishop, Faustinus, to confer with the Africans and insist on the restoration of Apiarius. The Italian legate arrived at Carthage after most of the bishops had left, and Aurelius, Augustine, and fourteen other bishops were finishing the detail business of the preceding synod. Aurelius quickly summoned the neighbouring bishops to meet the legate. The Africans at once asked on what ground the Roman See based its interference, and Faustinus (quoting Zosimus) appealed to two canons

of the Nicene Council. The Africans referred to their authentic copy of the Nicene canons, and were amazed to find no trace of the two quoted by Zosimus. The discussion threatened to take an uncomplimentary turn, but Augustine persuaded his colleagues to admit the canons provisionally and send to the east for other copies of the Nicene records.

The bishops of Alexandria and Constantinople at once confirmed the African version of the canons, but the situation was saved for the time by the submission of Aparius*. Augustine had been sent down to Sicca to investigate the charge—this is the so-called “commission from Zosimus” which one reads of in his Catholic biographers—and the priest pleaded guilty and was transferred to another church in Urban’s *paræcia*. However, Faustinus lingered at Carthage, and was confirmed in his commission by Boniface, when Zosimus died on the 26th of December, 418. On the 25th of May a general synod of the African bishops met at Carthage. Faustinus was irritated at their independence and their scepticism about the canons, and adopted a more arrogant tone than ever. Once more the short-hand record of the proceedings has been “lost,” but we have the letter which was afterwards written to Boniface by the Council. They tell Boniface of the conclusions arrived at “in charity, indeed, but not without laborious altercation.” If these canons had been found in their copies, they say, they “would have been spared certain intolerable things they do not care to mention,” but they “trust they will not have to endure that pompousness any longer.” This letter must be read in Labbé or Mansi. Hefele contrives greatly to enfeeble its virility in his *Concilien Geschichte*, and his English translator still further advances the process. Thus, where the Africans merely say ‘*Prior autem coepiscopus noster Succensis Urbanus, quod in eo [Apario] corrigendum visum est, sine ulla dubitatione correxit*,’ Hefele translates *Zuvor noch habe Bischof Urbanus von Sicca, ohne zu zögern, an sich verbessert, was ihm der Papst angesonnen*, and the English version makes them say Urbanus “had complied with the Pope’s request.” Thus are the harsher accents of history attuned to pious ears. The letter loses entirely its most important character in Hefele’s translation, or epitome (but with quotation marks). This letter reached Boniface in 419. Three years later we find him writing (ep. xv) unabashed to an eastern bishop: “No one ever resisted the dignity of the Apostolic See, for its judgment cannot be called into question, no one ever rebelled against it without being judged by his own deed.” And we find Father Hurter including this passage, like the previous one from Zosimus, amongst his “proofs” of the Roman claim.

But the most explicit declaration of all—as explicit a judgment on

* The two canons were really made at the later Council of Sardica. Hefele would have them to be of equal authority with those of Nicæa, but the Africans clearly thought otherwise.

the Roman claim as one can conceive—was reserved for Boniface's successor Apianus fell into disgrace once more a few years later, and was again excommunicated. He fled to Rome, where the bishop Celestine I, admitted him to communion (so indecent was the haste to assert the prerogatives of the Roman See), and the Africans were insulted by having the same Faustinus dispatched to demand his restoration. By this time the canons had arrived from Alexandria and Constantinople, and the Africans hastened to the synod. "There were stormy sittings for three days," as they afterwards declare. The records have "not been preserved," but the letter which the bishops afterwards wrote to Celestine has been discovered, and it suffices to repel the last shade of doubt as to the African attitude. It seems that Apianus silenced the Italians at length by confessing his misdeeds, but the bishops decided to follow up the legate's retreat to Rome with a letter that should prevent any repetition of the legation. Hefele again weakens the dogmatic force of this letter in his translation. It is a pity that even the first historians of the Roman Church cannot refrain from the practice. Even in Hefele's epitome—I revert to it so often because it is the only generally accessible version—the letter is, nevertheless, strong, in the original text (in Labbé or Mansi) it is absolutely scornful of the Roman claim. Something is said in the early part of the letter about Faustinus "insulting the whole assembly by pretending to assert certain privileges of the Roman See," but the second half of the letter must be quoted in full. I translate it literally.

After this proper discharge of our duty of saluting you, we earnestly entreat that in future you will not listen too readily to those who come to you from here, nor receive into communion those whom we have excommunicated, for thy Venerableness will easily find that this has already been enjoined by the Council of Nicæa. If it seems to thee that the direction refers to inferior clerics and the laity, how much more urgently must it be meant for the bishops, lest such as have been suspended from communion in their own provinces should seem to be either hastily or improperly restored to communion by thy Holiness. We also trust that thy Holiness will reject (as becomes thee) the improper appeals of priests and other clerics. There is no definition of the fathers that sanctions this encroachment on the African Church, the Nicene decrees very clearly commit, not only the inferior clergy, but the bishops themselves, to the care of their metropolitans. For they most prudently and justly provided that all affairs should be disposed of in the places where they arise; nor did they think that any province would be refused that grace of the Holy Spirit whereby the priests of Christ may prudently discern and hold fast to equity, especially as any priest is free to appeal to a provincial, or even a general, council, if he be dissatisfied with a judgment. Unless, indeed, there is anyone who can think our God will grant his inspiration of just discernment to one single person [unicuique] and

deny it to so many priests assembled in council. Again, how can the judgment of a transmarine see be sound, seeing that it cannot summon the necessary witnesses, from reasons of sex, or age, or other hindrance? Nor do we find it laid down in any synod of the fathers that legates should be sent by thy Holiness. For the canons thou didst send by Bishop Faustinus, purporting to be of the Nicene Council, are not in accord with the more accurate copies which are accepted by Cyril, bishop of the Alexandrian Church, and Atticus, bishop of Constantinople, and which we sent to thy predecessor, Boniface, of venerable memory, by the same priest Innocent and Subdeacon Marcellinus, by whom we received them, in these we have found nothing of the kind. Do not, then, send clerics to execute thy will to those who are in authority, lest we seem to introduce the empty pride of the world into the Church of Christ, which offends the light of simplicity and humility to those who seek God. As to our brother Faustinus (for the wretched Aparius has already been expelled from the Church of Christ for his crimes) we have confidence in the good will and moderation of thy Holiness that our fraternal charity will not be taxed with his further presence in Africa.

The letter is signed by Aurelius and many other bishops and (in general) "the rest of the bishops who are present at the General Council of Africa." It has not been written by Augustine, and the fact that neither Augustine's name nor those of any of his pupils are explicitly given is not without significance. Probably Augustine disapproved of the bitter and contemptuous language. But this in no way invalidates the document as a proof of the African feeling when the Roman claim is explicitly laid before them. Here, in a full Council of the African Church, by far the best organised and most weighty branch of western Christianity, we have the Roman pretension solemnly and vehemently rejected. Beside this it is a waste of time to extort subtle and ingenious meanings from the vague references to Peter and his successors that are found in the early fathers.

Augustine himself is singularly reticent about these weighty incidents in the life of his Church. The year before this final declaration, in 423, he had had a direct correspondence with Pope Celestine, but his letter has no dogmatic force. A bishop appointed by Augustine had gone astray and been deposed. He had appealed to Rome, and it appears that the Roman bishop was trying by the help of the Imperial spears to make the people of Fussala accept him once more. Augustine does not seem to discover any other feature of authority in Celestine beyond this threatened use of the legionaries, and he talks of resigning if Celestine does not "co-operate" with him to bring about a peaceful solution. His last reference to Rome is found in his *Retractations* (I 21). He here points out that whereas in an early work he had interpreted the text "Thou art Peter," etc., in

the Roman sense, he had in his later works uniformly explained it in a sense quite hostile to the Roman claim "The reader may choose "which sense he thinks more probable," is his final word But in all his later writings he contends that no special prerogatives were given to the Apostle Peter, to say nothing of his successors (cf *Enarratio in psal* 108, *Tractatus in Joannem*, 50, 118, and 124, and sermon 149, n 6)

Six years after the famous synod of 424 the African Church was extinct The Vandals made almost a wilderness from the Pillars of Hercules to Carthage In Spain, Gaul, and Italy, the promising Churches of the early part of the fifth century were only a little less disorganised The shadow of the Dark Ages stole swiftly over the land In a few centuries more Rome could make use of the forged Decretals In comparison with the ages that immediately followed, as well as with the preceding ages of the persecutions, the brilliant African Church of 410 to 430 was in a unique position to voice the feeling of early Christianity And it gave utterance to that feeling in unmistakable accents when the Roman claim of supremacy was put clearly before it

J MCCABE.

SUBMARINE WORK.

THE INVENTIONS OF SIGNOR PINO.

I A SUBMARINE BOAT

THE continuous development of navigation has undoubtedly led to an increase in the number of catastrophes at sea. Our statistics show that every year steamers and sailing vessels to the value of several hundred millions sterling are lost, in most cases irretrievably, owing to the lack or inadequacy of means to save or recover them. The best, I might almost say the only, methods of recovering sunken ships are two, and of these the one most used consists in sending down divers, who carefully caulk the leaks and outlets of the sunken vessel, which is then emptied of water by powerful air-pumps. Considering, however, that no air-pump can work at a depth of more than seven or eight metres, it can easily be seen that there can be no salvage by this means from any greater depth. And although in some cases air-pumps are found to work well enough, their use entails great danger from the enormous pressure upon the outside of the sunken ship, when once emptied of water. This pressure is so great that in many cases it has crushed in the deck, rendering impossible any further operations. This happened to the steamer *Tressilian*, which for that reason was utterly lost, although divers propped up the deck with all care.

In those cases where work by air-pumps is impossible, two or three vessels are moored over the sunken ships. They are then filled with water until the sinking point is almost reached, and are firmly bound to the sunken vessel. The water being then pumped out of the floating ships, they of course rise, thus lifting the wreck, which is then towed landward until it grounds again. This operation is repeated until recovery is effected, which happens very rarely, so many and so great are the difficulties. Its success demands a perfectly calm sea—otherwise no work of the kind could be done without great peril—and the sea-bottom has to be smooth and gradually shelving. At best, however, the method just described is limited to cases in which divers are able to work—*i.e.*, where the depth of water does not exceed thirty metres, though in a few instances divers have been known to descend somewhat

deeper. Other means of raising wrecks have been studied, but all have proved unsatisfactory, inefficacious and useless

To sum up, therefore, the following inferences may be drawn —

(1) The salvage of sunken ships is always difficult and almost impossible, if aid be not prompt and the means at hand sufficient

(2) The recovery of sunken ships is in most cases limited to those lying at a depth reachable by air-pumps (a maximum of ten metres), or to that attainable by divers (a maximum of thirty metres)

(3) The recovery from the sea-bed of parts of steamers or objects of any kind is not possible by present methods, unless they be of small weight, empty of water, and lying at a depth not greater than thirty metres

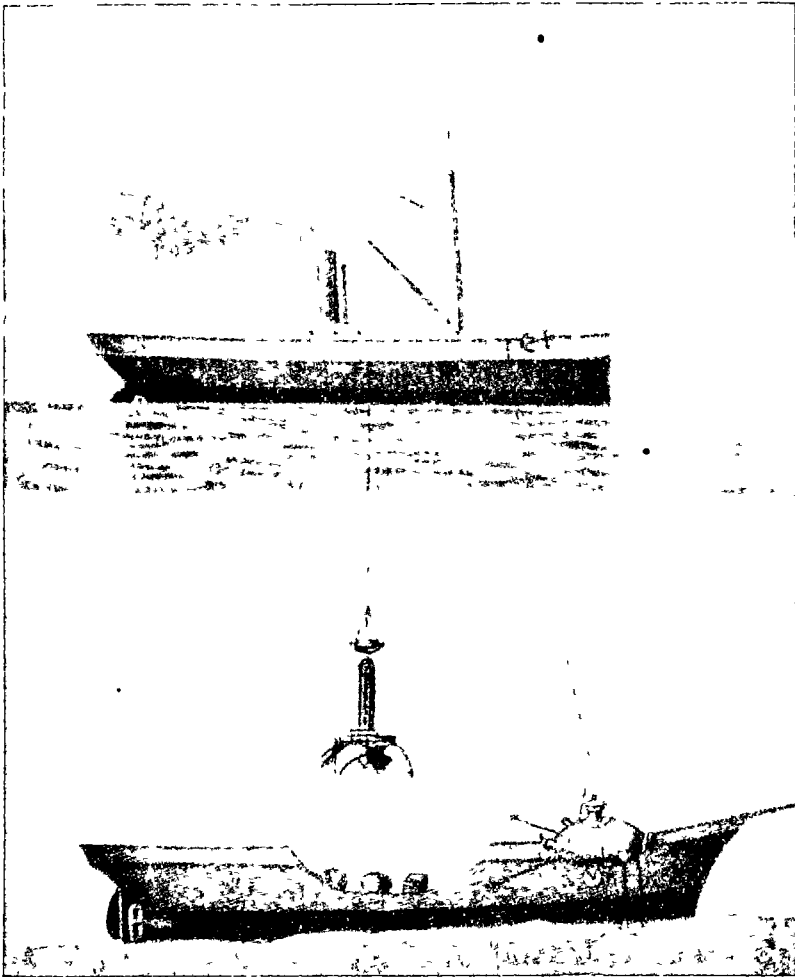
Although the salvage and recovery of sunken vessels is a limited industry, it is the most lucrative of all. To be persuaded of this, it is enough to take briefly into consideration the advantages obtained by the "Neptune Salvage Company," of Stockholm, whose operations have numbered 1,500 during the few years of its existence, and have resulted in a gain of some £6,000,000. These figures will not appear exaggerated when it is considered that the yearly average of losses at sea by wreck, etc., in England alone amounts to about £375,000. The annual loss on Italian coasts is appalling, and it is to be remarked that in hardly any case is recovery possible, the means already described proving inadequate. Statistics therefore clearly show the enormous remuneration paid to Salvage and Recovery Companies. In most cases it exceeds half the value of the property recovered, as in the case of the *Sultan*, whose recoverers were paid 1,300,000 francs, or £52,000, while those of the *Russie* received several hundred thousand francs for less than a week's work. When we consider that only a minute proportion of the vessels sunk can be recovered by the means hitherto known and used, we may realise the interest which would be excited by a man who could recover sunken ships or objects of any kind from practically any depth whatever.

That man is the Italian Engineer, Cavaliere Giuseppe Pino, a gentleman of great talent, who is perhaps destined to become as celebrated as Marconi himself. Signor Pino has just invented a "Working Submarine Boat," which has been judged in Italy so useful and effective as to be certain of highly remunerative results. Those who were present at the experiments made with this boat in the presence of local authorities and Government representatives in the Gulf of Genoa were able to examine and study the invention from the technical point of view, and to testify to its great interest and value. On this occasion Signor Pino descended in his boat to a depth of ninety metres, and in less than ten minutes recovered and brought up a boat which was sunk there.

DESCRIPTION OF THE "WORKING SUBMARINE BOAT"

No diver being able to work at a depth of more than thirty metres, on account of the enormous pressure to be supported, a pressure which at a depth of forty metres is no less than four kilogrammes per centimetre of the surface of the sea, Signor Guiseppe Pino has invented and constructed a submarine boat by which he can resist this formidable pressure, and can work at practically any depth as freely as if on the surface

To obtain the first result, his boat is constructed of a spheroidal form, and entirely of steel, but in such a way that it resists pressure as though made in one piece, the rivets used serving not for resistance, but for connection alone



To attain the second end, Signor Pino has invented a mechanical arm, capable of all the movements of the living human arm. It can

be bent, contracted and extended in all directions, and can seize upon and cut anything that may be wished. Two such arms, fitted to the boat by an ingenious contrivance, perform together on a large scale any operation possible to a pair of human arms. Thus dynamite can be laid at any desired spot, or a cable can be cut, laid, or repaired on the sea-bed, the operators working inside the boat, and, as has been before pointed out, at practically any depth.

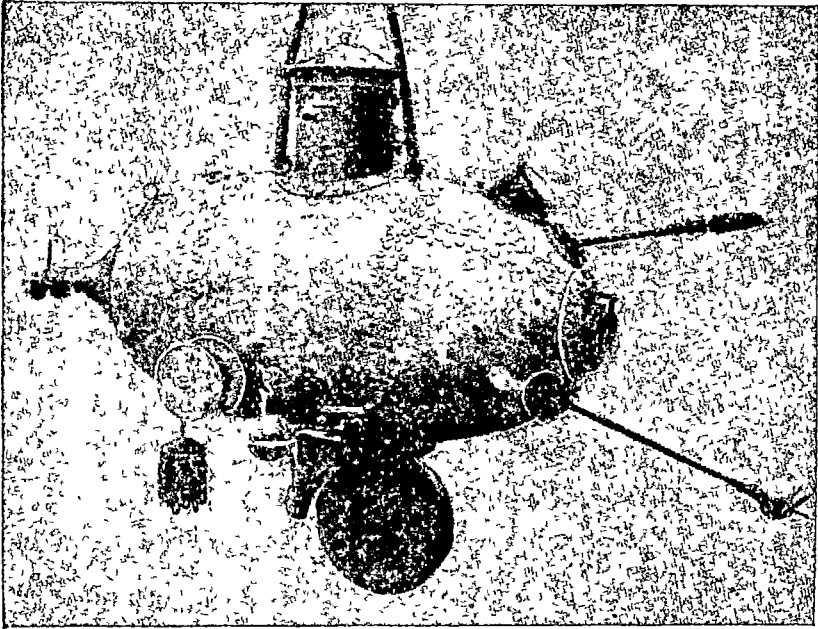
In order clearly and exactly to realise the value of the invention under notice, the following facts have to be considered —

- (1) That every kind of operation for the salvage or recovery of ships or objects can be done with great ease by means of this small boat of about three metres' diameter
- (2) That it has been tested to a depth of 150 metres, and that the inventor, who has descended in it to the sea-bottom at least 140 times, has successfully worked at a depth of 130 metres
- (3) That two persons can work in it on the sea-bed for twelve hours continuously without needing to return to the surface for air
- (4) That every object lying in the sea is clearly and distinctly seen from it, at any depth, through windows of a special crystal
- (5) That the boat (which can be set in motion or stopped instantaneously) ascends or descends at will at a speed of $3\frac{1}{2}$ metres per second.
- (6) That it will stop and remain perfectly immovable at any depth, in perfect equilibrium, and for any length of time
- (7) That it walks on the sea-bed, moving freely on an ingenious single wheel, propelled by an electric-driven screw
- (8) That, when submerged, there is telephonic communication between it and the surface, so that orders can be given or received by the operators

From these details the technically-educated reader may be fairly left to decide whether any invention of greater utility and importance exists in this *genre*, and whether the hitherto unsolved problem of facile submarine operations has not become an accomplished fact, thanks to Signor Giuseppe Pino, who on account of this invention has just been knighted by the King of Italy.

The recovery of objects from the sea-bottom or from a sunken ship is by means of this invention rendered most simple. Suppose that it be desired to bring up gold from a sunken steamer. Dynamite is carefully laid on the wreck, and exploded by electricity from the surface. The deck or other desired part of the wreck being thus destroyed, to give access to the hold, the submarine boat proceeds to extract the objects therefrom. Such parcels as are too heavy to be brought up by its arms are recovered as follows. A signal goes immediately and directly from the boat to the surface, at a point exactly above the weighty object. From this spot, large pincer-

dredgers, similar to those in use for the recovery or conveyance of coal, are lowered from a steamer; these, as soon as they touch the object, close upon it automatically, and it is then hoisted to the surface



THE HYDROSCOPE

The most wonderful of Signor Pino's inventions is, however, undoubtedly his latest. It is a "Hydroscope," by means of which a person will be able —

- (1) To see clearly and distinctly any object in the water down to the bed of the sea and practically at any depth,
- (2) To take clear photographs of whatever he perceives there, and thus
- (3) To recover therefrom with ease and at very small expense anything he likes, however large and heavy it may be, and at whatever depth it may lie

And all these three operations will be performed while standing in an ordinary small boat on the surface of the sea

A private experiment was made some days ago in the Mediterranean Sea, only one person being present. The result was simply incredible, a large volume of water—about 15,000 cubic metres—covering an area of sea-bed of 1,500 metres perimeter was so brilliantly illuminated that all the objects moving in this body of water, or lying on the illuminated sea-bed, were clearly and distinctly seen. The hydroscope with which

this experiment was made was a very small and cheap one, constructed only for that purpose, while the instrument to be used for the purposes of trade will be bigger and far more powerful, although still very cheap. I regret that I cannot describe it here at length, but I must respect the secret for the present. Signor Pino has disclosed to us by this invention a quite unknown world, full of riches. Science will greatly benefit by it; marine zoology and botany, in which, owing to our lack of means of pursuing investigations, progress has been slow, will now be open before us, and we shall become acquainted with a mineralogy which we shall find far more wonderful than our own, and which has not been exhausted by 4,000 years of continuous investigation. Geology also will profit, for many formulæ hitherto believed to be generally true, and considered reliable, will probably be revised. Hydrography will become a certain and positive science, no longer based on conjecture. Hydrographical reliefs will now no longer be uncertain, while the laying of telegraphic submarine cables or torpedo wires will be rendered as easy as will be the cutting of them during a war in order to isolate the enemy or to avoid attacks of the torpedo.

Thus Signor Pino's "Hydroscope" will prove of the utmost service not only in military but also in naval warfare, for the enemy's torpedoes and submarine boats will be rendered simply useless, because the commander of a war-ship will be able to see them quite easily and clearly, and therefore to sink them before they are able to do him any harm.

The Royal Navy will now have a new subject to examine, and the Mercantile Marine will derive extraordinary benefit from this invention, for a commander will be able to see from his deck not only the various strata of water, and even the sea-bed itself, but also the entire keel of his ship just as easily and as clearly as if he were underneath it, and consequently he will be able to avoid rocks, sand-banks, etc., and to find out the cause of damage to the ship and its proper remedy.

Suppose, for instance, that a ship is wrecked, who can ascertain whose fault it really was, or attach the blame to anyone in particular? Nowadays the commander is generally judged by the testimony (more or less accurate) of persons escaped from the shipwreck, but henceforward their testimony will be almost useless, for by a careful examination of the sunken ship through the hydroscope it will be easy to obtain reliable proof of the real cause of the disaster.

To show the importance of this, I need only call to mind the *Victoria*, which was sunk near Tripoli, and whose case is still before the English courts. In order to find out whose fault the disaster really was, a reward of one million francs has been offered to anyone who can conclusively prove which was the precise point struck.

Divers, too, should find the hydroscope of great assistance, for, as will be clearly seen, they can receive not only more suitable instructions and necessary materials without any mistake, but also every protection for their own personal safety. Fisheries also will benefit

enormously, for in the lower levels of the sea the fish are so numerous that sometimes they have almost obscured the view from Signor Pino's submarine boat

And what can I say of the boundless wealth lying at the bottom of the ocean, riches far greater and objects more valuable than any on land? If by means of the hydroscope one can see all these treasures, take photographs of them, and recover them, the coral banks, the sponge prairies, the oriental pearls and the industries and commerce in these precious objects will increase incalculably. Who can estimate the riches which for so many centuries without interruption the ocean has swallowed up, and still continues to swallow up, as we learn from statistics pointing to a monthly average of 180 sunken vessels?

Who can tell the value of all the precious artistic objects lying on the sea-bottom, for example, those statues—the masterpieces of great sculptors—which were wrested away from Athens and sunk in the Archipelago during the Pompeian wars—as we are told by Livy—and which Signor Pino has just been urged by the Greek Government to recover? We can hardly realise the value of the Persian fleet wrecked in the Dardanelles, of the ships sunk in the Egyptian waters during the Napoleonic wars, of the Spanish steamer foundered in the Bahía de Vigo, and of thousands of other ill-fated ships. In order to get a very faint idea of the enormous importance of Signor Pino's invention, it may suffice to recall to mind the wreck of the great transatlantic steamer *Bourgogne*, which caused a loss of twenty-four million francs and contained sixteen million francs in zinc, the steamer sunk off the coast of Holland with gold to the value of twenty-seven million francs, the ship wrecked during the North-American war with five million dollars in treasure; the vessel dashed to pieces in the Strait of Magellano with ingots to the value of 625 million francs, the armoured ship *Victoria* sunk in the waters of Tripoli with a large treasure in gold and modern ordnance, the war-ship *Black Prince*, wrecked during the Crimean war in the Bay of Balaclava with (according to the most reliable historians) forty millions in money, etc.

I say no more on that subject, but simply ask my readers whether they could imagine a more wonderful invention, or one so practically useful to mankind, in science and in commerce, in peace and in war

CARLO IBERTI

THE CUNARD AGREEMENT.

IT is not often that a Cabinet Minister has a chance to be melodramatic. The Atlantic Shipping Combine furnished one to Mr Gerald Balfour which he has cleverly utilised. Not since Lord Beaconsfield's purchase of the Suez Canal shares has the British imagination been so sharply struck as it was by his agreement with the Cunard Company. One's first impulse on reading it was to ask, Is this a *coup de théâtre* on the part of the Government, or is it a new departure? If the latter it will probably go farther, perhaps, than the Cabinet care to foresee.

Between the present *coup* and Lord Beaconsfield's there is an essential difference. The purchase of the Suez Canal shares was an isolated definitive transaction. When it was finished nothing remained to do but lock away the shares and wait for the inevitable growth of the golden egg. But when Mr Gerald Balfour signed his agreement with the Cunard Company he was only beginning his troubles. It is a very British as well as a very pleasant way of getting out of a difficulty to say to somebody else, "Here are three millions sterling for you in the form of a twenty years' annuity. Give us in return the most you can of the sort of thing that tickles the British public when they are in a Rule Britannia humour."

The Cunard Company in answer to this appeal offered to pledge itself "until the expiry of the agreement to remain a purely British undertaking, and that under no circumstances shall the management of the Company be in the hands of or the shares or the vessels of the company be held by other than British subjects." In addition to this gracious undertaking not to part with its nationality—which has hitherto been considered one of its most valuable assets—the Company agreed to hold at the disposal of the Government the whole of its fleet, and to give the Government the right to charter or purchase all or any of its vessels at agreed rates. It also engaged not to "unduly raise freights or to give preferential rates to foreigners."

Lest it should be thought that there was nothing very tangible in these concessions a master stroke came in at the end. The Company consented to accept from the Government a loan at Consol rate of interest to build two new ocean greyhounds of 24 or 25 knot speed.

We may assume that this agreement was intended to have a double effect, one psychological and the other practical. Whatever their own private opinions may have been the Cabinet had to do something to exorcise the Morgan bogey. Perhaps it was for that special purpose the two new ocean greyhounds were thrown in. But something of a more durable kind had also to be done. There had to be working as well as hypnotic provisions—something which might afterwards bear the test of judgment by results. The awkward moment had to be kept in mind when the British public having done their hooraying might begin to ask, "But what are we getting for our 'hundred and fifty thousand a year?'"

It will come to this in the end not only with the Cunard but with all similar arrangements. And there will be no lack of expert critics to point out flaws and defects when they make their appearance, as of course they are sure to do soon. Odious comparisons are an inevitable result of privileged agreements, and of these there will be no end. Already the President of the Board of Trade may be afraid to meet some of his Parliamentary friends in the shipping business. How is he to answer Sir Thomas Sutherland of the P and O Company, or Sir Donald Currie of the Union Castle line, or Sir Alfred Jones of Elder, Dempster and Company if they should ask him to what extent the Cunard £150,000 a year is to become a precedent? If he should reply that it is not to be made a precedent but to be regarded as a most exceptional case they may wish to know wherein the exception lies.

If Mr Balfour were to plead that the Cunard Company had to be saved at any cost from the all-devouring Mr Pierpont Morgan, the shipowners left out in the cold might retort that Mr Morgan is not the only foreigner who has been buying up British steam lines in order to capture the British trade they command. The Germans have been busy at the same game all over the world. They have done it in a less theatrical way than Mr Morgan, but none the less effectively for that. They go about their business quietly without any of the fanfaronade of New York billionaires. While Mr Balfour has been exorcising the Morgan scare they have been picking up British lines of steamers at Singapore, in the Gulf of Mexico, and elsewhere. What they get they hold much more firmly than Mr Morgan may be able to do. Every point of advantage they wrest from us either on sea or land immediately becomes a new centre of anti-British activity. In the undermining line the Americans are not in it with the Germans.

Mr Gerald Balfour might plead next that if Mr Morgan had been allowed to carry out his plans American competition would have

become so irresistible that the British commercial flag would have been swept off the Atlantic. Hysterical people did actually talk and write like that at one time. The House of Commons and the Press became so excited over it that the Cabinet may not have altogether escaped the infection. But it was never calmly considered what the limits of Mr Morgan's aggressive power might be, still less what our resources of self-defence would have been. The Americans do not always come out on top, often as they try, and it was by no means certain that the Atlantic Shipping Combine if allowed rope enough might not have got tired of it about as soon as the American tobacco ring did. The more we hear and see of the Atlantic Shipping Combine, the less formidable it becomes.

But if it had been true that Mr Morgan was going to capture the Atlantic trade, an annuity of £150,000 a year paid to a single competing company could not have gone far toward preventing him. It is only one-half of the annual guarantee which Mr Morgan himself gives to the German steam lines, which have become his satellites. The Board of Trade are now in somewhat of a dilemma here. One of two events will happen in the North Atlantic trade: either Mr Morgan's competition will prove formidable in spite of the Cunard agreement, or it will turn out a false alarm. In the former event it may extend to other parts of the world where defensive measures of an equally heroic kind will have to be taken against it. In the other event we shall practically have thrown away £150,000 a year for twenty years. Meanwhile every other British shipowner will regard the Cunard agreement as giving him a right to appeal to the Treasury when he is threatened with any new form of foreign competition. We may trust the foreigner to be always finding some new bogey for us.

While frankly admitting that the Government had to do something in the emergency and that the Cunard agreement is perhaps as good as any other that could have been made in the circumstances, no business man can possibly accept this makeshift as a permanent development of our maritime policy. Some permanent development there will have to be to meet the new exigencies which have arisen and are still arising in this branch of our foreign trade. The best use perhaps that can be made of the Cunard agreement is to treat it as a tentative experiment—a provisional standard by which to judge kindred measures that may become necessary in the future. A very useful and practical question we may ask ourselves is, "Can this agreement serve hereafter as a model for the Government in its contracts with ocean mail companies generally?" Mr Gerald Balfour himself can hardly think so, and if he does he will find few supporters either in the City or the House of Commons.

An obvious defect in it is that it is provisional on the face of it and deals only with a special case. Our ocean mail contracts and

Admiralty contracts were muddled enough already without introducing among them a new variety. Not only so, but it brings in a new contracting authority—the Board of Trade. Ocean steam companies will soon have as many public departments to deal with as the London theatres have. In their youth they had only the Postmaster-General and the Cobden Club to propitiate. Next they were invited by the Admiralty to enrol themselves as a naval reserve with special retainers. Then the Colonial Office struck in with subsidised services in aid of distressed colonies. And now the Board of Trade is taking a hand as the St George of the “Morganeering” dragon. With four of our youngest and most energetic Ministers employed on it the shipping problem ought to flourish. If not satisfactorily solved it will be at least kept in a state of active solution.

But why do the four energetic Ministers work each for his own hand? Could they not meet and agree on a policy of consolidation? The Germans, who seem to be monopolising all the short and direct methods of doing things, have always been great consolidators in Government contracts. They spread nothing over four or five departments which can be better done in one. Thanks to Prince Bismarck, who negotiated the original contracts with the North German Lloyd, the arrangements between the Imperial Government and the shipping companies are models of comprehensiveness and precision. But it is easier to copy German caps than to take a lesson in business methods from the Imperial Chancery.

Under the new arrangement the Cunard Company will receive from the British Government in one form or another—mail, Admiralty and special subsidies—nearly as much per annum as the North German Lloyd receives for mail services which virtually go round the world. But in the *quid pro quo* obtained by the two Governments there is literally no comparison. For one inclusive subsidy of £293,000 the North German Lloyd has to render a much greater aggregate of public service than will be obtained by our Post Office, Admiralty, Colonial Office and Board of Trade under their four separate contracts. The obligations are also far more rigorous than any British shipping company would submit to. The German mail contract stipulates not merely for a minimum speed but for a minimum size of vessel—a proviso which has been very successful in operation. It has helped to secure for the German mailboats the cream of the passenger business both to China and Australia. The steamers must be built in German yards, as far as possible with German materials. The plans must be submitted to the Imperial Chancellor and be according to the requirements of the German Admiralty.

In case of mobilisation the mail steamers may be bought or requisitioned by the Imperial Chancellor. Their sale or hire to foreign countries is not allowed without the Imperial Chancellor's permission. In fact no disposition can be made of them without Government

authority The passenger fares and rates of freight have to be authorised, and they must not be higher from Hamburg or Bremen than from the Dutch and Belgian ports of call The Imperial Chancellor may forbid them to import into Germany any agricultural products to compete with German producers Rebates of 20 per cent have to be allowed on arms, ammunition, and stores for the German naval or colonial service, on the fares of German officials and of officers and men of the naval or colonial service All employés, including agents in foreign countries (as far as possible), must be German All adult deck hands and members of the engine room staff engaged in Germany are to consist of men belonging to the Naval Reserve of Germany or of persons under written engagement to serve in the Imperial Navy if steamers are requisitioned, hired, or bought by the German Government So severely is this last condition enforced that the company has to submit the list of every crew to the Superintendent of Mercantile Marine

Fortunate Government that can get a joint stock company to enter into such a contract as the above! It makes the North German Lloyd fleet an annexe of the German navy The German Government has so many auxiliary cruisers kept for it in time of peace and as completely under its control as if they were actually in the navy They are bound to it stem and stern, as Mr Pierpont Morgan discovered when he attempted to Americanise the North German Lloyd fleet Even in time of peace important services of various kinds have to be rendered to the Government In conjunction with the State railways through rates have to be given on German produce to all markets reached by the subsidised steamers Whatever the Imperial Chancellor considers to be for the public interest he can call on the company to do

Compared with that long array of minute and specific stipulations the contract made by Mr Gerald Balfour with the Cunard Company is decidedly perfunctory It imposes on the company only three obligations, all of a very general description It is to remain "purely British" in management and ownership, but there is no mention of a single guarantee for its doing so Mr Pierpont Morgan, if we mistake not, could turn that corner without much strain on his ingenuity It is not to "unduly raise freights or give preferential rates to foreigners" But where is the definition of undue raising, and who is to be the judge of preferential rates? Finally the Government is to have the right to charter or purchase all or any of the Cunard fleet at agreed rates, but there is no indication of how the agreement is to be arrived at

In the Parliamentary papers daily expected detailed information will be furnished on all these points The details, however, will go much farther than they have hitherto done in similar British contracts if they come near the German model above described But we need

not go even so far back as that for an illustration of the superior business capacity of German administrators. This manner of dealing with Mr Pierpont Morgan and his Atlantic shipping combine contrasts strongly with our own and not to our advantage. He could not capture the North German Lloyd as he did the White Star line because in the first place such a contingency had been fully provided against in the company's mail contract. Had the British mail contracts been of the same businesslike character as that of the North German Lloyd, both the White Star and the Cunard lines would have been equally safe from Americanisation. The British Post Office, in other words the British Government, had not thought it worth while to stipulate for the permanent nationality of its ocean mail contractors, consequently when the foreign poacher appeared it had no hold on them. Its best line was captured and its next best had to be practically bribed to continue British. That is the real meaning and essence of the bargain.

Mr Pierpont Morgan, finding himself powerless against the German steam lines and having a wholesome fear of their possible power over him, had to adopt other than his usual tactics with them. He had in short to purchase an alliance with them and to pay a handsome price for it, namely, a guarantee of 6 per cent per annum on their whole paid-up capital. In addition to that he had virtually to submit to all the commercial conditions of their contracts with the Government. He had, for instance, to agree to uniform rates, which in operation will mean that his rates as well as those of the German lines will have to be approved by the German Government. The Emperor had reason to be very gracious to the heads of the Atlantic Shipping Combine when they lunched with him on board his yacht last summer. By their curious agreement with the German lines they had indirectly become his vassals, and thereby paid him the most singular compliment he ever received.

No doubt Mr Morgan's German agreement was much against the grain, but the good-natured John Bull gave him some consolation for it. He succeeded in making a very different kind of agreement with Mr Gerald Balfour and Lord Selborne. It has been described both by Mr Balfour himself and by Mr Morgan's friend and ally, Mr Pirrie. The general effect of it, according to the President of the Board of Trade, is to secure that the British companies in the Atlantic Combine "shall remain British not merely in name but in reality." The majority of their directors are to be British subjects, their vessels are to fly the British flag, to be officered by British officers and to be manned in reasonable proportions by British crews. They are to be as British indeed as the Cunard fleet itself, and so far it seems hard on Mr Morgan that the Cunard Company should be paid £150,000 a year for what he offered us and even pressed on us as a free gift. According to his ally, Mr Pirrie, he was only too happy to oblige.

the British Government and to help to keep the British flag flying on the Atlantic

There was a *quid pro quo* of course—a few trifling concessions, or as Mr Choate, the United States Ambassador, prefers to consider them, “international courtesies” presented to Mr Morgan in his own chivalrous spirit Mr Balfour undertook that the British companies in the Morgan Combine should during their twenty-year agreement be treated on a footing of equality with other British shipping companies This may mean much or it may mean little The proof will be in the application But so far as anyone can judge at present if the contracting parties were equally matched it would be a toss up which would score over it From a business point of view one may prove rather smarter than the other, and so on the whole Mr Morgan need not despond In matters of detail he as well as the Cunard Company may have pretty much his own way He will certainly be thankful that he has not always to deal with methodical people like the Germans, who know exactly what they want and insist on having every iota of it put down in black and white

The ultimate result of all the negotiations and manoeuvrings of the past six months is that the North Atlantic mail service is now subject to three separate agreements—a German-American agreement under which Mr Morgan guarantees £300,000 a year to the German companies, a British-American agreement under which the British Government guarantees to Mr Morgan equality of treatment with its own subjects, and the Cunard agreement under which the British Government is to pay that Company £150,000 a year to have nothing to do with Mr Morgan Why Mr Morgan should have to pay the Germans handsomely for what he gets from us as a gift, and why the Cunard Company should be paid handsomely for what the White Star Line undertakes to do for nothing, why the British public should have to pay heavily where the Germans get well paid—these are all paradoxes beyond the comprehension of the ordinary man But anyhow the matter is settled for the present, the Morgan bogey is played out and we can now wait with restored composure to see how the three incongruous agreements will work

Already a slight indication has been given of their vitality The Cunard and Morgan agreements had not been many days in print when second-class cabin fares from New York to Europe were raised both by the Morgan and anti-Morgan companies What better proof could be desired that the “community of interest” is in a healthy condition and that our £150,000 a year is not going to be spent in vain? We have the personal assurance of Mr Ismay, one of the White Star directors, that the future policy of the Atlantic combine is “to do away with unremunerative competition” The Board of Trade when it was signing away our £150,000 a year can have had little idea what the moral effect was to be in New York It could

not have dared to hope that the Morgan eagle would lie down so quickly with the Cunard lamb. But American finance is full of such quick changes of front. One day it would boss the globe and the next it is begging "to do away with unremunerative competition."

But it might be rash to assume that this sudden fit of harmony was to last for ever or even for very long. Mr Morgan and his allies are not always their own masters any more than smaller men are. Circumstances and economic conditions are sometimes too strong for them. If, as seems too probable, they own more shipping than they can find freight for they will have to bustle round. Other ship-owners who have also more freight room than they can fill will also have to bustle round. That they will come into collision with each other pretty often is inevitable. The Atlantic shipping trade has been bad and getting worse ever since Mr Morgan went into it. It has now before it the prospect of a worse winter season than it has known for years. Both freight and passenger business is to be poor, and as usual the poorer it is the fiercer will be the competition for it.

This no doubt has something to do with the unexpectedly conciliatory tone which the Atlantic Shipping Combine has of late assumed. The results of its first summer season were disappointing on all lines and especially at New York. The first thing the combine did there was to raise saloon fares to Europe about 30 per cent in honour of the Coronation. A scramble was expected for every berth, but instead of a great increase in numbers during the tourist season there was a shortage of over six thousand. The Morgan companies hoped to inaugurate the combine with another advance in saloon fares, but after their Coronation experience they did not dare to do so. But as they found that saloon passengers were being driven to the second cabin they have put five dollars extra on second-class fares. Next summer they will probably find that passengers for Europe are being driven from New York altogether. They will go partly to the outports—Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk, partly to Canadian ports. As soon as the new Canadian-Pacific service comes into operation New York will have another thorn in its side.

It is in freight business, however, that the friendly rivals will find it most difficult to keep on kissing. The American export boom caused by three or four bumper harvests in succession culminated in 1901. Since then the tide has been running the other way—exports falling month by month and imports rising. This year the American wheat crop is only fair while European crops are heavy. Europe will have a much smaller deficit than usual to make good with foreign wheat, and what ought to be the staple export from the United States at the present time has hardly begun yet. Between farmers holding back the new crops and speculators trying to corner it in Chicago wheat moves very slowly eastward. At the middle of September the

total quantity of wheat and flour on passage to Europe and the Continent was 28½ million bushels against 32 million bushels in the corresponding week of 1901, which means a heavy loss of freight for the Atlantic steamers

The friends of the Atlantic Shipping Combine while admitting that it has made a poor start argue that it will always have a strong pull over all its competitors through Mr Morgan's influence with the American trunk roads. They proudly figure up the thousands of miles of railroad he controls, and whose east-bound freight will be all given to the Morgan steamers. But his so-called "control"—perhaps only a myth at best—is limited to the roads terminating in New York. It does not extend to the principal southern ports—New Orleans and Galveston—nor to the Canadian ports which are becoming dangerous rivals of New York. The freight war of the future is to be a war not only of railroads and steamers but of ports. New routes are being opened up in the south-west in order to divert western and Pacific coast traffic from eastern ports altogether. These are great economic movements which no financier however powerful, nor any combine nor even any single port, can control. Mr Morgan may be omnipotent in New York, but if trans-Mississippi freight should seek other outlets, as much of it is doing, both his steamers and the Cunarders will have to travel light.

Mr Morgan's control even of New York freight is rather legendary. He is not a railroad man, and though he may have a good deal to say about the financing of certain trunk roads he has nothing to do with their management. Even if he were manager he could not distribute as he pleased all the freight they bring to New York. The senders and the consignees have the first say in that matter. It is only unconsigned freight that a railroad can route as it likes. If British shipowners go west, where the freight originates, and canvass for it as keenly as the Americans do, they will get a fair share of it. Like most things in the west it is a matter of hustling.

Fortunately for British shipowners the battle has not to be fought out all on one line. There will be several distinct lines—fast passenger service, cheap passenger service, combined passenger and freight service, and heavy freight service. As regards the first New York will have an easy lead. It is the natural port for "ocean greyhounds," and no other port, especially one so far out of the way of American millionaires as Halifax, would find it worth while to bid high for that very select part of the Atlantic trade. It would be out of the question for any Government, Imperial or Colonial, to subsidise an ocean service for the sole convenience of golden butterflies who having nothing to do must needs get across the Atlantic in five days to do it. Just as well subscribe public money to a challenge for the next international yacht race.

In the case of Halifax a liberal mail subsidy might be fairly claimed

for a few "ocean greyhounds," but that would be quite exceptional. The real question is the maintenance of our commercial prestige on the Atlantic against all rival attacks, German or American. Before we can answer that it will be necessary to find out where the most dangerous attack is likely to strike us. It will not be in our "ocean greyhounds" or even in the ordinary passenger service so much as in the freight service. What we have most to fear, perhaps, on the American side is the new type of combined freight and passenger steamers, doing their 12 or 13 knots an hour on a moderate consumption of coal. They correspond to the third-class passenger trains which our railways have discovered to be the best money-makers. On the Atlantic as elsewhere it is the every-day crowd that is best worth catering for.

The Atlantic steamer of the future will carry twenty thousand tons of freight and several hundred saloon passengers at £10 per head. Mr Morgan has very few boats in his big fleet capable of doing that, but he will be building them as soon as he can finance mammoth building yards for the purpose. Whoever would compete with him must also be provided with twenty thousand ton steamers. They must also know how to run them wherever cargo can be got for them, and, most essential point of all, they must be able to collect cargo. Three distinct services are required—ship building, ship owning, and freight collecting. Of the three the last may present the greatest difficulty. On our own side of the Atlantic patriotic sentiment would no doubt favour an all-British line, but on the other side it would be against us. A British canvasser for American freight might find it hard at first to divert from its existing channels, most of which are controlled by the Morgan "combine." But with patience and vigilance he might in time achieve a fair amount of success. Very likely he would have to go far west for it, say to Chicago, St. Louis, and St. Paul, where east-bound trans-Continental traffic changes hands.

A British transportation company on the model of the freight lines already in operation on the American roads might undertake this part of the work. It would not of course be welcomed by any of the Morgan roads, but they could not discriminate against it without bringing themselves within reach of the Inter-State Commerce Law. In its favour there would always be the chance of some railroad boss falling out with the others and deciding to act for himself. Neither is the building of new roads altogether impossible. Mr. Gould has just completed a new route to the Atlantic seaboard which required years of scheming and negotiating to piece together. Already it has provoked a quarrel between him and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which threatens to upset all the carefully patched up harmonies of the trunk roads. In such an event the co-operation of an independent steam line on the Atlantic might be welcome to an anti-Morgan road.

We are not entirely dependent, however, on the contingencies of American railroad management. The British shipowner has a stronghold of his own which will one day counteract Mr Morgan's supremacy in New York. For a large section of the American north-west the natural outlet eastward is through Canada. American exports are finding their way through Canada in rapidly increasing quantities. Its two great railroads—the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk—can hold their own against any of the Morgan roads. They can move freight as rapidly and have equal facilities for billing through to Europe, and if their shipping ports are hardly equal to New York they are much less expensive. Next to the development of Canada itself the most interesting development in the near future will be a tremendous diversion of American exports to Canadian ports.

While the Cunard agreement has given a quietus to American bluff—for the time being at least—its defects, from a business point of view, are not to be ignored. The most lenient criticism must regard it as a practical confession of shortsightedness on the part of the British Government. The necessity for it should never have arisen if our mail and other steamship subsidies had been so managed as to give the Government a proper hold over the steamship companies. Even now that has not been done, and we may still have years to wait for it. The point from which the German mail contracts started is not yet within sight at Whitehall. But we have at least achieved a new departure and not a small one either. The contract is an odd mixture of old and new. The £150,000 a year subsidy is in the best style of the old school—quite a heroic feat on their part. On the other hand the loan for building two new liners is an equally heroic innovation. When one thinks out what it may lead to hereafter one can hardly believe that the Board of Trade realised what they were doing when they assented to it.

The shipbuilding loan clause in the agreement is nothing less than revolutionary, and there must have been some bursting of red tape when it was first mooted. As we read it, it establishes a perfectly novel relationship between the Government and our steamship companies of the Cunard class. It places the Crown in the position of a lien holder over a large commercial undertaking. As security for the advances to be made toward the building of the two new liners not only the new ships themselves but the whole of the fleet and general assets of the Company are to be pledged.

The Government will in fact have a substantial interest in the undertaking. If the cost of the new ships be estimated at a million and a half (which is a moderate figure) it will equal the whole of the existing Cunard capital (£1,600,000). That would give the Government a one-half interest in the enlarged fleet—quite as much as it has in the Suez Canal. Certain events are easily conceivable in which further advances might have to be made and the Government interest in the

concern proportionately increased. A question would almost certainly arise then—some critics in the House of Commons may express surprise that it was not raised in the agreement—of having the Government represented on the Board. It is rather astonishing that the Suez Canal precedent was not studied to greater advantage in this respect. The Government directors on the Suez Canal Board have been a marked success. They have rendered valuable service alike to the Government and to the Canal. Equally capable men are no doubt available for the Cunard Board, and even a single appointment would have greatly strengthened public confidence in the arrangement.

This part of the subject has another bearing which should be intelligently realised by the public before we may advance much farther on a new and unknown road. In the Cunard agreement we are committing ourselves to the principle of State ownership of commercial shipping. It may seem a very small step we are taking and one easy to explain away officially, but it is a step—definite and possibly momentous. There may even be in it the germ of economic revolution. Carried to its logical conclusion the Cunard agreement may justify State ownership and operation of ocean mail steamers. Startling as the idea may be there is nothing in it to shrink from. Future circumstances may render it advisable, nay imperatively necessary for the protection of great national interests. No harm can be done by familiarising ourselves with the idea beforehand and getting ready to consider it calmly and dispassionately when the time comes.

Much sooner than we suspect the alternative may present itself to the nation of owning its ocean mail service. After all there might be a good deal to say for it. The British Government is already by far the largest shipowner in the world. Its ships are no doubt chiefly intended for war, but they have also to be employed in time of peace, and are in fact so employed every day. The British navy has important commercial duties to perform in every part of the world. It is everywhere in close touch with our mercantile navy, and the sea work of the two is in many respects similar. The Royal Navy supplies the mercantile navy with its best officers and many of its best sailors. The mercantile navy on its side is under engagements of various kinds to the Royal Navy. The principal difference between the two is that one carries cargo and the other carries guns. But the mere carrying of cargo is not an operation demanding special aptitude or training on the part of a naval officer. It is not, properly speaking, a commercial operation at all, the commercial part of the work being done on shore.

Surely there would be nothing beneath the dignity of a great maritime Power in owning or having an interest in commercial ships run for the public benefit? Governments own and manage canals very successfully, and why not ships? They are among the largest and most successful owners of railways—a more difficult class of property to administer than ocean steamers. The Government of India builds,

operates and finances railways on a larger scale than Mr Pierpont Morgan himself. Even the Imperial Government does not always muddle its business transactions. Certain parts of its commercial work are well done, and many taxpayers agree with Lord Rosebery that its opportunities to acquire business experience ought to be increased. Apparently we have missed our chance to nationalise the railways of the country, but the merchant marine is still available. With better reason the nationalising idea may one day seize on it. We have at a single step—as shown in the Cunard agreement—advanced from our old free trade standpoint to the acceptance of special relations between the State and shipping companies. It is a pregnant idea and may be destined to influence strongly the commercial history of our generation.

W R LAWSON

THE ATTIC HOMESTEAD.

XENOPHON'S work on agriculture lacks the divine afflatus of the Georgics and the patient, comprehensive research of Varro's *De Re Rustica*; its more modest scope is shown by the name he gave it "Œconomics," or as Étienne de La Boetie rendered it, "La Mesnagerie"—a capital word that has gone down in life! Xenophon traced the rule of the farm on rather general lines, he started from the principle that, in the main, agriculture is made up of common sense and diligence. To critics who blame him as unscientific, I would submit that in Southern farming, at least, these two qualities will carry the cultivator farther than the most beautiful steam-plough. The standpoint from which he viewed the agriculturist was not without elevation, though it did not strike him, as it struck Virgil, that the husbandman was a sort of high priest. But neither did he regard him as the mere servant of private and selfish ends. The landed proprietor was the pillar of Society and agriculture the life-blood of the State, the fields grew more than corn—they grew men. This was his point of view. Cultivating the land becomes a source of pleasure to its possessor, of prosperity to his house, of health to his body which it fits for all the duties of the free man. The Earth gives both the necessities and the charms of life. The lovely and fragrant garlands with which we deck the altars are bestowed by her. She yields a thousand varieties of nourishment, she feeds the war-horse, she toughens the sinews of the soldier. The soil inspires its tillers with the will to die in its defence. How hospitable is the country to its guests! How joyous the blazing fire on the hearth in winter, the cool, shady groves in summer! What more inspiring than a rural religious *fête*? What life is pleasanter for the workers, more delightful for the wife, more salubrious for the children, more generous for friends? The land, which brings forth its increase in proportion to our zeal in cultivating it, teaches the primal law of justice. We learn from husbandry to do to others as we would that they should do unto us. The wise

husbandman encourages his labourers not less than a general his soldiers, "for hope is as necessary to slaves as it is to free men" (In the army Xenophon was called "the soldier's friend", he knew what could be done with men by moral influence)

No writer was ever more sincere; he adorns nothing and speaks from his own experience, which is that of a man of the world who has made no excursions into the clouds. He does not put his own hand to the plough like Tolstoi, but he is a firm believer in the axiom that it is the master's eye which soonest fattens the horse. It is absurd to own an estate and know nothing about its management. Nevertheless, he does not counsel perpetual attention to business, he would have agreed that "no play" makes very dull boys. He looked upon the pleasures of a country life as not less actually profitable than its duties. What was the chase? A nursery for strategists. What was riding across country? A school for cavalry. Four hundred years later the Latin writer on agriculture, Columella, criticised sport as folly and waste of time, Xenophon could not have imagined life in the country without it, but he ennobled the pastime by the skill he brought to it. He aimed at excellence in all he attempted. He was the finest rider of his day, and his little treatise on horsemanship has won the praise of every writer on the subject from then till now. The Attic phrase of "hand-some and good" suited him both in its metaphorical and its literal sense, for he was distinctly an "*homme du bien*," and his good looks were famous. Besides his love of open-air athletics, he had other Anglo-Saxon characteristics such as the colonising instinct joined to affection for home and the taste for adventure without the tastes of the adventurer. But he possessed the defects of his qualities: he had no idealism or "inwardness," the problems of mind did not interest him, he left the Incomprehensible to take care of itself. What interested him in Socrates was the man and it is the man that he makes known to us. But for Xenophon we might have missed in Socrates that moral perfection which Goethe rated the highest of all—the reverence for those below us. Xenophon's Socrates not only talks affably to all sorts of people, he can actually draw instruction out of them. A country curate complained to Dr Johnson that his surroundings were unintellectual, his neighbours could only talk of "Veals"—the local name for calves. "Sir," replied the doctor, "learn to talk of 'Veals!'" Socrates would have thanked him for that word. How gracious he is in the scene of the performing children! How courteously he addresses the showman, how readily he appreciates the cleverness of the little dancing girl! So far from despising the exhibition of a poor little troop of wandering jugglers, he says seriously ("after reflection"), that the child's skill in throwing up and catching her hoops and dancing in time to the music has confirmed a conclusion to which he has been coming for a long time—namely that women are nowise inferior to men save in physical strength and perhaps, a little, in mental balance.

They can learn all things, if properly taught, as quickly and as well as men. When, afterwards, the child performs a blood-curdling feat of jumping head downwards into a circle of swords, he gently remarks that this is, no doubt, very dangerous, but what possible good is there in it? Is there beauty in contortion? Would it not be less hurtful to the pretty children and more pleasing to the spectators if they danced to the flute dressed as nymphs or graces? The Sicilian showman, humanised for the moment, as were all who came within Socrates' influence, acts on the hint and improvises the little pantomime with which the banquet ends.

When the question of training women comes up in the "Œconomics" Socrates makes no plea for educating their higher faculties, and this has been supposed to prove that he was indifferent on the matter. But he was not in the habit of proposing alterations in the existing conditions of life, he took men just as they were, believing that their souls, or moral part, could be improved through their minds or intellectual part, rather than by any change in outward circumstance. Still, it cannot be doubted that since he admired Aspasia's mental attainments, he would have been glad if her sisters, who thought themselves so much better than she, had not been so far behind her in humane culture. He granted that women could learn, and Plato's thoroughly revolutionary views on women's education are only the logical development of this principle. Plato wished girls and boys to be taught everything alike, even to fencing and riding. He admitted that the very best men were superior to the very best women, but since many women are more gifted than many men why should not they have an equal chance? No one would dispute this now, but it must have sounded midsummer madness at Athens whose women had no place in society at all. Theoretically they might go to the theatre when tragedies were performed, but it seems unlikely that the ladies of the upper classes often went there. They had no opportunity of joining in conversation with the other sex except in the case of their nearest relations. This continued to be the case down to a late period. Cornelius Nepos remarks that what is thought respectable in one place appears quite the reverse in another, so while every Roman brought his wife to the feast, such an act would have excited horror in Greece. There seems to have been no equivalent to the tea-gardens (without tea) of Turkish cities, where you may see the veiled ladies laughing and chattering among themselves as though they had never a care. A mild form of amusement, but better than none.

The Greek little girl was happy. She was the pet still more of her father than of her mother. She had dolls with jointed limbs which possessed their proper names, their outfits, their baby-houses and furniture. She played at numberless games, but the favourites were ball and knuckle-bones. A lovely Tanagra figure shows the Greek girl playing at this last universal game, which is also represented as

the sport of Niobe's daughters in a well-known fresco found at Pompeii I am still looking for a part of the world where it is not played, I, myself, once played a match with a gypsy child at Granada and lost it. When the Greek girl reached the mature age of seven she was expected to offer her toys to Artemis, a sacrifice recalled in some pretty lines in the *Anthology*. But I think that the goddess gave back, at least, the ball. a game of ball was recommended by Greek physicians as the best exercise after the bath. Artemis, herself, lives for ever as the eternal girl following the stag on the mountains and the wild beast along the wind-swept summits, but coming back to lead the dance, beautifully dressed, and not disdainful of feminine tasks, for is she not known as Artemis of the golden distaff?

Sophocles described the young girl rejoicing in the flowery meads of her youth, till the maiden became wife and mother and learned to know the painful watches of the night, spent in anxiety for husband and children. It would have been well for her if such anxiety, the common lot of all, had been the sole cause of trouble to the Athenian wife. It seems that ill-assorted unions were rather frequent at Athens, and if her home was unhappy, what had she to fall back on? A man, as Medea says, whose home is unpleasing to him, can go abroad and enjoy the company of his friends, "but we must look for happiness to "one alone"

It often happened that marriages were made up by third persons who described inaccurately the affianced couple to one another, a fraud for condemning which Socrates praises Aspasia. Mischief was the result. The bridegroom was not extremely young, thirty was thought to be a suitable age for a man to marry at, but the bride was sometimes a mere child, as we see from the charming little romance of "the Wife of Ischomachus" for the better understanding of which I have strayed into these few remarks on Athenian womanhood. It forms by far the most original feature in the "Œconomics," and though it must be taken with several grains of salt, it is still the best description we have of a Greek interior.

Socrates observed that while the wife's power in the household was only second to the husband's, she was the last person to whom he spoke openly about his affairs, of which she commonly knew less than his most casual acquaintances. This may be said to be the text of the story which follows. Of Ischomachus nothing is known except a shadowy mention in Plutarch, but from what we do know of Xenophon, it is impossible to doubt that in this instance, he is, if not telling his own story, at least ventilating his own ideas. Socrates is supposed to meet Ischomachus in the portico of the Temple of Zeus the Liberator. He asks him how it is that he has a healthy colour and time to spare, though all Athens declares that his estate is the best managed in Attica? To this Ischomachus replies, that he can go where he likes, because his wife is perfectly qualified to manage everything at home.

Socrates enquires if this inestimable helpmeet learnt her duties from her father and mother? Ischomachus answers that this was impossible; when he married her she was scarcely fifteen—what could she have learnt but how to spin and card the wool and give it out to the maids? She had been brought up to have simple tastes, that was a good foundation, but all the rest she had learnt from him. Then Socrates begs him to tell him all about it—he would sooner listen than see the finest horse-race. And so would we.

In Greek marriages, love was post-nuptial, the wooing began with the wedding instead of ending with it. The little bride was very timid, very shy the first thing to be done was to gain her confidence. Ischomachus prudently did not begin his lectures till the honeymoon was waning. He simply prayed the gods to grant him the wisdom to teach, and his bride the heart to learn all those things that were needed to make their union holy and happy. She joined willingly in the prayer, which he thought a good sign for the future. Then he waited till they had got to know each other and to speak familiarly on different subjects. Even when the schooling begins in earnest, behind the teacher there is still the lover. Nothing flatters a very young girl so much as to speak to her seriously of serious things, for the rest, the wife of Ischomachus would have shown but little wit had she failed to seize what there was of elevated, pure and true in the picture presented to her of a woman's rôle. The prosaic details and the narrowness of the canvas should not blind us to the fact that the Greek conception of marriage as here set forth, *lies at the very root of all Western civilisation*.

After the interval allowed for "becoming acquainted" Ischomachus asks his wife whether she begins to understand why he married her? She most certainly knew that there would have been no trouble in finding another wife for him, another husband for her. Why did he choose her? why did her parents choose him? Was it not because it appeared to both sides that they were truly fitted for each other, and also fitted to serve the higher objects of matrimony as heads of a household and founders of a new family. If the Divine Powers gave them children they would join together to bring them up aright, and the reward would not fail them of having good children to bless their old age. But even now, without waiting for that sacred bond, *all they possessed was in common*. All that was the wife's she had already given and now he does the same, he gives her all that is his. It is no more a question of which of the two furnished the most, but it is well to realise that the one who manages best the common store is the one who brings the most valuable contribution to it. "But how can I help? What can I do?" asks the young wife, "you manage everything, my mother only told me that 'I was to do what was right'." Ischomachus says that he received the same advice from his father; but that husband and wife did not do

right if they neglected to watch over the property and to improve it "But how," the wife asks again, "can I help?" Ischomachus says that this is the task marked out for her alike by the gods and by the laws. Each has an allotted share, to the man fall heat and cold, long journeys and wars, to the woman household duties. The first of all of these is the care of children—to which end the gods have implanted in woman's heart an infinite need of loving little creatures. Next comes the care of the household, to point which moral Ischomachus extols the Queen Bee, though a somewhat closer knowledge of natural history would have made him select that far more intelligent housekeeper the mother-wasp. He develops the idea that marriage is a divine institution in view of the children, a social institution in view of the property. Your duty to God is to bring up your children well, your duty to the State is to foster and not waste your substance. Of course the conception of thrift as a national virtue is absolutely correct, but its practical application is foreign to English ways of thought. Frugal living and a strict look-out over expenditure suggest a tinge of meanness to the English soul. Ischomachus saw nothing mean in saving, since it enabled him to give nobly to religion, to help his friends in their need, and to contribute munificently to the embellishment of the city. It would be useless to rehearse all the items of domestic economy which Ischomachus impresses on his docile pupil. She is charged with the care not only of the provisions for the table, but also of the farm produce which is brought to be stored at home or to be employed for spinning and weaving. The counsels of prudence are summed up in the admonition "to see that we do not spend in a month what ought to last for a year." One piece of advice touches a higher note, "There is another thing"—says Ischomachus—"which, perhaps, you will not think very pleasant, it is, that when one of your slaves is ill, you ought to look after him yourself and do all you can for his recovery." "Ah!" she cries, "there is nothing that I shall like to do more than this, they will love me for it!" An answer with which Ischomachus was justly delighted and which evoked from him the most beautiful little speech that any husband ever made to any wife. "But the sweetest reward will be when, having become more perfect than I, you have made me your servant, when as youth and beauty pass, you will not fear to lose your influence, because in growing old you will become a still better companion to me, a better helper to your children, a more honoured mistress of your home."

Ischomachus tells his wife that she should take the trouble to instruct stupid or backward slaves in their tasks, they may then become in time capable and devoted servants, priceless treasures in the house. He goes more fully into the management of slaves when he deals with the farm bailiff. He says that like other animals, men are influenced by rewards and punishments. Noble souls are excited to do their utmost by the desire of praise, ignoble ones by convincing them that virtue

pays. The first thing to secure is the good-will of your dependents, without this, very little can be done with them. But they soon become attached to the master and his house if he treats them kindly, and if, whenever a stroke of good fortune befalls himself, he gives some advantage to them. This is, I think, the earliest hint of "sharing profits!" For the rest, Xenophon declares (for certainly it is he who speaks), that he has known good masters with bad servants, but never a bad master with good ones. It is disappointing to remark that, elsewhere, he writes unsympathetically of the "licence" accorded to Athenian slaves, who were never allowed to be struck and who wore no distinctive class dress, so that "anyone might take them for free citizens." Xenophon preferred the harsh practices in force at Sparta, which is only another proof that it is impossible to guess a man's public policy from his private disposition.

The dominant passion of Xenophon (if we take Ischomachus as his interpreter) was order. He grows lyrical in praise of the beautiful neatness of a man-of-war, and the passage might have been written to-day! This is the model which Ischomachus holds up to his wife for imitation. How admirable is a tidy linen-press or china-closet! Nay, how lovely are symmetrically arranged saucepans! Here the author has a suspicion that somebody will laugh, and perhaps he was laughing himself. A young wife wedded to such a martinet must have undergone various bad quarters of an hour, yet when she is really disturbed at the loss of something that was not in its right place, her mentor made haste to discover that he was himself to blame for it.

The most serious reproof that the wife of Ischomachus ever received was on quite a different score. One morning she appeared with her girlish brow whitened with *Lait d'Iris*, rouge upon her cheeks and a pair of high-heeled shoes on her feet. She was only following the fashion of the day, Athenian ladies, in spite of the seclusion in which they lived, had a perfect mania for cosmetics and gauds. They painted their necks and faces, darkened their eyebrows and wore a profusion of jewels. Self-adornment was even encouraged by the law which punished any woman who was observed to be carelessly dressed. It has been thought that artificial embellishments became the vogue because real beauty, so common among the men of Athens, was rare among the women. Curiously enough, in modern Athens there are far more handsome men than women, although the most beautiful girls I ever saw were two sisters moving in Athenian Society, but their family sprang from the isle of Paros.

When Ischomachus saw his wife disguised as above described, instead of telling her that she never looked so well (which was what she expected in her poor little heart), he began to ask the most irritating Socratic questions. How would she like it if he brought her a quantity of pinchbeck silver and imitation jewelry? "Oh! do not say such dreadful things," she exclaims. "Could I love you as I do if you were

"to act like that?" When she sees the gist of his argument, which he pushes home with relentless logic, she takes the lesson in good part and only asks what she is to do to really become better-looking instead of only seeming so? As an alternative to cosmetics, Ischomachus proposes plenty of exercise, but alas! it is to be all indoors. Running about the house and offices to see that all is right and lending a hand at kneading the bread, hanging out the clothes and making the beds. This is the way to get a good complexion and a good appetite, and the maid-servants are encouraged when they see that their mistress is not above joining in their work. So ubiquitous a mistress would not be exactly popular below stairs in a modern house. Women, says Xenophon, are worth very little who are too fine to do anything but sit all day with crossed hands, which is true, still, it might have occurred even to him, that the routine proposed for the wife was cramped and dull compared with the vigorous outdoor life which he assigns to the husband. Ischomachus gets up early, and if he has no business to transact in the town, his groom brings round his horse and leads it before him to his farm (which, we may suppose, was about three miles out of Athens). He walks the distance on foot for the sake of a "constitutional." When he gets to the place, he watches the sowing or reaping or whatever rural task is going on and afterwards he mounts his horse and rides away over hedges and ditches and hills and dales—the sort of country one would cover in war-time—never stopping at obstacles, but taking care not to lame the horse if he can help it. On his return, the groom rubs down the horse and then takes it back to the town, carrying with him a basket of whatever farm produce is needed for the kitchen. Ischomachus walks home at a brisk pace and dines, neither too generously nor too meagrely, so that he feels well and active for the rest of the day.

An Italian proverb bids us praise the sea and keep to the land, many poets have praised the country and lived in towns. But Xenophon was not a poet, and he meant what he said when he gave the palm to a country life. He was glad to say good-bye to towns for good and all. Athens could never have been the same to him after the death of Socrates, which was the first news that met him on his return from conducting the retreat of the Ten Thousand. Nor did he like the whole trend of Athenian policy. It is sad to feel that you have grown foreign in your own land. Later he was banished from Athens, but even when the decree of banishment was revoked and he might have gone back, he did not do so. His one desire was to live out his days on the beautiful estate which Sparta had presented to him, where he took up his abode with his wife and two little boys when he was still in the prime of life. It seems that he was once compelled by the tide of war to leave this estate, but there is reason to hope that he regained possession of it and was able to remain there till he died at the age of ninety. It was in this delightful retreat that he wrote

nearly all his works giving thus a practical illustration of one merit of country life not noted in his treatise the leisure it affords for literary pursuits

Scillas, the spot where Xenophon's property was situated, not only lay in one of the prettiest parts of Greece, but had the great advantage of being within a few miles of Olympia where every five years all the most distinguished Hellenes assembled for the celebration of the Olympian games. On one occasion, amongst the visitors was Xenophon's old friend the Warden of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, to whom, years before, he had entrusted a certain sum of prize-money on the eve of a campaign, if he died the money was to be offered to the goddess, if he lived it was to be restored to himself. This money the Warden brought with him and with it Xenophon purchased some land, near his own estate, rich in streams, fish and game, which he consecrated to Artemis. He raised an altar and had a statue made just like that at Ephesus, only smaller, and of cypress wood instead of gold. Here, once a year, all the rich and poor men and women of the country round were invited to attend a festival, their wants being supplied "by the goddess" barley-meal bread, meat from the sacrificed animals, wine and sweetmeats forming the bill of fare, supplemented by wild boar, antelope, deer, and all sorts of game, the spoils of a great hunt organised by Xenophon's sons and his sporting neighbours some days in advance. Was there ever a happier *fête*, where each laid aside his sorrows, his heart-burnings, his little jealousies, his money-making to rejoice in the sweet air gladdened by the sun and in the presence of an unseen Power that hears and guards!

For Xenophon the gods controlled the events of life and had knowledge of the past and future. They could easily be made our friends they only asked of us offerings of their own gifts, a grateful heart, and no conscious concealment of the truth when we called upon them to witness our word. This was his religion, and it served him both in bright hours and grey. He was performing a religious sacrifice when the message was brought to him that his son Gryllus had fallen. Xenophon took the garland from his head, but when the messenger added "nobly" he put it on again saying, "I knew that my son was mortal." Here we see the antique spirit at its best self-restraint in adversity, preference of noble conduct to happy fortune, recognition that the gods rule wisely.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO

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MR STEPHEN COLERIDGE'S "OPEN LETTER
TO THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL."

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MR STEPHEN COLERIDGE, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the National Anti-vivisection Society (President, Lord Llangattock), published a short article in last month's CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, entitled "An Open Letter to the Registrar-General" In it, he takes this line of argument—that certain methods of treatment, discovered by the help of experiments on animals, are useless, or worse than useless, because certain diseases, with whose prevention, alleviation, or cure, these methods are in one way or another concerned, have of late years shown an increased death-rate

It is waste of time to argue with him for he does not much care what he says Let me give two instances Some time ago, he found a mistake in a book that I had written about experiments on animals, and wrote to me, accusing me of "garbling" In reply, I wrote him two private letters, one admitting my mistake, the other pointing out that he was mistaking the nature of it He published the one letter, in the daily Press, without asking my leave, and kept silence about the other, and declared that he was publishing "a correspondence between us" I requested the publisher of the book to insert an erratum-slip in the remaining copies of it, and announced this important fact in the Press Mr Coleridge's Society then sent a sort of spy to the publisher's office, and bought a copy of the book, that they might see whether I was telling the truth By one of "life's little ironies," this particular copy seems to have possessed a very keen sense of humour The publisher declares that every remaining copy had been duly corrected the gentleman who sold the fatal copy, over the counter, to the Society's spy, declares that he opened it first, and saw the slip in it, all fair and square They are all, all honourable men The conclave, who examined their precious purchase when it reached Victoria Street, declare that it contained no slip What happened to that freakish slip I no more know or care than anybody else but the point is that Mr Coleridge forthwith began thumping me, all over again, in the daily Press, as a very dishonest person

Again, a few months ago, when there was a correspondence in the *Times* on "Anti-vivisection Methods," he challenged me to prove that the things said by his Society were inaccurate as I had just convicted a rival Society of grossly false statements. I told him that I would not make my complaints to him, but would gladly make them to any Vice-President of his Society. He replied that this was "at once a ridiculous evasion and a personal impertinence."

Thus one cannot be sure of him and I prefer to address the Society whose "trusted and revered leader" he is. And, on the present occasion, I am justified in taking this course, because the official journal of the Society warmly commends to its readers this Open Letter to the Registrar-General. This journal, the *Zoophilist and Animals' Defender*, is edited by a gentleman who was in great part responsible for a notorious book called the *Nine Circles*, and afterward was concerned in certain statements which the Home Secretary declared in Parliament to be "absolutely baseless." The *Zoophilist* says —

The attention of our readers should be directed to an article written by the Honourable Stephen Coleridge, which will appear in the October number of the *Contemporary Review*. It is written in the form of an open letter to the Registrar-General, and deals with the amazing facts disclosed by the Registrar-General's returns with regard to the rise in the death-rate of those diseases which are said to have derived so much benefit (*sic*) from experimental research. It will be found to be amusing as well as enlightening, as it is written in a tone of ironical reproach that the Registrar-General should record facts diametrically opposed to the results claimed by vivisectionists as a result of their cruel experiments on animals.

It is, of course, a very grave matter for a Society thus to puff and advertise an article which suggests that diphtheria antitoxin is worse than useless. Like the Society's disgraceful attack on the great Hospitals of London, it is a "crime against humanity." Happily, the crimes of these Societies never seem to come off. But, lest anybody should take seriously the rubbish of the *Zoophilist*, let us see what sort of thing it is that is thus commended, by their official journal, to the members of the Victoria Street Society.

The Open Letter is written in the fantastic or mock-heroic style. It pretends to scold and threaten the Registrar-General, because his facts and figures look so funny by the side of certain facts and figures contributed by me to a recent volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (What it says about Dr Noel Paton and me is not accurate, but neither is it important). Why Mr Coleridge assumes this style is best known to himself. anyhow, the official journal says that he is enlightening. Let us try to forget that he is also amusing. let us examine, as seriously as we can, his chief instances—diphtheria, myxœdema, cholera, typhoid fever, and the diseases of the circulation.

I DIPHTHERIA

Here he quotes the death-rate, but says nothing about the proportion of deaths to cases. This is the second time that he has done this. The first time, when the fallacy was exposed, he took refuge behind a lot of statistics and doubtless, on the present occasion, he has some fresh and pleasant surprise in store for us. Meanwhile, let us consider what is involved in this citation of the death-rate, without the case-mortality, to show that diphtheria-antitoxin is useless or worse than useless.

According to this method of argument, umbrellas also are worse than useless, because they do not diminish the annual rain-fall. Indeed, the more umbrellas are sold, the more wet days there are. If umbrellas were so useful as the umbrella-makers say, of course every increase in the umbrella-business would be followed by an improvement in the weather. The same applies to mackintoshes. Blankets, again, ought to make the thermometer go up, whereas they actually make it go down. The police, also, are worse than useless for wherever they are most busy regulating the traffic, there the streets are most blocked. And vaccination is worse than useless, because the rush for vaccine last winter in London positively coincided with a very marked increase in the number of deaths from small-pox.

Of course, there is more diphtheria one year and less another year. Or, with the number of cases about the same, the disease may be more virulent one year and less virulent another year. Or, with the virulence the same, a smaller proportion of cases may be saved by one treatment, and a greater proportion by another treatment. What was the proportion of deaths to cases in the years before antitoxin, and what is it now? Take a long series of years, enough to eliminate any possible influence of the variableness of the virulence of the disease. Out of 1,000 patients, in any year before 1894, how many were saved? Out of 1,000 patients, in any year after 1894, how many were saved?

Mr Coleridge seems to think that the preventive or prophylactic use of the antitoxin, apart from its curative use, is by this time general enough to exercise a visible effect on the annual death-rate. I do not know whether he is serious here anyhow, he is utterly wrong. The prophylactic administration of the antitoxin, in sudden circumscribed outbreaks of the disease, as in a school, has indeed given admirable results, and has safeguarded many children exposed to infection * but the notion that this preventive treatment is sufficiently general, at present, to show a result on the death-rate, is wholly absurd. We are concerned with the curative value of the antitoxin, and with that alone.

Mr Coleridge is silent as to the results obtained in Paris, New York, Chicago, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Strasburg, Zurich, and elsewhere.

* See the *Lancet*, April 2, 1898, and January 28, 1899, the *British Medical Journal*, January 16, 1897, the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, December, 1897, and March, 1898, and, especially, *Gould's Year-Book* for 1902.

He takes only one set of figures, and those the wrong ones. Let us, like him, take one set of figures, the statistics of the Hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board*.

The antitoxin was first used in these Hospitals during the last few weeks of 1894. The few cases that were treated with it that year are excluded from consideration in the Hospital Reports. Thus 1894 is the last non-antitoxin year, and 1895 is the first antitoxin year. The proportion of deaths to cases, in all the Hospitals taken together, is as follows —

NON-ANTITOXIN YEARS			ANTITOXIN YEARS		
1889	Percentage mortality	40 74	1895	Percentage mortality	22 85
1890	" "	33 55	1896	" "	21 20
1891	" "	30 61	1897	" "	17 79
1892	" "	29 51	1898	" "	15 37
1893	" "	30 42	1899	" "	13 95
1894	" "	29 29	1900	" "	12 01

And to this table must be added the following table, showing the especial value of the use of the antitoxin in the early stages of the disease

INFLUENCE OF TIME OF COMING UNDER TREATMENT.

Table showing percentage mortality in relation to day of disease on which cases came under treatment

Day of Disease	1894	1895	Difference
1st	22 5	11 7	10 8
2nd	27 0	12 5	14 5
3rd	29 4	22 0	7 4
4th	31 6	25 1	6 5
5th and over	30 8	27 1	3 7

It is no wonder that one of the very highest authorities on diph-

See here the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol xxvii, Dr Shadwell's article on Diphtheria. "The number of cases dealt with in the five antitoxin years (1895-99) was 32,835, or an average of 6,567 a year, and the broad result is a reduction of mortality by more than one-half. It is a fair inference that the treatment saves the lives of about 1,000 children every year in London alone. This refers to all cases. Those which occur in the hospitals as a sequel to scarlet fever, and consequently come under treatment from the commencement, show very much more striking results. The case-mortality, which was 46·8 per cent in 1892 and 58·8 per cent in 1893, has been reduced to 3·5 per cent since the introduction of antitoxin."

then, Dr Goodall, Medical Superintendent of the Eastern Hospital, says in the *Medical Annual* of the present year, "The writer has now, after a very large experience in the treatment of diphtheria, both with-
out and with antitoxic serum, no hesitation in saying that the
"antitoxic treatment is *the* treatment" Or, if we prefer wider
evidence, there are Siegert's colossal statistics *Securus judicat orbis
terrarum* They are based on no less than 40,038 cases, during nine
years, in sixty-nine Hospitals of Germany, France, Austria, and
Switzerland He divides the nine years into a "pre-serum period"
(1890—93), an "introduction year" (1894), and a "serum period"
(1895—98) The general mortality, in the pre-serum period, was 41·5,
and in the serum period was 16·5 The mortality of operation-cases
(tracheotomy) was 60·0 in the pre-serum period, 53·7 in the introduction
year, and 35·7 in the serum period The proportion of operation-cases
to all cases, in twenty-one hospitals, was 47·2 in the pre-serum period,
and 27·5 in the serum period

MYXŒDEMA

Here Mr Coleridge suggests that the administration of thyroid-extract (which was discovered by the help of experiments on animals) is useless, or worse than useless, in myxœdema—degeneration of certain tissues, due to certain changes in the thyroid gland—because more deaths from *all* diseases of the thyroid gland have been registered of late years

I do not believe that he means this argument to be taken seriously Probably he is only joking, or trying to "get a rise" out of somebody For it is only of late years that myxœdema has been generally recognised Till it was recognised, it was not diagnosed till it was diagnosed, it was not returned as a cause of death Again, there are many other diseases of the thyroid gland, including various forms of malignant disease The number of deaths from myxœdema, especially since the discovery of thyroid extract, must be small indeed

Moreover, apart from Mr Coleridge's fallacy of argument, I must respectfully refuse to believe that he really doubts the inestimable value of this treatment, both in myxœdema and in sporadic cretinism

CHOLERA

Here he affects surprise that Haffkine's fluid does not reduce the death-rate of cholera I am not sure that he recognises the fact that "English cholera" and Asiatic cholera are, to put it mildly, not the same thing Anyhow, the prevention of cholera is not the cure of cholera we might as well vaccinate cases of small-pox

TYPHOID FEVER

If he will collect all the reports hitherto published as to the results of anti-typhoid inoculation, both in South Africa and elsewhere (India, Egypt, Malta, Cyprus, Manchester, Dublin) he will find a very clear balance of lives saved, both in South Africa and elsewhere. Saved, *ie*, safeguarded for prevention is not cure

DISEASES OF THE CIRCULATION

Here he affects surprise that the use of digitalis and nitrate (*sic*) of amyl, two drugs whose exact action was discovered by the help of experiments on animals, has not diminished the death-rate of *all diseases of the circulation*. But the Registrar-General includes among them not only every kind of disease of the heart, but also pericarditis, aneurism, senile gangrene, embolism, phlebitis, varicose veins, and 35,499 deaths from "other and undefined diseases of heart or circulatory system"

The members of the National Anti-vivisection Society must wonder to see their cause thus dragged through the mud by their trusted and revered leader. Probably this Open Letter is only a fantastic sort of joke. How can it be anything else, when it quotes death-rate without case-mortality, and confuses prevention with cure, and myxoedema with all diseases of the thyroid gland? But the official journal of the Society commends this nonsense, quite gravely. Of that journal, the less said the better. Besides, it is more decent now than it used to be.

These Anti-vivisection Societies are not even all agreed among themselves except that they all appeal for public support. They quarrel, and withering letters are written by one secretary to another. They have no common policy. They hardly know the rudiments of the work that they are trying to hinder. The "present Parliamentary policy" of Mr Coleridge's Society is simply fatuous and the Bill embodying it is as hard to take seriously as the *Zoophilist*. Surely it is high time that those distinguished persons who have given their support to one or other of these Societies, should exercise more restraint on the foolish nonsense that they are supposed to approve, and on the doings of their Secretaries. So much money is wasted over literature that goes into the paper-basket, and on magic-lantern lectures and what solid results have these Societies to show for it all? What have they hindered, and what have they stopped? Have they crippled the great Hospitals, or prevented any useful discovery, or got any real influence on the Home Office, or in Parliament, or among men of science? What have they gained by bullying, heckling, or any other tactics? They are as full of promises as ever but what they have achieved, all these years, is next to nothing.

If anybody cares to know one reason of their failure, let him look at

• •
 their literature for example, the *Zoophilist*, with its idiotic and brutal
 jests, its clumsy adoration of Mr Coleridge, its vile inaccuracy Then,
 let him observe the disputes between the officials of rival Societies
 for example, the venomous abuse of Mr Coleridge by an official of the
 "Church Anti-vivisection League" Then, let him observe the plan
 for a National Anti-vivisection Hospital which is not yet opened,
 being, I believe, in Chancery, though it has a "staff" of more than
 forty doctors, scattered all over the Kingdom Above everything,
 let him study the "present Parliamentary policy" of the National Anti-
 vivisection Society, and compare it with the official letters of its
 trusted and revered leader, in 1898, to members of Her Majesty's
 Government Failure is written large over the mean and tortuous
 methods of these Societies and no wonder

STEPHEN PAGET

WHO WERE THE GREEKS?

IN the oldest ethnographical chart—the tenth chapter of Genesis—we read “The sons of Japheth, Gomer and Magog, and Madai, and Javan, and Tubal, and Meshech, and Tiras. And the sons of Javan, Elshah, and Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanin.” Instead of the last name the Chronicler has Rodanim.

Now Javan is the “Ionian” or Greek, and the Greek of the old Biblical geographer is accordingly the brother of two nations of Asia Minor, Tubal and Meshech. They are nations whose names frequently recur on the Assyrian monuments. Originally their home was in Cappadocia on the southern side of the Tokhma Su, in later days they advanced further to the south, and we find a Tubal chief in possession of Cilicia, while the troops of Meshech occupied the slopes of the Taurus. The tribes, therefore, who bordered on the Javan of Genesis were tribes whose seats lay but a little to the north of the southern coast of Asia Minor and the city of Tarsus.

The same evidence is borne by the name of Gomer. Gomer is usually identified with the Gimirrâ of the Assyrian inscriptions, the Kimmerians of classical history. The Kimmerians overran Asia Minor in the seventh century before our era, and from them it is generally assumed that Cappadocia received its Armenian title of Gamir. The assumption, however, may not be correct. In a letter written to his father by Sennacherib while he was still crown-prince he refers to a district of Gamir in Cappadocia, it was therefore already a well-known name, and as the vowel of the first syllable differs from that of Gimirrâ it may not have been derived from the Kimmerian invaders. At all events, it was a name applied to a part of Cappadocia before Sennacherib became king of Assyria.

The other sons of Japheth cannot be identified with certainty, but the little that can be said about them points also to Asia Minor. Tiras may be the Egyptian Tursha who combined with the Achæans and Lycians and other populations of Asia Minor in attacking Egypt in the reign of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, or it may be the district of

Tursi which is placed in the same part of the world by Ramses III Magog, according to Ezekiel (xxxix 6), was the land of Gog, "the chief prince of Meshech and Tubal," and Madai, though usually identified with the Medes, was rather the Matîênê of Cappadocia than the Matiana of the farther east. The sons of Japheth must all have belonged to the south-eastern portion of Asia Minor. Japheth himself is the Cilician god Iapetos. Along with the other six chief gods of Cilicia he was the son of Heaven and Earth, the primæval deities of Asianic belief. Even the name of Javan, the Ionian, refers us to the same locality. Like Lycaonia or Cataonia it is formed by means of the suffix—*van* or *von*—which is characteristic of southern Asia Minor. It is, in short, a suffix that is Asianic and not European.

When we examine the names of the sons of Javan, as enumerated in the ethnographical chart of Genesis, we find them, too, telling the same tale. Kittim is Cyprus, Rodanim is Rhodes, while Dodanim would be the Dardanians, already mentioned among the invaders of Egypt from Asia Minor in the fourteenth century, B.C. The name of Elishah has been explained by the Tel-el-Amarna tablets of a century earlier. It is the Alasia of the Egyptian and native scribes, whose king corresponded with the Egyptian Pharaoh, and among whose subjects were the Lukki or Lycians. In Ionic Greek Alasia would assume the form of Alêia, and the Alêian Plain, according to Strabo, was that which stretched from the eastern frontiers of Cilicia to Tarsus in the west. It was also the plain whereon, so Homer tells us (*Il* vi 200-2), the Lycian hero Bellerophon wandered, after his fall (as the mythologists stated) from his winged horse. This winged horse appears upon Hittite seals, accompanied by Hittite inscriptions.

We must, therefore, look for Alasia or Elishah on the southern coast of Asia Minor, and not in Cyprus as some German scholars have supposed. The old identification of Tarshish with Tarsus is accordingly right, testifying to the fact that when the name was first heard by the people of Canaan its nominative case ended in —s. Tarsus was of ancient foundation, already in B.C. 835 it submitted to the Assyrian conqueror Shalmaneser II, and its name is to be read on the Black Obelisk now in the British Museum.

The geographical position of the Greek of Genesis is thus plain. He lived on the southern coast of Asia Minor, and occupied the region which extended from the Gulf of Antioch to Rhodes, including the Island of Cyprus. He was known as Javan or the Ionian, a name the formation of which declares it to have had its origin in Asia Minor. A recollection of his original home was preserved even by classical geography. It was remembered that the city on whose site the Syrian Antioch stood had been called Iônê, and the name of Ionia had once been given to the Cilician coast. The Ionian Greek—and there is none other known to the writer of the Book of Genesis—was a brother of the nations of southern Asia Minor.

When we turn to the Greek genealogists we find their testimony agreeing with that of the Book of Genesis. Ion, the Ionian Greek, is not the brother, but the nephew, of Dorus and Æolus. Like Achæus, the Achæan, he is the son of Xuthus, the "tawny"-skinned Syrian, as distinguished from the Leuco-Syri or "White Syrians" of Cappadocia. In other words, the Ionian Greek is not a pure-blooded Hellenic like the Dorian, he and the Achæan alike represent a mixed race, half European and half Asiatic. Their first home was not in Europe, but in the south of Asia Minor, where they mingled with Dorian settlers or invaders from the west.

It follows that the Greek language, as we know it, is likely to be as much a mixed one as modern English. It will contain Asiatic as well as Aryan elements, both in its vocabulary and in its grammar. The fact would explain much that is puzzling in it to the philologist. That the vocabulary is largely non-Aryan has long been recognised even such necessary words as those for "king" or "tyrant" have no Indo-European etymology. The same is the case with many of the names of its deities and heroes, more especially with those that go back to the "Achæan" period. But my recent decipherment of the Hittite inscriptions has led me to believe that in Greek grammar also we have a dual element. Hittite grammar presents an extraordinary resemblance to Greek grammar, indeed so great is it as to have made me wonder at first whether I was not the victim of an illusion. The same resemblance, however, is exhibited by the grammar of the language of Arzawa in Cappadocia made known to us by the Tel-el-Amarna tablets as well as by that of the Lycian inscriptions, though in each instance the language is Asiatic and not Indo-European. Only one explanation of the fact is possible: the Ionic Greek was a son of the Cilician Japheth who had mixed his blood with that of sea-rovers of the stock of Hellen, and the language that he spoke was a mixture also.

A H SAYCE

THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE.

IN the month of July last a Conference of the European Powers was held in Paris, on the invitation of the French Government, to consider what could be done to check the abominable trade in girls for immoral purposes which has established itself on a large scale on the Continent, and which invades also our own shores. It was a remarkable and significant event. Meetings of the Powers are usually assemblies in which the conflicting interests of the different countries are treated, and if possible adjusted by bargain to their mutual satisfaction. Even the late epoch-making Conference at the Hague, which founded a Court of Arbitration, was held in order to provide a way of settling disputes. In this case no disputes existed or were contemplated. It was a purely humanitarian gathering, met to pursue a common object which appealed not to national interests or passions, but entirely, to justice and humanity.

The movement of opinion which led to this Conference is a recent one. It had its springs in the awakening of interest in the victims of immorality effected by Mrs. Josephine Butler many years ago. Until her time the terrible results, moral and physical, of widespread licentiousness were dealt with by Governments, if at all (as to a large extent they still are) by the method of license and regulation, which has seemed to the Governments indeed necessary, but to her and her allies unjust and inhuman. Their appeals to the experience, of facts and to the sense of right and wrong succeeded in abolishing this patent system in England, as well as in not a few places abroad, but they did more, they brought the whole subject before the public of all countries so vividly as to change the tone of opinion. Much false modesty has disappeared; facts are looked in the face, laws have been strengthened, and a vast improvement in treatment has been effected, both in the way of prevention and of rescue. Even on the side of sanitation a revolution in opinion is coming about. The

medical specialists of Europe have held two important Congresses at Brussels, one in 1899, another a few weeks ago. The result has been immensely to weaken, if not to destroy, the old medical opinion which supported the system of regulation of vice, the leading authorities are coming to see that in this case of profound moral disease the body must be approached through the soul, and they are unanimously convinced that the young men must maintain their chastity if they are to conserve their strength.

Meanwhile it had become evident to Mr William Alexander Coote, the able and indefatigable secretary of the English "National Vigilance Association," that at all events one dreadful outcome of the social evil—the trade in victims—if properly taken in hand might be quickly and drastically dealt with. His previous experience in the protection of young girls had brought vividly to his mind a state of things which was not known either to the Governments or to the public. It was not realised that when so much money was involved, when so profitable, if shameful, a business could be carried on, there must necessarily be vast organisation, large capital, and all the appliances of the *haute commerce*. People conceived of vice as a private matter, assisted no doubt by certain nefarious agents, but had no idea of the vast extent of the commerce, or of its international character. Enquiries showed that young girls were regularly recruited, especially in the poorer Eastern countries of Europe, by fraudulent promises of light, respectable service at good wages, offered by agents of houses not only in Western Europe but in South America and in the East, agents who found it worth while to spend large sums of money and to undertake regular commercial journeys, so great was the price of their booty in the markets of Argentina and of Constantinople. Far from being merely a local evil, the trade derived its principal support from its foreign imports.

It is a true slave trade. The subjects of it are usually young and inexperienced girls, obtained from among the poor and ignorant classes. Though not seized by force, they are cheated into starting, and once over the frontier are entirely in the hands of their conductors. Hardly any being could be conceived more utterly helpless than a peasant girl on a journey through a foreign land, where she knows nobody and nothing and is unable to communicate even with a casual fellow-traveller. Go on she must, and she is generally far away from home and friends, if not actually delivered over to her ultimate purchaser and shut up, before she finds out what is intended to be done with her.

The fact is that the international nature of the horrible business is its protection. All that is visible is an occasional party of travellers, shipping from Bordeaux or Southampton, which appears to include girls speaking foreign tongues who seem to be in the charge of suspicious-looking men. Occasionally the police on the Continent

would interfere, on some pretext that the girls' passports or certificates of birth were not in order, and succeed in breaking up the party and sending home the frightened victims of the fraud. Now and then the traders were caught in England, and rather driven off by fright than brought to justice, our freer system of life giving them better chances of evasion. But the difficulties are very great. Even when the law seems sufficiently explicit the offence is one begun half a continent away, carried on through one land after another and not yet completed. Evidence is not to be had and international difficulties are pretty sure to come in somewhere to prevent conviction and punishment.

Instances abound. Not long ago, two Russian girls in Odessa were induced by a Jew and his wife by fraudulent promises to start for South America, where they were told good situations as waitresses were ready for them. They were brought across Europe at great expense and shipped from Hamburg to London. There the Russian Agent of the Jewish Vigilance Committee saw and suspected the party. He sought Mr Coote's aid and by means of a daring intervention at Waterloo Station the girls were got away and the traders so terrified that they started for Buenos Ayres without the girls, who were sent home. Some £70 had been spent on them, but they were worth £200 in South America. Before landing, to avoid any danger of a pauper alien law, money was put into the pocket of each, and taken away again when they were safe on shore. The German police had suspected and tried to stop them, but in vain, for want of authority or of evidence.

Again, about a year ago the agents of a house in Amsterdam, prowling about a Parisian registry office, induced two French country girls to go with them to Holland, as usual by promise of good situations and wages. Of course it was difficult to get out of the Amsterdam bad house, but after a time the girls—one by sheer determination and resistance, the other by the aid of a man she had met in the house who took pity on her,—managed to escape and found their way to a charitable lady, who promptly took them back to Paris. Their case was laid before the Public Prosecutor, and on word being sent from Amsterdam that the owner of the house was coming to Paris he was arrested. But the law broke down, and much to their disappointment the French authorities had to let the man go.

Mr Coote was not the man to stand hesitating before difficulties. Without waiting to formulate any scheme, or even to get together any elaborate collection of evidence, he betook himself to some of the largest capitals of Europe, and, with great tact and energy obtaining a hearing from leaders of politics and society, succeeded in a very few months in forming Committees in France, Germany, Russia and other countries, Committees not on paper only but active, eager and enthusiastic. In Paris the cause was taken up by M Béranger, an eloquent Senator—well known for his long and successful campaign for a higher

standard of morality in France—as well as by MM Georges Picot, Ferdinand Dreyfus, Gustave Denis (a Senator) and many other eminent men and women. In Germany the Emperor and Empress took up the matter personally, Count Andreas von Bernstorff (son of the well-known Ambassador to the Court of St James and Chamberlain to the Empress), Count Keller, Pastor Burckhardt, Freiherr von der Goltz, and other personages in high position of both sexes formed a National Committee. In St Petersburg the late Count Mouravieff warmly, though privately, lent his aid, the Grand Duchess Helena von Oldenburg took the presidency of the Committee and, with M Sabouroff, a Senator and ex-Minister of State, and others, has led the work. In Rome, a meeting was held in the Campidoglio, the Syndico in the chair, at which a distinguished Committee was appointed, and the Foreign Minister attended and promised all possible aid from the Government. Buda-Pesth also moved in the matter, and needless to say, the Scandinavian and Netherland Committees came in at once. Movements of moral reform have usually risen from below, in this case the appeal was first to law and Governments, and the governing classes were the first addressed.

The result of these movements was a Congress held in London in 1899 and largely attended by delegates from the National Committees, including the United States. After three days' discussion resolutions were adopted establishing a National Committee for each country and an International Committee, to meet occasionally, with a permanent Executive sitting in London. So much for form. The substantial resolutions come to were to obtain an agreement among the Governments (1) to punish the procuring of girls by violence, fraud, abuse of authority or other method of constraint, (2) to assist each other with evidence, (3) to extradite offenders, and (4) to settle by rule the place of trial. Intercommunication of philanthropic societies was also decided on, and the Congress stated that these resolutions were only a minimum of its wishes. The reason why the resolution as to punishment was confined to cases of force, fraud or improper pressure was that the juridical ideas of the European countries are not at one. By the laws of France, Belgium and some other countries it is not held illegal to entice a woman of full age to take up a career of vice. England, Germany, Austria and the Northern countries generally, also the United States, hold a different position, and the effect of international discussion will probably be in the end to adopt the wider view.

Since the date of this Congress rapid progress has been made. The German Government has made elaborate arrangements for watching the ports and reporting any instances of the traffic. In Russia a remarkable movement has arisen for the protection of girls, Committees are at work in the large cities, and the law, though it has not abandoned the regulation system, has greatly modified it. On other subjects also there are noteworthy efforts in that vast Empire.

after social reform, which, if they continue, may perhaps extend to other departments of national life.

But the most important result of the London Congress has been the action of the French Government in holding an official Conference of the Powers. M. Déléassé, at the instance of M. Béranger, entered warmly into the project, and his invitation was accepted by all the Governments of Europe excepting Turkey and the Balkan States, also by Brazil. The resolutions of this Conference, referred to the several Governments for ratification, have not yet been published. But it is understood that they fully carry out the views of the London Congress and contain provisions that the legislation of each country is to be so amended, if necessary, as to provide universally for the punishment of procurers—in the case of adults by force, fraud, threat, abuse of authority or other constraint, and in the case of minors with or without these conditions—even when the crime is constituted by several acts perpetrated in different countries. They also provide for extradition of offenders and for mutual assistance in obtaining evidence and other matters. But beyond making these provisions, which are intended to take effect in six months, the Plenipotentiaries declare that they are only a minimum, and also that imprisonment ought to be the penalty of the crime. Further they have sketched out a plan for mutual arrangements which if carried out will undoubtedly put enormous difficulties in the way of the traffic, for example, a system of central offices in communication with each other, a general surveillance over railway stations and ports, the employment of the Consuls and Diplomatic Agents to check the trade, and the return to their own countries of girls who have been enticed away or of foreign women of immodest life who are willing to go back home. And they suggest the surveillance of registry offices which place out foreigners.

These different proposals certainly appear to be zealous and business-like, and though it would be too much to hope that an insidious traffic of this kind can be easily stamped out, it will certainly be very much hampered and limited. It is a thing of great promise for the future that the European States, great and small, have come together for so just and humane a common object, to undertake duties and incur expense and sacrifices under a mutual guarantee.

The last act in this great movement has been an unofficial Congress held at Frankfort last month, under the auspices of the German Emperor. Several Governments sent delegates, Great Britain was represented by her Consul-General at Frankfort. M. Lépine, the French Prefect of Police, attended and made an energetic speech on the necessity of action and the importance of the Press. The arrangements and discussions were marked by the vigour and thorough organisation which characterise modern Germany.

Many proposals were brought forward and referred for consideration to the National Committees. The Germans wish to have an Inter-

national Bureau on the Continent, where information would be collected and whence rapid action could be taken by a skilled officer, this Bureau to be maintained by the National Committees. The International Committee suggest a power of interrogating suspicious persons found travelling in charge of girls, and also the general repatriation of all foreigners found to be leading lives of professional immorality, as well as of souteneurs or bullies. The different countries are feeling their way, and it is fairly to be expected that the results of this widespread and searching movement will be an organisation, partly official and partly voluntary, which may not only search out and sweep away the powerful and subtle system by which this disgraceful form of slavery is maintained, but may greatly strengthen the agencies for the care and rescue of the young, and so elevate the tone of public opinion on the whole question of morality as to make virtue more easy and vice more difficult.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ARISING in Macedonia is, like inundations in Central Europe, suggestive of Spring and the thawing of the Winter's snows. It is contemporaneous too with the awakening of hopes in souls which have nought else to feed upon and which, having subsisted throughout summer, hybernate until the buds shoot up anew. People are therefore accustomed to those periodic revolts which are regulated by the calendar and die away with the vegetation. Hence they have long since ceased to make an impression. But this year has brought a two-fold surprise. The rebellion foretold for the Spring—a rebellion which was said to be destined to culminate in a successful revolution—did not come off at all, and now that the cold weather is setting in we hear of a vast rising throughout the land, of pitched battles with large numbers of killed and wounded and of still more sensational things to come. A proclamation calling upon the people to rise in their thousands on the 28th September was in truth seized by the Turkish police, a manifesto soon afterwards issued by Colonel Jankoff declared the rising in full swing, the insurgent chief Dootsho placing himself at the head of some four hundred men unfurled the standard of rebellion in the north, railway communications were interrupted, telegraph wires cut, and a free field was thus given to newsmongers for the exercise of their imaginations. Since then battles and rumours of battles have been the order of the day.

It may be true, as Bulgarian journals affirm, that Colonel Jankoff succeeded in bringing together three thousand men and that he burned a couple of villages, surprised a few companies of Turks and captured two hundred rifles. It is quite certain that abominable cruelties are daily committed in Old Servia, which is still under the Mussulman yoke, and that the Government of King Alexander has requested the Porte to do away with a few of the most crying abuses, such as the methods of collecting the taxes, the unjust laws regulating land tenure, the exactions of the Turkish nobles, and the decree forbidding Christians to carry arms. It is also an admitted fact that the two committees which hitherto arranged all the risings beforehand

are, although now deprived of their heads, Zontsheff and Sarafoff, giving their utmost support to the movement and leaving no stone unturned in order to ensure its success and success in this case means the establishment of such a state of things as would render the armed intervention of one or more of the Powers a necessity. But in spite of all these efforts, it is difficult to believe in a general insurrection and almost impossible—if that were an accomplished fact—to regard any such desperate appeal to force as the harbinger of a satisfactory solution. The only case indeed in which one might hope for suicease of sempiternal sorrow for the Macedonian Christians is the supposition that Russia deems the present a suitable moment for opening up the question once more. This hypothesis is prevalent in most journalistic circles of Germany and Austria, but although certain alleged facts have been relied upon to support it, the truth seems to be that the Tsar's Government is minded to observe existing treaties not only according to the letter but also the spirit.

And yet if the treaties involved mean anything at all, they warrant an armed intervention such as put an end to the period of misrule in Bulgaria. The Berlin Treaty which, abrogating the stipulations of San Stefano, returned Macedonia to the Sultan, made this retrocession conditional on the introduction of autonomy and the complete reform of the administration. At the close of the Russo-Turkish war Macedonia had been included in the self-governing Great Bulgaria created by Count Ignatieff at San Stefano. Austria and England, jealous of the increase of prestige and influence which, it was assumed, would accrue to Russia from this move, insisted on returning Macedonia, among other districts, to the Ottoman Empire. The statesmen responsible for this policy flattered themselves that while thus sacrificing those Christians to political interests they could at least shield them from the fate that had overtaken the Bulgarians, and with this praiseworthy object in view introduced the conditions mentioned above. Twenty-three years have passed since then and none of those obligations has been fulfilled, no serious attempt has ever been made by the Porte to act up to them, and the condition of the Christians of Macedonia is without exaggeration harrowing.

They are mere slaves who work for the support of heartless Turkish masters, and unlike most slaves they cannot always count upon food enough to enable them to go on working. Death by hunger is as likely an ending to the life of a Macedonian Christian as death by the dagger or bullet of a Mohammedan. "Law" of the most oppressive kind and lawlessness in its wildest forms render existence while it lasts often unbearable and always precarious. Property is an institution the benefits of which are reserved to the adherents of Mohammed. The tilling of land is therefore a Sisyphus labour to the Christian Rayah, who sees the produce of his toil seized by others. The tax-gatherer, for example, and the landlord estimate the harvest before

the corn is cut, exact such payment as they need or desire, and from their decision, which is always legal, there is no appeal. The tithe is farmed out to the highest bidder, who endeavours then to cover his expenses and make a handsome profit over and above, and the means by which it is collected frequently include violence and at times lead to murder. The shops of enterprising Christians are looked upon as to a large extent the property of impecunious Turkish officials who insist on supplying their needs there either gratis or below cost prices, and whenever they "buy" at all it is on "credit." Christians of the lower classes are to all intents serfs bound to the glebe. Their wives and children serve the landlord for payment in kind, which is hardly enough to support life, and the whole family is huddled together in a squalid shed or hut. Women and children are exposed to nameless outrages, and husbands and fathers who cannot curb their wrath are liable to instant death. The one moderating element amid all those horrors is the chance of the male member of the outraged family administering his own law in the form of manslaughter or murder, after which he must take to the hills as an outlaw. But even then he suffers severe punishment vicariously, through his fellow-villagers, whose houses are often burned and who are themselves sometimes put to death as scapegoats.

And those who come out relatively unscathed from contact with Turkish officials are liable to suffer from wandering Arnaut brigands who, like the Kurds in Armenia, carry on their depredations openly, cheerfully, and as if they were religious acts. They are known by name and by sight to every Government employé in the district, wear a special dress and sport costly daggers, yet they rob and kill with success and impunity and are respected by the Turks wherever they go. The idea of arresting one of those miscreants and bringing him to justice is scouted as an unseemly joke.

Such are a few of the grievances which the Macedonians—if one may include under one name representatives of so many races and religions—are vainly endeavouring to get remedied. It was to hinder these daily atrocities that Article XXIII of the Berlin Treaty was drawn up and signed. The gist of that clause was the introduction into Macedonia of the same administrative improvements as had been agreed upon for the Island of Crete. Those provisions have never been carried out. No serious effort was ever made to realise them, and humanitarian Europe has become so accustomed and at the same time so insensible to "Macedonian atrocities" that the annual spring rising and the autumnal restoration of order are looked upon as matters of course. Nor can the Turks be blamed, humanly speaking, for leaving Macedonia as it was and is. One might as well insist upon burglars carrying torches and wearing bells at night as upon the Sultan introducing reforms: the measure would be suicidal. The Powers—or one of them—which acquiesced in the Berlin Treaty alone possess

the force to realise its provisions, for it probably will never be done without the employment of force

There is some hope, however, that the day is not very distant when this step will be taken, and it seems highly probable that the rôle of protector of the Christians will, as usual, devolve upon Russia. The recent Russo-Bulgarian festivities in Shipka go far to confirm this belief. At Shipka a church, a seminary, a school and a hospital have been erected in memory of Russia's successful intervention on behalf of Bulgaria. Grand Duke Nicolaï Nicolayevitch represented official Russia at the ceremonies of inauguration, while Count Ignatieff, of diplomatic fame, was present at the head of a deputation representing the Russian people. The reception accorded to the General, who was Russia's Ambassador at Constantinople when the war broke out, fully deserved the epithet enthusiastic. Indeed he was almost apotheosised. But soothing to his feelings as these tokens of not unmerited popularity must have been, they sank into complete insignificance beside the consciousness that his Statesmanship, as displayed in the torn-up Treaty of San Stefano, had at last received widespread recognition. That scheme of reorganising the Ottoman Empire would have benefited Turkey, regenerated Macedonia, removed for a considerable time an apple of discord among the Powers, and materially contributed to preserve the peace of Europe. And the results which might then have been obtained by a stroke of the pen must now be compassed by drawing the sword—or at any rate by brandishing it. General Ignatieff's eloquent speech setting forth all this contained several biting allusions to Germany's new rôle in Eastern Europe, and although he addressed the Bulgarians as a private individual, the sentiments to which he gave utterance are those of a hundred millions of his fellow-subjects. It is that fact which imparts significance to his words. One day those aspirations, possibly interwoven with other aims, will be translated into political acts by the Government of the Tsar. When and how, it is not possible to predict, but what is quite certain is that until Russia is ready to act, no Macedonian rising is likely to lead to any improvement of the miserable lot of the Christian men and women who dwell in the land. No one who is acquainted with the material and moral condition of the inhabitants of Macedonia, their poverty, their depression, their endless discord and their utter lack of discipline can anticipate any but a disastrous ending to such partial and ill-conceived plans of guerilla warfare as are being undertaken from time to time by Boris Sarafoff, the Macedonian "Garibaldi," by his rival Zontsheff or by the ill-starred Colonel Jankoff whose capture is reported.

If Russia's action is scanned with hope in the near East, it is analysed with apprehension by the Powers directly interested in the Far East. But however warranted those misgivings may at first sight appear in some cases, they are grossly exaggerated if not wholly groundless.

in many others. Rumours coming from central Europe especially, tending as they so often do to accentuate the feeling of distrust which unfortunately still prevails between Great Britain and Russia, should be received with the greatest caution. One of the most sensational of those reports deals with a secret Treaty alleged to have been recently signed by Russia and China, by which the latter country cedes to the former all her rights to Thibet excepting such as flow from the purely commercial relations between the subjects of the Dalai Lama and the Emperor of the Middle kingdom. This ingenious plan, we are told, was long harboured by Muscovy and was very gradually prepared. The first public symptom of Russia's real intentions was the deputation sent to St Petersburg in the summer of last year by the Dalai Lama of Thibet. The practical outcome of the negotiations is the secret Treaty which makes Russia the protector of the land which was hitherto under the wing of the Chinese dragon, authorises her to build railways and exploit the mineral wealth of the country, to put down future risings and to send administrators to govern the Buddhist population, without, however, doing violence to their religion. Russia's motive is, of course, purely political—to obtain a fulcrum for her action against India and an ally in the Dalai Lama, whose influence in China and in a portion of Hindostan is said to be considerable. Of late years the British public has become both nervous and hypersensitive. But its condition must be truly morbid if a rigmorole like this secret Thibeto-Russo-Chinese Treaty were capable of causing alarm or even arousing attention. The facts are that a group of Russians have for years been endeavouring to penetrate into Thibet, explore the country and establish permanent relations between it and their own. They were not employed by the Foreign Office. Failure marked their efforts until at last an acquaintance of mine, Badmaieff, who is at once a Russian subject and a member of the Mongolian race, succeeded in interviewing the Dalai Lama and inducing him to send a deputation to the Tsar of Russia, who was minded to become his friend. The deputation was duly despatched, brought the customary presents, and having been warmly welcomed, returned whence it had come. Between that exchange of civilities and a protectorate lies a wide abyss, which neither the Chinese nor the Thibetans have any wish to bridge over. And China's hold of Thibet is so slight and precarious that in ceding that country to Russia she would be giving that which she does not possess.

The idea of constructing vast railway lines in such a wild and backward region of the globe as the land of the Dalai Lama is hardly likely to enter the brain of M. Witte even in his dreams. The railways which he already has on his hands are as many as he can successfully deal with. Indeed the difficulties of the Manchurian Railway, which will not be thrown open to passenger and goods traffic before the year 1903, are so serious as to necessitate his presence on the spot. It cannot of

course be expected to pay its way for a considerable time after that, seeing that the expenses of construction, including the maintenance of 30,000 special troops to protect the line, are very considerable. And M. Witte, as a practical administrator and financier, has no illusions on the subject. But fears are entertained lest the Amoor districts should suffer by the new conditions created by the Manchurian Railway. With the future of the country watered by the Amoor high hopes are associated. It has been partially colonised, at great expense, by Russian farmers who failed to find productive land to till in the European provinces of the empire. Encouraging results were confidently looked for. But the late Governor-General of the Amoor district, General Grodekoff, is said to have laid a report before the Tsar in which he points out that owing to the new railway the navigation on the Amoor has dwindled away to a fraction of what it used to be. Corn growing, too, has to be restricted within the strict limits of local needs, because Manchurian corn, with which the place is flooded, can be sold much cheaper than grain produced by Russian peasants, and by way of giving the *coup de grace* to Russian enterprise, Chinese cheap labour has taken possession of the industrial field. There may be gross exaggerations in those complaints, as there generally are when they can be made efficacious weapons in the struggle for profit, but M. Witte has set out to see for himself, and whatever the primary object of his visit may be, it is safe to assume that he will leave order wherever he may find disorder.

France has now taken a leaf from Russia's book and solved all present misunderstandings with Siam by concluding a Treaty which ought to satisfy all the aspirations of the French Colonial party of to-day and more than realises the dreams which that group of politicians entertained ten years ago. It would be premature as yet to offer any opinion on the changes of a local and international character which that arrangement will produce. The attitude of our own Foreign Office, which has already been the subject of wild rumours abroad, may possibly be somewhat modified in consequence, and it is not impossible that such modifications may be embodied in an Anglo-Siamese agreement. Meanwhile Siam, the last and most interesting of the independent Buddhist States, is gradually growing less and less. Between France in Cambodia and Great Britain in Burmah, Siam resembles the ship caught between an iceberg and the mainland. Germany, too, has been uncommonly active of late years in establishing interests in the land of the White Elephant, and her untiring efforts have been crowned with success. Those interests are chiefly of a commercial order, but they are none the less real on that account. Thus on the Menam Germany has taken the lead in the commercial race, and English trade there is now but second in the running. Communications between the picturesque Siamese capital, Bangkok, and Singapore are kept up by German steamers.

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Keen though the rivalry is among the three European Powers in Siam, it is of comparatively recent growth. A few years ago France or England might have annexed or "protected" Siam without provoking interference or protest. Jules Ferry's ambitious plan to reduce the whole Kingdom to the position of a French protectorate was received more than coldly—with frank hostility—by his own countrymen, and the first move he made in that direction, the Bill for the permanent occupation of Tonkin, was so fiercely attacked in Parliament, that it was carried by a miserable majority of one vote. That momentous verdict was rendered just seventeen years ago. At present the Siamese have reason to mark that day as a sinister date in the history of their dwindling Kingdom. The British answer to Tonkin and to all that was involved therein was the conquest of Burmah. France followed suit by negotiating the cession of the territory on the left bank of the Mekong,—the *pourparlers* being enforced by the presence in Siamese waters of the men-of-war *Inconstant* and *Comète*. In 1896, new misunderstandings having meanwhile cropped up, which there was no international tribunal to adjudicate upon, a fresh agreement was come to which secured further advantages to the Republic, in return for which the independence of the Buddhist Kingdom was recognised by France and England in a formal document which seemed clear and open to no misinterpretations.

But that Anglo-French convention, lucid though it was, has since received an interpretation in France which is rejected both in England and in Siam, and seems not to be borne out by either the written instrument itself or by the verbal assurances which accompanied it. The French contention is that Siam was then "virtually" divided into three districts, one (the Peninsula of Malacca) to constitute the British sphere of influence, another (the right bank of the Mekong comprising four provinces which Siam possessed by right of conquest from the Cambodians and Laos) to be open to French influence, and the third to be the independent Kingdom of Siam. Now it has been established beyond doubt that the interpretation put upon the Convention by both parties to it, at the time it was signed, was the very opposite of that which the spokesmen of the French Foreign Office have since read into it. Lord Salisbury, in a letter to Lord Dufferin, informing him that the document had been signed, expressly said "We fully recognise the rights of Siam to the full and undisturbed enjoyment in accordance with long usage or with existing treaties of the entire territory comprised within her dominions." M. de Courcel, the French Ambassador in London, acquiescing in that view, further stated that the agreement "would give evidence of the joint solicitude of the two Governments for the security and stability of the Kingdom of Siam."

And now six years later the stability has gone. In truth it disappeared long before. As far back as 1893 France occupied Chentabun which lies in the heart of "independent Siam," and stated in the

protocol drawn up that year that this occupation was but temporary. Yet it has continued ever since. And that measure ran counter to the letter and the spirit of the Convention of 1896.

Now at last a fresh treaty has been signed by France and Siam whereby the latter country cedes to the former the provinces of Meluprey and Bassak, and a portion of the province of Ankor, in all some 20,000 square miles of territory, including very valuable fisheries on the shores of the Great Lake. Further, Siam agrees to "arrange" with the French Government, should she at any time desire to make canals, ports or railways in her own part of the Mekong basin, and prove unable to carry out the work with a native staff and native capital. This clause is certain to lend itself to very conflicting interpretations, should the contingency it contemplates ever arise. At present the best informed and inspired organs of the French Press emphatically affirm that the obligations imposed by this stipulation are not commercial but merely political. If this be so, the fact should be established at once and put beyond the region of doubt, if not, the nations which have the right to the most favoured nation clause by formal Treaty ought to take action in order to safeguard their commercial position without delay.

Those are but the principal gains which accrue to France from this comprehensive arrangement. There are several others of less consequence to the other Powers interested. The *quid pro quo* which Siam receives in return for all this is mainly sentimental. Chentabun, the nine years' occupation of which was humiliating to King Chulalongkorn and his people, and unprofitable to France, will at last be evacuated. The 25 kilometre zone on the right bank of the Mekong will also be restored to Siam, and the perpetual bickerings between the two countries as to the nationality of various Asiatics who played fast and loose with naturalisation will henceforth cease, a clear distinction having been drawn between those who are really naturalised French subjects and the adventurers who are not. On the whole, France has scored a noteworthy triumph, and Siam must make the best of a very bad bargain to which she could not successfully demur. It now remains to be seen to what extent other Powers will deem their interests affected by the Treaty and what forms their claims for "compensation" will assume.

Another Convention between a Great Power and a little one bids fair soon to become an accomplished fact. Germany and Holland are to be more closely linked together in the future than they were in the past—at first indeed only by the post and telegraph—later on by such further arrangements as better acquaintance with each other may bring in its train. Many extreme politicians of the Fatherland foolishly endangered every prospect of an agreement by demanding too much in a hurry. A Zollverein between the two countries was the plan at first put forward and even that was to be but the nucleus of a Central

European Zollverein Holland was to be induced, if possible, to fall in with the suggestion, and if suasion should be unavailing, then genuine pressure was to be tried. In addition to the benefits which she would presumably reap from the abolition of customs barriers, her colonies were to be efficaciously protected—mainly against England's insatiable greed. It is only fair to point out that official German circles did not countenance any of those awkward manifestations of patriotism. On the contrary, they strongly discouraged them. None the less Dutch suspicions were aroused and the Zollverein project shelved for a time. The more modest plan of a postal convention, however, was all the more strenuously pursued, and despite repeated denials which have of late appeared in the Press, there are excellent grounds for the statement that the reluctance which Holland heretofore displayed to meet Germany half-way is about to vanish in the person of the General Director of the Dutch post, Havelaar, who on his appointment to a seat in the Upper House will necessarily resign his present position. His successor will, it is credibly affirmed, share the views of the Government, which, if it does not regard the scheme with enthusiasm, will adopt it if no financial loss ensue. A curious detail of the arrangement consists in the desire of Germany that the initiative should formally come from Holland, in fact, that is a condition *sine quâ non*, the non-fulfilment of which would spell failure. For Germany is determined to guard herself beforehand against all adverse criticism proceeding from the assumption that she coaxed or bullied Holland into a convention which, so far as it actually goes, can but benefit both parties. Meanwhile, without any flourish of trumpets or public discussion, just such a postal convention has been concluded between the German Empire and the little Grand Duchy of Luxemburg.

E J DILLON

SOME RECENT BOOKS

IN his sketch of "Five Years in Ireland," published in the spring of last year, Mr Michael J F McCarthy attracted widespread attention by his honest and fearless criticism of the Irish Roman Catholic Church. He now returns to the subject in a very remarkable volume entitled "Priests and People in Ireland" (Dublin Hodges, Figgis, and Co, London Simpkin, Marshall, and Co), which demands the serious consideration of every Englishman, official or otherwise, who has a voice in the administration of Irish affairs. As a contribution to the materials from which the public can form an opinion on this difficult and pressing problem its value cannot be easily exaggerated. The book is the more noteworthy because of the sturdy independence of its author's position. Mr McCarthy is an Irish barrister and a Unionist, but he is in no sense a party man, and he has no private axe to grind, either as landlord or tenant. Moreover, his religious faith binds him to the Church whose sacerdotal organisation in Ireland he so strongly censures. Diatribes against the Church of Rome are sufficiently numerous, and not always as informed as they are zealous, but Mr McCarthy's attack is far removed from the ordinary plane of religious controversy. There is no drop of venom in it, and though the white heat of the author's indignation occasionally betrays him into a generalisation which may be—indeed, must be—too sweeping,* no impartial reader can close the book without feeling that it is the testimony of a man who writes solely from a stern sense of patriotism and at the cost of his deepest religious convictions. From this point of view, there is pathos on every page. The author, a devout Roman Catholic, looking round on the misery of his country, and seeking a cause, finds it in the abuses of his own Church. "In 'Catholic Ireland,' he says, "those who read this book will find that "Priestcraft is omnipresent, all-pervading, all-dominating. I am forced "to the conclusion that it is folly for us, Roman Catholic Irishmen, to

* Surely Mr McCarthy is speaking in his wrath when he says, "But for the priests of Ireland there would have been no land question and no land agitation, with its accompaniments of assassination and outrage."

“deceive ourselves by attributing Catholic Ireland’s degeneracy to causes which are but secondary and are found not incompatible with progress and prosperity elsewhere It is sacerdotal interference and domination in Catholic Ireland, beginning in the infant school and ending with the legacy for masses after death, that will be found to be the true and universal cause of that universal degeneracy upon which we so commiserate ourselves”

Mr McCarthy supports this uncompromising indictment with a vast array of facts and figures, collected from unimpeachable sources, and supplemented by the personal observations of a lifetime spent in Ireland There is much that will be new to English readers Few people outside Ireland can be aware of the extraordinary increase in the numbers and power of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy in the last two decades Since Mr McCarthy wrote his earlier book the Census returns of 1901 have been published, and in the present volume he makes great use of them We find that while the population of the country has been steadily falling the number of priests has been just as uniformly increasing Thus, taking four counties in the province of Leinster, Carlow in 1871 had a population of 51,650, and its religious organisation in that year consisted of 121 priests, monks, and nuns, in 1901 the people had diminished to 37,748, but the religious organisation had increased to 327 That is to say, with a decrease of 13,902 in the population since 1871, there was an increase of 166 *per cent* in the clerics The case in the county of Kildare stands thus year 1871, population 83,614, clerics (including theological students) 599, year 1901, population 63,566, clerics 852 King’s County year 1871, population 75,900, clerics 154, year 1901, population 60,187, clerics 257 Louth year 1871, population 84,021, clerics 171, year 1901, population 65,820, clerics 273 Similar figures might be quoted from the returns of Connaught and Munster Everywhere, except in Protestant Ulster, the priests have multiplied to an extent out of all proportion to the population and their influence is ever increasing They have captured the machinery of Local Government and Poor Law relief, they control, in a great measure, the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the administration of the National Education Acts, except as regards the minority of Protestant schools, is entirely in their hands This is Mr McCarthy’s summary of the main objects towards which the clerical power is directed —

1. Its own aggrandisement as a league, apart from the body politic in which it flourishes, but in an alliance with an alien organisation whose interests are not the interests of us, the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland

- 2 Moulding the ductile minds of our youth, so that their thoughts in manhood may run, not in the direction of enlightenment and self-improvement, but in obedient channels converging to swell the tide of the priests’ prosperity

3 Perplexing and interfering with our adult population in every sphere of secular affairs, estranging them from, and embittering them against, the majority of their fellow-citizens in the United Kingdom

4. Terrifying the enfeebled minds of the credulous, the invalid, and the aged, with the result that the savings of penurious thrift, the inheritance of parental industry, the competence of respectability are all alike garnered into the sacerdotal treasury

On this last head, the author devotes a whole chapter to a citation of recent wills under which the Church has received in many cases the entire estate of the testator or testatrix, thus constantly reducing the industrial and agricultural capital of an already poverty-stricken country. And what can one think of the following practice in the British Isles in the twentieth century —

All round that district, in the three counties of Waterford, Tipperary and Cork, the farmers pay the priests to say masses in their houses during the month of May to keep away the evil spirits from their cattle and make the milk of their cows fruitful in butter. I know a parish in the diocese of Cloyne in which the priests boasted that they had not time to celebrate all the butter masses, for the celebration of which they were paid in May this year

"Their butter," Mr McCarthy adds, with a touch of pathetic humour, "is getting more and more unmarketable every year!"

I have only dealt with the fringe of Mr McCarthy's book, which should be read in its entirety by all who wish to gain a clearer vision of the Ireland of to-day. Some, no doubt, will think that in pointing to Sacerdotalism as "the universal cause" of Ireland's present condition, the author is indicating that which, in its turn, is the effect of a still deeper cause, striking to the very roots of the national character. But that it is *a* cause, actively maleficent at the present time, and calling for the attention of English statesmen before any scheme of Irish University Education is seriously considered, Mr McCarthy demonstrates beyond a doubt.

In a handsome volume entitled "*Jeanne D'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France*," Mr William Heinemann publishes an English translation of the official records of the Trial and 'Rehabilitation of Jeanne D'Arc. The original documents, partly in mediæval French and partly in Latin, were rescued from oblivion among the archives of France by Quicherat, who published them in their original form in the middle of last century. In the present volume we have, for the first time, a faithful rendering into English, illuminated by an Introduction and many valuable notes from the pen of the editor, Mr T. Douglas Murray. The book, as it stands, is at once a fascinating romance and a work of the greatest historical interest. The opposing

forces of detraction and adoration have woven around the noble figure of Jeanne D'Arc such a tangle of myth that some have doubted her very existence. Here the myths are cleared away, and we can follow the wonderful story of her life and death as attested by herself, by the simple peasants of her native village of Domremy, and by the soldiers, nobles, and churchmen who were eye-witnesses of her marvellous career. In its mingling of mysticism, heroic action, and tragedy, and in its pure moral beauty, the story has never been surpassed by the figment of a poet's imagination. As an episode of human history it is without parallel. Whittle away all you can, and there still remains the mystery of a peasant girl, eighteen years old, unable to read or write, coming forth from obscurity and, by the sheer force of her military genius and her supreme moral qualities, determining within the space of a few months the destinies of England and France. Such achievements cannot be put down merely to religious enthusiasm. A visionary she certainly was, she heard "Voices" and was inspired by them, but the evidence of a cloud of witnesses, herself among them, conclusively proves that she was possessed of a clearness and depth of intellect which warrants our ranking her with the great master-minds of the world. The nature of the evidence given at the Third Inquiry, which resulted in the final Rehabilitation in 1456, cannot be better expressed than in a passage from Mr Muriay's Introduction. Referring to the Inquiries of 1450 and 1452, he says —

It is fortunate for truth and human interest that these inquiries were abortive. Had they on general grounds annulled the proceedings under Gauchon, how much would have been lost to us! We should never have had that delightful picture of Domremy given by the simple people of the place. Nor should we have, as we have now, a swift narrative of Jeanne's private and public life laying bare her very soul. When Pope Calixtus ordered a full inquiry, he seemed to think, as Newman thought when writing the "Apologia," that the less argument and the more narrative and evidence that could be given the better, and so instead of discussing the nature of angels, the limits of Catholic obedience, the Great Schism, and the assurances of salvation for the just, he and his deputies put aside such questions with patient contempt until they first made sure of the human side of the story. How Jeanne impressed her neighbours, her priest, and her kin, what kind of girl she was, what were her employments, was she restive and ambitious or quiet and satisfied, was her life pure; was she given to foolish imaginings, or was she a sane modest, unpretending country maiden? Into all these things Cauchon had made enquiries, but as the answers were all favourable to the accused he suppressed the evidence. The decree of Pope Calixtus has added a true romance to human story.

The Maid is, of course, the central figure throughout, but when we

can let our eyes wander, there are other interests to hold us I suppose there is no other document extant that carries us more intimately into Fifteenth-century France It lets us see the men and women of those times, to be among them and know their ways of life, manners, and thought, far better than any imaginative record can do As by the light of an uplifted torch, we see a multitude of objects which else would be lost in the distance or the darkness

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Messrs Isbister and Co have been happily inspired in their issue of a popular edition of "John Wesley's Journal," abridged by Mr Percy Livingstone Parker, with an Introduction by the Rev Hugh Price Hughes, and an "Appreciation" by Mr Augustine Birrell, reprinted from his "Miscellanies" It is surprising how few people outside Methodism know anything of Wesley's "Journal," or, indeed, of Wesley himself His name, of course, is familiar to everybody, but in the minds of most it is merely a name attached to a shadow, a strenuous shadow certainly, who led a rather disorderly religious movement among the lower classes of the eighteenth century, and whose followers have since multiplied and prospered until they now have to be reckoned with at election times If this seem exaggerated to any Methodist reader, let him sound the knowledge of the first twenty decently educated people he meets, not Nonconformists, and I think he will be convinced The truth is, Wesley, "the greatest force of the "eighteenth century in England," as Mr Birrell calls him, who influenced more minds and touched more hearts than any other man of his age, has been singularly unfortunate in his biographers Southey's Life is a poor performance, quite unworthy of its subject, and the other biographies are too sectarian to appeal to the outside world The "Journal," too, one of the most interesting "human documents" in English literature, has never before, so far as I know, been published in a popular form The complete Journals, preserved at the Wesleyan Book Room in twenty-six bound volumes (surely there never was a more persistent diaist!) are still for the most part in manuscript The published portion, as selected by Wesley himself, makes four volumes, each about the size of the present book Mr Parker's abridgment is very well done, and should create the demand it deserves I quote from Mr Birrell's "Appreciation" —

Between these two Octobers (October 14, 1735, and October 24, 1790, the dates of the first and last entries in the published Journal) there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured. . . It has been said that Wesley's character lacks charm, that mighty antiseptic It is not easy to define charm, which is not a catalogue of qualities, but a mixture. Let no one deny charm to Wesley who has not read his Journal . . . Read the Journal, which is a book full of plots and plays and novels which quivers with life

and is crammed full of character If you want to get into the last century, to feel the pulses throb beneath your finger, be content sometimes to leave the letters of Horace Walpole unturned, resist the drowsy temptation to waste your time over the learned triflers who sleep in the seventeen volumes of Nichols, nay, even deny yourself your annual reading of Boswell or your biennial retreat with Sterne, and ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England.

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* Two admirable monographs on "Sir Joshua Reynolds" lie on my table, contributed respectively by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower to Messrs George Bell and Sons' "British Artists" series, and by Miss Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling to the Walter Scott Company's "Makers of British Art" Although the field has been much travelled over by previous writers, neither of the present volumes can be considered superfluous. A special feature of Lord Ronald Gower's book is the number and excellence of the illustrations, more than eighty pictures being reproduced, many of which have never been photographed before. The author has had the freedom of the Chatsworth Galleries, and the collections of Earl Spencer, the Earl of Crewe, the Earl of Chichester, Lord Chesham, and Mr Aubrey Harcourt, so that, as a popular gallery of the finest specimens of Reynolds' art, the book is unique. The letterpress is adequate, giving in pleasant outline the story of Sir Joshua's life and work year by year, with a special chapter on his writings and his opinions on Art. Lord Ronald quotes Reynolds' acknowledgment of the service Johnson gave him in the preparation of his famous "Discourses" • "What merit they have," wrote Sir Joshua, "must be imputed, in a great measure, to the education which I may be said to have had under Dr Johnson. He qualified my mind to think justly. No man had, like him, the faculty of teaching inferior minds 'the art of thinking.'" It is a question whether Burke had not more to do with the "Discourses" than Johnson.

Miss Keeling's work is also well illustrated, with a photogravure portrait as frontispiece, taken from the portrait of Reynolds painted by himself, now in the Dulwich Gallery, and twenty reproductions of his more famous pictures, admirably chosen with a view to presenting the painter's development with the lapse of years. Naturally, Miss Keeling and Lord Ronald go over much the same ground, but the former, in my opinion, gives a clearer and more intimate sketch of the man underlying the artist. She treats the old material with considerable freshness, and has many lively anecdotes to tell of Sir Joshua's sitters. Two chapters are devoted respectively to a consideration of Reynolds "as teacher and writer" and "as painter and man." Kindly and amiable as Sir Joshua was, he had much of Polonius in his nature. Miss Keeling brings out this side of his character very clearly, though

not uncharitably He liked to be "on the side of the angels," and in his attitude towards his rivals, Gainsborough and Romney, there was more than a suspicion of professional jealousy Romney he would never mention by name, always speaking of him as "the man in "Cavendish Square" Our belief in his love of little children, so often and so lovingly painted by him, is sadly undermined by the story that the children of the poor who sat to him said with pleading iteration, "Sir, I'm tired!" but to deaf ears His teaching, too—so far removed from his practice—has laid him open to a charge of insincerity He has been accused of seeking to keep the knowledge which gave him fame and fortune to himself, and, of set purpose, directing his pupils into wrong paths But it is more charitable to ascribe the fallacies of his teaching to his bad judgment, which led him to suppose the theories he inculcated were the best, though not the best for him As Ruskin puts it "He seems to have been born to teach all error by his "precept and all excellence by his example" A great painter himself, Reynolds was certainly a very poor judge of painting, and had the reputation during his lifetime of being unable to tell a copy from an original When his private collection, upon which he set great store, was brought to the hammer after his death, it was found that some of his most cherished pictures were forgeries foisted on him by unscrupulous dealers

The student will find the appendices to Miss Keeling's book very useful They include a chronology of Reynolds' life, a list of his pictures in public galleries in London, an article dealing with the engravings of his paintings, and an excellent bibliography Forthcoming volumes of special promise in this series are "George Romney," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, and "John Constable," by Lord Windsor

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An anonymous writer in *The Pall Mall Magazine* recently advanced a theory concerning Mr Henry James's literary methods, which is plausible enough When Mr James was writing his earlier novels he mixed freely in society, his later work has been produced, for the most part, in the retirement of his country home at Rye, where, save for the occasional visit of a friend, he leads a life of comparative seclusion The writer quoted suggests that the retreat to Rye was a mistake, that Mr James possesses a temperament which needs the correction of free social intercourse, and that the retired life he has been living is in a great measure responsible for the inordinate passion for psychological analysis which dominates his later novels Be this as it may, in "The Wings of the Dove," recently published by Messrs Archibald Constable and Co, the evolution of Mr James's "second "manner" reaches a point beyond which he will find it difficult to go without sacrificing intelligibility The story is direct and interesting enough when we can get on with it, and the characters are alive, but

both story and characters are enveloped in a maze of commentary in which the author seizes upon the minutest detail and turns it this way and that under the microscope of his extraordinarily subtle intellect. The characters move and speak at their own risk, let one of them so much as say "How d'ye do?" the author's dissecting-knife is out in a moment, and the victim is bound down to the operating table and exposed to the very last fibre. Mr James has his own faithful circle of readers, who will welcome "The Wings of the Dove" as a masterpiece of literary art. And so it undoubtedly is, in its own manner. But, granting this, I venture to think that unless the reader be willing to give to a novel the laborious mental effort which may rightly be demanded for a philosophical treatise, he will find himself repeating, long before the last page is reached, the criticism of Christopher Sly on another memorable occasion, "'Tis a very excellent piece of work 'would 'twere done!'"

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Among other notable novels published recently I have read "The River," by Eden Phillpotts (Methuen and Co), "The Hole in the Wall," by Arthur Morrison (same publishers), and "Love and the Soul Hunters," by John Oliver Hobbes (Fisher Unwin). They represent three distinct schools of fiction, dealing respectively with the soil, the gutter, and the hothouse, and each ranks with the best of its kind. Since Mr Thomas Hardy closed his gallery of Wessex folk there is no writer I would sooner turn to than Mr Phillpotts for rustic character and atmosphere. He is doing for the Dartmoor country what Mr Hardy has done for Wessex. He brings the countryside into his pages with a truth and charm few writers can equal, and when he has got his background and his atmosphere, he peoples the scene with live men and women, racy of the soil, and lusty with the elemental passions and virtues. His methods in this respect remind one of Mr Hardy. Both establish their atmosphere first, and the characters grow out of it—spontaneously, as it were, whereas, with most novelists, the characters come first, and the atmosphere, if any, is established afterwards. Another point of resemblance that has struck me in reading "The River" is the importance given to a particular feature of the landscape. The Dart is to Mr Phillpotts' story what Egdon Heath is to "The Return of the Native" and other of Mr Hardy's novels—the all-pervading influence, the Eternal brooding over the action of mortals, and ever impressing the reader with its presence. I have not made these notes of comparison to suggest that Mr Phillpotts is an imitator of Mr Hardy, but to show that they are imbued with the same spirit. Mr Phillpotts' materials are his own, and he weaves his own fabric. Nicholas Edgecombe and Hannah Bradridge are creations that any novelist might be proud of.

Mr Arthur Morrison's powers as a novelist are of such a high order

that one regrets that he should so persistently seek his materials in the gutter. In his latest story, "The Hole in the Wall," he has taken the East-end riverside life of thirty years ago, when Ratchiff Highway was still a centre of unredeemed debauchery and crime, and worked it up into a marvellous piece of literary realism which commands our admiration for its workmanship while it repels us by the horror of its details. Its manner is somewhat different from that of "Tales of Mean Streets" and "A Child of the Jago." There is more humour, more light and shade, without which the horrible nature of some of the incidents would be insupportable. The characters are drawn with a masterly hand, and the regeneration of Captain Nat by the influence of his little grandson marks a strain of optimism which, in some measure, relieves the general sombreness of the story. Some day Mr Morrison may write a novel of life viewed broadly, not with eyes concentrated upon a human midden in a corner. It should be a great book.

One has only to accept Mrs. Craigie's somewhat fantastic point of view to find abundant entertainment in her new novel, "Love and the Soul Hunters." The ever-sparkling wit and the crisp epigrammatic style carry us along from page to page without an effort, and, before we realise it, "all the notes of the hour" have been touched, and we have turned the last page. It is, as the wrapper tells us, "a brilliant 'society novel,'" and none the less brilliant and entertaining because the characters have been reared in a hothouse—so, at least, it seems to me—and speak as cleverly as their creator writes. The hero of the story is Prince Paul of Urseville-Beylestein, a scion of exiled Royalty, who spends most of his time in "psychological experiments" with every pretty girl he meets. He is the chief soul-hunter, and we learn how at last he hunts a soul whose purity captures his own. Mrs. Craigie sometimes touches a deeper note than those "of the hour."

Mr Fisher Unwin has published an excellent translation of Lissagaray's "History of the Commune of 1871." As a vivid and interesting account of the events which followed on the downfall of Napoleon III, Lissagaray's work is well worth reading, but the reader should remember that it is not "history" in any true sense of the word. It is rather the narrative of a heated partisan, writing with a strong bias in favour of the Communists. There were atrocities on both sides, but while the savagery of the Versaillese is enlarged upon in these pages with an animus that betrays itself, anything to the discredit of the Communists is glossed over as briefly as possible. Softened by the lapse of years, some of Lissagaray's explanations trench on the humorous, as when he tells us of the murder of the Dominicans of Arcueil, prisoners in the hands of the Federals—"The sight of these 'men, doubly odious, exasperated the combatants, whose guns, so to say, spontaneously went off.'" The present version would gain in value by annotation.

Another and more famous history—Carlyle's "French Revolution"—also requires annotating, though from a different cause. It is no good going to Carlyle's noble work for facts. To read it aright, you must regard it as a dramatic poem rather than a history; and before reading it, you must get up the facts from some plainer narrative, or much of it will be unintelligible. An annotated edition, which should just meet the case, has recently been added by Messrs Methuen and Co to their "Standard Library." It is in three volumes, and is edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by Mr C R L Fletcher, of Magdalen College, Oxford. In his Introduction Mr Fletcher gives an admirable review of the state of France towards the end of the eighteenth century. The Notes and Appendices supply all the information necessary for the proper study of the text.

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The "Life of John Mackenzie, Missionary and Statesman" (Hodder and Stoughton) amounts almost to a history of South Africa for some thirty years. A strong, purposeful, and profoundly pious missionary, he was sent as a young man to Bechuanaland, itself for long years the pivot of South African politics. Among the Bechuanas, men neither savage nor civilised but ripe for Christianity and civilisation, he soon acquired a leading influence, and his whole life was set to secure for them both the Christianity and the civilisation. He never for a moment lost sight of either, and so became a strenuous missionary statesman, carrying on the tradition of the great missionaries who have done for South Africa almost all that has been done that is good and permanent. Such a man, intent on righteousness as well as peace, found plenty of enemies, and had to contend not only with them but with other good men who had other things besides South Africa to deal with and other ideas to carry out. For long years he strove with the English Government, which was bent upon restricting to the utmost the responsibilities of the British Empire in Africa, with the Cape politicians, who under the influence of the rising Africander Bond worked against the Imperial policy and would subordinate the interests of Bechuanaland and its native tribes to the Dutch element at Cape Town, with the land speculators who had money only in eye and would have fleeced the native tribes as unscrupulously as the Transvaal Dutch themselves, finally with Mr Kruger and his party, who very soon earned Mr Mackenzie's suspicion and opposition. Earnest, disinterested, fearless, John Mackenzie won the respect of all, the friendship of the good, the hostility of the selfish, and in this welter of politics and intrigue was one of the very few clear-sighted statesmen in the country. In the end, indeed, he had to give up his mission work for a time, and only returned to it when his policy was ultimately check-mated, and the series of events ushered in which have cost us a terrible war.

From an early period Mackenzie perceived and stated the true issue. Here is a passage from a letter of his to Dr Dale in 1883, just before the negotiations which led to the Convention of 1884 —

Now the Transvaal envoys are on their way to this country. What is the question which they come to decide? Whether the Transvaal is or is not to be left without restraint, and if thus left, to become the paramount South African State. It is not a question of "freedom," as that word is usually understood, much less is it a question of self-government. It is a question of paramouncy.

Throughout the negotiations which led to that unfortunate Convention Mr Mackenzie was an influential adviser in London of the British Government, and although he could not get his own way, he secured some terms which preserved the *locus standi* of the Government in the subsequent Transvaal proceedings.

Mr Mackenzie did not go by any means all the way with Sir Bartle Frere, but his profound interest in Bechuanaland and his grasp of South African problems made him an Imperialist at a time when to large numbers of people who sympathised with his general aims the annexation to the Empire of South Africa up to the Zambesi seemed a wild and unjustifiable scheme. In those days, before the discovery of the gold-fields relieved the Transvaal from bankruptcy and made it the most powerful of African States, the interests of Britain beyond the Vaal were truly only humanitarian and to a very moderate degree commercial. The Government were not, and were not allowed to be, simply humanitarian in their aims. The British Government has been accused—and with good reason—of vacillation in South African policy. The key to that vacillation is found in a persistent effort to avoid annexation and extension of the Empire, struggling against the constant necessity of advance, caused by the progress of private adventurers who virtually annexed territory on their own account, and by the growing resolution with which the Dutch party worked for complete domination. The struggle is not yet over. The commercial party of Mr Rhodes succeeded, where Mr Mackenzie with his wiser counsels had failed in inducing the Government to push up to the Zambesi and to restrain Dutch ambition. At infinite cost in men and money, the necessary force has at last been applied and the nation driven to an Imperial policy. It is no disgrace to the nation to have hesitated and resisted as long as possible, but those are entitled to honour who prophesied the inevitable result, and especially who pointed out the moderate and just means by which in all probability a more stable condition might have been reached by less painful ways, and whose counsel deserves the most careful study on the part of those who have now the task of building up a settled civilisation among two jealous white races and a black one.

A READER

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ST FRANCIS AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.*

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IT is not without some deliberation and some feeling that I have engaged to speak to you to-day. Is it not, indeed, somewhat strange to see this audience of English citizens, gathered together to hear a Frenchman talk about an Italian, to hear a Protestant, a Huguenot, glorify one of the most faithful sons of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church?

But in truth this strangeness is only in the outward appearance. You, in summoning me and I in joyfully accepting your summons have acted in the most natural manner in the world. On both sides we have obeyed a mysterious but profound sentiment, a sentiment which is vague and uncertain, but strong as an instinct. We are moved by a feeling of unrest, and by this I do not mean that physical restlessness which on the eve of a thunderstorm or of some great cataclysm takes possession of all men with a sense of oppression and constraint, I mean a moral unrest, far more tragical, which leads us to distrust ourselves, our programmes, our ideals.

At the dawn of the twentieth century a breeze from the Orient has passed over our heads and, whether we would or no, we have run to fling open the windows of our sects, our chapels or our churches, in order to look down on those who are passing far below us, in order to hear their voices and to make them hear ours, and, like the patriarch long ago, we have heard the mysterious call "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto the land that I will shew thee."

Ah! how happy we ought to be to be living at this hour. As the dawn is the most interesting of all the hours of the day, so of the periods of history there are none more solemn than those rare moments when nations pause in trouble and hesitation, when all dreams and all temptations come before them—when they must choose with anguished soul the way in which they will walk. In the life of

* An address delivered in London.

nations, as of individuals, the finest period is not that of great deeds, but the mysterious period in which those great deeds are prepared, the moment of trial, when in the full strength of his reason and will a man makes his choice

How great is Christ, as I contemplate Him nailed to the Cross, when His mind remains clear enough to see in His murderers only erring men worthy of pity and not wicked men to be cursed, and when His heart, as pure as His intelligence, has nought but words of love and compassion for those wretched ones. How great He is when in the evening of His life He institutes the sacrament of love which consecrates the unity of the human race and the equality of all men before God. How great He is as He goes from place to place doing good, or as He preaches the law of the new era. And yet there is one moment when I seem to see Him still greater and more wonderful, and that is the moment when He goes away alone into the wilderness, because He feels that the hour has come to fight the great battle, and there, alone, between those two immensities, the vastness of the desert and the infinitude of His own consciousness, He sees all the temptations pass before Him. At this spectacle artists of genius have felt the pencil fall from their hand, even the sacred writers themselves, raising but one corner of the veil, were unable to speak of those hours of anguish except in the language of symbols.

Now for humanity there has just struck one of those hours of supreme trial which is to determine the future for ages to come. The nationalities, the great families of the peoples, are nearly all established, and each one is now called upon to choose the aims which she will put before her and to which she will devote her strength. Questions of conscience are arising in all the nations of Europe. But lately the tempter was saying to one of them "Are you not free? Are you not independent? What need have you to render account to your sisters? Those sisters who criticise you so bitterly, are they without reproach? Have they never called evil good, and good evil? You have condemned an innocent man. Why should you admit it? Your reputation and your honour are involved. Be proud and audacious. Here are the false documents, believe them to be authentic. Here are stones, say that these stones are bread. To hesitate would be to doubt yourself, you can do as you like."

And in all Europe and in the whole world there was unspeakable anguish when a few men whispered in the ear of France, my country, the words of the prophet "It is not lawful for thee." It was an hour of tragic emotion for the whole world when we learned that the poor victim, torn from his place of punishment, was crossing the ocean.

We have all, both you and I, shed more tears over that one victim than over the thousands of victims in the island of Martinique. And we were right. In the one case it was a catastrophe in the physical world, such as to provoke our pity and our compassion, in the other

there was far more involved there was a question of conscience The problem to be solved was whether the moral law was not binding on nations as well as on individuals, and whether a nation had any right to lie because it would be useful to her to do so Our tears were not simply tears of compassion, they were the tears of men who suffer for the ideal

And France is not the only nation which is passing through this formidable crisis To each the tempter speaks in different language He tempts this one with militarism, that with commercialism, another with pride, a fourth with idleness, scepticism or materialism, but for all—all those at least who have arrived at manhood—there are disturbing, agonising questions which will pledge the future for several generations

It is easy to understand how thoughts such as these may cause trembling in the decrepit and aged who are apt to mistake silence for order, but to us they bring joy and hope, for we all know ourselves too well to believe that we can have realised the ideal already, we all desire that our sons shall be more diligent and more valiant than we are, to us faith is one of the forces of youth and life, the prize whose possession we look for in the future

In coming to speak to you to-day about St Francis of Assisi and the Twentieth Century, you will have perceived that it is not my intention to give utterance to the homage which the opening century is offering him whether in historical criticism, in art or in literature, nor shall I discuss the long theories of that new race of pilgrims the goal of whose journeys is Assisi and Umbria, I do not propose even to lead you to himself, to his personality and to his acts, but I shall endeavour to guide you to those points whither he strove to lead his hearers, when he was on earth—I mean to his ideas and to the principles which inspired his life We shall try to discover whether those ideas have lost their virtue, whether those principles have ceased to be true and living, or whether, if cast into well-prepared soil, they are not capable of bearing fruit still, like those grains of wheat which after lying for long centuries beside the bodies of the Pharaohs still preserve their germinating powers to-day

If my time were not limited, I ought to begin by discussing the sources to which we should go in order to find out the truth about St Francis This matter is so plain that it may be summed up in a few words There are two portraits of St Francis one that is true, another which is false The true one is evidently the one based on the writings of Francis himself and of the most intimate of his disciples Now, many of St Francis's letters have been preserved to us, and, in addition to them two marvellous works which are a sort of continuation of them one is the *Speculum Perfectionis*, *The Mirror of Perfection*, written by Brother Leo, the companion and confessor of the saint, less than a year after his death, the other is the *Sacrum Com-*

mercium b Francis cum domina Paupertate, the *Mystic Marriage of Brother Francis with the Lady Poverty*, a work written at the same time and place, and inspired by the same ideal, by Giovanni Parenti, first general of the Franciscan order after St. Francis, who made most admirable but most futile efforts to prevent the shipwreck of his master's idea. The later works are either true, in which case they are simply inspired by these, or else they differ so as to give us a pale and discoloured copy only, if not a phantasy or a caricature.

Before going into my subject, or rather in order to plunge you quickly into the heart of the matter, I must read over to you at least part of that admirable chapter of the *Fioretti**, or *Little Flowers of St. Francis*, on perfect joy, which is a kind of *résumé* of all the Franciscan teaching. I should like to place it at the opening of this lecture like the prelude which a musician sets at the beginning of his composition in order to show forth the unity and the inspiration of all the parts.

Once, on a cold November day, St. Francis and Brother Leo, his faithful companion, were returning from Perugia to Assisi—from Perugia, the proud, tyrannical city which abused its power by terrifying all the little towns in the neighbourhood, Perugia, where the papal court was then residing, and where, in spite of some sympathy, Francis had chiefly to reckon with enmity, enmity of the treacherous and hypocritical kind such as ecclesiastical enmity too often is. The two Brothers Minor walked with difficulty along the muddy road whilst an icy rain chilled them through and seemed to numb all their limbs. They walked apart, in silence, fearing to speak because they divined that if they opened their mouths it would be to utter the words of sorrow and discouragement which were surging up from their hearts. And whilst, in the ever-increasing mist, night was coming down upon them externally, tumultuous waves of anxiety and sadness invaded the heart of Francis. Was not the darkness in which they were walking an image and a symbol of the difficulties which surrounded him in carrying out his plans—difficulties which are not to be grappled with hand to hand, which one cannot even see clearly, which cleverly slip out of sight in order to take on the most divers shapes, which can be divined and which cause suffering almost to death sometimes, but of which one can hardly even speak? And what happened at that moment, when Francis felt that his heart was being assailed by the most subtle of all temptations, the temptation to discouragement, and by the desire for rest, for death, for oblivion? We may suppose that he was very sorry for himself, that he reproached himself for his cowardice and that coming to himself again and to his true nature, he shook off his sadness and his temptations, as he had shaken off the snow on the day of his conversion when he escaped from the ditch where the brigands had thrown him. And he sang. He sang as a

* *Fioretti*, Chap. 8, *Actus*, cap. 7

poet and preached as a prophet the ideal programme which had been restored to his clear vision, he dictated this page on perfect joy, and we may safely say that it would not be out of place between the Sermon on the Mount and St Paul's Hymn on Charity. We will read it. But first of all, notice, in this piece about joy, that St Francis does not feel after it, he does not argue about it, he asserts it, he proclaims it. He proclaims with absolute clearness and simplicity that man is born for happiness and joy. Later on he will talk about suffering and pain, but suffering and pain are only the rough covering, only the heralds of joy.

St. Francis called to Brother Leo who was a little way in front of him, and, remembering perhaps the compliments which had been paid them that morning by some kindly prelate, he said "O, Brother Leo, "it might come to pass that the Brothers Minor were of irreproachable "behaviour, that they were models of virtue and very mirrors of holiness, nevertheless, write this down and bear it well in mind yourself "that that would not be the perfect joy." Brother Leo was a simple and straightforward man, he had faith in his master, but we can imagine all the same that these words must have surprised him. However, a little further on Francis, whose step was slower with the burden of his thoughts, called to him again "Brother Leo, supposing the "Minor were to give sight to the blind, and the use of their limbs to "the paralysed and crippled, supposing he drove out evil spirits and "made the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak, and supposing further "that he raised the dead after four days, write this down that even "there would not be the perfect joy." Think, if you can, of the astonishment which such words must have produced in the mind of Brother Leo. Were they not a condemnation of almost all the religious societies of his time? And to-day, after so many centuries, does not this saying of St. Francis, when you read all the papers and reviews in which the miracle is held up as the one aim and object of Christian activity, tell me, does not this saying seem as far away an ideal as it was in the thirteenth century?

And Francis called to his companion again "O, Brother Leo, if "the Minor were omniscient, if he knew the languages of all nations "and all their books, if he could see clearly into the future and read "the consciences of all human beings, write down that that would not "be the perfect joy." Guessing the uneasiness of his faithful friend, Francis wished to calm him with a word of personal affection, and to do as a mother instinctively does, when she reveals to her child the highest truths of the moral life, and she feels that she needs to draw him closer to her heart, to whisper to him words of affection and tenderness, words which have little sense left in them when written down, but which remain with those to whom they have been spoken as the brightest and most comforting memory of their whole life. "Brother Leo," he said, "God's little sheep, *Frate Leone, pecorella di*

"Dio, Brother Leo, God's little sheep, if the Minor could speak the tongue of the angels, if he knew the courses of the stars, the virtues of plants, the places where the treasures of the earth are hidden, if the qualities and properties of the birds and the fishes, of beasts and of men, of roots and of trees, of stones and of waters, had no more secrets for him, write down and note carefully that that would not be the perfect joy"

And he called once again, for he had perceived yet another false ideal against which he himself and his brothers must be on their guard "O, Brother Leo, if the Minor knew how to preach with so much force and eloquence as to turn all unbelievers to the faith, write that that would not be the perfect joy"

Here we must pause, as Brother Leo did St Francis has pointed out to us the ways which lead to a false ideal, an ideal of outward seeming and emptiness.

Perfect joy—that is to say, the full and entire realisation of man's mission on this earth; perfect joy, which means perfect harmony between the will of man and the mysterious destiny to which we are called, perfect joy, which means duty conceived, not as a necessity of which one cannot see the principle or the object, not as a sort of cloistered, or ritual or liturgical observance which one submits to through idleness or snobbishness, if not from hypocrisy or motives of self-interest; but duty conceived as a blossoming in the fresh air and full sunlight of all the energies of the human heart—perfect joy consists neither in good works, nor in miracles, nor in knowledge, nor even in striking apostolic successes Where, then, is it to be found? Here St Francis could point out but one way Progress in the spiritual life is gradual, like all other progress Francis shows us one road which is the same for all, though we are each studying a different part of it, and that road is the way of work and of suffering, not the passive suffering which prostrates its victim, but the suffering which is voluntary and welcome, the suffering which is fertile, which we go to meet with uplifted head and a heart full of joy That is the path, the only way, of perfect joy, or to take another expression of St Francis which he borrowed from St Paul, the way of glory, and at the entrance of this way stands the Cross, the throne of glory and suffering of Him Who willed to suffer and Who by that act of will became the firstborn among many brethren "But far be it from me to glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" *.

Does not this simple page of the *Fiorette* illumine our subject even to its furthest corners? It shows us St Francis, or rather the soul of St Francis, it shows us the Francis of history, so simple, so fine, so true, Francis the religious and social renewer, Francis the splendid realisation of the Italian soul, Francis the obedient son of the Church who nevertheless dared to approach Innocent III, the most glorious

* Gal vi. 14.

poniff who ever sat on the chair of St Peter There, clothed in humility and with the authority before which even tiaras must bow, he told the tale of distressed souls and of the anguish of Christendom And the Little Poor Man of God with the eleven beggars who followed him raised his eyes to the Vicar of Christ and spoke He spoke to him, and history has preserved for us the record of this ever-memorable interview He told him of a poor woman exiled for long centuries in the heart of the desert, a woman whom Jesus had betrothed to His Church, but whom the Church had hastily driven away, and he, the Little Poor Man, vile and despised, had heard in his heart the sobs and cries of the poor abandoned woman, he was anxious to go and find her after all those centuries, and to console her and bring her back in order to restore her to her throne and to purify the Church Did the prophets of ancient times, who came to warn kings of the divine vengeance, ever speak louder or more clearly? Which was the accused and which the judge on that memorable day when a poor beggar went to tell Innocent III of the apostacy of the Church and of the resolution which he, the humble layman, had taken to seek in the desert for the central idea of the Gospel, in order to generate thereby a new spiritual family for Christ

I

St Francis and the Twentieth Century At first sight these words alone seem to set up a most formidable antithesis What can be more contrary to the *Poverello di Dio* than our century with its passion for luxury and gain, with its science, its industry and its trusts? But, in the piece that we have just read, did you not see the antithesis disappearing? You are still looking for it because you have been so accustomed to see it, but seek as you will, it was an illusion and you will not find it again See! the clear and powerful sun has dispelled the clouds which hid the highest peaks from your eyes

I shall hope to show you that our century is in harmony of idea with St Francis on all the points in which our century differs from those which preceded it The most modern thoughts of our day, far from carrying us away from St Francis, are drawing us nearer to all in him that is most profound Now, it seems to me there are two points in which our times are absolutely distinct from foregoing centuries the peace movement and the social question On these two points there are between our desires, our needs, our dreams, and the ideal of St Francis of Assisi, not only points of contact, but conspicuous affinities, so that we may greet St Francis as one of the makers of modern society in all its newest features

But you will stop me here and say "Our century is first of all and above all a century of science, now, did not St Francis condemn science? Did he not refuse to withdraw the curse he had hurled at

"the unhappy Jean de Stacia who was guilty of having organised a "school at Bologna?" You will remind me of the passage we were reading just now in which the vanity of omniscience was so clearly indicated

But we must make no mistake. We must not forget that the same words to-day mean quite different things. What is science to-day? The scientific spirit, in its widest sense, is the spirit of research and investigation, of exactness, of experiment, it is a sincere endeavour to free our eyes and our minds from all that can puzzle them, and to study not the first cause and all the mysteries which God has not thought good to reveal to us, but to study those things which, generally speaking, belong to our domain and which are in some respects entrusted to us.

The truly scientific man is a man who fulfils the first of the conditions laid down by Christ for all who would join themselves to Him: he denies himself. The scientific man is consecrated to work of which he sees only fragments, so that he cannot foretell their consequences or their results, he is a man devoted to work which others will carry on, to work, in fact, in which he himself is not the object. And he sets out, modestly and simply, with his pilgrim staff in his hand, and with the confidence and ardour which, 1,902 years ago, stirred the hearts of those wise men who were guided by a star to the cradle at Bethlehem.

Is there anything less selfish or consequently more Christian than that? Why! a man of science is often a martyr, and if he is without faith in your dogmas, he is all the more worthy of admiration since he dies for a provisional and uncertain truth. Truly he gives his life, whereas, in your case, O martyrs of the Churches, you cannot be said to give yours as long as you are sure that the brief torments endured on this earth are to be abundantly rewarded in paradise.

Of course if we provided ourselves with a portrait of the ideal learned man as I have endeavoured to draw him, and went seeking all over the world for those who are like him, we should find a group which would be far from imposing as to its numbers. I admit that freely, but to those who are inclined to draw too many conclusions from the results of this quest I would advise another, and that would be to search out, Gospel in hand, in all the world those who deserve to be called Christians. Perhaps they would find another group just as small in numbers as the first. So that we must not judge science by the scientific men any more than we must judge the Gospel by the Christians; but what becomes evident, if we go to the root of the matter, is this, that nothing can be more religious or more in accordance with the spirit of Christ than the spirit of modern science.

What St Francis cursed under the name of science was exactly the opposite, it was what was called science in his time, that is to say, an undigested mass of formulæ quite out of touch with reality, it meant

the charlatan quackeries by which the high priests of knowledge coined money, it meant scholasticism, that is to say, the intellectual disease which consisted in building up on a passage from Scripture or from the Fathers—more often than not with a wrong interpretation—a gigantic structure which embraced the past and the future, God and the invisible world, everything save reality, everything save the humble truth, everything save man. This was what St Francis called the great Prostitute, it was she who trafficked in the holy thing called truth, she who appropriated it to herself and who, when she was taken unprepared, was careful not to say that her granaries were empty, but continued her sales under the pretence that she alone had the monopoly

The modern scientific spirit is all humility, all sacrifice, the spirit of scholasticism was all pride and self-interest. St. Francis cursed it, he did well, it will never recover from that condemnation

II

But it is not only in regard to the scientific spirit that St Francis is in agreement with us, it is also in regard to all that touches the very depths of political evolution. We must not allow any petty controversies to hide from our view the march and progress of civilisation. Now, what do we find, when from a high standpoint we take into consideration the great contemporary movements of politics? International relations, alliances, treaties, whose object is in all cases to secure peace among nations. Ah! how well I know that all Europe is bending under the burden of unheard-of sacrifices in order to maintain her armies, but another thing I know is this, that never would the peoples submit to it if they were not assured that the object of these armaments is to preserve peace. And when I see in certain publications the image of a colossus representing the modern Moloch, I am always tempted to reply "No! that is not true. The enormous "sacrifices you are describing we freely offer, but with this momentous "difference that we offer them not on the altar of the God of war, but "on the altar of the God of peace!"

Many of us, I am sure, are prepared to believe that, although it was the dream of the prophets that war should be done away with, yet it was in the nineteenth century that the first step of any importance was taken towards the realisation of that ideal, both by the growth of peace societies and by the refusal of the members of certain churches to undergo military service.

If you will turn to the Rule of the Third Order of St Francis, that is, the rule of those Franciscans who, without quitting the world, have remained in their families and continued to live the life of all men, but who nevertheless desire to join in the work of renewal, you will find a precept which must have burst like the ringing in of a

Titanic new birth over the heads of our ancestors of the thirteenth century, over a Europe torn into tatters and ploughed up by incessant warfare "The members of the fraternity shall not take up mortal arms against any man, nor shall they receive them" *Arma mortalia contra quemquam non recipient vel secum ferant** The nations understood this simple and downright language, and a cry of reconciliation and love was heard throughout Italy The prestige of the *Poverello* was so great, the popular sentiment was so keen, that willy-nilly the podestas were obliged to resign themselves to seeing a large portion of those whom they called their subjects refusing to follow them to battle What a splendid episode, and what weight it would have had on the destinies of all humanity if it had continued! It lasted from 1221 to 1289, so that for two generations the spectacle was to be seen of men *sans peur et sans reproche* who refused to obey what was at that time considered the necessary duty of every citizen There were indeed here and there timid attempts to chastise the rebels, but in general the magistrates perceived that it would be odious to treat them with rigour

You know what the position is to-day Two or three years ago we in France witnessed the strange sight of a pastor going to see a recruit who on the ground of religious scruples had refused to learn the use of the rifle, and undertaking to demonstrate to him that a Christian ought to kill, when some neighbouring nation has been pleased to turn thief, or when some crowned head has considered that the honour of his country requires that it shall be done

The experiment inaugurated by St Francis came to an end in 1289, and it was neither a Jew, nor an atheist, nor a heretic, nor a Turk who caused it to cease, it was a Pope, and sadder still, it was a Franciscan Pope By the bull *Supra montem*, dated from Soriano, near Viterbo, on the 17th August, 1289, Nicholas IV altered the Rule of the Third Order and replaced the precept which I read just now by the following "The brethren shall not carry arms of offence, unless for the defence of the Roman Church, of the Christian faith or of their country, or unless they have been authorised so to do by their superiors" *Impugnationis arma secum fratres non deferant nisi pro defensione Romanæ Ecclesiæ, Christianæ fidei, vel etiam terræ ipsorum aut de suorum licentiâ ministrorum*" Thus you see that all the peace associations, which for the last twenty years have had such considerable developments, have been following, without knowing it, in the pathway marked out long ago by St Francis, a pathway which the Church had obliterated They have a right to claim descent from him, it is their duty to profit by this early experience and to study well the causes of its failure

* Regula antiqua fratrum et sororum de Poenitentia (1er fascicule des Opuscles de Critique Historique) cap VI, par 3, Cf p 13 This Rule has been published in English by the Revs Messrs Adderley and Marson, in a little volume entitled *Third Orders in 1294* (Mowbray)

III

St Francis in a certain way was at one with the modern spirit, and has anticipated our own day on one of the most serious questions of this opening twentieth century, I mean the social question. Not to the results, nor to the application, nor to the fruits of the Franciscan idea have we now come, but to its very centre, to its root, or rather to its heart, that is the question of poverty. St Francis was above all things the preacher of poverty, the man of poverty. His life was not made up of a series of more or less remarkable episodes which could be linked together from one end to the other, it was not a chaplet of virtues or of miracles like the lives of other saints, it was the simplest but at the same time the most powerful realisation of a unique principle, the principle of poverty. The word poverty perhaps suggests to your minds a picture of privation, misery, sickness and death? But look at Francis. Was he sad? Was not joy one of his most constant messmates? Was it not he who pronounced that admirable sentence, one of the finest and most forceful that humanity has ever heard *Ad Diabolum et ad membra ejus pertinet contristari, ad nos autem semper in Domino gaudere et laetari*, "It is for the Devil and his angels to be sad, for us to be happy and to rejoice in the Lord"*

The day on which the crisis which had been shaking the soul of Francis came to a decisive issue was the day when he met poverty and perceived her hidden beauty, human language could not express the plenitude of his joy or the ecstasies of his love, and so he called poverty his betrothed, each day he loved her more, and each day he drew renewed strength from this mysterious affection. Before so much simplicity and poetry and radiant beauty the official biographer himself paused in wonderment. For a moment Thomas de Celano feels the breath of the highest inspiration rising up within him, and in a sentence which I shall not attempt to translate, since Dante himself did not dare to do it, he says "*Proinde castis eam stringit amplexibus, nec ad horam patitur non esse maritus*"† This imagery, which occurs again and again in the books of Francis, sufficiently demonstrates the gulf which lies between Franciscan poverty and the poverty recommended by certain philosophers of antiquity, by Eastern sages or even by some Christian monks. Their poverty was a self-interested effort to acquire greater concentration or more self-control, Franciscan poverty was the effort of love to expand and to give itself more freely. The words are the same, but there is a complete contrast between the ideas they cover. This is what might be called, and indeed has been called, the Franciscan Gospel. It is nothing more, nor is it anything less.

Let us examine a little further into the nature of Franciscan poverty, its basis is work. Each brother who became affiliated to the Fran-

* Spec Perfectionis, chap 95

† Th de Celano, Secunda Vita, IIIa pars, cap I

ciscan family had to have a handicraft, and a respectable handicraft. Anyone who was unable to gain a livelihood by the labour of his hands must learn a trade. Work is strictly obligatory on every human being, but this duty corresponds to a right—the right of every man who works bravely to receive what is necessary for him. When a workman earns more than he requires for himself, the surplus must go to make up, or rather to enlarge, the *mensa Domini*, the table of the Lord, God's capital, because the people's capital. And when this same workman, through illness or infirmity or want of work, becomes unable to earn his daily bread, he has the right to betake himself to this table of the Lord. He will go to his brethren and explain quite simply his necessity. Now perhaps you will understand why Francis wished his disciples to go joyfully begging for alms. This idea of his has nothing bizarre or unnatural about it, it is the consequence pure and simple of social relations as he conceived them. Begging is not the rule but the exception, the life of the Brother Minor is not a mendicant life, but a life of work, but when he has worked and yet has nothing to eat, he must gaily sling the wallet over his shoulder, for in doing so he gradually spreads among those of whom he begs the principles by which he himself lives.

Several of the biographers of St Francis have committed the gross and unpardonable error of describing him as constantly on begging enterprises. They have picked out that act and have forgotten to show how it is connected with the central idea of which it is only one factor, so that they manage in the end to represent mendicity as a sort of work of piety and virtue. Nothing was further from St Francis's mind. Would you know how he spoke of brothers who begged without working or who accepted more than was strictly needful? He called them thieves and robbers.

And now we have reached the very heart of modern thought concerning the basis of Society. Our civilisation rests on a conception of property which has come to us from Roman Law and which has received a sort of consecration from the Church. The earth, it is said, belongs entirely to God, but God has in some sort delegated His powers over all the fractions of this immense heritage. A whole system of metaphysics underlies the juridical conception of property: the landowner on his own domain is like a vice-God, he can do what he likes, and not only can he do it during his lifetime, but after his death. He can dispose of his possessions by will while his body enclosed in the tomb is falling away to dust, his weak, petty or even insane will still acts as a drag on his goods and decides what is to be done with them. And this notion of property, far from diminishing or becoming spiritualised, seems to grow daily more precise and more jealous. Each day fresh walls are raised to remind the poor man in the road that the fields and woods it does his heart good to see do not belong to him. Two or three generations ago the greatest joy

of an author was to see the pages of his books filling the columns of newspapers, it was a sort of consecration of his talent. The highest happiness of a musician of genius was to hear his compositions sung by a whole nation. Now, if you recite the passages which have moved and perhaps enraptured you, you are not doing homage to the author, it appears to be a kind of theft you are committing against him, and if you are unlucky enough to have more than twenty people listening to you, you run the risk of seeing the police officer appear with an intimation to you to stop. I am not discussing this, I only point out the birth and success in most countries of a crowd of societies for the protection of this very new thing called literary property; and I affirm that the official evolution of our society tends always more and more in the direction of fixing the rights of ownership.

I speak of the official evolution, because alongside of it there is another, deeper, more obscure, which is moving to a directly opposite goal—to the denial of the right of ownership. Here we are told, the land belongs to the people, it belongs to the man who occupies it and needs it, during the time that he is cultivating it. Existence involves the right to live, but even if a human being has during his lifetime a right to the fruits of his toil, these rights come to an end with his life, and his will is in no way empowered to control a future which he is unable to foresee. He has a right to full liberty for himself, but he has no right to bind those who come after him.

Is not this the problem of our time? Two armies stand face to face—they are studying one another, they are preparing, even now the advance posts are measuring their distance. On both sides angry mutterings may be detected and it is quite certain they will increase. Supposing the social crisis were to burst over the whole of Europe to-morrow, it is impossible to forecast which side would gain the victory—or rather, it is only too easy to forecast that it would be the strongest, the strongest, which does not mean the best, but the most numerous or the richest, the best armed or the boldest, the best organised or that which can inflict the greatest amount of injury. And this victory, whether it fell to the right or to the left, would be the triumph once again of material and brute force, one of those triumphs which leave nothing but ferocity and insolence in the heart of the conqueror, nothing but cursing and a thirst for vengeance in the heart of the conquered. Well now, in view of the crisis which is threatening us, what would be the attitude of St Francis if he were alive? What part ought the Franciscan idea to play?

The question comes to this, which has often been asked me. Was St Francis a socialist? Here, in order to understand clearly, we should first define exactly what is meant by socialism. If by socialism you mean an attempt, revolutionary, tyrannical, and without moral basis, to displace wealth, to remove it from the hands of the rich to-day in order to place it in the hands of the poor, to ruin the rich and

enrich the poor, in that sense Francis was not a socialist. But if those who are in possession to-day took this answer to themselves in order to exaggerate it and see in it what does not exist, if they had a fancy to arm themselves with it and to brandish it proudly like a trophy and say, "St. Francis was not a socialist, therefore he belongs to us," we should have to check them and say "No, he is less on your side than 'on the other'"

St. Francis preached the spirit of poverty to the poor as well as to the rich, and he makes no distinction between the poor man who covets the place of the rich and the rich man who knows neither love nor liberty because his heart is eaten away by avarice. The state of mind of the two men is identical, they are prisoners, the one to what he possesses, the other to his desire. They have not the spirit of poverty, they have not the Franciscan spirit.

But if St. Francis came back again, what would he do? Would he place himself at an equal distance from the two armies in order to show that he harboured no preferences? I think he would do over again at the dawn of the twentieth century what he did in his native town in 1212. A crisis analogous to the one which is to-day agitating the world prevailed at that time at Assisi. Two parties were quarrelling as to their relative superiority: the *Majores* and the *Minores*. The *Majores* were less numerous, but they had on their side established rights, the laws of the Church, the Pope and the Emperor. The *Minores* had the superiority in numbers, but they were an undisciplined and inconsequent crowd, liable to sudden and unreasoned movements. Francis came and his heart bled. He saw the arrogant and foolish pride of the *Majores*, the thoughtlessness with which they deemed themselves of superior make, their tendency to confuse their material interests with their duty to God, and finally their blindness to the signs of the times. On the other hand he saw the ignorance and the errors of the *Minores*. He saw their enraged passion for vengeance, he saw the roaring crowd rush to assault the castles, he saw his native city sacked. And yet it was at that period that he gave his spiritual family the name which they still bear, and whose origin it is well to remember, he called his fraternity the *Minores*. You can imagine how great was the emotion in Assisi when they knew that God's Little Poor Man had taken his side so clearly and categorically. But does that mean that he approved of the excesses of the *Minores*, and of all the acts of vandalism and misconduct in which they so strongly resembled their adversaries? Who would dare to say so? The truth is he had foreseen that without his intervention the *Minores* would be routed. He knew that their faults or errors or crimes were not the result of a complete and petrified system, that they were not acts of deliberate wilfulness, but rather the results of a mechanical and unpremeditated reaction. He perceived on one side a party of old men, quite determined to learn nothing fresh, and on the other a party of

young men apt to do foolish things perhaps, but capable also of much thought and of much improvement. That is the origin of the name Brothers Minor, and I imagine that if St Francis came again he would do the same thing over again. He would go and fight beside the *Minores*, that is to say, beside those who are at this moment weakest, in the hope of changing their methods and transforming their state of mind.

St Francis proclaimed that the spirit of poverty must regenerate the world. Perhaps some of you are convinced that that is true, that the heaven is good, but that you do not know how to mix it in with the flour. Perhaps it is here that we find the greatest difficulty in the Franciscan idea. No sooner do we catch sight of a reform or of an improvement than we long to see it realised on paper and in our laws. Francis, on the contrary, always took the ground of liberty and goodwill. He understood the mysterious law of moral evolution so well indicated by Christ in His parables. We smile when we see the kings of certain half-savage tribes imagining themselves at the highest point of civilisation because they have sent over to Europe for a cargo of uniforms and rifles, but do not we ourselves make similar mistakes? It was Francis's desire that moral renovation should come in lowly fashion, step by step. Instead of making regulations of vast extent, he created a small body of men who were to live in his spirit and to realise his idea, then only were they to propagate it.

I have come to the end, and as I pass in review all that I have said I am alarmed and humiliated by the hesitation and the indefiniteness with which I have spoken of St Francis of Assisi. His candid, simple and sweet physiognomy has nothing complicated in it. It is we who are complex, we who through the distractions of our life have lost the habit of pure and simple conduct. But I hope that you will go and look for him where he may truly be found, where Giotto and Dante sought and found him, in his own little books, in the *Mirror of Perfection* and in the *Sacrum Commercium*. There you will find the seeds of life. God forbid that I should put before you a complete, definite, infallible solution to all the questions asked by the conscience of our time. But this I know, not because St Francis says it, but because St Francis only shows up more clearly what conscience herself urges, that hatred has never created anything. If a new society is to spring from us, it will not come at a time when we have shut off the knowable and the unknowable into closed circles of impeccable dogma; it will not come at a time when science has revealed to us secrets yet unsuspected. It will arise when, in an inexpressible impulse of love, we fall on our knees at the feet of brigands in order to do them service, when we shall feel that if they are wicked it is we who are responsible, we who by our pride and our pharisaism have concealed from them the grandeur and beauty of the Gospel.

PAUL SABATIER

CATHOLICISM *VERSUS* ULTRAMONTANISM.

A VILLAGE schoolmaster once undertook to make good broth out of a clean stone, whereupon some delighted peasants brought him a chunk of granite. When the water into which he put it began to boil, the culinary artist gave out that it was quite ready but that a little pepper and salt would probably be welcome to those who were about to partake of it. Having duly added those condiments he suggested that a few onions should be thrown in just because it was "the usual thing," and—he casually remarked—while they were handling the vegetables they might do worse than drop a little parsley and a few carrots into the decoction. As broth, however, without something to thicken it might seem strange to them, he left them to decide whether they would like a handful or two of barley. And they cheerfully fell in with the suggestion. Soon afterwards he declared that the broth was most savoury and might be served up, but that a bone of mutton put in the pot would impart a delicious flavour to the whole, and to the yokel who was about to sever the bone from the meat he remarked that that was quite needless, as the taste of the meat would be vastly improved by contact with "stone broth." When finally all his instructions had been carried out the broth proved in truth as good as he had undertaken to make it.

In a somewhat similar manner Ultramontanism is busily brewing politics out of religion and asking us, Catholics, to accept the result as the genuine outcome of our relations to God and of our attitude towards His revealed will. Religion is also, it is true, ostentatiously thrown into the cauldron, but one cannot affirm with truth that its effect upon the contents is much more real than that of the clean stone upon the qualities of the broth. A religion of the heart, the worship and service of One Whose kingdom is not of this world, has been deftly changed into a complex system of politics which, like a net of fine meshes, trammels Catholics and non-Catholics in almost every portion of the globe,—and this in furtherance of a set of interests which are

often petty, sometimes baneful and almost always non-religious Ultramontanism has in truth become a sharp-edged sword, the handle of which is in Rome and the blade everywhere. There was never any doubt as to its trend even in bygone times. But under the *régime* of his Holiness Pope Leo XIII what was formerly an unchecked tendency has become a carefully-thought-out system. The work of building a perishable edifice upon the eternal Rock has been organised with such ingenuity and pushed forward with such energy and fearlessness of bye-results that a vast revolution in matters relating to faith, morals and ecclesiastical government is in full swing, has indeed almost been completed within the span of a single generation. The upshot of that many-sided revolution may be briefly but not inaptly characterised as the secularisation of religion.

Now it is that broad fact, more or less clearly apprehended, rather than any petty grievances of the laity, which is answerable for the profound, reasonable and bootless discontent felt by many English Catholics in common with their brethren beyond the seas. The essential point is that this restlessness, this dissatisfaction, culminating, as it now so often does, in open revolt, is well grounded, natural, healthy. Whether also in a latent form it worries a hundred and fifty Catholic clergymen in this country is a matter of perfect indifference to everyone but themselves. So long as the evils of a public protest seem to them greater than the blessings of silent endurance, the outside public is bound in common justice to suppose that their consciences are not seriously alarmed, and to conclude that their protest by proxy is ill-timed and puerile. Moreover the whole question may seem to many capable of being solved by a sort of theological Rule of Three which the most limited intelligence can readily grasp: as Ultramontanism is to Catholicism, so is the endurance of those alleged grievances to the whole duty of man. In other words, if Catholicism be identical with Ultramontanism, the changes complained of are not an evil but a blessing to be thankful for. If politics be the fitting province of the Church, and if temporal power be the fair goal of the Sovereign Pontiff, then the malcontents are men of little insight and less faith. If, on the contrary, true Catholicism is ruined by being turned into a lever for removing obstacles to political ambitions, one would expect the clergy who so think to give clear utterance to their own convictions if not over their names, at least in their own measured words. They might thus accomplish some good. For the elements of opposition to Ultramontanism are many. They comprise some of the most learned and earnest men of the clergy and laity, and their potential influence is therefore very considerable. But lacking organisation and direction, they are powerless to check the process of degeneration which is rapidly undermining the Catholic Church. And the longer this state of things endures the less hope there will be of remedying it. That profound dissatisfaction, in some cases bordering on rebellion,

is rife among the thinking classes of our co-religionists is a matter of common knowledge, and unfortunately it cannot be gainsaid that the larger the number of thoughtful Catholics the greater will be the section of malcontents. For the stronger the light thrown upon the aims of the Church rulers, the clearer it becomes that Ultramontanism, which is the work of spiritually weak-minded man egged on by a strong worldly spirit, is usurping the rôle which should by right devolve upon the religion revealed by God Himself. And a normal conscience cannot accept in religious matters a mere counter for a coin without grave misgivings. Hence the actual number of restive Catholics in England is but a secondary consideration, the all-important point being the avoidable causes which render them restive and may ultimately rouse them to revolt. And the name of those is legion.

The things which surprise and pain the educated Catholic of to-day are the divorce between religion and science and the scandalous *liaison* between politics and theology, in the upper classes, and the intimate union between superstition and piety among the lower orders. In bygone times Catholics enjoyed a much greater degree of liberty than they are allowed to-day. There was then a vast neutral zone between orthodoxy and heresy, wherein they were free to indulge in bold speculations which often furthered the cause of truth and seldom damaged the interests of religion. True it was never very sharply defined, but in a general way Augustine's suggestion was carried out that unity should mark the action of Catholics *in necessariis*, liberty *in dubiis* and *in omnibus caritas*. That was the epoch which produced men like Richard Simon, Malebranche, and a host of others whose names shed a lustre on the Church to which we still look back with pardonable pride. To-day that neutral ground has been proclaimed part of the enemy's territory into which we are forbidden to cross over, there are no longer many *dubia* respecting which we are free to speculate, and charity is made not merely to begin at home but permanently to remain there. And not only in the domains of philosophy, history, natural science and ethics are we obliged to profess the teachings formulated for us by Rome, irrespective of our own convictions, but we are compelled to draw our politics from the same troubled source. Insult is then added to injury by the pompous declaration, which we are expected to accept and re-echo, that Catholics alone enjoy the fullest measure of intellectual liberty! A twelvemonth has not yet elapsed since the Roman Pronuntius, Nicotera, in a public speech delivered before a society of Catholic students laid it down as a fact, in discussing the benefits which accrued to our co-religionists from that admirable institution, the Index of forbidden books, that "the Church by putting false doctrines on the Index—a step which is seldom (!) taken—further thereby the free development of science inasmuch as she warns the faithful against falling into errors." Of those who thus abuse the words "freedom," "development" and

“science” it is hardly too much to say that to them truth is stranger than fiction. Catholics are exhorted, as Prelate Huhn recently told them, to think as Leo XIII. thinks, if they wish to possess all things necessary to salvation. Thought therefore must be dependent upon the will, and not even upon the will of the thinker but upon that of a man who in those matters lays no claim to infallibility and has more than once lent the glamour of his name to astounding scientific blunders.

The doctrine of infallibility has thus been deftly turned into an extinguisher of scientific light without exposing those who cover themselves with the darkness to contradiction or responsibility. The “teaching Church,” we are asked to believe, has a right to our implicit obedience, we, the body of the faithful, being bound to accept its decisions, and yet those utterances may, it is admitted, be afterwards found to run counter to demonstrable truths. That, in brief, is the liberty enjoyed by Catholics in the intellectual sphere. This “teaching Church” is composed of irresponsible theologians who may set themselves to form a current of opinion upon any subjects—even those of which they possess no real knowledge—between which and religion they fancy they find a connection. There is no Papal definition *ex cathedrâ*, no solemn condemnation of conflicting tenets, nothing, in a word, but the unsupported statements of obscure theologians experimenting upon paper which endureth all things. Thus a specialist who has spent his life in the study of a subject, and whose convictions are therefore not to be shaken, is bound to abandon views which he *knows* are true and to profess opinions which he is sure are false. And if he be a zealous Catholic ardently desirous of salvation, he will further assure outsiders that in no Christian Church is there intellectual liberty so unbounded as that which is enjoyed by the subjects of the Pope. Since the days of the Apostle Paul no such wide-reaching revolution has been accomplished in the Church as is now being effected by the introduction of this machinery for the rapid turning out of doctrines which though erroneous in themselves are for the time being infallible for the body of the faithful and binding upon all.

This alarming innovation, to which the constant abuse of the words “intellectual liberty” and “scientific development” cannot make us shut our eyes, has called forth a series of emphatic protests from distinguished Catholics on the Continent, including eminent theologians, illustrious bishops and saintly priests. But their expostulations have been fruitless and many of them have suffered persecution for their pains. This is why a considerable number of others who think as those do prefer to remain silent, cherishing their own convictions and holding on to the belief that their Creator and Judge will prove less intolerant than His temporary champions here below. And personally we are acquainted with several members of the clergy and some

occupants of episcopal Sees who, if they ventured to give utterance to the thoughts within them, would be forced publicly to recant or else be deprived of their posts. They solve the difficulty by an appeal to the forum of their consciences, where their attitude is justified. And this state of things is sincerely to be deplored, for it opens wide the door to practices which however legitimate in their incipient stage gradually lead to systematic hypocrisy, one deplorable example of which quite recently occurred in the episcopate.

Numberless warnings to the wire-pullers of the Vatican have been uttered in vain. A German Catholic of considerable learning and enlightened zeal lately wrote as follows on the attitude of those of our co-religionists who are thus forced to give up their convictions on grounds which are neither intellectual nor truly religious. "There can be no prospect of their abandoning their views. Intellectual convictions can be met only by intellect, and of this there is no trace to be found in the camp of inferiority. If however it be true that *mens agitat molem*, then brute force, even though it be wielded by the highest authority, has no chance of triumphing over higher culture, nor can the Church in the long run make headway against the indignation of all the important sections (of its members). We have yet to see what the Curia will undertake by way of hiding the moral fiasco which it has suffered in all spheres. The Index will probably put forth its strength against Ehrhard*—a strength which is very insignificant—and every means—not excepting underhand agitation—will be employed more assiduously than heretofore for the purpose of suppressing reform-pamphlets and journals. But the result will be opposite to what is intended. The reformers will be steadily driven more and more to the left, their contempt for such methods of warfare will degenerate into bitterness and the Break-from-Rome movement will grow apace. Its best ally is Rome itself. The eternal harping on authority and will-less obedience to a body which stands upon a lower plane of education and ethics will in the end drive even those from the Church who still cling with affection to the Catholicism of other days" †

That is precisely the process which we now see going on throughout the Catholic community. Public protests, semi-articulate murmurs, silent opposition, characterise the attitude of a much larger body of intelligent Roman Catholics than outsiders or even Rome itself suspect. Large numbers have already seceded. Some who openly express their dissatisfaction are admittedly sailing close to the wind while many more, deterred by the lot of the latter whose life is made miserable,

* A prelate who was professor at the University of Vienna until a few weeks ago. His book on the Catholicism of the XXth Century caused such an outcry among Catholics that he resigned his chair. He is now professor at the Catholic University of Freiburg, in Baden.

† Beilage zur Münchener Allgemeinen Zeitung, 17 March, 1902

remain in the fold while holding views which although compatible with the Catholicism of fifty years ago would be stigmatised as heretical by the out and out Ultramontane of to-day. This is a most unhealthy state for a community whose primary aim and object is the moral regeneration of mankind. Yet it cannot be remedied by any machinery at present existing, nor will any projects of reform be entertained. Indeed no species of activity in intellectual, religious, social or political life will be tolerated for a moment which is not at the beck and call of the Italian wire-pullers and ready to be used and abused for any purpose to which they may choose to apply it. Thus the late Monseigneur de Harlez, professor at the University of Louvain, was denounced over and over again for the critical spirit which he displayed in his philological studies, and was almost hounded to death for his outspoken sympathy with the working classes whom Leo XIII in his Encyclical *Rerum novarum* professed to take under his wing. Professor Lenormant of Paris was also punished for adopting scientific methods by having his book put upon the Index. Professor Pohle, who wrote an essay to prove that other planets besides ours might perhaps be inhabited, was publicly accused of rank heresy. Professor Schell, of Wurzburg, who made some sensible and moderate suggestions by which the Church would have gained very considerably was threatened with the direst penalties. All his works were placed upon the Index, and he was literally compelled to knuckle under and withdraw statements which he knew to be true. Then came the philosopher Joseph Muller, and now Professor Ehrhard, who has felt it desirable to resign his chair at the Vienna University in consequence of the clamour raised against him. Professor Loisy of the *Institut Catholique* was summarily deprived of his chair and, lest he should gain a modest livelihood by his pen, the reviews which accepted his writings were strictly forbidden to publish anything he might offer, even though it were anonymous! Padre Genocchi of Rome was punished in a somewhat similar manner. And now, terror having silenced those who could and would offer wholesome advice to the Church, we are blandly assured that everything is in admirable order and Catholics are as free as the winds of heaven!

The unvarnished truth is that the Catholic Church is in the throes of a crisis which seems destined, if not drastically dealt with, to modify profoundly not merely the *personnel* of the community but likewise its spiritual power for good. This, unfortunately, is no mere phrase or idle prophecy. It is seen and proclaimed by men of all ranks in the Church and of all nationalities. Dr Ehrhard, a man whose caution almost neutralises his knowledge in his work on latter-day Catholicism, characterises the state of the Church as gravely imperilled by three powerful and baleful factors: the assumption that modern culture and the principles of Catholicism are incompatible, the falling away of the educated classes from the true fold, and, lastly, the ruling

conviction that the Church is in some need of reform, whereas there is no reasonable hope of any powerful initiative being taken by Catholics themselves. The danger is greater than even Dr Ehrhard believes. For serious scientific thinkers will not consent to have the field of their intellectual work limited by the narrow principles of the philosophy of St Thomas. Even theologians upon whom the light of historical criticism has dawned are impatient of the out-of-date restraints put upon their activity. An eminent member of the French Episcopate, Bishop Latty, calls for a speedy release from those irksome fetters. "The obsolete theses," he writes, "the antiquated methods" are played out. Our theology must be revised from various points of view, it no longer possesses the right tone for our contemporaries. Monseigneur Mignot, the present Archbishop of Albi and the most enlightened member of the French Episcopate, has over and over again given emphatic utterance to similar views. Among other things he pertinently points out the abyss which now separates science from religion and the imperious necessity of bridging it over before it is too late. "It must," he writes, "be admitted, despite the protests which vain *amour propre* and still vainer self-delusion may raise, that during the past two centuries a chasm has been formed between the intellectual life of society and religious thought. This chasm has gone on widening more and more as the progress of science led the human mind to a fuller insight into the universe and its laws. We have experienced the contrast that whereas modern science in the beginning was guided by the Church, in latter days the word 'learned' is mostly synonymous with 'unbelieving'."

Those are but a few of the eminent Catholics who call out loudly for reform. But their voices die away in the wilderness of musty scholasticism. Rome has other fish to fry, and Catholics are left to rely upon Christ's promise that the gates of hell will not prevail against His Church. But unless He chooses other instruments than the consummate Italian diplomatists who spin their fine intrigues in the Vatican, He must perform a miracle in order to redeem His promise. For them religion itself is but a means to compass their political ends. The Sovereign Pontiff is above all else a monarch, his advisers are clever statesmen and the body of the faithful are to him what the army is to the German Emperor. His word must be a law to all. Hence a nexus is found between religion and every act of a man's life. The Catholic priest must read only a certain class of books, must buy certain newspapers, eschewing others, must forswear monarchic for republican principles in France and uphold the divine right of kings in Rome, must vote for the Septennate Bill in Germany, must favour certain Parliamentary candidates in Austria and refrain from supporting any in Italy, must become a Christian Socialist in name in Belgium, and when Christian Socialism threatens to become real must avoid its leaders as excommunicated outcasts—men who,

like Fathers McGlynn in America, Stojalovsky in Austria, and Daens in Belgium, fancied that the Catholic Democracy called into being by the Papal Encyclical *Rerum novarum* was to be a real democracy instead of a cheap army of volunteers in the service of Roman Mon-signori. In a word, a Catholic who lends ear to the behests of his spiritual advisers is bound hand and foot. This statement will be denied, has been often denied and triumphantly "refuted" too. But the method of arguing all such points has long since lost its efficacy. Where, it will be asked, does the Church lay it down that a man must study scholastic philosophy or refrain from reading certain newspapers? Nowhere. But the clergy, more especially the congregations do what the Church has left undone, and the admission and exclusion from the sacraments is a powerful weapon in the hands of a zealous priest who has a political axe to grind for his superiors.

We were assured recently by an outspoken English Catholic apologist that scholastic philosophy is by no means obligatory upon Catholics. In theory this is true. The summa of St Thomas is not part of the Canon, nor has it been declared *de fide*. But Catholics who study philosophy are forced to still their thirst for knowledge at that fountain. When Leo XIII first donned the tiara, even the Jesuits taught the atomistic theory in their schools, and scholasticism was confined mainly to ecclesiastical seminaries. The Pope ordered the General of the Jesuits to change the system. And it was changed forthwith. The Professor of Philosophy at the Roman College was deprived of his chair and sent to teach Hermeneutics of the New Testament, and in all the educational establishments conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus Thomas Aquinas supplanted the founders of modern philosophy. And so thorough was the change that a Jesuit of to-day sincerely writes "On the part of a Catholic "contempt of the scholastic philosophy is a highly deplorable symptom "of an unecclesiastical tendency"* To a man of the world this blind Jesuitic obedience in matters which by their very nature are independent of the will seems abnormal, uncanny, degrading. He has a difficulty in believing it to be sincere. Yet that is precisely the species of obedience which is being demanded by the Curia of all the members of the Church, and it is this demand which is largely responsible for the split between educated Catholics and the benighted masses whose religion is leavened with crass superstition. What the Vatican caucus virtually says to us is "We shall promulgate from time to time truths of various kinds, dogmas with practical duties attached to them. By the power given to Peter by Christ we bind you to believe those teachings and to perform those duties. The doctrines may be false and the practices worldly, but then the *infallible* Church does not promulgate them. They are circulated only by the teaching Church, which is liable to err but which the faithful must obey as implicitly as

* "The Modern A B C for Catholics of all Classes," by Fr X Brors, S J

if absolute truth were one of its prerogatives. Thus we secure unquestioning belief and implicit obedience without exposing the Church to the slightest danger of error, and we shall no more need to appeal to papal declarations *ex cathedra* than to decrees of oecumenical councils.

This system is clever in itself and effective with the masses, but men of culture and self-respect will in the long run refuse to submit to it. If we are asked to believe new "truths" on pain of damnation we will gladly do so—on condition that they are shown to be truths and necessary to salvation. Let there be an appeal to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost and not a sham appeal to semi-cultured peasants who are ready to manufacture "temporary truths" for present purposes, and later on to denounce them as fiercely as Leo Taxil's "truths" were condemned after they had first been extolled. The action of the Leaders—we are loth to say of the Church—in this matter is like that of a certain widower who on his late wife's death had rashly undertaken never to marry again. Inclination and expediency having moved him to propose to a lady, he went to the grave of his wife, knelt down, and with tearful voice exclaimed "Beloved one! I have found a woman 'worthy of becoming your successor in my heart. I am minded to 'take her as my wife. But I will not, I cannot, do this without your 'consent.' Therefore, if you disapprove my intention, give me a 'sign!'" And then he patiently waited with bated breath. But nothing having moved or spoken, he arose, serene in spirit, went home and married again. In a similar way the leaders of the Church have espoused politics and given to Catholicism, our Mother, the new name of Ultramontanism, to which we are called upon to sacrifice our reason, our emotions, our political principles and our social interests.

Instances of how the authorities go to work to enforce this sacrifice of the individual will might be given in almost any number. But the fact is too well known to be seriously called in question. A couple of curious examples of the chords played upon in Austria and Germany may perhaps interest British readers who are taught to believe that such devices are unknown to the Church of to-day. In Upper Bavaria there is a celebrated shrine to which pious peasants frequently make a pilgrimage in quest of succour for soul or body. It is situated in Altötting. This year pictures of the Virgin were sold there with the following text: "The holy mother Anna early enjoined her daughter Mary to read holy writings. How pleasing to God this habit is may be seen from the circumstance that the holy Church represents the annunciation of Mary so that the angel Gabriel appears to her while she is reading in the holy book. Oh how helpful it is for great ones and small to read good writings, how harmful is the reading of bad books and journals. A legend of the Saints, an explanation of the Gospels, or a *good newspaper* ought to be found in every household. Indifference in faith, mixed

"marriages, apostasy from the Church, immorality and infidelity have
 "their root and nurture in the perusal of non-Catholic newspapers
 "Therefore read books and Catholic newspapers"*

That was but a general exhortation, special behests which cannot be disobeyed are also frequent on the Continent, where the confessional is occasionally abused for the purpose of furthering interests which, although not wholly unconnected with religion, had better be promoted in places and by methods less open to misinterpretation. Thus some time ago in the Canton Wallis, in Switzerland, Bishop Abbet forbade Catholics to take in or read non-Catholic newspapers or to frequent reading-rooms, libraries or temperance halls founded by Protestants. The Lucerne *Tageblatt* published a letter from one of its readers, a practising Catholic, which throws further light on the very injudicious way in which those prohibitions are coupled with recommendations that bear a strong likeness to touting. "Last Sunday I went, as is my wont, to confession, and having made known my sins, to the best of my knowledge, my father confessor suddenly interrupted me, saying 'Do you also read a newspaper?' 'I do' 'What newspaper?' 'The Lucerne *Tageblatt*' 'Do you subscribe to it or do you receive it gratis?' 'I subscribe to it' 'Now look here, I will speak plainly. You must read that paper no more. You must subscribe to the Lucerne *Volksblatt*. You profit thereby in a twofold way: in the first place you spare seven francs in the price of subscription and in the second place you save your immortal soul'†. The double bargain by which a man spares seven francs and saves his immortal soul over and above could have commended itself only to one of those weak-willed, simple-minded believers, devoid of humour, whom the leaders of Ultramontanism presumably wish all Catholics to resemble.

If we point to those and to more reprehensible methods than those which are too often employed to paralyse the individual will and render the fervent Catholic a passive tool in the hands of a body of Italian ecclesiastics whose mainspring of action is not always wholly religious, we shall be told by English apologists that those are isolated instances of excessive or misguided zeal on the part of individuals for which the Church cannot in fairness be held responsible. But this plea, which is invariably put forward until an accomplished fact is created, has no value whatever. To abuses by which her political aims are furthered the Church of to-day is blind, but to the most trivial slip in the contrary direction she is hypersensitive and unforgiving. Every sentence written by Abbé Loisy or Professor Schell, and many sentences attributed to but never uttered by Padre Genocchi, are copied in the Vatican with the utmost care and punished with all the rigour permissible in this humane age. Hence it may be

* *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 15th June, 1902. Cf. also *Munchener Post*

† Cf. *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 25th April, 1899

fairly assumed that in all these cases Rome approves what she fails to condemn

Moreover those and many other similar practices are avowed means to an end. Church government is to be centralised more completely than ever before, the organisation of the Society of Jesus serving as the model, the authority of the bishop is to be gradually transferred to Congregations directly under the Pope's orders, and the individual Catholic is to be trained to implicit obedience to Rome in every sphere of thought and action. Such is the manifest aim, that the leading motive is the ultimate good of the Church as understood by the Pope and his advisers we should be very sorry to call in question. But the intention can no more modify the nature of the inevitable results than the end can justify the means. It is felt that scientific progress among the thinking classes and the co-operative democratic movement among the unthinking masses are calculated to withdraw the bulk of mankind from the influence of ecclesiastical authority. And considering the present political aims and worldly interests represented by those authorities, this presentiment is well-grounded. Rome is consequently forced to choose between two alternatives to adapt herself to the needs of the age or to train up the new generation in the way she would have them go. Speaking more plainly still, she must choose between the Kingdom which is not of this world and the realm which is organised as if there were no other. And despite signs which are more expressive than words we still hope that her choice of the latter is not definitive and final.

The plan conceived, as we now understand it, is grandiose, genial and worldly. Religion as such is relegated to the background. Liberty of scientific research—except in the domain of the so-called “neutral” sciences—is to be, nay, has been, wholly suppressed, as a large body of the most eminent Catholic scholars throughout the world know to their cost. The democratic movement among the masses is to be harnessed to the Roman chariot and used as a political force. Religion becomes the handmaid of politics. And in order to realise this revolutionary scheme, a band of impetuous fanatics is let loose upon the world whose acts have in many cases done more to bring discredit upon religion than all the misdeeds of mediæval inquisitors. That, in ultimate analysis, is the justification of the modern congregations who form, as it were, the bodyguard of the Pope and are subject directly to him. Of the bishops as such these *francs tireurs* take little thought, though as allies they are as ready and eager to work with them as they were to co-operate with Rochefort and Drumont in France. When, however, the occupant of an episcopal See appears to be irresolute or lukewarm, they fall foul of him as they would of an hostile outsider, *ad maiorem papae gloriam*. They lay themselves out to train up the young and to divert the stream of co-operative democracy into the

Vatican channels Wise in their generation, all is fish that comes to their net, and import and export trade, industries, banking and journalism are the labours they have in view when they utter the old adage, *laborare est orare*. The extreme type of this vanguard of Ultramontanism are the Assumptionist Fathers, who directed the anti-Dreyfus campaign in France, fanning the fires of anti-Semitism with a degree of rancour which seemed not far removed from pure malice. They conducted the notorious journal known as the *Croix*, the name of which became synonymous with all that is odious in the ethical and religious spheres. M. de Pressensé, himself a fair-minded journalist whose moderation has oftentimes been lauded by the Catholic Press, characterised the reverend fathers who edited the *Croix* as follows: "If ever polemical literature was soaked in ferocious, in murderous hatred, in deliberate lying, in bitter and cruel calumny, in squalid malice, it is that of the reverend fathers. There is not a single expression to which I have just now given utterance that cannot be proved to the hilt. It was the *Croix* which dared to affirm in print, after Algiers had been burned and bled by Max Régis and the Anti-Semites—when aged Jewish men had been assassinated in the tramways, when shops had been gutted and women flogged in public, that *Christ, who loves the Franks, had reigned for a few days in Algiers*, and that Christians had never tasted such sweet consolation. The *Croix* newspapers are infamous. Under the mantle of religion, invoking the God of love, of justice and of truth, they carry on a work of hatred and of death. They are devoid of scruples. The editors lack a conscience." *

Catholics would gladly, if they could, deny these grave charges

* *Aurore*, 23rd October, 1899. An instance—one of many—of the double weights and scales employed by Catholic journalists according as they judge their own co-religionists, or others, occurred in Austria a few months ago. The clerical and anti-Semitic *Volksblatt*, of Vienna, commented in September upon the frauds committed by a Jew, named Jellinek, and in October on those which were laid to the charge of a Catholic, named Drozd, as follows—

Extract from an Article on a Jewish Swindler, 20th September, 1892

The explanation of Jellinek's conduct is not far to seek—it is the wild, unconquerable lust of gold which is the typical characteristic of the commercial life of that race to which Jellinek, too, belongs. The Jew is not content to let his Oriental fancy dangle all sorts of good things before his eyes—he must foster his sensual passions, and when his own means are not sufficient, he plunges his hand unceremoniously into the pockets of his neighbour. Why should not a Jellinek, whose co-religionists think they are but exercising a real right when they heap up the riches of the world in their money chests, also have the ambition to become a millionaire?

Extract from an Article on a Christian Swindler, 21st October, 1902

In our judgment upon these cases of embezzlement, we are wholly indifferent to race and religion. A million stolen by Jellinek weighs just as much as one embezzled by Drozd. Every thoughtful man is aware that no religious profession shields from crime, that there are unworthy members in every religious community, in every class of society, in every calling. These unworthy individuals must be put in the pillory, whether they belong to the Christian or the Jewish faith.

brought by M de Pressensé against the members of the Papal vanguard. Failing that, we should be delighted to point to a severe reprimand, if not a condign punishment, inflicted upon the guilty members by the Sovereign Pontiff or by their ecclesiastical superiors. But it was left to M Combes and his Cabinet to introduce a law which, were it not for this scandalous provocation and the hopelessness of remedy from the Church, we should unhesitatingly condemn as un-republican and unjust. Even among the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries there are several who in private deplore those scandals which in public they dared not brand-mark. One of these remarked lately to me, in the course of a long conversation on the subject: "There are many congregations in the Church which we or the poor and suffering could ill dispense with. They are in truth followers of Christ and will have their reward. But there are others among them the Assumptionists,—who are mere mamelukes of the Vatican, whose aim is to substitute Ultramontanism for Catholicism, politics for religion, without understanding the scope of either. And if their scheme be not thwarted another generation will witness a vast transformation in the Church. The congregations are mainly composed of men who have no country, no ties, no attitude towards modern science and culture other than blind fury. They come and go at the command of people in Rome. They elude the authority of the bishops and often render the lives of the latter a burden. They are necessary only because Rome, bent on arresting an evolution, seems disposed to accomplish a revolution."

Why the Head of the Church, if religion be, as we must suppose it is, the ultimate aim of his living and striving, should recoil from adapting things to the needs of the present age, is a riddle which we are unable to solve. In the service of politics concessions have been and are being made which seem to the ordinary mind to be full as far-reaching as those asked for by modern Catholics. Many of them, indeed, caused the hearts of fervent believers to bleed and taxed their faith to the utmost. Why not, people ask with surprise, do at least as much for religion as for worldly ambition? The Pope, we are assured, must be respectfully listened to and implicitly obeyed when he tenders advice on political questions. With all due reverence for the authority of his Holiness, which can only suffer by being thus dragged upon the hustings and into the committee-room, we deny the proposition *in toto*. Those who propagate it urge that elections form part of a man's duties as a citizen, and add that all duties come under the head of ethics or religion, of which the Pope is judge. But looking at the matter from the angle of vision of an unbiassed outsider, let us ask which of the two functions is more inseparable from the office of Visible Head of the Church, that of influencing elections and Parliamentary voting or that of appointing bishops who are to feed the flock confided to his care by Christ. Undoubtedly the latter. And

yet his Holiness has allowed that power which comes not from the masses, but from God Himself, to be curtailed by worldly princes, many of them successful adventurers or unbelievers, by way of a gambit in the game of diplomatic chess. I have never thought any the worse of Leo the Thirteenth's judgment because, after having acted as mediator between Spain and Germany, he conferred the Order of Christ upon Bismarck—*Excelso viro, magno Cancellario*, as he termed him—at a time when the May Laws, drawn up by Bismarck for the purpose of disorganising God's Church, were still in vigour. But to many of the Catholics who had suffered in that bitter persecution it was gall and wormwood to see the Order of Christ conferred by Christ's Vicar on the Arch Enemy of Christ's Church, nor did the knowledge that the Sovereign Pontiff had played a part which could flatter a diplomatist perceptibly sweeten the pill. But much more dangerous seemed the power accorded by the Pope to that same *excelsus vir, magnus Cancellarius*, to meddle in the nomination of the shepherds who were to feed Christ's sheep. To a Polish deputation which came to Rome from Posen Leo XIII promised to appoint none but a Pole to succeed Ledochowski, who to please the great Chancellor had been induced to resign his See. Yet he broke that promise for the sake of the same *excelsus vir*. Nay more he successively chose thirteen clerics as fitting successors to the Polish prelate, each of whom in turn was rejected by Bismarck, whose veto was acquiesced in by Christ's Vicar. The Chancellor finally had a priest of Königsberg consecrated—a man whom he termed *persona grata*. Surely that was a very grave concession to make to the powers of darkness. And yet it is only one of a whole series. Should not an equal degree of indulgence be displayed towards men of science who, after all, are working for the good of Catholicism, whereas Bismarck was intent on doing harm to the Church?

Again the clergy in France interred with all the solemn rites of our holy Church President Carnot who was never even baptised. In all European capitals masses were celebrated for the repose of the soul of M. Félix Faure who, being a Freemason, was excommunicated. No doubt politically these concessions were judicious, but from a strictly theological point of view they cannot be justified, nor even excused. If deviations of this nature are permissible for reasons which are not primarily or essentially religious, why not apply the same principle to the prosecution of aims which are? Or are we to allow Protestants to gloat over those facts as proofs that the Church is changing her nature and becoming above all things else a political organisation with opportunism as the fundamental doctrine, and religion as so much mere clay in the hands of the potter? With such examples of tolerance,—some would employ a stronger word—before us, can we be expected to bow to decrees which, formulated by utterly incompetent men, we know to be based on deplorable errors? Can we for example

accept conscientiously the decision promulgated by the Sant' Uffizio in 1898 to the effect that no Catholic can call in question the authenticity of the 7th and 8th verses of the first Epistle of St John, Chapter V., seeing that every competent critic, Catholic as well as Protestant, knows that those verses are wanting in the ancient manuscripts and are an interpolation? As a matter of course we reject that decision, and with greater reason than Bismarck rejected the Pope's thirteen candidates for the Episcopal See: for we could not accept it if we would. In like manner we refuse all dictation from Rome on matters concerning political economy and politics. The men from whom such dictation emanates are, after all, but men, as likely to err as we are. As a matter of fact they are much more exposed to error because they professedly neglect the study of the subjects with which they thus meddle, and they refuse to profit by the wisdom of the Holy Ghost which, in all matters essential to faith and morals can be invoked when necessary by the infallible Head of the Church, speaking *ex cathedrâ*. If then they spurn to employ the human and the divine ways of arriving at truth and avoiding error, what claim have they to condemn as false the universally-admitted results of scientific research? They must define their right of interference. Is it human knowledge? Why then do they flee the study of the Bible and the early history of Christianity and discourage those who would apply themselves to it? Is it the divine *afflatus*? If so it must work either through an œcumenical Council or through the infallible Pope. There is no third channel. Obscure peasants taken from the plough and brought up with no real instruction and very little education are not the men who can be allowed to sit in judgment upon modern science and modern culture. Yet that is what they now do. But educated Catholics on the Continent are making it clear that no such pretensions will be entertained, be the penalties what they may. "How far forsooth we have "progressed," cries an illustrious German Catholic, "when to make "peace with modern culture is already stigmatised as a "heretical tendency, when the opposition between political and "religious Catholicism is officially denied and it is looked "upon as a heinous crime to admit that among Protestants "true piety is possible and the satisfaction of the needs of "the heart are attainable!"* How far, we may add, have we progressed when we are seriously asked by the Pope's organ to believe that the Triple Alliance is the work of the Freemasons and therefore to be condemned?† Yet the soul of the Triple Alliance was Bismarck, the *excelsus vir* and *magnus Cancellarius*, the recipient of the Order of Christ, with whom at one time the Holy Father himself seemed disposed to strike up an alliance! The Pope, the Congregations, in fact almost any clerical voice from the Vatican, are now virtually infallible, whatever theme they may choose to deal with.

* *Beilage z. Allgem. Zeitung*, 17th March, 1902

† *Civiltà Cattolica*

And the people who thus lay down the law to men of science are educated as if science had stood still since the Middle Age. In the Seminaries—the main sources whence they draw their knowledge—any priest is fitted to become a professor of any subject the moment his bishop or superior has appointed him. No preparation whatever is needed. This is more particularly the case in France, where the young priest leaves the Seminary intellectually and morally unripe for the part he has to play, ignorant of latter-day society and its needs, helplessly drifting on the stream of life. Suddenly he is confronted with a sphinx riddle the possibility of which he had never dreamt of. He notes for example how easily a common swindler misled the clergy, the Congregations, the very Jesuits themselves, the Cardinals and the Pope, duping them one and all in a manner which must necessarily give pause to those who honestly believed in the loose infallibility of the teaching Church. "If," one of those young Abbés reasons, "the Pope can thus give his blessing to a lady friend of the Devil [Miss "Diana Vaughan] who turns out to be the mere creation of the brain of a contemporary Cagliostro, what guarantee have we that he is not being hoaxed in other matters more difficult to verify than that was? True, his infallibility. But then he never appeals to that." And so by degrees the youth's faith is shaken. What is he then to do? He must either live on as a hypocrite, unless indeed he manage to reconcile silence with his conscientious convictions, or else brave a lot which would terrify the most courageous. Count Hoensbroech, himself a Jesuit down to a few years ago, describes the position of a German priest under those conditions as follows —

"One may discourse very beautifully about manly courage, duty to one's conscience, fidelity to convictions and all the rest of it, but he who once has courageously followed whither his convictions led him in difficult questions involving his whole life, past and future, knows what a number of weighty considerations fall like lead upon his will which would fain soar upwards towards the ideal. It is not everyone who has the strength to shake off that burden. For the ideal saying that it is not by bread alone that man liveth is substituted the brutal truth that bread is necessary to life. If this is applicable in general, it is especially true of the Catholic clergyman who would give ear to the promptings of his Evangelical conviction. His entire position in life, his relations with kith and kin and with his fellows he all severed at his feet. And not only is he an outcast, a man shunned and spurned, but he knows that calumny in its most disgusting forms will be let loose against him. Indeed, with regard to calumny and animosity the things which are achieved by Ultramontanes against 'apostates' and 'renegades' stand, as a chapter upon 'Christian charity towards the erring' without parallel." Another drawback is the circumstance that owing to

* *Tagliche Rundschau*, 29th October, 1898

his defective education and special training, he is unfitted for any employment as a layman

Those are a few of the reasons which move bishops, priests and others to keep their own counsel in silence, who would gladly speak out if they dared. The methods employed by the Ultramontane Press against any Catholic who openly assents to the reform movement are, on the Continent at least, positively infamous. The indiscretions of his youth are trumpeted abroad, his good faith is called in question, his morals are impugned, his sanity is denied, and when the facts and even appearances which should support these attacks are lacking, fancies are freely allowed to take their place. Count Hoensbroech is a typical case. He himself says on the subject "When I broke with the Ultramontane Church and with the Society of Jesus, the Catholic Press, drawing its information 'from the most trustworthy source' spread the calumnious statement that my reason was unsettled and that I had already been under the care of a doctor for lunatics. When, however, at the Anti-Freemason Congress in Trieste, the mental sanity of the Jesuit H. Gruber was called in question, because he really had been in a sanatorium for nervous disorders, the same Press was indignant that such 'suspicions' should be entertained".* A couple of weeks ago a German priest and late professor having published a work in which he calls for a reform in the Church, on grounds that may be found serious or insufficient but are well worthy of being discussed, was discredited, so far as was possible, by the Catholic Press which, with one praiseworthy exception, left the arguments unexamined. When terror of this kind reigns, it is usually met by subterfuge and cunning. That is the explanation of the deplorable fact that so many of our co-religionists remain in the fold without accepting all the teachings or approving the aims and practices of the Ultramontanes who have already gained the upper hand in the community. That explains the rumour of the existence of a reform party among the clergy of England and of such statements as this "I am in possession of letters from thirty-seven Catholic clergymen of Germany and Austria who are at this moment in their posts and dignities wherein they give expression to the same anti-Ultramontane sentiments as their *confrères* in Italy and France."†

The doctrines which the clergy, thus brought up in ignorance of the intellectual and social needs of the age, offer to Catholics as the light emanating from the "teaching Church" are oftentimes an insult to the human understanding, while the methods by which they are reached constitute a lack of confidence in the Deity. A Catholic, for instance, like Professor Schell, of Wurzburg, or Abbé Loisy, of Paris, whose zeal for Catholicism is admitted, sets himself to study a theological or a Biblical problem,

* "Religion or Superstition?" by Count Hoensbroech, p. 53.

† Count Hoensbroech, *Tagliche Rundschau*, 29th October, 1898.

using all the data at the disposition of science and all the circumspection befitting a member of the Church. He finally arrives at conclusions which he carefully sifts, examines, verifies and then lays before the world. A few Italians in Rome, who have never given those questions a moment's thought and who if they had could throw no light upon them, for lack of rudimentary scientific preparation, boldly declare that those results are false and must be condemned by the men who are absolutely convinced of their truth. Those scientists and every educated Catholic with them at once reason thus: "The propositions in question are, humanly speaking, demonstrated. If human reason is at fault, there are but two ways of making this clear. One is to refute the theses by logic operating with scientific data. The other is to invoke the divine light which can be done by promulgating an infallible definition binding upon all. A condemnation which lacks both those bases is not worth the paper it is written upon." And who can gainsay the force of this argument? Faith begins where knowledge ends, and as the propositions condemned are matters of knowledge, revelation and infallibility cannot be invoked against them.

• And now for the intellectual food set before us as an excellent substitute for the "worldly science" thus sweepingly condemned. It may be briefly described as the manna on which men subsisted in the Middle Age: superstition in lieu of religion, credulity as a set-off for remissness in ethical conduct, theocracy in politics and guilds under Roman guidance as an improvement upon trades unions. And by those means the kingdom of God will descend upon the earth.

If superstition alone could work the metamorphosis, we should have witnessed the beginning of the millennium long ago, for it prevails among Catholics in the crassest forms imaginable and nothing is left undone further to spread it by those who identify Christ's Church with the political institution known as Ultramontaniam. That the person of the devil plays an important part in our theology is a fact which will not be called in question by friends or foes. Of late years, however, while other Christian confessions manifest a wholesome tendency to minimise the significance of the author of evil as a person, and to listen to stories of his adventures among men with caution if not with scepticism, the "teaching Church" has gone out of its way to drag in Satan at every hand's turn and to attribute to him a rôle in the affairs of this life, belief in which is a powerful solvent at once of religion, science and healthy human reason. According to our theologians, the devil is constantly working in our midst, not merely as the symbol of sin and crime, but in flesh and blood, or at any rate in the form of men and animals, seducing frail women, tempting gross-minded men, entrapping unwary Catholics and dragging God's creatures into the bottomless pit. He makes bargains with Christians for their souls, has the stipulations written with blood, and often takes

bodily possession of the sinner from whose body he can only be driven by exorcism. But he is in mortal dread of scapulars, rosaries, medals, holy water and other things which are, so to say, invested with magical virtue.

A few illustrations of these edifying stories will give food for reflection to the Catholic moralist and man of science. I take the first from a work of St. Alphonsus of Liguori, concerning whom Pope Pius IX. issued a decree in which the following passage occurs: "We wish and ordain that all the books, commentaries, works and writings of this Church teacher, in a word everything that comes from him, shall exactly like the works of the other Church teachers be quoted, read aloud and used not only privately but also publicly in Grammar Schools, Academies, Schools, Colleges, in lectures, debates and sermons." The story taken from this most recent light of the Church is but one of many and by no means the most curious. "Once upon a time a soldier led his wife into the wood where he intended to hand her over to the devil, to whom he had promised her for a sum of money, in a contract which he had made to that effect. And it came to pass that the couple wended their way near a Church dedicated to the Mother of God, whereupon the poor woman requested her husband to allow her to greet the divine mother in the church. The man acquiesced and his wife entered the house of God, soon, however, instead of the woman, the most holy Virgin came out of the church and mounted the horse which was to take her into the forest. As soon as the two had reached the wood, the devil appeared and said to the man: 'What have you done, you scoundrel? You have brought me, in lieu of your wife, my greatest enemy, God's mother.' Thereupon Mary answered, 'How hast thou dared to seek to harm one who honours me? I command thee to return forthwith to hell.' Then turning to the godless husband Mary spoke to him, 'If you will reform, I will help you.' After these words were uttered the Mother of God disappeared, and the sinner entering into himself changed his mode of life thereafter."

In a work published by a Catholic professor and approved by his bishop, we are informed that hell is very near us below the crust of the earth and that the volcanoes are its apertures. "From the scientific point of view it may be assumed that the fire of hell is produced by the perpetual round of certain chemical processes, whereby in virtue of a divine arrangement certain subterranean matters combine chemically with oxygen and other gases and then disappear again."* The devil, we are informed by the same authority, has power to bring together simple elements in various ways, so that they combine in the form of ordinary phenomena (light, heat, fire, sound,

* "Hell," by J. Bautz, 1883, p. 107. The work is in German. The author was a lecturer at the Academy of Munster.

electricity) He is further able to bring about the birth of living beings * By condensing vapour he produces clouds and rain, by a violent movement of the air he causes destructive storms, he kindles fire by electricity or by chemical processes and lets it fall from heaven He fashions out of suitable materials for himself or for other purposes bodies which resemble those of men or beasts, and by the employment of mechanical forces he imparts to them corresponding outward qualities such as weight, hardness, warmth, colour †

The Jesuit fathers are commonly supposed to hold aloof from doctrines of that calibre, but this belief is erroneous That they are honestly convinced of the truth of what they thus teach should in common fairness be presumed, but that plea aggravates this abuse of reason rather than extenuates it Father Meschler, who for many years was Master of Novices, Rector, and Provincial Superior of the German province, writes upon the world of spirits for the instruction of German Catholics as follows "Thanks to their natural power of motion the spirits seize upon matter and influence it by movement and change, and thus they do in proportions of force and power which are wholly incalculable for our chemistry, physics and mechanics With mankind, too, they stand in manifold natural relation By means of their inborn power they can temporarily assume air-bodies and thus or even without any such medium appear to men ‡

With angels, devils and the rank and file of spirits who can thus play pranks upon nature and man and laugh to scorn the calculations of chemists, physicians, astronomers and men of science generally, there is no reason why a meteorological statement or a proposition in chemistry should not be condemned by the teaching Church In any and every case the Italian Monsignori who constitute the Congregations which deal with those matters in Rome have obviously a monopoly of the genuine sources of information on physical sciences as well as on metaphysics It may be said, of course, that the wild statements quoted above having been made by mere individuals should not be credited to the Church at large But the objection is valueless, because the books in which they appear bear the approbation of the bishop or else of high ecclesiastics, and the men who write thus systematically teach those tenets to the Catholic youth confided to their care, without let or hindrance On the other hand the moment anything is expressed which seems to run counter to the prevailing current, the Argus eyes of the "teaching Church" espy the slip and he is punished who made it Thus several years ago a prize was offered in Spain for a work on St Theresa An acquaintance of ours, a Jesuit named Hahn, obtained it for a really conscientious work which was published in a Belgian review conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus In the course of his remarks he admitted that many of the

* Cf also Hoensbroech, "Religion or Superstition?" p. 93

† "Hell," pp. 141-142

‡ "Stimmen aus Maria-Leach," 1878, xiv, p. 529

visions of the noble saint were of hysterical origin, and for this someone denounced both him and the editor of the review at headquarters. Rome quashed the decree according the prize to Father Hahn, entered his book on the Index and deprived him of his chair. In the former instance, therefore, we have the anti-scientific trash, calculated to bring a blush to the cheeks of educated men, expressly approved by the ecclesiastical authorities, and in the latter we see a faint but honest endeavour to proclaim the truth instantly and ruthlessly suppressed. If enlightened Catholics be told, after this, that the Church is by no means compromised by this attitude, is it surprising if they think, as do so many of our clergy at present, that the real Church is not indeed responsible for such folly but that the real Church is no longer identical with the Ultramontane institution which bids fair to usurp its place? True, such views as that are fraught with grave danger alike to the Church and the individual members of it. But Rome seems to be unconscious of the peril or heedless of the consequences.

That the practices recommended by the teachers of mediæval demonology should be in harmony with their tenets and therefore run counter to true religion, is only what one would naturally expect. The degrading but lucrative work of inducing tens of thousands of simple-minded Catholics to fee St Joseph or St Anthony to remove from life their personal enemies, to help on in the world their relatives, or to play the part of a good fairy in an Arabian tale, is worthy of the worst days of Roman Paganism. Scapulars, medals, thaumaturgic waters, miraculous images and spurious relics which, like those recently brought from France to England, through the instrumentality of Cardinal Vaughan, are a mockery and a snare, are relied upon as Aladdin's lamps which can largely supplement, if they do not render wholly superfluous, those constant and daily efforts to cleanse the heart and mortify the sensual appetite which are the first fruits of a truly religious frame of mind. It is impossible to read the accounts of the money paid in to the editors of the journals which deal in the sale of St Anthony's or St Joseph's intervention without heartily regretting that they are not documents of ancient Roman or of modern Thibetan origin.

The Jesuits, too, who are considered to be, and really are, among the most enlightened of our leaders, do all they can to encourage those mediæval notions and superstitious practices. A member of their Order, Father Terwekoren, who wrote a whole book in praise of the wonder-working holy water of St Ignatius, seriously tells his readers the following, among many similar, stories. "In the year 1859 a woman in Antwerp who had become almost blind was cured. Her trust (in the water) was fortunately infectious, the very same forenoon five or six persons fetched this water in order to protect themselves against the cholera. In the afternoon there were already

“thirty persons eager to get it and a few days later the crush around the Ignatius water was so great that from four to five men were hardly enough to distribute it”^{*} “A girl aged five months seemed dead in consequence of an attack of cholera. A couple of drops of the life-giving water were instilled into her and in two minutes the child came to and recovered her health”[†] “It has been affirmed, and we repeat it with the greatest reserve, that no person attacked by the cholera who took Ignatius water died. In Ghent in the course of two months 100,000 bottles of it were called for”[‡] What that comes to in plain words is that God, or the devil with God’s permission, sent the cholera to destroy the lives of a large number of men. But the Jesuits by blessing water and distributing it, put a spoke in the wheel of Providence and would possibly have wholly thwarted the divine plan, if the people had only been well advised enough to employ this formidable water. One almost regrets that there is no Lucian to scourge those sowers of tares in the cornfield of the Lord.

The Benedictine monks enjoy a reputation for learning more widespread and perhaps even better deserved than that of the Jesuits. Yet the coarse materialistic tendencies of Ultramontanism have infected even them and the salt of the Church is fast losing its flavour in consequence. Don Guéranger, for instance, the Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery of Solesmes, published a little book on “The Significance, Origin and Privileges of the Medal of St. Benedict.” This book (in the German version in 1871) informs pious Catholics that “it is a fact that this medal was employed efficaciously in the first place, in order to break magic spells and baffle all other diabolical influences, in the second place, in order to ward off magic charms from a particular spot, in the third place, in order to heal animals infected by pest or epidemic disease, in the fourth place, in order to afford the necessary protection to every human being tempted to sin, duped or harassed by the Evil One, and in the fifth place, for the purpose of bringing about the conversion of any sinner”[§] To what extent the last-named virtue of the medal leaves the doctrine of free will intact does not seem to have struck any of those enterprising theologians who distributed the metallic disc as worthy of study. But the “privileges” of this holy object of veneration are by no means exhausted by the list of five already given. The medal is likewise efficacious in destroying poison, in causing a pest to cease, in restoring to health those who suffer from stone, from sharp pains in the side, epilepsy and blood-spitting. It is further a boon to mothers whose

* “The Holy Water of St. Ignatius of Loyola for all diseases of the soul and the body” Vienna, 1867, p. 29. Cf. also, Hoensbroech, *Op. cit.*, p. 100.

† Terwekoren, *Op. cit.*, p. 54. Cf. also, Hoensbroech, *Op. cit.*, p. 101.

‡ Terwekoren, *Op. cit.*, p. 58.

§ “The Significance, Origin, and Privileges of the Medal of St. Benedict,” p. 132. Cf. also, Hoensbroech, *Op. cit.*, p. 102.

children, through God's help, it causes to be born in due time and in good health. Despite the natural qualities of the metal of which it is made, this blessed memorial of St. Benedict shields people from strokes of lightning and from the stress of stormy or rainy weather.

The examples adduced are numerous, interesting, characteristic. "In a district of Burgundy," we are told, "a strange disease befell the cattle. So intense was the evil that the kine gave blood in lieu of milk. Those animals became healthy as soon as water had been given them to drink, in which the medal of St. Benedict had been steeped." Another instance and St. Benedict's medal may be dismissed. "In a house in Rennes evil spirits were behaving in a disorderly manner. The inmates of the dwelling had numerous masses celebrated for the dead in case it might be some person deceased who was announcing by those signs his desire to be released from the pains of Purgatory. But the weird disturbance continued unabated. Then they began to hang a medal of St. Benedict on each of the doors, whereupon they were completely rid of it. But they had forgotten to fix a medal to the door of the cellar. All the malice of the infernal spirits seemed now to have concentrated itself there, so deafening was the din. A medal, however, was duly hung up on the door, and behold, the diabolical fury subsided and finally left the house."*

Nor can it be urged that superstitious fetichism of this kind merely crops up from time to time among the benighted masses. It is widespread, intense, deep-rooted, because it is assiduously disseminated by our religious teachers who yet require us to subject to their incompetent censure the conclusions of science which commend themselves to us as true. In Spain we find the Catholic Prime Minister refusing to meet his Church-censured colleague at a Cabinet Council until his confessor allowed him to do so, on condition that, the meeting over, he would have the apartment blessed by a priest, sprinkled with holy water and fumigated with incense†. Two months ago a similar case occurred in Bavaria: a lady from Munich came to spend a few weeks in a country village, was received cordially by the parish priest and sang in the church choir. Soon afterwards it leaked out that she was connected with a Munich theatre of second or third-rate importance. The parish priest, shocked to learn that he had harboured an ally of the devil unawares, refused to speak to the lady and had his house spiritually disinfected with holy water and incense‡. It is a grave charge to make, but facts warrant the statement, that superstition is systematically encouraged by the authorities who are busy replacing Catholicism with Ultramontanism. And the circumstance that the practice has proved uncommonly lucrative intensifies the discredit

* Terwekoren, *Op cit.*, p. 90

† The premier in question was General Azcarraga, who is still living. The incident occurred some four years ago.

‡ *Die Welt aus Montag*, October 13th, 1902

which is thus thrown upon our Church by the very men who have been specially chosen and are regularly paid for working for its weal. The city parish priest of Freiburg, Hansjakob, warned his colleagues that they must be very cautious in touching superstition lest the wheat be rooted out together with the tares. And so thoroughly has superstition been ingained in the modes of thought and action of the latter-day Catholic that it is not always easy to determine where fetishism ends and religion begins.

A flood of lurid light was thrown upon this murky side of Ultramontanism by the "revelations" of the notorious Leo Taxil, who caught in his slimy net not only millions of simple-minded Catholics, but the clergy, the Episcopate, the Congregations, the Cardinals, and the Pope himself. Taxil gave out that he was in the secret of the "inner circle" of freemasonry, where the devil was frequently worshipped with obscene rites and ceremonies, and often appeared in person among his adorers. Foremost among these had been Miss Diana Vaughan, a young lady who had been afterwards miraculously converted to the true faith, had disclosed the mysteries of Satan worship and was then living in close retirement, lest she should become the victim of her former associates, who had sworn to take her life. The filthy writings of Taxil were translated into German by a Jesuit named Gruber, and the entire Catholic Press showered eulogiums upon the French author of the work. Bishop Fava, of Grenoble, a so-called expert in matters of freemasonry, publicly bore witness to the real existence of Diana Vaughan (who afterwards turned out to be a creation of the unclean imagination of Leo Taxil) and wrote as follows: "Diana Vaughan, formerly a Palladist, has become converted to Catholicism, been baptized, and received her first communion. She is combating freemasonry by the publication of her memoirs, those of Crispi and others. Attempts have been made to throw doubts upon her existence and her documents, but they are merely a trick of freemasonry which always lies. Diana Vaughan must remain hidden in order to keep clear of the dagger. Your devoted Arnand Joseph, Bishop of Grenoble."

And that Bishop was a "specialist" in the subject about which he wrote. Moreover, he was aware that doubts had been cast upon the very existence of Miss Vaughan, the late boon companion of Beelzebub. He could have readily inquired into the matter and cleared up those doubts, but instead of doing what it was his sacred duty to accomplish, he merely hurled a sweeping accusation against the freemasons, and pledged his word that Diana Vaughan was all that M. Taxil proclaimed her to be. The Cardinal Vicar of Rome and his private secretary wrote charming and encouraging letters to Diana of the Lutetians at the very moment they were frowning down conscientious and self-sacrificing Catholic men of science. And the Pope himself sent the good girl his benediction. If at that critical conjuncture one of the spirits about

whom theologians tell us that they can shape human bodies out of the elements had hastened upon the scene and imparted shape and form to the phantom of the Frenchman's brain, a grave scandal and a bitter humiliation would have been avoided. But the spirits made no sign. "With a lively yet a sweet sentiment I received your letter of the 29th November,"* writes the domestic prelate of his Holiness and Secretary to the Cardinal Vicar, addressing the airy young lady, Diana. "His Holiness has charged me to thank you and to give you, in his name, his special blessing. My sympathies have gone out to you for a long time past. Your conversion is one of the most grandiose triumphs of grace that I know of. I am now reading your memoirs which are full of thrilling interest. You are aware that a bloody war has been declared against you. Not only is the authenticity of your precious revelations about freemasonry called in question, but your very existence is doubted. I possess material and psychological proofs not merely of your existence, but also of the sincerity of your conversion. Thanks to these proofs I had the opportunity, and if I may venture to say so, the happiness to stand up for you energetically on more than one occasion."

It would be difficult to conceive of anything more pathetic than those words addressed to a young lady whose doings, name and very existence had been invented by a French trickster. If in a simple issue of this kind, which Scotland Yard would have successfully investigated in three days, the whole "teaching Church," the Catholic Press, bishops, and Pope were thus easily hoaxed, with what degree of confidence can we listen to their opinions and obey their decrees in matters much more difficult to fathom, when they obstinately refuse to employ human or divine means of arriving at the truth? Here we are confronted with a high Church dignitary who is well aware that many judicious and calm observers deny that there is any Miss Vaughan. He himself has never set eyes on the lady. He has it in his power to demand that she be produced within a week. If a real person, she cannot be alone, she must be in contact with other human beings. And none of these can be so thoroughly devoted to the cause as a Jesuit. Why not commission a Jesuit then to visit and talk with her? But instead of taking the most rudimentary precautions against error, he comes forward with the astounding and of course groundless declaration that he is in possession of "material and psychological proofs" of her existence, and not only of that! Surely people who in matters of the gravest import show so few traces of sound judgment, so imperfect a knowledge of what evidence is and should be, must make up their minds to see their testimony ruled out of court.

When at last the bubble burst and the swindle was discovered every man vied with his neighbour in warning Catholics to be cautious, and

* 1895.

the Jesuits took special credit to themselves for being first in the field. But as one of themselves significantly points out "the same Jesuit H. Gruber, who in 1886 introduced—*anonymously* introduced—Leo Taxil to the German public, amid the plaudits of the Ultramontane Press, is now relied upon by that same Press, for the purpose of dis-crediting Leo Taxil"*

Yet the blind who thus led the blind through the religious domain until both fell into the ditch claim an inalienable right to guide the entire body of Catholics in the political and social sphere without seeking to equip themselves more suitably for the task. And here, too, the primary aim is a return to mediævalism. Democracy is to be yoked to the papal chariot, co-operation among the masses throughout the world is to be clericalised, as parliamentarism has been among the classes in Holland, Belgium, Germany, and Austria. The supremacy of the Pope in the social movement is the salutary principle which will heal all the wounds from which modern society is suffering. Such was the fundamental idea put forward in the Encyclical *Rerum novarum*. Hence no working men's unions were approved by the bishops unless their statutes were in harmony with this principle. The motive is transparent: the falling away from the Church of such a large number of the educated classes must be compensated for by binding the masses more closely to Rome, by making them efficient instruments in the hands of the Pope. The impulse thus given to social life and movement in 1891 was considerable, the outlook, too, at first, seemed hopeful. "Democracy and the Gospel," "the Masses and the Sovereign Pontiff" were the watchwords. But when it became apparent that the people had views and objects of their own, and the leaders of the movement pursued purely social aims instead of being content to further those of the Vatican, a change came over the scene. Several clerics were reprimanded, censured, excommunicated, Bishop Doutreloux of Liege was persecuted, the name "Christian Socialists" was discarded, even the label "Christian Democracy" was dropped and in some parts of Italy forbidden by the Bishops. It was mainly in Italy that the wirepullers of the Vatican hoped by letting loose the democratic flood to sweep away all obstacles to the temporal power of the Pope. But Conservatives finally took the democratic movement in hand, aided and abetted by the papal Brief *Graves de Communi* which although promulgated in the name of the Pope is credibly attributed to Cardinal Rampolla†.

This Brief came as an extinguisher of the reasonable hopes of the Catholic masses. There is no connection, it pointed out, between them and social democrats. They must respect differences of class, and property, and must work harmoniously with every form of Government. They must be obedient to Rome, where the masses, divided into national groups, will be looked after by certain authorities charged

* Hoensbroech, Op. cit., p. 53.

† Cf. *Beilage z. Allgem. Zeitung*, N. 50, 1902.

with this duty. Such was the gist of the document. But the younger and earnest section of the party refused to capitulate. Their Italian leader, Murri, a fervent Catholic but a convinced democrat, condemned the action of the Ultramontanes as calculated to paralyse the movement. Last January the "hyena of the Vatican," the *Civiltà Cattolica*—the Jesuit organ of the Curia—published a remarkable dissertation in which all good subjects of the Holy Father were solemnly warned against those "non-clerical Catholics" who are minded to restrict their belief in the Pope's infallibility to the domain of faith and morals, and hold that in political questions they may act as they deem fit. This essay, in the judgment of most unbiassed Catholics,* is a *defence of the political infallibility of the Pope*, of the same Pope whom we saw in analogous conditions hoodwinked by an unscrupulous adventurer, invoking a special blessing on the head of a non-existing lady-friend of Lucifer. The organ of the Vatican adopts a line of reasoning so simple that it can be applied with equal fitness to every act of man. The Pope is the infallible teacher of morals. Politics are morals influencing the well-being of the State, therefore the Pope can command implicit obedience in that sphere, and Catholics have no right to disregard his behests. Yet those behests are sometimes very curious. Submission to preventive censure is one of them. All democratic writings must be first laid before the diocesan bishop, and if he withholds his approbation, must be suppressed. No resolutions may be passed by working men's associations unless previously sanctioned by the bishop, nor may any speeches or lectures upon Christian democracy be delivered by either laymen or clergymen unless they are authorised by the episcopal authorities of the place. And if we may believe the latest work published with a bishop's imprimatur on the papal Encyclical, the "definitive solution of the Social question," lies according to that authoritative document, in a return to mediæval guilds†.

A group of Italian ecclesiastics, infallible—not by the grace of God but by the credulity of man—in science and politics, absolute leaders of the masses, bent upon regaining temporal power at all costs, undermining the monarchical principle throughout Italy in order to reinstate it in Rome, disavowing it in France, preconising it in Russia, decorating the German persecutor of the Church with the Order of Christ and then condemning Germany and its allies as instruments of Christ's enemies—that is the ideal of Ultramontanism, which has little in common with the religion of the Catholic Church. Drawn thus irresistibly towards material wealth and political power, Ultramontanism assumes an attitude towards ethics which is alien to that of the Catholic Church. It is not my intention

* Cf. for example, the author of the Study in the *Beilage z. Allgem. Zeitung*, loc. cit.

† "Die Christliche und die Neutrale Gewerkvereinsbewegung," von Dr. Kempel Mainz.

to re-echo the charges which especially in Germany have been brought against our moral theology and the principles underlying that branch of ecclesiastical studies. In many points those attacks were based upon exaggerations and misunderstandings, and in some cases they were delivered in obvious bad faith. More disquieting far are the attempts deliberately made to treat morality in principle as far less important than intellectual clear-thinking or assent to this or that abstruse proposition, to profess far less horror for the most heinous crimes than for so-called errors in metaphysics or theology.

Alarming doctrines are being spread among the French clergy with the express approbation of the Bishop of Langres, to which I here call attention in the faint hope that some notice will be taken of them by Rome. We are asked to hold—and on occasion to shape our action in accordance with the belief—that intellectual error is the root of all evil, moral turpitude being but dust in the balance by comparison, and that no pains and penalties are too cruel for those guilty of deviating from the beaten track in theology and metaphysics. A few extracts from the series of articles in which a return to mediæval practices is called for may help to open the eyes of our co-religionists to the dangers of the Serbonian bog in which Ultramontanes are helplessly floundering. “Sin, by its nature, is something contingent, the *idea* is “universal. Sin passes together with the evil individual dispositions “of the moment, error abides.”* “The greatest evil, speaking absolutely, is that of error.”† Speaking of moral crookedness the “old moralist” says, with his bishop’s approval: “This sort of error is, “as a general rule, less seriously baneful to souls than the preceding “kind: heresy, apostasy, schism, ignorance of the fundamental truths “of the Symbol. Christian morality includes a body of principles “which do not all possess the same importance. Here we are no “longer among the foundations of the edifice. If a part of its aerial “structure should undergo a change, that is a deplorable accident which “does not endanger the whole. The evil is almost always remediable “or at any rate it does not dry up at their source the living waters of “supernatural and saving thought.”‡ “A man who lives in notorious “concubinage, who blasphemes, who steals, even who assassinates, outrages the Decalogue, but not the Symbol. He may vitiate the wills, “his action does not cause the intellects to rot, disorders springing “from passion, after all accidental, transitory, and reparable, but not “disorders of ideas.”§ “The personal intolerance which I preach does “not regard therefore in any way crimes or secret vices, private “sinners.”|| “In order to form good Christians let us adopt the divine “method, teaching, the only evangelical and efficacious one. Let us “aim at the intellect: the rest will follow over and above.”¶ Error being the evil *par excellence*, the Church is bound to attack that. And

* “*L’Ami du Clergé*,” Tolerando, Langres, 20th March, 1902, p. 241.

† *Op. cit.*, 27th February, 1902, p. 177.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 180.

§ *Op. cit.*, p. 245.

|| *Op. cit.*, p. 244.

¶ *Op. cit.*, p. 182.

in the exercise of that duty Catholics unfortunately are remiss "Our weakness, as Catholics, is our 'disarmament' We believe with too great simplicity in the efficacy of words, when we should have administered blows *vim vi repellere* . . . That which gives me pain, that which for me is one of the characteristic marks of the ravages caused in our ranks by that parody of charity which masks itself under the new dogma of the respectability of persons, is that the partisans of that dogma—and they are legion—blush for the former intolerant attitude of the Church towards persons If people speak to them of her severities, her Inquisitions, of her strokes of the scourge which she administered on the skin of miscreants, they sadly hang their eyelids and reply indistinctly cast the veil of silence over it! Barbarous customs deplorable intolerance

"I ask their pardon It is part of the dogmas, and of the best of dogmas, that the Church is a mother who possesses a perfect right to flog, when in her wisdom she thinks fit to do so Enough

"The subject is a delicate one, and my readers understand me if necessary, they will divine what I am forced merely to hint at"* That trick of leaving us to guess what some of our teachers merely hint at, is perilous and ought not to have been approved by a Bishop

Morality therefore is a secondary matter the essence of religion is faith Where faith is lacking force may, nay must, be employed to create it, and where force fails the unbeliever may and ought to be suppressed Such are the doctrines sanctioned by episcopal authority which Catholics are exhorted to assent to, while giving up the truths acquired by science and admitted by competent men throughout the world

To those exorbitant demands, to a return to the Middle Age, its demonology and theocratic principles, intelligent Catholics will not, cannot, consent The ill-advised endeavours to force them have already driven over a thousand priests from the true fold in France and vast numbers of Catholics, laymen and clerics, in Austria and Italy. Many of those who still remain in the Church are opposed tooth and nail to this anti-Catholic, anti-religious innovation, some have recorded their protests in emphatic terms, others are silent, like the English priests of whom we have heard so much of late That the movement in France is alarming can no longer be called in question The Bishop of Nancy, Monseigneur Turinaz has recently announced to the world that "c'est la foi de la France Chrétienne qui s'en va tous les jours" "Schism looms menacingly on the horizon" The clerical *Gazette de France* writes "Never before have we witnessed such a falling off in the ranks of the Catholic clergy The new policy (of the Pope) is doing its work" The *Vérité* comments as follows upon those visible losses inflicted upon us by a change of system which we cannot, with the best possible will, identify with religion. "There have at all times

* Op. cit., p. 244

“been unfortunate cases of apostasy They were isolated To-day the evil is greater than it has ever been before It is no longer a matter of particular cases, but certain general tendencies are making themselves felt, a certain movement of the masses is noticeable”* Rome alone, absorbed by political aims and diplomatic intrigues, appears to take no notice of the writing-on the wall, or else deems the advantages worth the sacrifice

And this winnowing process is going on everywhere All over Europe and in parts of the United States, the signs and symptoms which point to the gradual elimination of the intellectual elements from the Catholic Church are increasing and multiplying One of the most recent and not least alarming occurred at the Catholic University of Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, where the Jesuit Fathers occupy the theological faculty and possess considerable influence The chief of the *dramatis personæ* was the professor of Canon Law there and the circumstances under which he raised his voice in protest were briefly these There is a clerical newspaper which appears in Innsbruck and is called *Tiroler Stimmen*, the editor of which delivered a speech at Brixen last March wherein he said “The Pope is the supreme lawgiver of the world He is the highest judge, to whose decrees we all submit *He is the foundation, the groundwork of the moral order of the world*” This was not perhaps an apotheosis of the Sovereign Pontiff, but neither is it a proposition which educated Catholics can endorse or even listen to without protest Dr Wahrmond, professor of Canon Law, replied to it some days later in a speech to the students which caused a sensation throughout the Continent, and a brief summary of which cannot but do good to our co-religionists in England Here is the passage which contains the keynote.

“We are in presence of a momentous phenomenon, which for a long time past has been discerned by the eye of the far-seeing,—the split of Catholicism into a progressive and a conservative section How this split gradually came about is a question which I cannot undertake to explain to you within the limits of this address I merely remark that it appears to be the necessary and unavoidable consequence of the development of human culture during the past few centuries, a development abreast of which the Catholic Church has not been able to keep” Harmonising relations were thereby destroyed—the speaker went on to say—between faith and reason, nature and revelation, and “a positive opposition was created between historico-ecclesiastical Christianity and the religious needs of western peoples” Almost every educated Catholic who thinks for himself is conscious of this opposition, and casts about him for means of bridging over the chasm The party of progress has suggested that the Church should set about adapting herself to a certain extent to the raised intellectual level of the age This proposal is supported not only by distinguished

* *Vérité*, 21st December, 1897

laymen, but also by the clergy, theologians and academical teachers such as Schell, Kraus, Ehrhard, etc. But there are as many martyrs as there are names on the list. The conservative Catholic party will admit no compromise, insists on the absolute and unconditional submission of the entire community to Rome. This indeed is held to be a condition not merely of saving one's soul, but of preserving the Austrian Empire as well. Cultured and intelligent Catholics are naturally, necessarily in the opposite camp, and what the reactionary party has thus lost in intellect it makes up for by political power and a reign of terror.

The Church, Dr. Wahrmund went on to say, has suffered great losses among the thinking classes of society, among the men who are at the head of every progressive movement. Many of these, however, determined by religious indifference or extrinsic motives, still keep up a loose connection with the community. But the indifference of the *élite* is filtering down to the middle classes, while from the depths below radical socialism is pushing upwards, undermining not merely the groundwork of Catholicism but the basis of all Christianity. Hence conservative Catholicism is becoming more and more the religion of the farmers and of the petty bourgeois, it is gradually assuming the form of a new Paganism, a religion of peasants, as in former times happened to Græco-Roman heathenism in its decay. The harm thus done to Catholicism is immense for our clergy are wont to consort mainly with the uncultured masses, and to influence these by the coarsest and most material means. "He who sets himself to combat the religious indifference of the present day by means of processions of Confraternities of Prayer or with the Rosary-devotions of old women merely makes himself a laughing stock." The conservative section which relies on those means and on others still worse on the downright denial of facts, on the efficacy of vain threats, and on the suasive virtue of brute force, are casting discredit upon a good cause and bringing about the ruin of the Catholic Church.

Touching upon the editor's glorification of the Pope, as the highest authority in the universe, unbounded by aught that is human, Dr. Wahrmund stigmatised it as the result of blind fanaticism, mental narrowmindedness and disregard of truth. The omnipotence of the Pope is a religious mistake and a statistical lie. The Ultramontane system which is bent on having it accepted by all seeks thereby to cripple the State and bind the individual hand and foot. It says virtually to every Catholic "See to your stomach, and provide for the propagation of the race; go regularly to Church and accomplish your daily work. But in all important matters, in everything which seems calculated to have far-reaching results, deliver yourselves up blind and dumb into the hands of your spiritual superiors." And no man who is intellectually independent can submit to this. The day of decision is come. We must cut ourselves loose from the conservative

section, from Ultramontanism, not indeed as enemies and scorners, but rather as friends and adherents of the Church. Dr. Wahrmond is and will remain a Catholic. He views with pain the "Break away" "from Rome" movement, and he considers the tendency to enter the Lutheran Church as an act of despair. He still hopes that in time Rome will open her eyes, see her mistake and bridge over the chasm that sunders her from many of her best and most fervent champions.

"But if the Catholic hierarchy clings to the attitude of unbending, absolute negation of the modern world, then a time will come when the Church will promulgate laws which will exist only on paper, will utter exhortations which will be listened to by no man, will utter protests which will be left unnoticed, like a Pagan religion she will have to withdraw to secluded Alpine valleys where, forgotten by the world, she will waste away enfeebled by old age. Centuries, many centuries will elapse before that consummation, but I venture to tell you to-day that in this 20th century the great question will be definitively settled whether the Catholic Church has it in her again to become the leader of mankind or whether her decay and death are a foregone conclusion."

VOCES CATHOLICÆ

THUS FAR.

UP to the time of writing the Education Bill has produced a singular diversity of results. Everybody at the moment is busy protesting about something. We have Churchmen vowing that they will close their schools if the Kenyon-Slaney amendment is not withdrawn, Nonconformists that they will withhold their rates, and County Councils that they will refuse to administer, if the Bill is passed. Still more important, public opinion appears to be definitely setting against the principal proposals of the Government. The Bill has wrought the miracle of re-uniting the Opposition, and has swept large numbers of voters into their camp. In the six bye-elections which have taken place since it was first introduced, an aggregate Unionist majority of 8,570 has been converted into a Liberal majority of 1,912. The Unionist poll has in the same constituencies decreased by 8 per cent, while the Liberal poll has increased by nearly 40 per cent. Meanwhile, the Bill is being driven through the House of Commons by the severest form of closure, but though Mr. Balfour rallied his Party at the beginning of the autumn sitting by announcing that the Government would stand or fall by the Bill, his majority tends to dwindle as the final stages are approached. Eighty-seven Unionist members were absent unpaired from the division which enforced the guillotine closure, and the Government Party is short of its full strength to at least that extent on most divisions.

These are the outward signs, and it is not surprising that they should raise the spirits of the Opposition and depress the spirits of the Government. If it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose, then at length the present Opposition is relieved from all distracted counsels about the duty which lies before it. In opposing the Education Bill it engages in the simplest and most effective kind of Party warfare, and represents the views of a good half of the public on the old and familiar issues of religious equality and administrative principle. And, if it were merely the fate of political parties that was at stake, there might

be unalloyed satisfaction that the Liberal Party had at length found itself again, and was under the necessity of composing its private quarrels for the sake of a public cause. But there is unfortunately something more in the balance, which is the interests of education, and it is no mere cant to say that serious men in both Parties view with profound regret the prospect which is being opened up. There are some subjects which there is no chance of settling with any approach to finality except with the consent of at least the more moderate members of both Parties. Elementary Education is emphatically one of them. A Tory minister may consider the Nonconformist attitude to be irrational, a Liberal minister may hold the same opinion about the Anglican attitude, or the average non-religious man may consider the religious difficulty to be a turmoil of mystics and fanatics, yet, if either of them imagines that he will settle the education question without considering points of view which seem to him irrational, fanatical, or mystical, he has yet to learn the rudiments of the subject. A Bill may be carried through the House of Commons by enormous majorities and imposed on the country by administrative orders, but it will not advance education, and still less will it relieve us of the religious difficulty, unless it carries the consent or at least avoids the active hostility of those who will maintain it and administer it. So far as he spoke truly when he described the present Bill as the Government's "triumph over the Nonconformist opposition," Cardinal Vaughan condemned the measure root and branch. There is no triumph possible for anybody in this matter, and those who attempt to triumph by the aid of a Parliamentary majority merely embitter the conflict and prepare their own downfall when the majority changes.

The catastrophe of the Government Bill is that it ignored these very elementary conditions, and was from the first a completely partisan Bill. Mr. Balfour habitually talks as if the objections to it were unintelligible to him. And yet he can hardly have been so ignorant of English history as not to have known that his proposals challenged on their religious side the whole body of doctrine to which the Nonconformists are committed, and on their administrative side, the theory of Government which a Liberal Party exists to uphold. Expert may differ from expert about the educational value of the Bill, but no English minister can have expected this Bill to escape the most vehement opposition, unless, indeed, he thought that Liberalism was dead and Nonconformity of no account. There was, moreover, a special aggravation in the circumstances in which it was proposed. For though no practical politician can desire to lay too much stress upon the mandate theory of a general election, yet there are cases where the absence of a mandate is very nearly the equivalent of an instruction not to proceed on certain lines. At the last election the Government appealed to the public to support them on an imperial issue irrespective of Party politics, and ministers were at pains to make it clear that a Liberal could respond

to this appeal without prejudice to his opinions on other subjects. One would have supposed that good policy as well as good taste would have prescribed that a majority thus obtained should not be used for the special discomfiture of Liberals on a domestic issue. An opponent who comes to your rescue at a critical moment is usually thought entitled to rather specially considerate treatment. But, even if we forego the appeal to chivalry, we may fairly ask whether men are encouraged to abandon Party ties for imperial interests, when it is thus advertised that in so doing they expose themselves to the whips and scorpions of the Government which they have temporarily supported.

All these circumstances have to be borne in mind when complaint is made of the bitterness which has attended the present controversy. Ministers naturally prefer to say as little as possible about the circumstances of the last election, and allusions to his speeches during the tornado of 1900 are resented by Mr Chamberlain as a lapse from good taste. But it is hardly possible that the memories of his opponents should be so short. If the election of two years ago had been followed by a strict observance of the Party truce which it implied, wounds had been inflicted which it must have taken time to heal. But when the big majority obtained on the Boer issue is used to settle the most controversial of all English questions in the manner most objectionable to the bulk of the Opposition, and most challenging to convictions which some of them hold as matters of conscience, it is not to be expected that the debate will proceed with unruffled moderation. A surprise movement in which a temporarily superior force succeeds in ambushing its opponents is of course a perfectly legitimate movement in war, and, when it is neatly carried out, we all pay our tribute to the skill and daring of the commanding officer. But it is scarcely thus that Governments are expected to proceed in pushing the interests of a Church, nor does the method lend itself to any form of settlement which is likely to endure.

Mr Balfour said in his Guildhall speech that he had heard a great deal about religion and very little about education in the course of the debate and during the Autumn Sitzings. That is of course quite true, but since he has himself avowed it to be the central principle of the Bill to secure a particular kind of religious instruction in the public schools, it is surely irrational to complain that the discussion should be about religion. We are all familiar with the experts and philosophic persons who dismiss the religious question as a tiresome side-issue, and proceed to invent "purely educational schemes" to be applied in a vacuum from which the religious atmosphere has been exhausted. There could be no more profitless pursuit for a practical statesman in this country. We may think that the religious question ought not to exist in education, we may even boldly declare that it does not exist, therein perhaps speaking the truth so far as a majority of schools and parents are concerned. But the fact stares us in the face that the

religious question has for a generation been a stumbling block to progress in elementary education, and no day passes without its warning that we must somehow reach a settlement of it, if we are even tardily to bring our elementary schools up to the level of German, American, or even Swiss schools. I do not believe that the Bill now before the country promises a settlement or anything but a considerable, if temporary, aggravation of the religious question, nevertheless the discussion of it has greatly helped to bring the different points of view clearly before the public, and in that respect at least to prepare the ground for their future adjustment. At the present stage, therefore, it may not be unprofitable to consider briefly how the forces are ranging themselves, and to what conclusion events are moving or drifting.

In the first place, the discussion has made it plain that there are even among Churchmen two distinct if not conflicting theories of the part which religion should play in the schools. These are what may be called for brief the religious atmosphere theory and the regulated hours theory. The first is adopted by all Roman Catholics and a considerable section of Anglicans. According to this, there is no proper division between secular and religious instruction. The Catholic child is, in Cardinal Vaughan's words, to be taught by the Catholic teacher in the Catholic school, and the Anglican child by the Anglican teacher in the Anglican school. The atmosphere is to be religious throughout the day, in the arithmetic lesson as in the catechism lesson, religious in the sense that the dogmatic and denominational man understands the word. According to the other theory, which was apparently adopted by the Bishop of Leicester in his presidential address to the Church Congress, the religious or dogmatic instruction is to be given in "regulated hours," and the secular instruction is to be a thing apart which the Nonconformist child can attend without the slightest danger of being influenced by the denominational surroundings.

Now, it is of the utmost importance that we should know clearly on which of these theories the Church of England takes her stand. According as one or other is adopted, it becomes easy or difficult to reach a settlement of the religious question. There are a variety of ways in which sectarian teaching might be provided during "regulated hours" in public schools without infringing the neutrality of the secular teaching or its control by the public. There is no way in which the sectarian atmosphere can be guaranteed unless the sectarian managers are given the appointment of teachers and the practical control of the school. So long as men differ about religion and attach importance to their differences, the attempt to compel the public to support schools which are thus administered must raise an issue which touches conscience and conviction. Some will consider it an offence to their conscience to be required to support a propaganda which they think erroneous or to submit their children to an influence which they dis-

approve Others will take broader ground and object to education being brought under clerical influence, or, still more, to the religious test which will exclude the non-Anglican teacher from half the public schools Others again will take their stand on the administrative principle that institutions which are financed by the public should also be controlled by them, and trace all these injustices and anomalies to its violation It matters little for practical purposes whether we take it from the administrative or the religious point of view, the broad fact which concerns us is that a school with a denominational atmosphere cannot in any effective sense be a publicly controlled school Either its managers must control it by controlling the teachers, or its denominational atmosphere will be liable to the changes and chances of popular sentiment Here, there is no possibility of any compromise that will endure We must abandon either the religious atmosphere or the public control The attempt to combine the two is foredoomed to failure

Which of these two theories, then—the regulated hours theory or the religious atmosphere theory—does the Church of England adopt? The question is often asked but never plainly answered. The truth is that Churchmen are in a controversial position which makes complete candour very difficult It is easy for Cardinal Vaughan to speak boldly about the Catholic child being taught by the Catholic teacher in the Catholic school, and to hail the Bill as the Government's triumph over the Nonconformists That is the line which his Church has always taken, and the Protestant parent who sends his child to a Roman Catholic school does so well knowing that there is no escape from the Roman Catholic atmosphere But how can this be admitted by the Church of England which has always argued that the Conscience Clause is a complete protection to the Nonconformist child attending her schools, and which has drawn support for these schools from Nonconformists and non-Anglican ratepayers on the purely secular ground that it is an economy to avoid a School Board? The Conscience Clause enables a child to be withdrawn from the sectarian teaching in "regulated hours," but it is and can be no protection against an atmosphere which permeates the entire school and all the teaching And if the intention was that the schools should indeed be thus permeated, the public which has been induced to support them for secular reasons, will say naturally enough that the real design has been masked In this dilemma the Church, as Newman said in another connection, "steers between the Scylla of Aye and the Charybdis of 'Nay through the channel of no meaning'" She will neither avow the religious atmosphere idea nor abandon it, neither make such terms as she could for sectarian teaching in regulated hours, nor admit that by claiming the right of appointing the teachers she desires to control the schools It would, I believe, be doing the Church of England a serious injustice to suppose that she was actuated by the merely worldly motive

of wishing to maintain an ascendancy which gives her clergy a special power and influence among their neighbours, nevertheless her perpetual disclaimer of the religious atmosphere idea, while at the same time she insists on nominating two-thirds of the managers, and on retaining the appointment of teachers in their hands—privileges which are pointless and unnecessary if the sectarian instruction is to be confined within regulated hours—might suggest this conclusion even to unsuspecting persons

The truth is, though it cannot, for the reasons stated, be conveniently avowed, that the Church holds and the Bill adopts the religious atmosphere, and not the regulated hours, idea. The public were quick to seize this fact when the Bill was first introduced, and they have not been driven from their opinion by passionate assertions to the contrary. Mr Balfour is in the same difficulty as the Church herself. He will neither avow nor abandon the idea of a denominational control which extends to the whole school. At one moment he insists with passionate emphasis that the public control is absolute, and that the managers under the Bill are no more important or independent authorities than the "managers" under the London School Board. At another he is fighting with his back to the wall against all amendments which could reduce the managers to the position which he says that they hold. It is mendacious and calumnious, he tells us at Manchester, to suggest that the denominationalists will control the education, it would be "monstrously and utterly unjust," he tells us in the House of Commons, to concede "what is called popular control and management of voluntary schools." It is not surprising if, in the stress of this peculiar argument, Mr Balfour was occasionally betrayed into self-contradictions, which recall the exploits of the Colonial Secretary, but it need not for a moment be supposed that he was reduced to these straits by mere heedlessness or forgetfulness. It was the sheer impossibility of reconciling the thing that he was doing with the things that can be avowed to the public. The facts, however, became clear in the course of debate. Over and over again Mr Balfour rejected amendments which would have made popular control effective, in the sense that it is understood in all other branches of administration, on the ground that they would destroy the denominational character of the schools. Denominationalism, in fact, as understood by the Bill, means the Anglican manager appointing the Anglican teacher to the Anglican school, and that, let it be said once more, is fundamentally incompatible with effective public control.

No one can blame the Anglican clergy for holding this theory of education. It is the theory that is most natural to the religious man who truly and earnestly believes the doctrines of his Church, and, let us add, the theory that most deserves respect. The Catholic naturally desires that a school shall be permeated with the spirit of Catholicism, the Anglican that it shall be permeated with the spirit

of Anglicanism. But there are two things which the rest of the community may reasonably demand both of Catholic and Anglican, first that they shall avow the object without fear or shame, and secondly that they shall be willing to make sacrifices for their ideal. To demand that the public shall pay for the schools, while the Church controls them, and to suggest that the secular work of the school can be controlled by the public while the Church managers appoint the teachers and supervise the daily routine, seems to many of us a kind of subterfuge which will not in the long run serve the cause of religion. The Church may, with the aid of the Government, win the next move. But she puts herself in a position of antagonism to the stream of tendency which has prevailed in this country for the last three generations. She claims to apply a religious test to teachers who will from henceforth be public servants, she insists on a two-thirds majority of the management while contributing only one-sixth of the cost, she takes security that the national and unsectarian system shall not advance except with her consent, she seeks, that is to say, not only the recognition of her existing schools as entitled to State-support, but an opportunity to promote her special system in the future on terms which, as many of us think, must give it an actual preference over the non-sectarian system. These are claims which could scarcely have been made at any time in the last century with any prospect of success, and their acceptance as a permanent settlement of the Education question would presume a reversal of the whole order of ideas which have governed public administration for the last sixty years.

I make no apology for dwelling at some length on these aspects of the Bill, for thus only can we understand what is actually proposed and explain the course which the Bill has followed in Committee. With Mr Balfour's admission that the retention in the hands of voluntary managers of the power of appointing teachers was "the very root of the principles of the measure" much that had hitherto been obscure immediately became clear. It was plain that the religious atmosphere theory was the theory adopted by the Government, it was plain that in this issue there could be no compromise, it was plain that Mr Balfour's account of the Bill in his Manchester speech could not be made good in the House of Commons. For a Bill which vested the complete control of secular education in the local authority would not have withheld the appointment of teachers from the local authority, nor if the managers were a mere metaphor, as alleged at Manchester, would the Government have fought as they did, either to keep the appointment of teachers in their hands or to secure that a majority of them should be privately appointed. The Manchester speech, in fact contemplated an entirely different kind of Bill, a Bill on the regulated hours principle which, while jealously guarding the denominational instruction in stated hours, and taking every security that nothing contrary to it should be taught in other hours, would have

placed the school and the teacher frankly under the control of the popularly elected authority. The perpetual assertions of Mr Chamberlain and Mr Balfour that this was in fact done by the Bill, whereas in truth it was the "root principle" of the Bill not to do it, has had highly confusing results. The managers swell or shrink in importance according as the Government is addressing the Church or the public. To the public they are a mere metaphor, to the Church a complete guarantee for the denominational character of the school. Similarly with the appointment of teachers. At one moment it goes to "the very root of the Bill," the next it is a detail which does not in the least detract from the completeness of the secular control. The amendments accepted thus far in Committee exactly reflect the oscillations between these points of view. The root principle of the Bill must be preserved, but concessions must be made to the demand for popular control. So the financial control has at least nominally been transferred from the managers to the local authority, an option has been given to the managers to appoint assistant teachers without reference to their religious belief, and to the authority to appoint a pupil teacher "by examination or otherwise" where there is more than one candidate for a vacancy, and the control of the religious instruction has been taken from the clergy exclusively and given (in name at all events) to the managers—a matter about which more will be said later. But if these amendments are really operative the result will be a rich confusion of overlapping authorities with half-defined powers. The power of the purse will be in the hands of one authority, the responsibility for the daily work in the hands of another, and when differences arise, a third will be called in to settle. The local authority cannot appoint but may object to the appointment of a teacher, the managers must not dismiss the teacher on secular grounds, but may do so on religious grounds, without the consent of the authority. Here is a sort of statutory inducement to scent heresy in a teacher who falls out with his managers. This extraordinary machinery with its endless opportunities for friction and strife has to be set up for the management of a village school, because the "root principle of the measure" requires that the denominationalists shall control the school while every other kind of principle forbids that persons not popularly elected should dip their hands into the public purse.

It is the incompatibility of these principles and the shifts to which the Government have been put in attempting to carry out the one while conciliating public opinion about the other, that have vitiated the Bill from the educational point of view. Mr Balfour habitually speaks as if the Opposition were basely ungrateful to him for the concessions which he has made. But he forgets three things, first, that the small rebates which he makes in his original proposals are as nothing to the denial of claims which we think to be just, secondly, that the removal of the option which was in the Bill as

originally introduced immensely increases the force of the blow to the Nonconformists, and thirdly, that the form which the Bill is taking in Committee defeats our hopes of educational efficiency. To reduce the power of the managers is the second line of defence to which we are driven when we have failed in our efforts to obtain popular management. It is from our point of view less objectionable that the privately appointed denominational managers should be subject to such checks as we can induce the Government to accept than that they should have uncontrolled powers over the public purse. But our objection is not to the managers managing but to the particular Board of Management which is appointed to manage. No one who drew an Education Bill without reference to the religious controversy could desire to disarm the men or women who are responsible for the daily work of the school. The disaster of the Bill from our point of view is that it should create the kind of managers whom the public will not trust to manage. It is this which necessitates the clumsy and impracticable machinery of the Bill, and which threatens us with the triple control of a County Council which by the nature of the case is unable to manage, a Board of Managers which is forbidden to manage, and a Board of Education which can only manage by exciting the hostility of one or the other. All this friction and trouble and confusion of authorities follows inevitably from the initial mistake of appointing private managers to public schools. It is impossible for any Government in these times to carry that method to its logical conclusion, and Ministers are, therefore, bound to introduce a variety of checks and balances which, if they did what is claimed for them, would bring the educational machine to a standstill. My own impression is that none of them will operate and that the majority of managers who are on the spot and who appoint the teachers must in the long run control the school. But whatever result is arrived at must, while the measure remains in force, be reached through friction and confusion, and in many places it will be impossible either to close an inefficient school, or to provide a new school, or to take the simplest steps that educational needs may dictate, without a preliminary battle between rival religious partisans.

A controversy which if not important for the moment may yet greatly affect the future course of the religious question has in the meantime developed within the Church of England itself. The ecclesiastical tornado, as Mr Asquith has called it, which raged about the Kenyon-Slaney amendment is to most people a very mysterious manifestation. The Church indeed, has seldom seemed so impracticable to the politicians who support her from without as when her bishops and clergy raised their voices against the limited power of supervising religious instruction which this amendment confers on the Church laity. Could anything be more foolish, asked the man of affairs, than thus to imperil the Bill and justify opponents who said

that its aim was to establish priestly ascendancy at the public cost? The question would scarcely have been asked by anyone who had followed the history of the Church of England during the nineteenth century. For a provision which gave a Board of Managers, of whom two might be Nonconformists and five would probably be laymen, the control of religious teaching in the schools would undoubtedly make large inroads into the "Catholic principle" which inspired the Oxford movement,—the principle, namely, that the Church acting through her priests and bishops is the interpreter of religious truth, and in that capacity to be subject in no respect to the secular arm. Here, in fact, we get to the heart and centre of the conflict which has been carried on intermittently between Church and State for the last sixty years. The Jerusalem Bishopric, the Gorham Judgment, the Public Worship Regulation Act, and now the Kenyon-Slaney Amendment have each in their turn raised the same issue and "Catholic" Churchmen have invariably regarded it as a point of conscience.

The non-ecclesiastical layman has always had great difficulty in understanding the point and he will probably suspect that it is raised now less for the protection of religious truth than to secure the individual clergyman in his ascendancy over his school. That motive may enter into it, but it would, I think, be doing the Church a great injustice to suppose that it governs her claim. Those who hold the Catholic and priestly theory naturally believe that the guardianship of truth is the proper function of priests and bishops, and to them a Church seems to be no Church if its doctrine is liable to the diverse interpretation of secular Boards of Management. Moreover, the point has a practical importance in the Church of England which it has not in the Church of Rome. There is not the smallest doubt what a Roman priest must teach in a Roman Catholic school. His trust deeds permit no variety of interpretation to him or his Managers. But the principles or formularies of the Church of England, to which the Anglican trust-deed appeals, are compatible with doctrine which is scarcely distinguishable from that of the Protestant Nonconformist at one end of the scale and from that of the Church of Rome at the other end of the scale. Between these limits there is an immense field of activity open to a theologically minded Board of Management. Particularly, it is likely to be a thorn in the side of the High Church and Ritualist clergy who may convince the bishop but not always the Board of Managers that their teaching is within the four corners of the formularies of the Church of England. The energetic speech in which Mr Balfour declared that the amendment was a fitting instrument to be used against this class of clergy was not at all likely to conciliate the opposition of "the Catholic Party."

This is not the place to discuss the merits of any of these views or theories but the speeches made by the bishops and by Lord Hugh Cecil at the Albert Hall meeting on the 14th of last month show

clearly that they expected the ecclesiastical view to be embodied in the Bill, and still, in spite of the amendment, insist that it shall be. The Government, meanwhile, appear to have fallen back on their usual plea that the Managers are comparatively unimportant people and that in the event of any dispute the bishop will decide and the Catholic principle thus be saved. When the public objects to the denominational managers it is told that they will be confined to religious instruction, whereupon the Church objects and it is told that the managers will be powerless against the bishops. The position of managers to a Voluntary School certainly becomes less enviable as the Bill advances. But what is the demand of the Church as thus finally revealed to us? "It will," says the Bishop of London, "be the normal duty of the clergyman to give and superintend the religious teaching in the school. If the managers thought that teaching was not in accordance with the Church of England, they could remonstrate, if they and the clergyman agreed the matter was at an end, and if not either might appeal to the Bishop. If the Bishop decided that it was not in accordance with the Church of England, then and then only would the managers have the right of restraining the clergyman from teaching in his school." The control of religious instruction which the amendment appears to give to the managers is after all, then, the control of the Bishop. Lord Hugh Cecil very justly remarked that the explanation was "contrary to everything that was said by supporters of the amendment in the House of Commons including the very Government which now gave the explanation." Nevertheless, we must suppose that the explanation supersedes the amendment, for Mr Balfour has confirmed it in the answer which he gave to Mr Trevelyan in the House of Commons on November 19th.

But the question which now occurs to one is whether the clergy, if they look ahead even a few years, can possibly expect this clerical theory to prevail in a public system of education. The claim of the Church as finally revealed to us is that her schools shall be guarded first by the denominational managers, next by the denominational teachers, then by the clergy "whose normal duty it will be to give and superintend the religious teaching," and finally by the Bishop who in the case of any dispute between the clergy and the lay managers shall have the last word. Such a school be it good or bad, is rightly called a clerical school, and it is to be a school which, in regard to five-sixths of its charges, is to be financed by the public. The Church demands not only the Church manager and the Church teacher but clerical and episcopal control of both. These are the terms and these alone and nothing short of them will she accept from the State. And at the same time as she puts them forward, she protests, as the Bishop of London did, against being called upon to pay even for the repairs of the schools.

Now, one could understand a Liberal Churchman who cared nothing

about the ecclesiastical principle saying to himself that it was worth while running the risk of State interference for the sake of State support. It would matter little to him, if the teaching were arranged on the congregational instead of the episcopal principle, or even if eventually the proportion of managers were reversed and the teaching profession thrown open to persons of all denominations. He would still rely on the general good sense of the locality to do justice to the Church and to preserve the main features of its teaching in what had been Church schools. But these various steps are to the Catholic Churchman fatal encroachments upon the prerogatives of his Church, and he has told us on other occasions that rather than tolerate them he will break away from the State connection or even secede from the Anglican Communion. What, then, is the Catholic Churchman doing when he commits himself to this Bill? He is staking his Church principles on the chance that the public will permanently accept what even the Archbishop of Canterbury a few years ago thought to be impossible, on the chance, that is to say, that a Unionist Government will always be in power. The present Bill is not one of those organic measures which, when once passed strike root into the public system and establish themselves beyond reach of reaction. The whole elaborate structure by which the Church secures the denominational atmosphere and the episcopal control depends on retaining the figure 4 in Clause VII. Let the proportion of managers be reversed and the denominational test will be removed from the teacher, and the Bishop, if he desires to control, brought into conflict with a popularly elected Board of Management, instead of merely exercising his pastoral authority over members of his own flock. Again, I can imagine the Liberal Churchman saying that he is willing to allow the trust-deed to be interpreted by the commonsense of a popular Board, but how can the Catholic Churchman say it while adhering to his principle, and how can he be willing to risk so much for the sake of a temporary relief from the charges which Churchmen have hitherto borne for the propagation of their faith according to their own principles in their own schools? The surprising thing to those who have followed recent tendencies in the Church of England was not that Churchmen of the school of Bishop Gore should object to the Kenyon-Slaney amendment but that they should ever have committed themselves to the Bill.

These points are worth considering at some length, because they help us to realise what the Liberal policy must be. With several alternative policies to choose from, the Church has adopted the one which admits of no compromise. The Bill, as it stands, leaves its Liberal opponents but one remedy, which is the drastic one of disestablishing the sectarian managers and thus demolishing the whole fabric on which the Church has elected to stand. It is one of the most singular features of the present controversy that the very Church-

men who have threatened to join the disestablishment movement in order to liberate the Church from the shadowy control over its doctrine and practice exercised by Parliament or the Privy Council should now be putting Church Schools in a position in which the demand for secular control is practically unassailable. The endowment given to the schools is a much more direct and palpable form of contribution than the endowments enjoyed by the Church, and it is *à fortiori* exceedingly improbable that the public which requires the Church to submit to the State will for long permit the clergy to rule in the State Schools. By putting her demands in this form, the Church combines against herself a formidable body of opinion, much of which would not ordinarily be hostile. There are the educationists who think that a clerically controlled education is not a free or enlightened education, or who object on grounds of efficiency to the division of schools into two classes and to the obstacles which are set up to the advance of a national system. There are the Nonconformists who feel the proposals as an offence to their conscience, the politicians, who regard them as a violation of administrative principle, and finally a great many average people, not ordinarily politicians at all who greatly resent what they consider to be an inordinate clerical pretension. All these are likely to support the Liberal Party at the next election in a demand that the figures four and two shall be transposed in Sub-section 2 of Clause VII (or Clause VI, as it now is in the amended Bill), so that the popular managers may be in a majority in the non-provided schools. No Party ever had a clearer or simpler issue given it by its opponents to put before the country than the Liberal Party will have, when the Bill becomes law. And unless the people of England have greatly changed, they will almost certainly declare that bishops and priests can no more than other people expect to have the best of both worlds. If they expect State support they must accept State control, if they claim a spiritual supremacy, they must be prepared to support it by their own efforts.

But let it be added that the Liberal Party will no more succeed than its opponents in settling the religious question, if it seeks merely to balance a triumph over the Nonconformists by a triumph over the Church. That way lies a vendetta which will be fatal to education. Liberals must seek to understand the Church point of view, even while they fight these present proposals, and when the time comes for them to recast the Bill, they will do well to return good for evil by taking representative Churchmen into their confidence. With the Church atmosphere school, or the school with two doors, no compromise is possible. The wit of man cannot devise a scheme which will reconcile it with public control even of secular education. But there is nothing repugnant to Liberal principles in the earlier demand of the Church for "denominational teaching in regulated hours," and many of us would be willing to concede it in both classes of schools as an

alternative or as a supplement to the existing undenominational teaching. That plan succeeds admirably in British Colonies and has solved the religious question in more than one European country. Therefore, let us always bear in mind the prospect of a final peace which will offend no one's conscience, which will give the public what the public is entitled to, and the religious man the opportunity that he desires. The immediate prospect is, unfortunately, not peaceful. The compulsory destruction of School Boards and their suppression by Committees of which no one knows the capacity, or even the constitution, would alone be a step that must arouse much secular bitterness. When it is complicated by religion and conscience and actively resisted on both these grounds, it threatens dissensions which go deeper than ordinary politics. It seems to be an inevitable law of English politics that religious parties shall never understand each other's points of view until they have engaged in a pitched battle. We must, therefore, compose ourselves to what is coming, but the Liberal Party will be well advised not to imitate its opponents but to remember at all times that the ultimate aim is a peace in which the reasonable views of both religious parties shall be adjusted to public principle and the interests of education.

J A SPENDER

A FARM IN THE CANTAL.

(HAUTE-AUVERGNE)

I

THE farm lies in a wonderful country. In order quite to comprehend our volcanic *Puys* and *Plombs*, you should, I believe, stand on the pointed crest of the Puy Mary. Before you, in the middle of the ancient crater, rises an ash-grey peak of clinkstone—the Puy de Griou, a perfect sugar-loaf. All round, the mountains define the circle of the ancient orifice, sheer on three of their sides, separated by wooded passes and by the deep fissure of rocky valleys which radiate from the crater like the beams of a star. On their further side the mountains roll down towards the plain in immense wavy plateaux which, at their highest point, attain some six thousand feet of altitude. These endless rolling pastures on the mountain tops are the wealth of our country and the *sine qua non* of our agriculture. I have never climbed higher than the long cliff behind our house, which bounds on the north the lovely valley of the Cère, even that is an ascent of some thousand feet. Green at its base with pastures, our hillside is crowned with a cornice of fluted rocks, andesite and breccia, which tower above the serried beech woods, mantled underneath. When at last you reach Les Huttes (the first village on the plateau), you see that our valley—wide, romantic, irregular as it appears—is, none the less, a sort of cañon or ravine sunk between two high tablelands. These last are covered with pasture and dotted here and there with odd little huts or cabins, which in fact are cheese-farms, for the people of the valleys send their herds to pasture on the mountain from May till after Michaelmas. The plateau is not flat, it rolls and undulates like the sea, and any of its higher points affords a marvellous view. To the north, the Puy de Griou rises sheer, as fine and as

sharp as the Fusiyama in a Japanese print. The long-backed ridges of the Plomb de Cantal and Puy Mary, each with its double hump, crouch beside it like great dragons with lean, grey, ravined flanks, while the endless blue of the rolling plains stretches in the distance.

The Plomb is an old friend, with the black peak of the Lioran, it closes our horizon in the valley, as you look to the north-east. Although the highest of our mountains (1,858 metres)—standing, in fact, over 6,200 feet in its grassy stockings—it is less effective than the frail ash-grey peak of Griou (1,694 metres). There are plenty more. In front of us rises the splendid saddle-shaped back of the Courpou-Sauvage, strewn with rocks which simulate fantastic ruins. Out of sight, but close at hand, rise Peyre-Arse, L'Uscade, Peyroux, Bataillouze, Puy Violent, Chavaroché, le Roc des Ombres. Their names alone preserve the image of a terror long forgotten. For the Wild Creature, with Burnt Rock and Rock Ruddy, with the Scorched Mountain, the Warful, Mount Violent and the Rock of Shadows, rests now at peace. For a thousand years and more the woods wave, the pasture flowers, the herds feed upon their rocky sides. Only the black stones, rolled smooth so long ago, fallen among our fields of flowering buckwheat, only these, and the veins of lava, bursting from their veil of mountain-pink and heather, tell still of that enormous upheaval of an elder world.

It is astonishing with what personality an accustomed eye invests a mountain. We say "The Lioran is darker than usual this morning," as we should say "Emilia has a headache." And what a pleasure when, towards September, the Courpou-Sauvage begins to blush with the blossoming heather! No mountains have ever seemed to me so friendly as these. They are not very high above our valley, which is placed itself some 2,000 feet above sea-level, so that we behold a scant two-thirds of their real height. But their forms are lovely in their infinite variety. Time cannot wither them, nor custom stale. Woods cling to them, cliffs and rocks jut from them in peak or turret, cascades and fountains and innumerable streams gush from their hearts of fire, pasture, fern or heather robe them higher than the girdle, only the peaks are bare and take a thousand colours in the changing lights.

My husband's old house of Olmet stands some way up the northern bank of the valley of the Cère, with the farm at its feet. Farm and house no longer belong to each other, but they are still on cordial terms, which is as well, since from our hinder terrace our eye drops involuntarily on all the life and business of our neighbours. The farm has been recently rebuilt by its new owner, and is no longer the picturesque hovel we used alternately to admire and deplore. But our tiny mountain manor, or moorland cottage, still bears the stamp of three hundred years on its thick solid walls and tower. The roof is beautiful, very steep, as befits a land of six months' snow, and a

soft ash-grey in colour, being covered with thick heart-shaped tiles of powdery mica-schist, which surmount with a pyramid either tiny solid tower a balcony starts out from it, whence you could sling a stone into the bottom of the valley, for Olmet stands on a jutting rock, to the great advantage of our view. The house is stunted from the front, where the garden is on the level of the first floor, but, seen from below, there is about the place a look at once austere and peaceful, rustic and dignified, as befits this land of hay and lava, of mountain peak and cream.

From windows or terrace we have a view that is a joy for ever. "*Quand on a vu l'enclos d'Olmet!*" cries Madame Langeac, of the farm below, as though Marly or Versailles could not compete with our little garden—a bare hilly field or orchard, running to hay, with a shabby flower-patch here and there, but loud with the murmur of the rippling water which sparkles in a fountain from the rocks, and noble with the vast and various beauty of the view. To the south rise the ravined foot-hills, clothed in wood, crowned with cornices and organ-pipes of rock, their green hummocks swelling and rising to the east, ever larger and ever higher, till they reach the black cone of the Lioran, to which the valley ascends in a series of rugged steps, narrowing as it goes, to the west, on the other hand, it opens like a fan. The precipitous walls of cliff soften into downs of limestone which die in the rolling plain beyond Arpajon, where, eleven miles away, one lovely hill, broken from the chain and larger and more gracious than its fellows, rises soft and blue, shaped like the breast of Ceres. To the one hand, the scene is full of grandeur and melancholy, while the western landscape smiles tranquil and noble in its dreamy peace. The mountains cease there, but long leagues beyond, in the vaporous blue of the distance, the plain still heaves and swells as with the movement of a sea—such an ocean of calm and space in which to bathe and renew one's-self from the troubles of the town!

II.

From early June to Michaelmas our valley and half our hills are deep in flowering hay, or busy with haymaking, or studded with hay-cocks. This year, the hay was out on the 3rd of October, when the mountains were already white with snow. As a poet says, with whom I hope to acquaint my readers —

Noun ! jusqu' ohuïé digun n'o pas enbentat res
Coumo oquelo sentour des prats seguats di frès
Que porfumo, l'estiou, l'Oubergno tout entiero !

No one has ever invented anything like the smell of the new-mown hay-fields which, in summer, perfumes the whole of Auvergne! Hay is our wealth, and—when it has suffered a transmutation into cheese

and cattle—our only export and exchange with the valleys below. It is in order that we may grow our hay all summer for the winter's needs that our cattle are sent in troops to feed on the mountain, leaving behind only the draught-oxen for the use of the farm and the cows for milking. We need plenty of hay, for in the stables during the five months of snow that follow All Saints you may roughly calculate four cartloads of it to every cow. On the higher slopes we cut it once in July and again in September, while June, August, and Michaelmas are harvest-time for the water-meadows in the bottoms, which yield three crops a year.

So, the summer long, the hay is cut on hill or valley, and at night the cattle pull through the narrow roads the primitive haywains—two mighty ladders set atilt on a plank above two wheels. After the wains, come the herds left at home. I love to watch them, and pass an hour most evenings seated upon our garden wall—a low stone bench above the orchard, which drops on the other side some thirty feet to the rocky lane below. Here come the cows, a score at most (for some ninety of the herd are on the mountain), beautiful kine of Salers, small and neatly made, of a bright deep-red colour all over, all alike, with thick curly coats and branching horns above their deer-like heads. They are herded by a tiny cow-herd of seven, a few black goats loiter in the rear. The finely-toned cow-bells tinkle faintly across the silence. The beasts low as they pass the open door of the huge two-storied barn, into which a cow and an ox, yoked together, are backing a great toppling wain of hay. Old Gaffer Langeac, the farmer's father, has come out to view the crop. He is five-and-eighty, and, being past work, he wears out all the week his long-treasured Sunday garments—a sleeved waistcoat of black cloth, the full sleeves buttoned into a tight wristband, a white shirt of coarse hemp-linen, and dark trousers of thick homespun *rasc* or frieze. His blue eyes, still bright, and his straggling white locks gleam under a huge soft sombrero of black felt. He is a fine old fellow—but is not this the very valley of green old age? An ancient goatherdess comes down the lane, twirling the distaff set with coarse grey hemp as she follows her flock, and as she stops to pass the time of day with her neighbour, her youngest grandchild runs out to meet her from the red-gabled cottage by the village bakehouse. The cows low to the calves in the byre, the kid in the orchard springs to its mother. One handsome haymaker leans against the wall and whispers soft nothings in the ear of Annotou, the blonde little maid at the farm. A scent of cabbage soup and hot buckwheat comes up from the cottage-kitchens. 'Tis the hour of rest and general home-coming, not greatly changed since Sappho of old used to watch it in her Ionian isle—*Φεσπερα παντα φέρεις*—all that the morning scattered, eve brings home!

There are empty places to-night at the vast table in Langeac's kitchen, for the *Vacher*, or chief cowherd and dairy-master, with two

bouviers or cowboys, and a little lad, the *pâtre*, who watches the cows that pasture on the moor, are up on the mountain with some fifty cows, half as many young calves, a bull or two, a score of swine to fatten on the buttermilk, and some dozen goats. At the end of May, one mild afternoon, the troop set out from the valley under the farmer's care, and marched the whole night through, till the next day, in the morning, they reached the mountain farm some thirty miles away. (Every farm in our valley has thus its exalted counterpart, sometimes quite near at hand, sometimes at a considerable distance.) The farmer rode back on the morrow, but every fortnight he repeats the journey, to inspect his herds, to count the increasing number of the cheeses, and to carry their store of black-bread, fresh cabbage, news and letters (with sometimes an old newspaper or so) to the exiles who, all summer long, see neither rose nor fruit, nor face of wife or child, on the great green pasture of the mountain-top.

While the herds are afar, we are busy in the valleys where the recent advent of the railroad has little changed the ancestral mode of life. The farm grows almost all the necessities of the farm. Our soil is too poor for wheat, but rye and buckwheat flourish on the mountain sides. whole slopes, too dry for hay, are a garden of tall crisp white flowers, where the buckwheat (*sarrasin*) waves through August until mid-September, when the flowers die, the seed turns gradually black, the stems coral-red, it is now time to reap it, we bring great sheets of linen, spread them in the field, and thrash the harvest with high-dancing flails. Ground into meal, the buckwheat yields the staple of our diet the *bourriol*—a large, thin, soft, round crumpet which, eaten hot with butter, or cold with clotted cream, or dipped in new milk, is not to be despised. Every morning, the housewife's earliest care is to fill the pail of *bourriols* which stands in every kitchen, and to warm the milk until the cream clots and rises. Besides the buckwheat, we grow barley for the cattle and rye for bread and straw. The rye-bread, very black, at once sweet and sour, which makes, to my thinking, the most delicious bread-and-butter in the world, is shaved into large thin slices in the two-handled porringers, or *écuelles*, "*pour tremper la soupe*." Four times a day, and five at midsummer, the farmhands gather in Madame Langeac's kitchen and eat their bowl of cabbage-soup, where the bacon, potatoes, black bread and cabbage leaves make a mess so thick that the spoon stands up in it, they eat also a crumpet of buckwheat, and a noggin of Cantal cheese, this always, and sometimes a dish of curds and whey, if a cheese is in progress, a sausage if the pig has been lately killed; a fry of mushrooms in September, a cherry tart in July, a queer stew of potatoes and curds, or some other homely treat at mid-day, to mark the importance of dinner, always washed down with a glass of black Limousin wine. Fine brawny men and buxom maids, who work hard and live long, are grown upon this sober fare. With their open expression,

frank brown eyes, upturned noses, abundant hair and vigorous frames, the Auvergnats, so ridiculed in France (" *ni hommes, ni femmes, tous "Auvergnats*", as Daumier's legend has it), would be, if but a shade or so less dirty, a wholly pleasant-looking race, obviously Celtic, kind, frank, and free

The farms they live in are roomy and solid, built of blocks of grey volcanic stone, the steep roof has several tiers of windows; one would suppose it from outside a comfortable home. But in name and in fact the attics are granaries, and all the household "pig" in one or two rooms on the ground floor. Under the huge chimney's hospitable mantle stand a couple of comfortable salt-box settles, one on either side the cavernous hearth, where, winter or summer, smoulders the half-trunk of a tree, a tall grandfather's clock by the dresser, bright with painted earthenware dishes and pewter tankards, the best bed, high as a catafalque and warmly curtained, in the corner under the stairs, a linen-cupboard of walnut or cherry-wood, a huge massive table of unstained oak, flanked by two benches, in the middle of the room, a straw-bottomed chair or so, a few rough stools—such is the furniture of a kitchen in our parts. Here all the cooking is done, and the eating, here the masters sleep, in sickness and health, here visitors are received and farm hands paid—it is, as they say in Yorkshire, the house-place. With its one cobwebbed window, its floor of dark unsmoothed volcanic stone (swept every day, but seldom washed), with its ceiling hung with herbs and sausages and huge sides of bacon, it is a warm and homely, but not as a rule a bright or a pleasant place.

Sometimes I think the beasts have the best of it. The barns here are as large as churches. Built against the side of the mountain, they have two entrances, each on the level of the ground, the higher storey forms the barn, the lower, the byre. I have sometimes counted as many as twenty windows, set some two metres apart, along one side of those huge stone structures. Here from mid-November till mid-May the cattle live under cover, chew the cud and see in memory, no doubt, the meadows hard by with their delicious grass and the aromatic pastures on the mountain top. Here in February and March the calves are born. Nothing is quainter than to see their wild delight, their leaps, their bounds, their joy, their frantic gambols, when, for the first time in their lives, they come out into the green fields and balmy air of May.

The pigstyes, airy, spacious, comfortable, form a long line near the farm. The swine, too, are kept close in winter, but in summer they roam all over the hillsides and munch the grass like sheep. The pigs here are, I think, the ugliest and perhaps the wittiest in the world—great long-backed, long-legged creatures, larger than a sheep. They climb the rocky fells, scamper down the smooth sides of the combes, trot all night after the herds to the mountain farm in summer, are hardy, inquisitive, and sociable, beyond belief. With their coal-black

heads and pink, naked bodies, my sister says they remind her of Gervex' famous *Dame au Masque*. But they have no shame of their ugliness, and, when they hear a friendly voice on the other side of the hedge, come trooping down from the top of the field to pass the time of day, with all the ease and assurance of an honoured acquaintance. A natural humour enlivens their indecent countenance—for, in France, a *cochon* is always indecent, and Madame Langeac, when she speaks to her social superiors, seldom forgets to call the pigs "*les habillés de sores*" (One day I asked her the destination of a cool stone-floored room "*Sauf votre respect, Madame,*" she replied, "*elle sert pour saler les habillés de sores*") Clad in silk or clad in bristles (the two words are the same in French), at least during their lifetime our wide-wandering mountain-swine have a good time of their own, and, though it is natural in humans to esteem them chiefly in their ulterior form of ham, I believe we should miss them from the landscape. We have a proverb in our parts which says of a pair of friends that they are "*camarades comme cochons*" In vain has a learned professor of Clermont-Ferrand sought to explain away the unseemly word as a corruption of the Latin *socius*. Why should we say, *camarades comme socius*? There's no meaning in it. Glance at the hills, my good Don, and see the friendly creatures ambling about, in pairs or little troops, knocking their heads together, snorting out their gossip or their confidences, complaining about that last dish at dinner, grazing and grunting over all the green volcanoes of Auvergne,—and then you may hope to understand the people's wit.

But listen! What unearthly noise is that which rises at this very moment from the farm? No pig-sticking, for we are in summer still. There goes Madame Langeac, followed by her two maids and a small boy, each of them holds high a copper saucepan, warming-pan, or kettle (serving as a cymbal) on which she clatters with a key or fork. The three dogs and old Gaffer Langeac look on and grin. Slowly in calm procession they move down the lane till they reach the old walnut-tree in the field beneath our wall. And now I see a sort of fruit on a bough of the tree, like a black hanging pear or melon. It is a swarm of bees. From field to field its owners have followed it with this infernal symphony, which serves, as they suppose, to attract the bees, or in any case to advertise the owner of the land on which they settle, whose property they are. See, a woman brings the hive. Tomorrow, the swarm will be busy in its straw-clad home on the sunny bench beneath the south-east wall. And the bees will take rank as friends. On feast days the children will deck their hive with flowers or coloured ribbons, a bow of crape will be tied to it in times of mourning. So, deeming themselves beloved and associate, the bees will work and supply their masters with the sweet, dark honey of Auvergne, so pungently perfumed, so rich and aromatic with the scent and the savour of the white-flowered *sarrazin*.

III.

Jean-Irénée, our gardener at the lodge, does little work for us save plant and tend the kitchen garden (whose produce he shares) and mow the lawns and orchard when the grass is long enough to feed his cows. For he is elsewhere a busy man, and a small farmer in his way, with two cows, a cart, and four tiny fields, well chosen, scattered in different folds and hollows of the mountain. While two of these grow for hay, his beasts graze alternatively in the others, and every night come home to the stable at our gates. They are tended (for here the cows are always watched and tended) by his stepdaughter Florentine, a child of nine years old. Florentine's childhood has been sad enough. Her father died before her birth, and, after her mother's second marriage, the successive advent of two little sisters soon left her out in the cold. She is happier now that she is someone in the household, with a place of her own and worth her salt. There is nothing exceptional in her position. Here the flocks and herds are always minded by tiny shepherds of from five to eleven, who herd the bull past frightened ladies with much air and grace. Alone on the mountain all day long with their charges, they gain an incomparable knowledge of animal nature. The other day, a farmer's son, the head of a large dairy farm at Badailhac, told me that he had learned half he knew in his childhood as he tended the cows on the hills. "A gentleman," he said, "*monsieur*, could never understand them. No, a *Vacher* must be taken young." But during their unconscious education, the poor mites sometimes find time hang heavy on their hands. I know a little shepherd girl at Aris, demurely dressed in black, whenever I pass her she is seated beneath a tree, telling her beads, or reading in a book. But Florentine is barely nine. Her coal-black eyes and laughing gipsy face bespeak her of a more adventurous cast. She is even now in disgrace because the other day, when Jean-Irénée went up the hill, he found her in a field with little Guy, the farmer's herdboy, roasting potatoes, torn from the field, in the ashes of a mighty bonfire. Fortunately, the cows, compassionate to their little guardian, had continued to conduct themselves with propriety, despite her absence.

A greater calamity—a real one—happened last autumn, and then I thought that Florentine—such an anxious, sobered Florentine!—would never play the truant in her life. She was not at fault, or I tremble to think of what would have been her punishment. Happily the day was a Sunday, Jean-Irénée himself was seated in the field beside the child, when suddenly the cow stepped on a rolling stone, fell down a precipitous bank, and broke her leg. It was a fine beast, in full milk, having weaned its first calf. Even at Olmet, such a beast is worth from twelve to fifteen pounds. I shall not forget the consternation of the man, the white despair of the child, as they came back that afternoon supporting the patient animal, its russet foreankle pending. She

munched cheerfully a handful of clover and a crust, and lay in the stable, in no great pain apparently, not ill-content

But at Olmet we have not learned how to set a cow's leg To make butcher's meat of the poor beast before any fever set in was her master's only thought, and indeed his duty In vain he visited Vie and Polminhac, Thiezac and Carlat At last an army butcher, of Aurillac, consented to buy poor handsome Mimi for a matter of sixty francs The loss was heavy, and for many a day Jean-Irénée saw the sunshine black It is to avert such dangers that on our rocky hillsides a tiny guardian or *pâtre* is always sent with the cows One of these little shepherds became (as we all know) so great a *savant* that his contemporaries deemed him a sorcerer, he invented the pendulum (I think) in clock-work, and finally ascended the throne of St Peter as Sylvester II Having shepherded lambs, the little *pâtre* of Aurillac knew how to shepherd nations I know not that any other of our Cantal shepherds has shown the genius of a Gerbert (such was Sylvester's name) of a Giotto, a Burns, or a Joan of Arc But such a life, one would imagine, must predispose a thoughtful mind to reflection and observation

Sometimes as we come home at twilight from our walk, I hear, high, up in the bracken and the broom, a small keen voice singing shrilly, some verse, may be, of *lou Grondo (la Grande)*, the endless *patois* chant our peasants sing, or perhaps a stanza of the *Marseillaise* Some poor child up there is growing frightened in the dusk! Ours is a Celtic country, full of phantoms, elves and fairies Who knows but the huntsman with his spectral rout may dash out of yonder hollow? There is also, and especially, the Drac, a subtle spirit whose dear delight it is to play pranks at twilight on the little shepherds—a Proteus imp who can change into any shape, who plaits the cattle's tails and manes into inextricable mats, who pulled Touéno's ears only last November one evening as he sat upon the hill, leaving the child half dead with fear Who but he misleads the baby cowherds when they and their cattle take a wrong turning, when nights are dark? 'Twas he, most likely, who placed the stone on which poor Mimi slipped and broke her leg It is scant comfort, so far afield and quite alone, to remember that the Drac is no respecter of persons, or how, one chilly winter's night, he pulled the farmer's wife herself right out of bed Nothing is sacred to the Drac! More cause for fear! Sing louder, little shepherd, and I'll join in, down here in the lane, to hearten up your courage!

IV

Yesterday, we drove to the *buron* on the mountain. *Buron* is a local word, which we fondly believe to be derived from the Greek, a relic perhaps of antique settlers, in the south, near Marseilles, however this may be, it is not *patois* in our dialect, we call it *lou mosut*

the little house Has not Vermenouze sung the little red-tiled hut,
on the summit of the mountain, "like a young cock, red and small,
"reared up there in his glory, in the middle of the blue sky"

"Lou mosut, coumo un golitchiou
Quilhat omoun, rougi è pitchiou,
Ol mièt dèl cièu blus, dins lo glorio"

However we may call it, a *buron* expresses a little lonely habitation on the mountain, almost a hut, where the neatherds sleep in summer, and where the cheese is made, day after day, from the end of May till mid-October. It is a long climb from Olmet to the plateau whereon these little cheese-farms multiply and prosper. The road, in steep zigzags, mounts the hill, we leave the pasture behind us, and the fields of flowering buckwheat, and even the high heathery ridge of the *Pas du Luc*, we enter the hanging beechwoods and crawl up the wall of the cliff, until lo! we emerge on a great sea of undulating pasture-land, apparently illimited, save here and there, far off, by a grey mountain peak. The foreground is studded with tiny red-roofed *burons*, each shaded by its group of centenary limes

L'erbo* que pouso eici, pès puèts è sus plotèu
N'es pas coumo en obal, es pus rudo è pus sono,
E sent bou, li trouba l'ourguluhouso cinsono,
Que despleguo soi flours jaunos coumo un dropéu.

Do you understand?

The grass that grows up here, on the puy and the plateau
Is not like that below, it is ruder and more wholesome
It smells good, there you find the proud gentian
Who displays her yellow flowers like a banner

It was after four when we at last reached the *buron*. The cows had come in from the moor to the fold. The milkmen had donned their blouses of grey hemp-linen which hung in stiff hieratic folds. Each had, tied to his loins, a queer stumpy stool, like some odd sort of bustle. Now they call Mimi! Morgorido! Annoto! Amid a silvery tinkle of cow-bells the beautiful red beasts approach. As each takes her stand, a cow-herd brings up to her a curly red calf. But the poor beastie has scarce pulled a throatful or so of its mother's milk (its mother or its foster-mother, for at the *buron* each calf has a mother and a nurse) when a strong arm pulls it away and holds it tightly until the pail is full, when it may resume its supper, the cow caressing it the while with a loving maternal tongue. All round the fold the beasts are being milked, the calves are bleating or sucking, the herdsmen are busy. Only in the middle, impassible and haughty, sits the bull, with a look that seems to say "All this has nothing to do with me. Let them settle it among themselves"

* *Flour de Brouso*, par Arsène Vermenouze, Imprimerie Moderne Aurillac 1896

Now the cattle will sleep all night in the fold, unsheltered. Every morning three sides of the fold are displaced, so that the cows never sleep twice in the same bed; and in this primitive fashion, at the end of the summer, the whole pasture has been manured—it is called the *fumado*. After the milking time at dawn the cattle are set free, and all day long they pasture in the *argado*, or marshy moor, where the gentian, the pink, the meadowsweet and larkspur grow among the rush and the broom, the bilberry and heather. Here the grass is scantier, but sweet and aromatic. To the quantity of wild thyme and savoury herbs in the *argado* the peasants attribute the wholesome flavour of the Cantal cheese.

A mountain farm often boasts in summer some three score to a hundred head of cattle, besides the pigs to fatten, and the goats, from whose milk is made a delicate little round cream-cheese, the *cabecou*. The herd is under the care of the *Vacher* or responsible dairyman, aided by two or three *bouviers* or cowboys and at least one little *pâtre*. It is wonderful to see how mere a hut suffices to house them all. The cattle sleep in the open, save the youngest calves who have a little byre. The men sleep in a rough attic under the sloping roof of the *buron*, whose one downstairs room serves to make the cheese—a mighty occupation, for here the cheese is the gentleman who pays the rent "*le fromage paie le fermage*," say our farmers. Push open the door of the hut under the lime-trees. You enter a moderate-sized room which occupies the whole ground floor, paved with rough volcanic stone, dark grey, and slopped with whey. In one corner stands a primitive open fireplace, with a pan or two and a cauldron for the herdsman's soup, close to it a rough table and a bench. The rest of the space is devoted to cheese-making and is filled with narrow, man-high wooden measures or *gerles*, each containing a hundred litres of milk or so, with cheese-moulds and presses, with tubs in which the whey ferments and produces at the end of three days a pale fat cream of which the herdsmen make their butter, finally with the churn. A tiny garden surrounds this primitive dwelling and produces a few rough roots for the soup—turnips come well there, it is often too bleak and high for cabbage. But the wealth of the *buron* is stored in a cellar under the hill-top, opening to the north. There are laid, on a rough trellis of wood, the huge golden cheeses, each over a hundred pounds in weight (fifty kilos). They look like so many full moons, laid under the earth to keep fresh until they are wanted in Heaven. These cellars generally join the hut, but as their coolness and depth is of vast importance, sometimes a cavern is hewn in a favourable spot on a solitary mountain side. Few things are more startling to the traveller unaccustomed to our parts, than, while admiring the vast and melancholy landscape,—so wild, so green, so lovely,—to find himself suddenly assailed by an unmistakable stench of Cantal or Roquefort.

Summer at the *buron* is without a change in its season from the

blossoming of the limes till the flowering of the gentian There, rose and lily, strawberry and peach, green peas and melon, are words of a dead language Day succeeds day, with the milking at dawn and the milking at even, the cheese-making of a morning, and after the mid-day siesta the turning of the heavy cheeses in the cellar The *Vacher* on the mountain top is as lonely and as frugal as the sailor on the sea Few incidents mark the progress of the summer. In July the farmer comes and takes away the bulls, at the end of August the gentian is out of flower, and the herdsmen make a brief but lucrative harvest of its roots The days grow shorter, the nights cold and sharp, the pasture rarer on *fumado* and *arigado* Yet, such is the sense of freedom, such the exhilaration of the mountain air, that never have I heard our herdsmen lament the length or dull remoteness of their *estivage*

V

Sometimes we hire a carriage and drive far and wide, with half-a-dozen huge flagons under the driver's seat, in search of fountain-water for my husband to analyze Last year, on one of these expeditions, he left me in the phaeton while he, with his flagons, went down a hill to the springs of Badailhac It was Sunday The peasants of that lofty mountain-eyrie were standing about, picturesque enough in their white shirts, short black boleros or sleeved waistcoats, and large sombreros (In autumn they add a voluminous mantle to this outfit) One of them came up to the carriage, and after a few words to the coachman, began to address me in *patois* I caught the words "Proubenço, "Piémont" "He says," explained the coachman, "that if you cannot speak our *patois*, he can understand you almost as well in the *patois* of Provence or Piémont" Never have I felt so ill-educated! Here were three modern languages, in not one of which I was able to say good-morning to a friendly fellow-traveller I determined to repair my ignorance, at least in a feeble measure.

The Félibres came in time to give a new lease of life to the fast-decaying *patois* of Auvergne Under their auspices there is published at Aurillac a local paper *lo Cobreto*, the bagpipes—for the bagpipes, as befits a Celtic country, are our natural instrument, and we dance a stately sort of reel, *la bourée* *Lo Cobreto*, of course, is written in *patois*, not by peasants, but, as in Provence, by middle-class men of letters who have made the dialect their hobby If Mistral should visit Aurillac, they would give him a great banquet, as they did some years ago for Felix Gros, and the peasants and small shopkeepers would turn out to stare at and do homage to the Laureate of Languedoc Our Cousin Vermenouze would recite him an ode in *patois*, for Vermenouze is the local genius and *Copiscot*, or chief of the School of Auvergne Image Don Quixote turned poet and sportsman, pious and chivalrous as ever, with a cross stuck in his cravat, a blessed

medal at his watch chain, a gun in his hand, a fishing-rod under his arm, and a volume of Mistral or Virgil in his pocket As like as not he has also a pipe in his mouth, and on his feet, perhaps, a pair of sabots

Jéu pouorto pas toutchiour, quond tourne de lo casso,
 Lèbre, perdigal ou becasso,
 Mès, se trobe plus res, pes puets ou pes trobèrs
 Lì culisse ou min fouorço bèrs,
 O plenoi mos e per douchino,
 Deis bèrs de brouso que sentou lo soubotchino

"I do not always bring home, when I return from shooting, a hare, a partridge, or a bécasse But if I find nothing else on the puy and in the glens, at least I gather plenty of verses, by handfuls and by dozens, verse made of heather, verses with a wilding scent"—no description could be better than the poet's own Such is the *Copiscot* an old bachelor, devoted to mother, kinsmen, country, no poet has sung less of love or more sincerely of home and Nature The moors round St Paul-des-Landes, where the wild duck and bécasse troop by in March, where the partridge rustles in autumn, and the startled hare bounds from the tussocked grass, the *buron* on the mountain, the life of the farm in the village, the great distant puy on the horizon, such are the subjects of his muse Last year, I grieved that such a poet should write for men who seldom read But my little Auvergnate housemaid tells me that his poems are recited in the market-place at Aurillac on holiday afternoons What poet could wish for more?

Our *patois* has a Spanish or a Gascon sound, rough but sonorous, pleasant to the ear, with numerous *os* and rolling *ous* and *aus* You pronounce the *v* almost like *b* (*Bit* for Vic, *bedel* for veau) *A* changes to *o* as in *Contau*, Cantal, *Morgorido*, Marguerite *O* changes to *ou*, *Oberoun*, Aveyron, *Louzéro*, Lozère French *au*, pronounced as *ô*, changes to *au*, pronounced as *â-oo* (*Nautres*, nous-aîtres, *Naut-Miétchour*, Haut-midi), except when it changes to *ou*, pronounced *oo*, as in *Ourlhat*, Aurillac, *Oubergno*, Auvergné Like all the idioms of France, the *patois* of our Highlands is a corruption of the Low Latin or rustic Lingua Romana spoken generally in Gaul at the time of the barbarian invasion and for some centuries after Most of the frequent words of every day are still very close to their Romance origin *Capit*, caput, head, *algo*, aqua, water, *compono*, campana, church-bell, *semen*, semen, seed, *lun*, lumen, lamp, *camp*, campus, a field overgrown with heather, or a moor, *bacca*, vacca, cow, *bedel*, vitellus, calf, *fromentale*, fromentalia, wheat-fields, *gal*, gallus, cock, *nev*, neve, snow, *sor*, soror, a sister; *fenno*, femina, woman, *hiberner*, hibernare, and *estiver*, æstivare, spend the winter or the summer Other later words and expressions are a vulgar corruption of the French *tchiobal*, cheval, *bilotchir*,

village, *bratchi*, voyage, *Toutchioun* (All Saints), Toussaint At once antique and popular, the speech of our mountains is doubtless destined to disappear, but not without a struggle, and not, if our *Félibres* can help it, without having made its mark in literature

Nautres que son lou Naut-Mietjour,
 Contau, Obeiroun, o Louzero,
 Porlons tomben lo lengo fiérou
 De los onticos Cours d'Omour

"We others, of the High-South, Cantal, Aveyron, Lozère, we also "speak the proud language of the antique Courts of Love" For the *patois* is a branch of that vast and ancient Langue d'Oc which includes the Provençal and Catalan, so recently honoured and preserved by a Mistral and a Verdaguer

VI

Life and Nature are here, my friends, and great delight—the round of the harvests, the flowers in their season, the ways of beast and bird. From June till mid-July or later, before the hay is cut, our fields are as full of flowers as any Paradise of Fra Angelico's. Nowhere have I seen plants so robust and brilliant, blossom of all sorts so abundant. In the water-meadows, the forget-me-not grows in high bright patches with the ox-eye daisies, the meadow-sweet is tall along the runnel's edge among the flowering mint and willowherb, the loose-strife springs crimson in the hollows, on the heights the foxglove hangs its blood-red bells from every rock or bank, at the base of the beech-woods grows a smaller, more delicate sort, of a faint lemon-yellow with glossy leaves, and almost the look of a hothouse plant. The hedges are smothered with wild roses all July, and with honeysuckle all the summer long. Now the various campanulas appear—the *thyrsis-campanula*, with its dark, deep buds set close against an upright stem, one would say a bunch of violets tied to a staff, and paler Canterbury bells, swinging from every hedge side, and harebell—our English *Fare-thee-well*—Summer!—on all the moors. The bright rose-pink blooms of the mallow, larger and more abundant than elsewhere, flourish on the fallow fields. The scabious and the exquisite soft blue tufts of the *jasione* make many a sunburned hillside shot with azure and gold. The red and white *silene*, the yellow *impatiens* with its balsam-like blossoms, the wild geraniums, *sedum* of every sort and saxifrage, and all the Alpine *epilobes*, the pink *saponaria*, which looks like a large rose-coloured single phlox, with all kinds of woodruff, *asperule*, and lady's bed-straw, cover hill and field with a dazzling perfumed carpet. But the glory of our summers are the mountain pinks, sometimes small deep eyes of an intensest crimson, and sometimes large pale-patterned feathery *picotees*, they grow in beds about the lava-rocks and spring

in thousands among the budding heather. On the higher mountains, at the Lioran for instance, and on our tablelands, the gentian grows, beautiful deep blue cups close set to the earth, or free-flowering yellow blossoms arranged in tiers round a tallish stalk. Here, too, may you find the anemone, larkspur, grass of parnassus, aconite, orchid, martagon lily, and a huge sort of Solomon's seal which branches like a bracken. In every cranny of the loose stone walls abound the most delicate ferns. Every bank is bright with the wood-strawberry, the wild gooseberry grows in the hedge; the tall wild cherry, so frequent in Auvergne, drops its dark sweet fruit in your lap as you sit under the trees, but you must climb the woods to find the thick growing raspberry-canes, rose-red with fruit. In autumn, on every moor and height, the heather comes out among the yellow broom. Here is the place for mushrooms, for the large-domed *Chevalier* or *coucoulou*, spotted like the breast of a missel-thrush, among the beech-woods grow the huge delicious *cèpes*, grotesque in form and colour, on the dryer pastures we find the pink-fleshed English sort. We string them like beads on filaments of broom, knotted together, and tie them round our necks in chains and necklaces, in order to carry them safe home for dinner.

At last the blackberries shine in the hedges, the whortleberries on the hills. Now comes the last flower of all, the pale *veilleuse* or lilac colchicum, springing in myriads in the aftermath and orchard-grass. There will be no more flowers, chill October is at hand.

To us, all these beautiful blossoms are a mere delight. To the mountain shepherds, the gentian gathering is a fruitful, unsown harvest. In the first days of September, when the plants are out of flower, a great massacre of the innocents takes place upon the mountain tops. The victim is the tall yellow gentian, much in request among druggists and manufacturers of liqueurs. Already on the last day in August we met an old mountain farmer, much elate. He had just sold his gentians—twenty-three quintals at twenty-seven francs a quintal (a quintal is a hundred pounds—fifty kilos), that is to say, about a cartful, which brought him in some £24, at no expense save the pay of the pickers. The herdsmen can earn at this play of flower-picking, or rather root pulling, as much as six francs a day. No wonder the gentian is popular in Auvergne, and that we celebrate in prose and verse our *orgulhouso cinsono*! Did anyone ever turn so pretty a penny out of Irish shamrock or Scotch thistle? The profit of it is considerable enough to have furnished endless troubles and quibbles between landlord and tenant, each asserting the gentian his perquisite, until at last the law courts of Aurillac settled the matter in favour of the farmer.

L'amère gentiane et la douce réglisse have each their partisans, but the liquorice is less abundant. Still, in autumn, you may see the mountain shepherds dig holes upon the hill-tops and carefully disentangle

the fine red filaments leading to the blonde, supple, horse-radish-like root which furnishes the Spanish juice. This they tear from the ground and carefully treasure in pouch or shirtfront, for this, too, commands its price

When my friend Vernon Lee affords us the pleasure of a visit, we turn to other interests, such as fall in with the picturesque and archæological turn of her imagination. Our hills are studded everywhere with ancient castles, mountain manors, and country houses, some of them very small, scarce larger than our tiny Olmet which does not boast a dozen rooms all told. Such are Cols, buried in woods under the toppling mountain-crag, and beautiful Trémoulet perched on the peak of a rock suddenly reared in the wild gorge of the Cère. Others are solid feudal keeps to which has been added, some two hundred years ago, a steep-roofed comfortable dwelling-house, with charming unsymmetrical windows, an air of open grace, and a complete indifference to the old fortress it has married. Comblat-le-Chateau is of this sort. Just opposite our windows on the other side the valley, it stands amid its lawns and gardens, at the foot of the mountain, on a low mound, overlooking the road to Vie. Though seldom inhabited, it looks the most cheerful and habitable of our *Châteaux*, of which the most picturesque (after Trémoulet) are Pestels and Vixouge. Pestels, alas! restored last year, but still magnificent, from the immense proportions of its six-storied battlemented keep, and its romantic position, on a steep promontory or platform of the mountain, surrounded by precipices which, on three sides, drop to the valley, and, on the fourth, into a wooded ravine or glen. Vixouge stands halfway up the opposite hill, built on a knoll, with the pastures falling gently from it. The walls and gateway are of the 14th century, the latter fortified by two small round towers. But now the gate stands open on a shady lane opposite a circular fountain—a stone drinking trough for cattle. It leads to a dark abandoned garden, all over-grown, and a tall 18th century manor, steep-roofed, with corbelled turrets at the corners, and a peculiar, inexpressible air of poetic melancholy. Just so must have looked the moated grange of Mariana. The owls must love to hoot here, and the ravens flap about the lonely house which might have taken life from a dream of Robida or Gustave Doré. From the manor-wall, the eye drops sheer to a glittering circle of water in the fields below—a reservoir, with beside it, half in ruins, a Louis XVI Chinese pagoda, the bath-house of some 18th century ancestress, its bright-red dilapidated roof and damp-stained walls tell of a century's neglect. All round the mountains lie in heaps, below Vixouge, right and left, stretches the Pas du Luc, a long-backed ridge of moor, where landslip after landslip has loosed the great blocks of andesitic breccia which lie scattered among the bracken and heather of the heights. It is a place to dream in, hour after hour.

Vie itself has its Château—the Consular House of the Prince of

Monaco, who was of old the hereditary Consul of Vie-en-Carladès. Behind, the grey houses climb the hill, some of them fine old turreted structures standing in their orchards and walled gardens, ancient town-houses of the local gentry, while others are the merest village shops with wooden balconies and gabled roofs. They lead to the church, not unpicturesque, with a Romano-Gothic choir. Above the mountain rises, clad in beech-woods, with great flutings and overhanging blocks of reddish stone, any one of which, one would think, might fall at any moment and crush into nothingness the little town below.

VII.

Michaelmas! This year the woods are still unchanged, although the frosts have changed to golden sequins the leaves of the aspens by the river. At twilight, Venus glitters in a frosty sky above the faded summits of the mountain. The wild cherries in the hedge are as pink in their foliage as the maples on a Japanese fan. The weather is of that intense autumn blueness and brilliance which Madame de Sévigné once called "*un temps d'or et de cristal*." There is a sharp, pleasant quality in the air. Our walks on the mountain are longer and taken at a brisker pace, and so the other day we came upon the prettiest sight—a knoll upon the hillside crowned by a tall group of mountain thistles of more than a woman's stature, the fluff of the thistledown, the delicate tracery of the leaves, were profiled against the sunset sky, the sound of our steps aroused from the heart of it some thirty or forty tiny goldfinches, scarce larger than humming birds, who had been feeding there, and who rose up, poising, quivering, fluttering, rising, like a living fountain of golden downy wings.

While we enjoy the autumn in dreamy dilettante fashion, the peasants seldom know an idle hour, for harvest follows harvest from St John's Day to All Saints. At Michaelmas, or earlier, while still the leaves are green, a ladder is set against the ash-trees in the hedge and all the boughs are clipped, except the lead, every third year each tree is mulcted of her spreading boughs, and now you see why the ash-trees of Auvergne look slender, tall, and frail as a Lombardy poplar. They furnish, in fact, a final crop of hay, and are carefully stored in the driest corner of the barn. Ash-leaves, green or dry, are a favourite food with cattle, sheep or goats, and vary their winter's fare at small expense. In the rare, dreaded years when the hay-crops fail, then lime and elm and hazel and false-acacia are pressed into service, and the cows live scantily all winter on chopped straw and the fodder of the hedges. Leaves are a crop in Auvergne, and not to be neglected. Later in the year, the women and the children, carrying sacks, go to the woods and gather the fallen leaves. The oak-leaves, heaped up and watered, rot and enrich the soil. The beech-leaves, carefully dried

and cleaned, and mixed with barley-chaff, serve to stuff a palliasse or a cushion, the acorns feed the pigs, while the beech-mast, "the olive of the North," is carefully treasured for the winter's oil

That last is an important consideration. Oil for burning o' nights in the long winter evenings, oil for frying and cooking in a land where butter is scanty and poor, for our milk (so rich in caseum) has very little cream. The nut-harvest follows the gathering of the leaves, and the walnut, of course, affords the richest crop. Every farm has its walnut orchard, and while the men knock the fruit from the trees with long poles and perches, the maidservants shell the nuts and prepare them for the mill. Thence will return the salad-oil, while beech-mast, hazel, and hemp-grain will furnish the three-beaked brass *lun* or Roman lamp all winter.

If there is a harvest of nuts, there is also a harvest of feathers. The nights are getting cold, it is time to look to the beds. Every farm keeps its tribe of geese, whose down, plucked from the living bird six times a year at new moon, is now sufficient in quantity to make or refresh our *édredon*. The poultry yards afford material for the feather-beds, the flocks of brown sheep furnish forth the mattress and the warm Auvergnat quilts of wool, sewn fast between two sheets of flowered cotton. All these must be made over or renewed. Our dark and somewhat dingy farms have soft, clean, and ample beds piled high in their kitchens to brave the frost of snowy winter nights.

These are play-harvests, but the gathering and preparing of the hemp is a thing of time and patience. Every farm in the Cantal has, in some sunny corner of a field, a little three-cornered walled garden, *l'ort de lo combi* the hemp-garden. Here the handsome sturdy plants are grown, and hence, in July, the male-stems are torn, to make more room for the seeding of the female plant. A little after Michaelmas these are ripe. They are torn up by the roots and left to ferment in upright heaps well covered. Eight days later their martyrdom begins, they are shaken till the seed falls from the pod, they are stretched in a water-meadow to rot, they are dried in the oven, they are rubbed, beaten, crushed, pounded, combed with iron combs, till nothing is left of their sturdy green grace and rustic beauty, no likeness of the poor handsome female plant, only a mass of loose tow and formless fibre, from which the grey thread is spun on autumn afternoons and evenings, as the women follow their flocks along the lanes, or sit round the fire cracking jokes with the grandfather enthroned on his comfortable settle in the inglenook. Every village has its weaver, when the thread is spun, he puts it on his loom and weaves the strong hand-made hemp-linen from which our farms are furnished with sheets, tablecloths, napkins, white shirts for the men and underwear for the women. It comes home in dreary lengths of grey, and must be bleached in the morning dew, before the hands which planted and prepared the hemp, which spun the thread, can fashion and sew the tissue. Open the

linen-cupboard in any farm kitchen and you will be amazed at the wealth of its heaps of rustic creamy white

Our weavers do not weave, our women do not spin, only hemp-thread and linen. Every man on the countryside, of the peasant class, is clad in the stout *rase* (thick rough cloth) or frieze which his brown flocks wore first of all, his own hands sheared, his wife's clever fingers spun, and which was woven on the village loom. Never have I seen so stout, so thick a fabric. One glance at the heavy cloth, striped brown and black, from the undyed wool of our swarthy sheep, makes one understand the nipping cold of winter on our hills.

Meanwhile, the buckwheat has been harvested and garnered. The apples now are ripe. They should be gathered, save the later sorts, and laid on straw in the fruiterie, before the little cowherds come down from the mountains. The chestnuts must be brought from the lower valleys—a dozen miles away—where a milder climate in a limestone soil lets them grow in abundance, the potatoes must be uprooted from the fields. With buckwheat-meal, potatoes, chestnuts, in store the farm can affront the winter.

VIII

The oxen scarcely quit the yoke, for the winter crops must now be sown, and the compassionate farmer throws a pint of oats into their every feed. But, busy as we are, to-day is holiday. It is the 15th October, and the herds return from the mountain. A great music of cowbells awoke us at five in the morning, one hears a tramp of feet, and the loud greetings of the herdsmen whom the whole village turns out to welcome, the cows utter long "moos" of excitement and delight, in their midst we see a rustic cart or chariot piled high with great cheeses—each cow of the herd ought to have produced at least three of these huge moons of fifty kilos during the five months of the *Estivade*. Without a word from the herdsman, the beasts stop at Langeac's farm and turn into the pastures they left in May, "mooing" and frolicking for joy despite the fatigue of the night's long march. Happier still are the herdsmen. The master-*vacher* tosses his baby in the air, the little *pâtre* has found his mother, the herdsmen are talking eagerly in a knot of relatives and friends. What joy to see the valley, and the last bright asters in the gardens, and the apples red and gold in the orchard-trees! How large and cheerful the grey-stone houses look after the wind-shaken *buron* on the mountain-top! Not to-night (for all of them will sleep), but for many a night after, towards midnight, a whisper will be heard in Langeac's orchard, a group of shadowy forms moves under the apple-branches. One might suppose a sudden wind in the trees, for plop! plop! fall the ripe fruit on

the soft grass beneath But the wary farmer knows what to expect, a shutter screams on its hinges, a window opens, and there, in the yellow light of the candle, is Farmer Langeac in his shirtsleeves The herdboys scurry away, swiftly and silently, with bulging pockets For my part, out of compassion, I leave them one tree, not the best—but they prefer them hard as iron

IX

All Saints is at hand! The winds turn sharp and keen Now any night the snow may fall and end the labours of the farm until it first, uncertainly, begins to melt in March

Como jious lo cenre uno cato,
 Per Toutchioun, mai des couots pus lèu
 Nostro bielho Oubergno s'ocato
 Jious uno flessado de nèu

"Like a cat in the warm ashes of the hearth, at All Saints and sometimes sooner still, our old Auvergne snuggles down in a soft quilt of "snow" Adieu! lark and swallow Poor cicada, perish in thy frozen hole! No more flowers, no more birds, save the great croaking crows that flap across the milk-white fields Winter is here!

The daily round has narrowed its circle A path is cut from the door to the gate, another to stable and drinking-trough, where the unfrozen fountain splashes over a fringe of icicles The walls of snow glitter and melt not in the sunniest noon The farm-kitchen is now the centre of all works and days The huge hearth-place is a cavern of warmth and glow Soon after three the hilltop intercepts the sun; a little later, the beasts being milked and fed, masters and men sit assembled round the fire From the ceiling hangs the three-beaked Roman lamp, but the flames, leaping from the beech-trunk on the fire-dogs, give a cheerier light The farm hands, cutting a bough of cherry or beech, renew the handles of their scythes, mend their tools, or knock a fresh set of nails in their sabots The women twirl their distaffs and spinning-wheels or sew their seam, on a corner of the table, Urban, the elder son, who has been to the Regiment, reads last week's local paper, Touènou, the little *pâtre*, sprawls in the blaze and pulls the tail of the cat, comfortably ensconced on the cushioned settle, the old gaffer of eighty tells many a story of local tradition, or repeats for the hundredth time his famous account of a journey to Limoges in 1840, or makes the shadows creepier with tales about the Drac A little after six the supper is spread, a porringer of soup, followed by the bacon, the sheep's trotters and the cabbage which gave it flavour, a nugget of cheese By seven, a neighbour or so has strolled in to share the *veillée* The farmer throws a handful or two of chestnuts to roast

in the embers, and sets, mayhap, on the table half a bottle of red wine
And the stories and the gossip begin again till the log, burned through,
falls with a crash from the firedogs and sends up a fountain of sparks
The cricket sings shrill, but hark! without the snow-blast or *Ecir* sings
more shrilly yet The clock strikes half-past eight Master and men
arise and bid each other good-night The neighbours light their
lanterns and don their heavy mantles, the cowherd goes to seek his
warm bed in the cow-stable The door, opened an instant for their
egress, reveals the gusty moon-shot night and the vast expanse, dazzling
and yet dim, of endless snow—a polar landscape, inhospitable and sad.

MARY DUCLAUX

•ENGLAND, RUSSIA AND TIBET.

WHEN, in the spring of 1900, before even the so-called Boxers' troubles had broken out in Northern China, Li-hung-chang concluded with certain as yet anonymous Russian agents the famous secret Canton Convention, it was impossible to foresee to what extent the Russian and Manchu Governments would be able to conform to the general stipulations of that important agreement. In fact, the Convention contained only the great lines of conduct for Russian and Manchu policy to pursue in case of a conflict between the Manchu Dynasty and the Maritime Powers. Russia was to guarantee the integrity of China—in the proper sense of the word—and to maintain by all means and in all events the Manchu Dynasty in those dominions, while that Dynasty was to leave entire liberty of action to Russia in what concerned the so-called secondary provinces of the Chinese Empire, Manchuria, Mongolia, Turkestan and Tibet. When, last year, the existence and the meaning of the Convention could be publicly ascertained, it had no more than a historical and symptomatic interest, events having, in the meantime, largely overtaken the greater part of the Canton arrangements.

Russia's final aim in her mysterious Chinese policy is, without any doubt, not a political but an economic one. But this aim, which Russia will not be able to reach for a very long time to come, would be absolutely unattainable from the moment when the Maritime Powers should be allowed to develop their commercial and industrial activity throughout China without any fear of political obstacles. Russia, therefore, wants to reserve for herself, by political measures, the sphere of influence which she would not be able yet to secure by an increase of her commercial effort. To this end, Russian policy in the Far East had, in the first place, to accomplish two tasks: to secure the absolute ascendancy of the Manchu Dynasty, and to make Russia the immediate hinterland of all other European spheres of influence in China.

This object was virtually attained by the execution of the Canton

Convention It would lead us too far to explain here the skilful organisation of the Russian Civil Service in Manchuria and Mongolia, or to examine how far the connivance of the Russian Government with the Tibetan clerical Chiefs influenced events in China But another fact must be insisted upon, because of its being the first public symptom of the existence of a Tibetan Question

In November, 1900, the Lhasa Foreign Secretary, Secretary to the Desri or Chancellor of the Dalai-Lama's Court, a Russian-Burjate Lama, called Choigyin Daltieff, came to Livadia on a special embassy, and offered to the Tsar the symbolic presents due to the secular protector of the Buddhist church, together with the title of "Lord and Guardian of the Gifts of Faith," a title which, up to that time, had belonged to the Manchu Emperor, inasmuch as, according to the Manchu-Tibetan Concordat of 1720, he was the official emperor over all the Buddhist world It is understood that this transfer of a spiritual dignity in fact puts the Tsar in the place of the Manchu Emperor, at least in the eyes of the clergy and their followers

When peace had been concluded in Peking, Russia thought it absolutely indispensable in the interest of her general policy in Asia to obtain a ratification of this important change in her moral situation, and to obtain it from the decaying Dynasty themselves For such a difficult matter, she wanted, of course, the strongest possible influence at the Peking Court This she gained by favouring the palace intrigues of the grand-chancellor Yung-lu, who, after the banishment of his friend Tuan, had taken up the latter's plan of working his way to the highest political and social place in China Yung-lu succeeded in marrying his daughter, with the assent of his friend the Empress Dowager, to Prince Chun, and his niece to the new heir-apparent, P'u-lun Ever since that time, having secured the assistance of the Empress as well as that of Li-hien-ying, the powerful chief of the eunuchs, he has been plotting another *coup d'état* against the Emperor, in order to depose him and to place his niece's husband on the throne instead of Kuang-su The success of this scheme would, first of all, cause the utter ruin of the great Europeophile reform-party, and that of its uncontested directors, the viceroys Yuan-shi-kai and Chan-chi-tong, and such a revolution, entirely to the disadvantage of the Maritime Powers, would doubtless provoke the most vigorous intervention Yung-lu's party, therefore, wants above all, if not the connivance, at least the well-intentioned neutrality of the only Power that has an interest in impeding a rapid diffusion of Western civilisation throughout China Russia That is the reason why Yung-lu and the Empress Dowager endeavour by all means to cultivate the amicable disposition of Russia, and comply, so far as it is in their power, with all Russian claims based upon the vague provisions of the Canton Convention

In these circumstances it is not at all astonishing that the Russian Government should have found at the Peking Court an agent able to

cause its late political arrangement with the Dalai-Lama's Court to be ratified by the Emperor himself. A Russo-Chinese treaty concerning Tibet was negotiated, three months ago, by Yung-lu. And as it had to be notified to the Chief-Lamas of the different Buddhist countries, it became possible to obtain the confidential communication of its text immediately on its conclusion. This text, which I published a month ago in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and which has since been admitted as correct by Russian semi-official papers, runs as follows —

Art 1st — Tibet being a territory situated between Central China and Western Siberia, Russia and China are mutually obliged to care for the maintenance of peace in that country. In case troubles should arise in Tibet, China, in order to preserve this district, and Russia, in order to protect her frontiers, shall despatch thither military forces on mutual notification.

Art 2nd — In case of apprehension of a third Power's contriving, directly or indirectly, troubles in Tibet, Russia and China oblige themselves to concur in taking such measures as may seem advisable for repressing such troubles.

Art 3rd — Entire liberty in what concerns Russian orthodox as well as Lamaist worship will be introduced in Tibet, but all other religious doctrines will be absolutely prohibited. For this purpose, the Grand-Lama and the Superintendent of the Orthodox Peking Mission are bound to proceed amicably and by mutual assent, so as to guarantee the free propagation of both religions and take all necessary measures for avoiding religious disputes.

Art. 4th. — Tibet shall be made, gradually, a country with an independent inner administration. In order to accomplish this task, Russia and China are to share the work. Russia takes upon herself the re-organisation of the Tibetan military forces on the European model, and obliges herself to carry into effect this reform in a good spirit and without incurring blame from the native population. China, for her part, is to take care of the development of the economic situation of Tibet, and especially of her progress abroad.

Russian semi-official papers were authorised to reprint this text, without, however, adding any commentary. The stipulations of the treaty seemed, at first sight, rather vague. But as it was a strictly confidential agreement, it could not be officially explained, the more so as some of its provisions were likely to be considered abroad as an unfriendly surprise for "third Powers," especially for England. Meanwhile, rumours concerning the Tibetan question got afloat throughout China, and it would have been somewhat imprudent to leave the matter to the abundant imagination of Chinese merchants. Certain Canton Chinese newspapers, therefore, edited by men belonging to official spheres where the Canton Convention had been discussed, gave a clear insight into the matter by publishing, not indeed the treaty itself, but

a sort of succinct commentary on it, insisting upon some particulars of consequence for the Chinese, and passing over in silence some others—the most interesting from the English point of view. This commentary was forthwith quoted by the *Novy Krai*, the official paper of the Russian governor at Port Arthur, and communicated to the great Russian and German papers. In fact, it explains openly only the first three articles of the treaty, the question of military organisation of Tibet remaining more or less concealed. It contains the twelve following paragraphs—

1.—In order to maintain peace in Tibet, China, since she is unable to do so, abandons to Russia her rights over that country

2.—Russia guarantees the Manchu Dynasty the independence of their (inner) provinces

3.—If China, in case war or trouble should break out, should prove unable to re-establish peace, Russia will have the right to interfere and to re-establish peace by her own means

4.—Russia takes upon her the administration of Tibet and provides for this purpose special managing agents

5.—China is allowed to have consulates in Tibet

6.—Russia is bound to favour Chinese merchants in Tibet

7.—Chinese refugees remaining in Tibet must be delivered up by Russia to the Chinese Government

8.—Russia must not impose duties on Chinese goods

9.—Russia binds herself to treat the native population in a friendly spirit

10.—Russia must not thrust upon the native population, by force, any new religious worship

11.—Russia is entitled to construct railways and to establish mining enterprises in Tibet, Chinese subjects will however be allowed to buy shares in such enterprises.

12.—In laying out railroads or building fortresses, Buddhist temples must not be destroyed

This commentary, together with the text of the Convention itself, is clear enough. It shows to what extent the political situation on the Northern frontier of India has changed. The question is now to consider what consequences this change is likely to involve for English policy, and, if there are any, to determine what measures ought to be taken in order to counterbalance the effects of Russian neighbourhood in India.

This is the first time in history that the English and Russian Empires have come into immediate contact, and that there is an Anglo-Russian frontier of any considerable extent. Up to now, as it seemed, all possible contingencies have been taken advantage of on both sides to prevent such an eventuality. In England, in particular, public opinion has always claimed the strict application of the principle that the frontiers of the English dominions in Asia should be preserved from contact with

those of other Powers by maintaining large intermediate native states Siam and Afghanistan are still existing as more or less independent countries, merely as a political expression of English apprehensions which, it is useful to state, are shared by both of the European neighbours of India, Russia and France. And it is really wonderful to see how little impression the Tibet Convention has made upon English public opinion. The very principle of English policy in Asia might reasonably be regarded as completely upset by that arrangement, and the sudden apparition of an Anglo-Russian frontier of more than two thousand miles may well seem to enforce on the whole of English policy so essential a deviation as would some years ago have provoked utter disorganisation.

As good luck would have it, there were two arguments at hand wherewith to tranquillise public opinion. In reality, however, the matter was so completely passed over in silence, both by the newspapers and the statesmen, that public opinion was not even disturbed. So far as the public had noticed the new Tibetan question, it was made to believe that the organisation of a Russian protectorate over Tibet was of no consequence at all to the general lines of Eastern politics. One of these arguments was a geographical one, the other was of the diplomatic kind. On the one hand, it was said, the new Anglo-Russian frontier—that is to say, the Himalaya Range, was not only from a military point of view a better protection for India than the vastest and most desert intermediate independent state, but was also the greatest possible obstacle in the way of any commercial rivalry coming from that side. On the other hand, they were assured, the Dalai-Lama's Court was in reality Anglophile, and therefore able, with English assistance, to oppose in a very efficacious manner the carrying into effect of the Convention by means of diplomatic intervention at the Manchu Emperor's Court.

These two arguments, although they may seem somewhat plausible, do not bear serious discussion. As to the pretended amicable disposition of the Dalai-Lama towards England, Professor Vambéry, the well-known Hungarian scholar who first put forward that opinion, is mistaken in thinking that the Dalai-Lama had any means of applying to England for the purpose of preventing the Russian and Chinese Governments from arranging the matter, which, as it were, no more concerned the Lhasa Government themselves than it did the English. Even if the Dalai-Lama had not been willing now to accept the effects of the Russo-Chinese Convention, nor thus to avow a formal Russian protectorate, he had no right at all to interfere with the ratification of the Convention itself, because it was nothing but a personal affair between the two Emperors—namely, an authorisation to be obtained from the Manchu Emperor empowering the Emperor of Russia to accept a title and a right which had, formerly, belonged to the Manchu, but the transfer of which to the Tsar had been a *fait*

accomplish for two or three years before. But it is a historical fact that, far from opposing this Convention concerning his dominions, the Dalai-Lama himself had, by a skilful policy with respect to Russia, discovered and gradually realised the intimate connection of Russian and Buddhist interests which was finally sanctioned by his conferring on the Tsar the highest Buddhist secular title, with all the rights attached to that supreme honour.

Ever since 1892 all constitutional connection between the Dalai-Lama and the then 'Lord and Guardian of the Gifts of Faith,' the Emperor of China, had been dissolved. The Dalai-Lama was virtually independent. The concordat by which the Buddhist clergy were bound to act in behalf of the Manchu Dynasty went to pieces at that time, because the Dynasty proved unable to perform their reciprocal duty towards Tibet—that is, to guarantee the territorial integrity of the Dalai-Lama's theocratic state. This important forfeiture has proved to be an indirect result of Anglo-Tibetan-Sikkim affairs.

It is a very curious fact, indeed, that no English politician should have noticed in time the real moral disposition of the Lhasa Government, when, in 1892, the Sikkim treaty was concluded, as is said, by mutual amicable consent. The Dalai-Lama's assent, still more his friendly disposition towards England, was merely a very skilful diplomatic comedy, in view of getting rid for a time of an intruder whom it was not possible to oppose with any chance of success. The Sikkim matter gave the Lhasa Government the fervently desired opportunity of bringing about the lapse of the concordat. They applied—a mere cruel formality—to Peking for the intervention of the Chinese Government in the Anglo-Tibetan negotiations. And when Chang-cha-Khutuktu, the Dalai-Lama's plenipotentiary in Peking, had ascertained the categorical refusal of the Dynasty to interfere with the matter—a refusal destined to mask the utter impotency of the "Lord of Faith"—the concordat was denounced for breach of the reciprocal clause, and the tributary presents due to the Emperor were suppressed. As a matter of course, neither the Manchu Government nor the Dalai-Lama's Court wanted this important event to be publicly known. The Dynasty lost the powerful influence of the Buddhist clergy over internal Chinese affairs, and the antecedents of the Canton Convention show that from that very moment the vast antidynastic agitation, the final result of which proved to be the Boxers' trouble, was spread from the great Buddhist centres of the Empire. At the same time, the Dalai-Lama, deprived of official temporal protection, and being a monarch of merely spiritual authority, was in a very disagreeable political situation, and wanted to keep up friendly relations with England, at least until another concordat could be concluded with a new "Lord and Guardian of the Gifts of Faith." A curious community of interests, both in China and the Northern countries, finally brought about an agreement between the Dalai-Lama and the Tsar, according to which the latter

received that title and the rights it confers. It is thus evident that there exists a causal continuity between the English policy on the Tibetan frontier and the Dalai-Lama's attachment to Russia.

This fact, however, does not at all imply a necessity for the Dalai-Lama's showing openly an unfriendly behaviour in his continual relations with English authorities. On the contrary, it is very well known that for about eight or ten years past the influence of the spiritual Lhasa Government has increased in a most marvellous way throughout the spheres of Southern Buddhism, especially in Assam, Burma and Yun-nan, where, some time ago, the very existence of the Lhasa Pope was considered problematical. The Buddhist priests and monks do not seem to know quite well themselves what is going on, but they seem perfectly aware that a more intimate connection is slowly being brought about between the different communities, sects and nations, and that the whole of this immense canvassing policy has taken the character of something like a Pan-Buddhist movement. A similar agitation has been going on in Northern China and Mongolia, where its aim proves to be practically reached, the whole of the clerical power in those countries being now concentrated in the hands of the Lhasa authorities. A more or less secret agitation of this kind, although essentially peaceful, would, of course, not be permitted in the British colonies, if the Dalai-Lama and his clergy did not ostensibly show on all possible occasions, political as well as social, a most respectful attachment to English institutions. But we must bear in mind that the Dalai-Lama naturally adopts, for his cosmopolitan religious policy, the very method which for thousands of years has conferred on the supreme chiefs of international religious communities their immense influence on the evolution of states and nations. This method consists in the clergy affecting chauvinism in every separate country, and profiting by all internal and external national difficulties to assume the rôle of saviours of the national force, thus reinforcing their uncontrollable influence on the mental and social life of man. The Dalai-Lama's apparently diverse policy in Tibet, India, China, Japan and the Russian Buddhist districts, is the most artful imaginable application of this general clerical principle. And, if in China the nationalist outbreak against the Manchu Dynasty was more or less instigated by the Buddhist bonzes, if in Mongolia and Transbaikalia Buddhist Lamas never grow tired of exalting the merits of Russian, as compared with Chinese, civil and military organisation, and prove to be zealous officials as well as strong supporters of Russian designs, if in Japan Lhasa embassies skilfully abandon all official character and pose as mere expressions of the Dalai-Lama's tendency to show his spiritual authority in Buddhist matters in so remote a country, it will seem quite natural that in the spheres of Southern Buddhism the chief concern of the Lhasa policy is to avoid by all means even the slightest dissension with Government authorities, and, consequently, inasmuch as clerical

influence on public opinion is to be taken into account, to act on behalf of these authorities, a good understanding with the Government officials being the sole condition of a complete liberty of religious propaganda.

The Buddhist Pope, accordingly, is just as Anglophile as the Roman one, their amicable dispositions with respect to England are a mere diplomatic necessity, their spiritual success depending absolutely on the non-interference of Government with the inner organisation, dogma, and religious pretensions of their churches.

The so-called Dalai-Lama's friendship for England cannot, in these circumstances, be regarded as an obstacle in the way of Russian expansion. From the religious point of view the Dalai-Lama, in the interest of his Church, must have no preference for one or another of the numerous states where Buddhist communities exist. But the political point of view is wholly different. The existence of the Dalai-Lama, and his supreme authority as such, are not religious but political questions, just as in Europe is the maintenance of the Papal See. We may imagine, in Europe, a Catholic clergy and a Catholic Church mightier than ever, without any official symbol or supreme incarnation of their spirit. In the Buddhist world the conditions are the same. Buddhism would continue to subsist, as it has done for long centuries, without any Lamaist ecclesiastical polity. The latter, therefore, is no longer a religious, but a merely political institution. And this other states cannot but take into account. Now, it is doubtless of great use for the secular rulers in large religious spheres to have a well-organised ecclesiastical hierarchy in front of them, for this is the only possible means of getting any influence over religious affairs. A secular statesman who is faced by such an hierarchal clergy may content himself with having at least an enemy whom it is possible to attack, while one who has them at his disposal for supporting his political designs will be all the more powerful. Apart from these considerations, however, it is a very difficult matter to undertake the pure and simple suppression of religious authorities which in reality guide the general conception of life of immense popular crowds.

But such arguments do not even touch England in regard to her relations with the Lhasa Court. England was simply outside the sphere of any contingency that could have secured her the sympathy, the friendship, or any political intimacy with the Buddhist Pope. The English Empire in Asia does not contain even ten per cent of Buddhists, and these are, for the far greater part, nonconformists who, up to our time, have never acknowledged the tutelary pretensions of the Lhasa authorities. England, therefore, has no reason at all to interfere with the clerical or inner political affairs of Tibet, and still less to consider the question whether the Dalai-Lama's political influence is a favourable or a dangerous factor for British politics in the Far East. The existence of the Dalai-Lama as the temporal ruler of Tibet does not concern England. The several incidents of a political nature, such

as the prohibition to enter Tibet, commercial disputes and so forth, ought to have been arranged, according to the Tibetan statute law, by an intermediate act of the Manchu Dynasty, and they have therefore resulted, without exception, in putting in the place of the former mutual indifference a real political coolness, in spite of all friendly religious relations

The antecedents of the Canton and the recent Tibet Conventions show, on the other hand, how intimate and essential a connection exists between Tibetan, Chinese and Russian politics. The Dalai-Lama had to arrange his political situation exclusively with the two latter Powers. England did not even come into consideration with respect to these matters. It is therefore a very poor argument—if it be wished to represent the Russian protectorate over Tibet as a mere bluff, with no practical consequences—to say that England may console herself with the Dalai-Lama's friendship. For it is not in the interest of the Lhasa Government to oppose Russian expansion, just the reverse is the case. The Dalai-Lama has proved in the matter of the Canton Convention to be the best possible agent of Russian expansion in the Far East, and, in this way, he has had the opportunity of securing, by reciprocal agreement, the political influence of Russia on behalf of his Pan-Buddhist designs. Pan-Buddhism and Eastern Russian policy are now inseparable factors on the political chess-board of Asia. And just as in the time of the crusades an alliance of the Emperor and the Pope would have brought about an irresistible extension of the Christian world, so the connivance of the Tsar and the Dalai-Lama opens, for the future of Asia, a curious prospect of common temporal and spiritual domination over the greater part of the East. This prospect may give some idea of the force of the ties that are now uniting their political designs, and this important association is so skilfully organised that either of the contractors may concentrate the whole of his force on his own special aims, the one religious, the other political, leaving the rest to his fellow-associate. The Tsar is a Buddhist Emperor, the Dalai-Lama is a Russian Governor-General.

In view of this essential change in the general features of Eastern politics, the second English argument that would represent the Tibet Convention as a platonic agreement will appear, not as a proof of what it is intended to prove, but as a proof of the contrary. Those who regard the extreme difficulties of communication between India and her neighbours as a piece of good fortune for England, are in reality blocking up the only possible way in which England might meet the Russo-Buddhist peril which they think to shut in behind the Himalayas.

English politicians ought to insist upon the fact that this danger is not a military one. The extravagant terror which has for a long time reigned in England as to a possible invasion of India results only from defective knowledge of the geographical and economic conditions of

Asia, and reveals besides a conception of national rivalry that seems more and more behind our age

Anyhow, it is obvious that Russia could never seriously attempt a warlike irruption into India from the Tibetan side. The high passes by which travellers climb up from the Ganges valley to Tibet, or come down into India from the Dalai-Lama's dominions, are out of all question for any strategical computation. The history of the English expedition in the Khyber against the Afridis may tell of how little value the Tibet passes would be in the case of a conflict with the Protector of Tibet. Those passes are twice or three times as high, and impassable for carriages, and afford no pathway for more than one man or beast at a time. Neither of the belligerents would know how to avail themselves of these roads that look so important on the map. Of course, either would defend from their own side the access from the passes, but neither from the North, nor from the South, are they likely ever to serve as avenues to the neighbouring country. If the improbable and awful contingency of a great Anglo-Russian war should come to pass, the great battlefields would certainly not be on the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains, nor even, generally speaking, on the borders of India. The mountains and deserts which surround India on all sides are wild enough to effect an almost complete isolation of the British Empire from her immediate neighbours.

But, I may add, forthwith, this is a fact which does not at all, as is generally believed in England, suggest reasons for feeling easy with respect to the future of India. Economic intimacy, not isolation, should be considered England's strongest defensive weapon.

Let us imagine for a moment a partial invasion of the North-West Provinces from the Afghan side. British supremacy would not run any risk. Such an invasion would turn out just as the Mongol and other invasions of past times did, the only difference being that its military effect would be incomparably less. The invaders would be forced by utter necessity to rely on the economic resources of the country in order to establish any permanent domination. But these resources are disposed of by England. Those who have observed the marvellous way in which English industry has controlled to an extent unprecedented in Colonial history the whole of the economic life of India, down to its slightest details, cannot question the irresistible assimilating force of English commercial colonisation. England holds India, but she holds India above all in its economic life, her political supremacy seems rather a point of secondary concern. Just as in China, down to the Manchu times, all Asiatic invaders, victorious in war, disappeared through the effects of peace, being obliged by economic necessity to adopt the Chinese style of life, so any invader of India would very soon undergo the same fate, and be economically subdued by his defeated enemy. The issue would be different only if the invader were able to introduce new economic methods to bring

about a notable intensification of industry and commerce, in short, to set up a higher system of civilisation. This will never be the case with Russian invaders. English civilisation, therefore, would continue to monopolise Indian wealth and Indian trade, even if in a part of the present English dominions Russian political control were enforced on the now British subjects.

In these days international rivalry is likely to turn not on brute military strength, but on the skilful use of economic weapons, and even in the case of conflicts in which hitherto a decision by arms may have seemed inevitable, a modern war, with its enormous requirements of money, transport and provisions, may in certain cases be practically decided beforehand, if not made impossible, by simply ruining the financial credit of the adversary. Here, as everywhere, economic superiority will prove, in future, to be the *ultima ratio*.

From this point of view, England may evidently be much more confident of the future of her Asiatic Empire than Russia of hers, of which fact the feverish diplomatic and military activity that Russia has now been carrying on in Asia for several years, which is based upon a vast project of future commercial and industrial expansion, is an irrefragable proof. Russia does not attack foreign spheres: she only wants to reserve for herself those which she hopes to be able to use in the future. Her well-defined aim for the present is to secure the efficient isolation of her future economic spheres of interest from contact with the Western economic methods employed by non-Russians. But even this skilful immediate design may perhaps be overthrown by the irresistible invasion of Western commerce and industry in the very colonies which are now Russian.

It is no doubt by the example of what is going on in Manchuria that Russia has felt compelled to extend her isolating measures all over, or rather all around, her hypothetical Empire in the Far East. Manchuria is now, if not officially, at all events practically, a mere Russian province with Russian control over the army and civil service, with Russian fiscal agents and a whole set of Russian taxes applied to commerce and manufactures, and nevertheless Manchuria is being conquered at this moment, in spite of all Russian official efforts, by English and American economic expansion. All the mining concessions as yet agreed upon are in the hands of non-Russians, so are export and import trade by sea. The overland trade by Siberia is worthless, and no official intervention is able to develop it to the degree which would be indispensable for making Manchuria an exclusive market for Russian goods, there are not Russian-manufactured goods enough for that. The final result is that this purely Russian overland trade imports into the Russian market of Manchuria hardly any but English goods, forwarded by way of St Petersburg. The commercial situation of Manchuria may be quoted as one of the strongest possible arguments in favour of the above-mentioned principle—viz, that economic invasion,

far from needing political support, may bring about the virtual conquest of foreign colonies

It is a matter of course that in countries where economic invasion does not meet with serious political obstacles, nor with the dull resistance of a rival who is at the same time the official master of the district, England may all the more easily monopolise industrial and commercial resources, and establish a virtual control. One effect of this open-door policy is the conquest of the English commercial Empire in Central China, and here we have an example showing that, in fact, political or Government control is often not only unnecessary but even disadvantageous (from the financial point of view), if commerce is allowed to spread freely without political breaks. So long as English commerce controls economic life in the Yang-tsze valley, it will remain virtually a British dominion, on the other hand, even if it were a British colony in the proper sense of the word, English supremacy would prove illusory from the moment when foreign trade came to supplant English. As it is, England's world-politics live and die with her open-door policy.

This explanation is intended to point out the very principle of modern world-politics. Where economic supremacy subsists, political rivalry is not dangerous, where political supremacy subsists, economic rivalry can undermine it, where neither subsists, economic invasion prevents political invasion by a rival.

This fundamental view, if applied to the Tibetan question, will enable us to see what measures England may best take in order to counter-balance Russian political expansion over those parts of the Far East which are as yet beyond the sphere of Russian economic domination.

According to the foregoing statements, the real meaning of the Tibet Convention proves to be the final Russian attempt to embrace the whole of the Chinese hinterland, in order to have at hand a continual menace for foreign (especially English) activity, confined to the Southern and Eastern provinces of China, and, on the other side, to the countries South of the great mountain ranges of Central Asia. The Convention is intended to achieve the constitution of an immense Russian block, able to oppose all desirable passive resistance to a Western economic invasion up to the moment when the inner situation of the Russian Empire shall permit her to take up an economic war against the Maritime Powers. If Russia is left at liberty to await this moment in untroubled calm, or in other terms, if England keeps quiet enough to allow Russia such a slow and peaceful development of her financial, commercial, and industrial power, limiting her effort exclusively to the spheres of interest she controls at the present time, there cannot be the slightest doubt that a time will arrive when Russia, availing herself of the enormous industrial force of a slowly civilised Chinese hinterland, will be able to rival and, finally, to overtake the results of Western effort.

Russia must be credited with pursuing in Northern and Western China a plan of action that is to secure her, with her ascendancy over the Manchu Dynasty, a kind of dominion in some of the richest and most industrious districts of the Far East, which will not be a simple colony, but a very productive integral part of the Russian Empire. In this case, there would not be—as said one of the most influential Russian statesmen of our time—"a yellow peril, but a Russo-Chinese doom." By its double aspect, political and religious, the Tibet Convention points out manifestly enough how consistently Russia is carrying on this vast enterprise. But it shows likewise in what way England may nip it in the bud. The isolation of the Russian spheres of interest must be counterworked and an economic invasion of these spheres organised.

First of all, available means of communication are wanted, they being the most indispensable instrument of economic invasion, and they should be constructed at all points where economic irruption into Russian dominions in Asia, or Russian spheres of interest, can be attempted. Tibet herself is of no consequence in this respect. But the whole of the Russian block of territory ought to be surrounded, embraced, broached like a cask, by what may be called drainage canals, the double aim of which would be to draw into English commerce and manufacture the natural riches of the countries in question, and to glut all Russian dominions and spheres of interest in Asia with English goods, so as to make them an English market and render utterly impossible any Russian or native industry, unless under English control. The execution of this vast scheme is much easier than it might seem at first sight. The roads for economic invasion ought to be laid out, as a simple glance on the map will show, in the East and on the West of the Himalaya and Hindu-Kush Ranges, the first, in order to connect India by a direct and solid line of communication with the British commercial realm in the Yang-tsze valley and to prevent future Russian efforts in Western China by introducing as soon as possible English business, the second, in order to attack directly Russian economic life at its weakest and most sensitive point in Turkestan. These two projects deserve a rapid discussion.

As for that which concerns the Western neighbour of India, it may be stated at once that the Russian Government are much more uneasy than is English public opinion, with respect to the construction of a direct great road from India across Afghanistan to Turkestan or Bokhara. It has been explained above how extravagant is the fear of a Russian military invasion by such a road, which, of course, it would be easy to render impracticable in case of war. The Russian fear of an economic invasion from India, on the contrary, seems to be based on very serious reason. The whole of the agricultural and manufacturing production of Turkestan would in fact be at the mercy of English trade, if vigorous export from India were organised.

Even at this moment a not inconsiderable export trade of this kind is already carried on. Some years ago, this trade went by means of primitive caravans from Peshawar by Kabul and Khulm to Bokhara, goods were at least a year and a half in transit, and the cost of conveyance was very high. Since then, another way, cheaper and quicker, has been adopted, goods go by steamer from Bombay to Bender Abbas on the Persian Gulf, and thence by carriage across Persia, through Shiraz and Meshed to Merv and Bokhara, the journey takes about ten months. Notwithstanding these circumstances, which are certainly not propitious for trade, there have been forwarded from India to Turkestan, during the last few years, an average amount of £400,000 worth of tea, £70,000 worth of muslins, and £30,000 worth of indigo. To the Turkestan population tea is indispensable, muslin gowns are wanted in summer, especially for Mahometan women, and, as for indigo, it is the favourite dye for cotton-stuff, as it is worn in Turkestan and Russia. There are consequently as yet three articles which Turkestan does not produce, but buys in spite of all difficulties, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that this trade would increase in a marvellous way if better and cheaper communication were available. Indian tea, for instance, would certainly—for reasons which it would lead us too far to explain here—beat in Central Asia the competition of Chinese caravan tea, especially Indian-made brick-tea, the favourite drink of Russian immigrants, Turcomans and Kirghizes. And at the same time this trade would, by means of the Trans-Caspian Railway, spread to Russia to a far higher degree than it does now.

But there is, with respect to Anglo-Russian rivalry, another point of still greater concern. A great part of the Turkestan population live by growing silk, rice and cotton, and these resources are at the mercy of an English commercial invasion. They would be utterly ruined by stocking the Bokhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent markets with Indian goods. It is a curious fact that hitherto the export of cotton, silk and rice from India to Turkestan has been insignificant.

Generally speaking, Turkestan production is a very expensive and problematic affair, because it depends entirely on contingencies of climate which cannot be foreseen. Nobody can predict a year's yield with any chance of correctness. The fairest prophecies have often been overthrown by a simple but sudden change of weather, so that the annual quantity and quality of the yield are subject to dire fluctuations. To take a precise fact, if for two or three years the autumn weather is unfavourable to cotton there will be a complete decay of the growth and manufacture of cotton for several years after. In the Samarkand Province alone cotton production has declined in four years from 1,615,000 poods to 750,000 poods of cotton-wool, and in the same period more than one-half of the ground before tilled for cotton was left almost or entirely fallow. Such a decline is the more disastrous

that the cotton-wool of Central Asia contributes in a high degree to stock the Russian Market, where the demand is growing from year to year. An idea of the importance of this export to Russia may be gained from the fact that in 1897, when in Samarkand the cotton trade was utterly ruined, Ferghana was still able to forward to Russia, by the Trans-Caspian Railway, upwards of 3,000,000 poods, of the value of about £600,000, in spite of which the Russian manufacturers were obliged to apply to America to replace the missing yield of Samarkand. If during a bad period in Turkestan, Indian cotton could be rapidly and cheaply thrown on to the markets in question, Turkestan industry would never again be able to oppose the English invasion. The Bokhara, Samarkand and Tashkent markets once conquered, Indian goods would to a large extent supplant Russian products right up to the commercial centres of European Russia. And, by underselling the remaining Turkestan growers and manufacturers, any attempt to restore to life the national production would be attended with too great cost and risk, and would prove unprofitable and consequently impossible.

This instance of the conditions of Turkestan trade—which it would lead me too far to discuss in detail—sufficiently shows how terrible are the weapons at the disposal of England for an economic war with Russia to the West of India. It shows, above all, as a necessary condition for the use of such weapons that the principal object of English policy in the West of India should be the laying out of a great railroad, the effect of which should be to reduce the now present months' transit to little more than ten days, to open large and productive districts of Afghanistan to universal commerce, affording them a double export market towards the Indian Ocean and into Northern Persia and Turkestan, to secure new and vast markets for Indian goods, and to oppose in the most efficient way the expansion of Russian power.

For such a railway two routes might be considered, one from Peshawar on to Kabul, and right across the Hindu-Kush to the Khulm Valley and Balkh, and the other from Kandahar to Herat. The first is not so good as the second, either from the political or the economic point of view. Its construction, across high passes and steep slopes, would be difficult and expensive, it would run far away from the large productive districts on the Southern slopes of the Hindu-Kush ranges, it would leave beyond English commercial influence the North-West of Afghanistan and the North-Eastern provinces of Persia, Herat and Meshed—two great commercial centres on which Russia has political designs—and, finally, it would come to a miserable and useless terminus on the sandy bank of the Amu Darya, far from the great Turkestan markets and right in the steppe, for beyond that river, on Bokharan soil, Russia will certainly impede by every means the laying out of the road. The very object of the road would not be attained.

The principal desideratum is, in fact, an available junction with the great Trans-Caspian Railway, a junction which would continue the supposed road towards European Russia as well as towards Central Asia.

There is but one possible junction-point of this kind available, namely, Kushk, to the north of Herat, the present terminus of the branch of the Trans-Caspian Railway from Merv to the Afghan frontier. With this point as a terminus, the whole course of the line is virtually settled. Starting from Kandahar, it should go on by Girishk, Farah, the Rud-i-Adreskan Valley, Sebsawar, and Shahabad-Sara, to Herat. No considerable natural difficulties are met with on this route, the greatest are the Darvasa Pass, between Girishk and Farah, and the Shahabad-Sara Pass, near Herat, but neither is higher than 5,000 feet. The total length of the line would not exceed six hundred miles, and its cost would not reach to more than five millions sterling. If serious obstacles should be found in the way of the construction of this line, they would certainly be of a diplomatic nature, the road being entirely situated on Afghan soil. It may be suggested, however, that the smoothing away of such obstacles would at this moment be a glorious success for English diplomacy, and give England, with the Afghan Railway, for the immediate future a mightier agent in Anglo-Russian politics than any military or direct diplomatic effort would be able to afford.

The situation to the East of the Himalaya ranges is not the same. At this point, a commercial invasion, in the strict sense of the word, of China from India, is impossible, and moreover useless, there are no adverse productive centres, as yet, to be attacked and destroyed. The task is the reverse of that which affects the North-Western neighbour of India. The stimulation of English trade and industry should try to bring about in the Western provinces of China an economic life of the European style, and thus hinder in a peaceful and profitable way any future Russian intrusion. It is not of course enough, for this purpose, to establish direct communication with India, but that is the first task to be undertaken.

The question of an Indo-Yangtsze railway has often been started, and abandoned. Great material difficulties lie in the way of such a project, and besides, it is feared that the cost of this expensive means of communication will never produce a sufficient return in the way of interest. This, in fact, is very likely to occur, at least for some years. But the financial point of view ought not to be regarded as the decisive one in this matter. There are territorial and political considerations that make an Indo-Yangtsze line appear something like the spine of the immense organism of English trade in the Far East. At this moment the two great British Empires in Asia, the political one, India, and the purely commercial one, Central China, are separated from each other, and the Tibet Convention, together with French projects of

colonisation in Yun-nan and Sze-chuan, are apparently intended, to a large extent, to prevent any chance of remedying such isolation. It is however evident from what has been said that, if an intimate connection between those Empires could be realised, the effect of the Tibet Convention would be virtually neutralised.

It may be openly said, with regard to the economic life of China, that railway construction, as now carried on by different Powers, gives no great promise for the future development of their influence and commerce. Chinese trade does not, and will not for a long time, need rapid transit such as is thought indispensable in Western commerce. And railroads can hardly have for the moment any other object than to quicken traffic. As for its extent, the marvellous water-communication by rivers and canals which connects almost all the provinces and large centres of the Empire, has sufficed for thousands of years, and will doubtlessly do so still, until a moment shall arrive when the Chinese will care for speed, and such a moment is likely to be reached only when Chinese manufactures shall compete directly with Western on the world's market. Railroads, therefore, are now important in China only where communication by water is not at hand. And as for so-called railways of political interest, their efficiency is confined to the same spheres as commercial roads.

A railroad from India to the Yangtze valley will necessarily run through one of the districts where there are now no means of communication at all, the overland caravan road from Sadiya to Batang, Ta-tsein and Cheng-te being almost impracticable. On the other hand, it must be stated that the country in question is utterly poor and unproductive, although it is supposed to contain remarkable mineral riches. Apart from the hope that England might avail herself of these mines, inasmuch as they are not on Tibetan soil, and consequently at the disposal of Russia, it ought to be borne in mind that a draining railroad from Szechuan to India will certainly beat—at least for European commerce—the analogous road which is now being laid out by France from Tonking to the upper Yangtze. Whether, therefore, the Chinese hinterland be worked by English, German, French, Russian, or American capital, this railroad will, at any rate, make England the master of the two principal commercial roads of Central China, the cheapest and longest, down the Yangtze, and the fastest and shortest, from Cheng-te to Calcutta.

This considerable advantage, independent of all national contingencies of colonisation in China, clearly points out to what an extent English commercial supremacy in China might be consolidated by laying out and favouring a Chinese Alpine Railway. There is only one question left open—viz, what line is best to be adopted, and how any political obstacles may be got out of the way.

The Tibetan Convention being a matter of fact—and this is perhaps its most disagreeable effect for England—all hope of crossing large

tracts of Tibetan soil must be abandoned, as risking serious diplomatic conflicts with Russia or with the Dalai-Lama. On the other hand, the plan of carrying on the Rangoon-Mandalay line across the Yun-nan Alps to the now French dominions of Ta-li-foo and Yun-nan-sen has been completely given up—if Lord Curzon's last year's statements may be fully trusted. Besides, the whole of the Yun-nan Province is now considered by France as the very centre of her sphere of interest in Southern China, and if the recent Siam Convention submits all enterprises in the Siam Mekong valley to French assent, the French Government must be credited with the intention of also opposing by all possible peaceful means any English attempt at crossing the Mekong and Yangtze valleys in Yun-nan, unless such a line were to afford certain and serious advantage to French colonisation in the Ta-li-foo district. The respective frontiers of Tibet, Assam, Yun-nan, Siam and Burma are, however, not very well defined on the spot, each of these countries would profit by a railroad, and there is a great chance of finding a tract of country where a railway would not prejudice the designs of any one of the interested parties, even if it were to remain chiefly under British control.

This line may be supposed to run from Sadiya, up the River Za, to Reema, then across the high ranges and deep valleys of the Lu-kiang (Saluen) at Bongo, the Lan-kiang (Mekong) at A-len-tsze, the Kin-sha-kiang (Yang-tsze-kiang) at Pong-dze-la, and, finally, the Oo-lian-ho, in order to reach Yun-ning, thence to proceed down to the Ya-lung valley, across the river and a hill range, to join the Ngan-ning River at Nan-fei-sen, cross over to Ching-che on the Tong-ho, and follow the valley down to Kia-ting, the great centre midway between Sui-chow on the Yang-tsze and Cheng-te-foo, the capital of Sze-chuan, avoiding thus the French Yun-nan line from Yun-nan-sen to Tong-chuan, Chao-tong and Sui-chow.

No doubt, serious obstacles would have to be surmounted in laying out this railroad of about 800 miles, which would be the grandest and most audacious work of the kind on earth. Seven enormous mountain ranges would be crossed, and between them, awful valleys, thousands of feet deep and not more than a few miles wide; on this extraordinary part of the line, the sole available system would be lockage, the trains being gradually lowered and mounted again, just like ships in a canal, by sluices, tunnels and immense trestle-works would complete the strange aspect of the road. But at any rate, it would be possible to carry out this great work—the cost of which would probably amount to about £20,000,000. The question is only to decide whether the certainty of assuring British supremacy in the countries from Calcutta to Shanghai is worth such a heavy expenditure. The answer to such a question cannot be subject to doubt.

The Tibet Convention thus by a curious turn of affairs has for its principal effect the bringing out of problems that do not seem to have

the slightest connection with the policy of the Dalai-Lama. But it is a characteristic trait of, if not a necessity for, Russia to pursue great political tasks by indirect action. The Tibet Convention is a specimen of this policy. Allying the spiritual influence of the Buddhist Pope to the Tsar's ascendancy over the Manchu Dynasty, it is to bring about first an increase of clerical sway over Western China, and secondly, the reservation of these countries for Russian influence, an influence which, thirdly, is, on its part, only a means of gaining time for a future commerce protected against all rivalry.

Commercial intervention, as described above, is not efficient enough to counterwork such artful means of expansion. There is, however, another proceeding left, an indirect one like the Russian, and which might destroy the first and indispensable condition of Russian success, namely, superstition and ignorance, intellectual slavery and prejudice, and, above all, suspicion of Western civilisation and methods. This indirect proceeding may be called "intellectual colonisation."

It consists, for China, in taking up and carrying out part of the educational reform decreed by the Emperor, but which his Government will certainly prove unable to put into effect. The Chinese have to be prepared to comprehend Western civilisation, until that is done international economic relations will not reach that expansion which is to make China the grandest centre of human activity. There can of course be no question of a colonising Power's undertaking systematic elementary teaching in China, but there is a possibility of diffusing European knowledge by self-acting methods. Adult Chinamen, endued as they are with an astounding capacity of assimilation, ought to be taught the facts that constitute Western civilisation, in order to make them good masters of Chinese primary schools. Young Chinese teachers should be attracted to high-schools, where they would learn from European or Chinese professors, teaching in Chinese, not European religion, philosophy, literature or history, which they do not want, but the rudiments of all concrete, practical knowledge which the European mind has acquired, geography, zoology, botany, mineralogy, mathematics, agricultural and technical science, and hygiene. Young teachers prepared in such a way will prove, in the daily practice of public or private life, so far superior to ordinary Chinese teachers that they will doubtless acquire influence in local affairs, impose themselves on the local boards of administration, and be appointed official teachers in their own districts, where they will work as unconscious, but all the more influential, agents of Western civilisation.

The organisation of high-schools of this kind,—the detailed outlines of which I cannot of course sketch here—will in a short time be considered the sole means for overtaking our colonising rivals in China. Commercial rivalry will exhaust China, intellectual colonisation will conquer her. As the Marquis Li, Li-hung-chang's son, said to me

last year "We have nearly everything, we only want some Western brains to be not only the largest but the greatest nation on earth"

They who will, without hesitation, afford the Chinese what they want, who succeed in finding out a method for this grand task of colonisation, will, as a reward, profit before all rivals by the magnificent impulse they will have given to Chinese economic and intellectual life. This is the way to conquer—or to lose—the greatest empire of the world

And if the artful intrigues, of which the Tibet Convention and its ambiguous provisions are a mere episode, shall have for their final effect, by the conjunction of circumstances which I have adumbrated, to procure China Western intellectual culture, and for Europe new economic resources in the Far East, it may be said that the strange triumvirate of Asiatic despots, the White and Yellow Tsars and the Yellow Pope, will have deserved well of the civilisation of mankind—governed as they are by the Mephistophelic genius

That ever wishes Evil, but works Good

ALEXANDER ULAR

THE LYNN OF DREAMS.

THERE was a man—let us call him John o' Dreams—who loved words as the many love the common things of desire, and as the few love the beautiful things of the arts. He was known in that world, at once so narrow and so wide, where the love of perfected utterance in prose or verse is become an ideal. What he wrote was read with eagerness, for those who turned to his books knew they would find there not only his own thought, which was deep, and his own imagination, which had a far-wandering wing, but a verbal music that was his own, a subtle use of the underplay of word-life, the colour, meaning, romance, association, suggestiveness, shadowy hints of words, the incommunicable charm.

He loved his art, and he had much to say, and above all longed to capture into rhythm and cadence the floating music that haunted him, and the wonder of life that was his continual dream. But he had a fatal curiosity. Year by year this had grown upon him. He desued to know the wellsprings—he desired the wellspring of all literature. At first he sought closely into the art of the rarest masters, now in verse, now in prose—the masters of the dim past, working in the pale gold of antique Greek or the ivory of Catullus, or playing on silver flutes like the obscure singers of the Anthology, or the masters of a later time moulding molten brass like Dante and Milton, or achieving a supreme alchemy like Shakespeare, or shaping agate and porphyry like Leopardi, or white cornelian like Landor, or chrysoprase and green jade like Leconte de Lisle and Walter Pater. But nowhere in these did he find the final secret he sought. No, nor in any other, nor in any language inhabited by beauty—neither in the limpid excellence of French, since Villon quickened it with a mocking sweetness till Verlaine thrilled it with a sound like a lost air in still woods, so subtle, so evanishing, so little of the world about us, so much of the otherworld on whose leaning brows are mystery and shadow—nor in the sweet and stately passage of the tongue of Florentine and Roman—nor in the deep, troubled tongues of the north, from Weimar to Christiania—nor in the speech, accompanied by clarions and chants, of the spell-bound lands of Spain—nor in the great language, like a

mighty army marching with banners, of that England that now is continually arising renewed or lying down to rest by the wandering fires of a sunset forever flaming into sunrise

Then he turned to his own shaped and coloured utterance, and looked into that, and into his own mind so far as he could see on this side its pinnacles and sudden shelving gulfs, and into his own soul so far as he could sink into these depths, deepening to where no star of midnight travels. But neither in those still depths, nor in that wide cold region of shade and shine, nor even in that shaped thought and coloured utterance which was the child of his longing, could he find the silver cord, the thin invisible line that only the soul knows, when it leaves its mortality, as fragrance leaves a rose at dusk

Then a great sadness fell on him and he wrote no more

For long he had been in touch with that otherworld of which he had so often written and now he dwelled more and more in that company of the imagination and of remembrance.

Dark pathless glens await the troubled thought of those who cross the dim borderlands. To dwell overlong, there, to listen overlong, there, overlong to speak with those, or to see those whose bright, cold laughter is to us so sad (we know not why) and whose tranquil songs are to us so passing strange and wild; overlong to stand by the open gate, at the wildwood or near the green mound or by the grey wave, is to sow the moonseed of a fatal melancholy, wherein, when it is grown and its poppy-heads stir in a drowsy wind, the mind that wanders there calls upon oblivion as a lost child calling upon God.

But, in that intercourse, that happens which cannot otherwise happen

And so it was that one day while he of whom I write lay dreaming by a pool, set by a river that ran through a wood of wind and shadow, a stranger appeared by his side. He knew from whom this woodfarer came, for his eyes were cold and glad and no shadow fell on the bracken. Perhaps he knew—it may well be, he knew—more than this. For the cry of the plover was overheard, and the deceitful drumming of snipe was near, and these are two witnesses of him, Dalua, the Master of Illusions, the Fool of Faery—the dark brother of Angus Òg and of Airlil Ail na'n Òg, beautiful lords of life and youth

So when the stranger spoke, and said he would lead to the Lynn of Dreams, and reveal to him there the souls of words in their immortal shape and colour, and how the flow of a secret tide continually moves them into fugitive semblances of mortal colour and mortal shape, the man dreaming by the waterside gladly rose, and the two went together, under the shadow of old trees, to the Lynn of Dreams

When come to that place, where timeless rocks fretted with ancient lichen shelved to a dark water, green as a leaf, the mortal and the immortal stooped

And there the dreamer of whom I write saw his heart's desire bending like a hind of the hill and quenching her thirst For there he saw the images of beautiful words, as he knew them in their mortal shape and colour, clothe themselves in drifting thought, and often become the thought whose raiment they seemed—or stand, like reeds in shadow, and let the drifting thought take them and wear them as crowns, or diadems, or crested plumes

And looking deeper he saw the souls of words, in their immortal shape and colour who would not come from the violet hollows where they moved in their undying dance of joy, and to whom the white supplicating hands of yearning thoughts could not reach

He saw, too, the flow of the secret tide that continually moved these children of joy into semblance of mortal beauty, images known in happy hours or seen in dreams, but often such as he had never known in either waking dream or sleeping trance These he saw ceaselessly woven and unwoven and rewoven The clusters of many Pleiades made a maze in that living darkness His soul cried aloud for joy

When, startled by the wail of a plover at his ear, he looked, he saw that he was by the riverside again The stranger stood beside him

"What have I seen?" he stammered

"I gave you a cup to drink, and you drank It is the Cup of which Tristram drank when he loved Yseult beyond the ache of mortal love the Cup of Wisdom, that gives madness and death before it gives knowledge and life"

The man was alone then, for the Master of Illusions had gone Herdsman of thoughts and dreams that wander upon the Hills of Time

But on the morrow, that led many unchanging morrows, the dreamer of whom I have spoken knew that the learning of the secret he had won was in truth the knowledge that is immortal knowledge, and therefore cannot be uttered by mortal tongue or shaped by mortal thought or coloured by mortal art

He paid the price for that wisdom It is the law

When again he strove to put beauty into the shimmering elusive veil of words, he knew with bitter pain that he had lost even the artistry that had once been his After too deep wisdom he stumbled in the shallows of his own poor troubled knowledge

For a time he struggled, as a swimmer borne from the shore

It was all gone the master-touch, the secret art, the craft He became an obscure stammerer At the last he was dumb And then his heart broke, and he died

But had not the Master of Illusions shown him his heart's desire, and made it his?

THE RUSSIAN TEMPERANCE COMMITTEES.

“**I**S there less drunkenness here now, or more, than there was in the days before the spirit monopoly was in force?” This question I asked again and again wherever I went, when in Russia last winter

“Less, much less,” I was told emphatically by the Finance Ministry officials, one of whom, indeed, was already hard at work, I found, puzzling his brain with new revenue schemes, so sure is he that the yield of the vodka duty will decrease before long “Less, much less.” I was told too by all connected with the police, from *Préfets* downwards, and the subject is one on which they certainly have the right to speak with authority “Our men undoubtedly drink less now than they did before the Government took the spirit trade into their own hands,” the manager of a huge factory declared, while the Catholic *Curé* of a large urban district and an orthodox village pope were both equally sure that their parishioners are more temperate now than formerly “I can speak only for the peasants,” the pope remarked, “but among them a change for the better has certainly been brought about since the monopoly came into force”

This tale I heard at every turn in Russia, just as I heard, I must admit, a very different tale, for, if the monopoly system has warm supporters, it has also bitter opponents One large employer of labour assured me that never in the whole course of his life had he seen so much drinking as during the last two years, while a score at least of witnesses simply scoffed at the idea of drunkenness being on the decrease “Wait until the Carnival comes and you will see for yourself,” one of these pessimists kept saying to me And wait I did not only for that holiday but for others, for in a land where the spirit of contradiction is rife eyes are more trustworthy than ears sometimes as a means of arriving at the truth I was in St Petersburg during the Carnival, in Moscow for Easter, and in Warsaw on St Stanislas’ Day, the great Polish *fête*, and from first to last, although

I sought them diligently, I did not see a dozen drunken men. Thus, unless the Russians as a nation were sorely maligned in the past, so far as drinking is concerned they must certainly, in towns at any rate, have bettered their ways of late. If statistics are to be relied upon indeed, not only have they bettered them but they have bettered them very considerably, for, according to the latest official reports, the consumption of alcohol per head of the population decreased by 12 per cent during the first four years the monopoly was in force, while in Poland it decreased by 77 per cent in the course of last year alone. Whether this is due to the working of the new fiscal system is of course another question.

There are thousands of Russians who regard M. de Witte not only as the great financial genius of the age but also as its great social reformer, there are thousands too who denounce him as the source of all evil in the State, financial and social alike. And in the one case as in the other the reason is precisely the same—the fact of his having introduced the spirit monopoly. For one section of the community is honestly convinced that this monopoly makes for temperance, filling the coffers of the State the while, while another has never a doubt but that it acts as a direct incentive to drinking, and outrages every canon of sound economy. By the monopoly law, which was passed in 1894 and is now in force in all parts of the Empire excepting Siberia and the Caucasus, the Russian Government have taken into their own hands not only the control, but the whole working of the spirit trade. The State is now the sole manufacturer of spirit, and practically the one trader who may sell it. It buys up, at its own price too, all the spirit distilled in the Empire, it refines it, bottles it, seals it up securely, and then retails it out to all applicants, providing they be sober, above sixteen years old, and not soldiers, providing, too, they have money in hand wherewith to pay for it, for the State gives no credit. It has made a clean sweep of all those cosy little drink shops where the working classes were wont to while away so much of their time, a clean sweep, indeed, of public houses of all kinds, and although it allows a few large hotels, and one restaurant for every 5,000 inhabitants, to retail vodka if they choose, it offers them no inducement to do so—they must buy of the State all they sell and must sell it at a price which leaves them a profit of only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In the place of public houses it has opened shops, or rather offices, for there is never a chair there where one may sit oneself down, and the person in charge—a woman as a rule—demeans herself quite differently from the ordinary trader. Far from pushing the sale of her bottles she seems reluctant to part with them, and scans with critical eyes all would-be buyers. Should one of them venture to ask her for the loan of a corkscrew, the chances are she would treat him as a criminal. He would be a criminal, indeed, so the law decrees, were he to uncork his bottle either in her domain or on his way home.

The State does not open its shops every day, it must be noted, it does not open them at all on Christmas Day, Ash Wednesday, or Good Friday, or on pay-day if they be near a factory, and it opens them only from twelve o'clock to six in towns, and from ten to three in the country, on Sundays. If a M.r. or a Zemstvo be holding a meeting, or if a law court be open, all the spirit shops in the neighbourhood are closed, they are closed, too, everywhere at six o'clock on the eve of any great holiday.

According to M. de Witte these regulations were all framed for the express purpose of promoting temperance, according to his opponents the whole monopoly law was framed for no other purpose than to increase the revenue. And they do promote temperance, he maintains, whereas they maintain that two of them—the regulation by which public houses are closed, and that by which vodka may be sold only in bottles—directly encourage drinking. Formerly a man would drink a single glass, they say, and would take an hour in which to drink it, talking to his friends and perhaps eating the while, now he drinks a whole bottle at once, and must drink it either standing, to the detriment alike of his health and sobriety, or take it home where his wife, to her detriment, drinks it with him. There is something to be said, of course, for this view of the case, indeed M. de Witte admits, for he is the most reasonable of men, that if he had contented himself with introducing the monopoly law, and done nothing to supplement it in its working, his fellow countrymen might perhaps have had some excuse for looking on him askance. For even the best of laws cannot make a nation sober, and when the State is the sole purveyor of spirit, it is morally bound, he holds, so far as in it lies to make the nation sober, otherwise it lays itself open to the reproach that it is trading on the weakness of its own people, turning their demoralisation to account, sacrificing them, in fact, for the benefit of the revenue. He claims, however, on behalf of his State, to have a clear conscience in the matter, for, far from contenting himself with introducing the monopoly, before ever the law came into force he had prepared the way for it, had taken precautions to insure its working not for woe, but for weal, in the land by organising Temperance Committees. Not only M. de Witte, but the majority of his countrymen are extremely proud of these Committees, regarding them as a proof that in all that concerns State philanthropy Russia is in advance of the rest of the world. Many even of those who are strongly opposed to the monopoly system cordially approve of the Committees. "Whatever decrease in drunkenness there has been among us of late is due entirely to the work of the Temperance Committees," I was told not once but scores of times.

These Committees are certainly very interesting institutions, the most interesting indeed in all Russia, so far at least as one only a sojourner there may judge. For they are no mere temperance

societies, although their very *raison d'être* is to encourage temperance they are not content with trying to induce men to be sober, but are striving hard, some of them at any rate, to humanise them, educate them, put new ideas into their heads, and bring them into touch with civilisation. This is why the work they are doing is so fraught with importance not only for the present but for the future. They are the very anomalies of course, some of their proceedings indeed smack strongly of topsy-turvydom, as, for instance, when they hold temperance meetings on Sundays in buildings where on week-days spirit bottling is carried on. There is a touch of topsy-turvydom even in the very work they are doing, for in fighting against drunkenness they are fighting practically against the man to whom they owe their existence—drink is the Finance Minister's one hen that never fails to lay golden eggs. M. de Witte would speedily be reduced to sore straits were they ever to succeed completely in doing the work he has given them to do, a fact that does not prevent his dealing out to them liberally money wherewith to do it—money made by selling vodka.

Every town in Russia has now its Temperance Committee and so has every country district, while every separate division in a town and every village has its temperance protector. There are special Committees for prisons, too, and Committees for schools. A Committee consists of official members and non-official or coadjutor members. The former are as a rule either State functionaries or military men who are appointed to the office by the Government, and the latter are private persons who, being interested in the subject, volunteer to devote to temperance work a certain amount of time. The President of the Committee is always one of the chief local authorities, excepting in St. Petersburg where he is a member of the Imperial family. The office of a coadjutor member is honorary, only the functionaries and the officials on the clerical staff being paid.

When organising the Temperance Committees the Government frankly recognised the fact that as for a certain class of men vodka drinking is not only a pleasure but the only pleasure they can procure for themselves, it was their bounden duty, if they sought to deprive them of it, to provide them with other pleasures in its place. They recognised too another fact equally important. "If we are to prevent the working classes from drinking we must," they admitted, "give them something to eat. It is a waste of time trying to keep vodka out of their way unless we are prepared to bring wholesome food well within their reach." The Committees therefore were told from the first that the Government counted on them to provide recreation for those unable to provide it for themselves, counted on them, too, to organise temperance restaurants. The other special duties assigned to them are (1) To watch over the sale of alcohol and see that it is carried on in accordance with the laws of health and morality, (2) To spread information among the populace as to the evil effects

of the abuse of alcohol, and awaken them to a sense of the danger it entails, (3) To provide retreats for alcoholists. Thus they are expected to combine, and some of them do combine, the most incongruous rôles, they are at once fiscal inspectors and theatre managers, lecturers on hygiene and purveyors of circuses and whirligigs, teachers of morality and owners of dancing saloons and *cafés chantants*. Nowhere out of Russia would men be asked to undertake such diverse duties as these, nowhere out of Russia, perhaps, would men of the class to which most of the members of these Committees belong, be asked to undertake any such duties at all.

Never does one realise more clearly how different Russians are from other nations than when one sees smart young officers, in their brilliant uniforms, acting as doorkeepers at people's theatres, or superintending the cooking in people's kitchens, when one sees, too, distinguished State officials dropping in where popular lectures are being held, to give a glance at the lime-light apparatus, or passing the hour together in the midst of a motley crowd, in order to make sure that the said crowd are enjoying themselves. These Committee-men do their work so easily, so naturally; there is a fund of genuine kindness in the way they demean themselves, a fund of patience too. They have always a kindly greeting in store for those for whom they cater, they consult their tastes upon all occasions, and even when reduced, as sometimes happens, to hurling at them admonitions and warnings, their manner is at least hail-fellow-well-met. In Russia oddly enough the relations between class and class seem more human than elsewhere, there is a closer bond of sympathy between servers and served, nowhere in the Tsar's dominions is there a touch of that Junker feeling so rampant across their Western frontier. "We shall do no good at all unless we win the confidence of the masses, unless we make them look on us as protectors and friends," the Prince of Oldenburg told his colleagues roundly, at the first meeting they ever held, and this remark is eminently characteristic of the spirit in which the Committees work.

Although the Government, or rather M de Witte, decided what the Committees were to do, he left them to decide for themselves how they would do it, and also what branch of their work they would do first. The result is that no two Committees work on quite the same lines. Some have hitherto devoted all their energy and much of their money to providing recreation, others, to providing instruction, others again, to providing wholesome food. I have yet to meet with a Committee that has spent a single penny on providing an alcoholists' retreat. It is the town Committees of course that do the best work—there are country districts where one needs to have keen eyes to discover that the Committees are doing any work at all. It is the town Committees, too, that differ from one another most markedly in their methods if not in their aims. The Committees of St Petersburg and

• Moscow, for instance, are both doing admirable work, yet the work done by the one differs in many respects fundamentally from that done by the other

• Of all the Temperance Committees that at Moscow is the one to which most interest is attached, owing to the fact that it has a larger and more critical *clientèle* to deal with than any other Committee. Moscow is the great industrial centre of Russia, some half million workers being employed there, it is also the refuge to which the peasants for hundreds of miles eastwards betake themselves temporarily when things go wrong in their villages. Thus it has a huge working-class population made up of diverse elements, of comparatively well-paid artisans and casual labourers on the brink of starvation, and while the former are at once more intelligent and better educated than any other set of workers in Russia, the latter are amongst the most ignorant and uncivilised. Then its people are of the very kind most prone to resort to public-houses, for a large percentage of them are homeless men. As rents are terribly high in Moscow, they leave their wives, if they have wives, in the villages, and content themselves as a rule with a "corner"—just space enough in some room in which to sleep at nights. Thus they have no place of their own whither they can betake themselves, if they have a free hour, no place where there is anyone to cook for them, or even where they can cook for themselves. They are entirely dependent in fact, not merely for company but for food and shelter, on public-houses of one sort or another. And on June 1st, 1901, the day the Committee was formed, the only public-houses there were of the class to which they could afford to resort were practically drunk shops, and even these were already doomed, as July 1st was the date fixed for the monopoly to come into force in Moscow. Thus at its very first meeting the Committee had to face a difficult problem—it had to decide how these thousands and thousands of working-men, for whom the drink shopkeepers had theretofore catered, should be catered for thenceforth.

• Fortunately both the President of the Committee, General Bilderling, and its vice-president, Captain Djoukovsky, are practical men and skilled organisers, otherwise the result might have been disastrous, for the Committee determined there and then to do all the catering itself. As General Bilderling is the military commander of the district, he has but little time to devote to the work, the bulk of it therefore falls on Captain Djoukovsky, who first won his spurs as an organiser while serving on the Famine Committee. No sooner was he appointed vice-president of the Temperance Committee than he threw himself into his new duties with an energy that carried everything before it, working practically night and day. It is thanks to him in a great measure that the huge commissariat experiment on which the Committee embarked has proved such a brilliant success, it is thanks to him that the Moscow workers are to-day better catered for

than any other workers in the Empire—far better than the London workers—and that in some other respects, too, they are provided for more generously

The Moscow Committee began its work in June, 1901, and within a year it had already opened twelve huge Narodny Doms, or People's Houses. It hopes to open eight more before many months have passed. A Narodny Dom, as the term is understood in Moscow, is a working-men's restaurant, club, library and much besides, all combined in one. The restaurants are fine large rooms, well lighted, well ventilated, and beautifully clean, and in most of them at the entrance there are marble basins in which all who choose may wash their hands—they are supplied with soap, water, and towels gratis. They are open from early morning until late at night, for the workers resort there for their breakfasts, which consist as a rule of a cauldron of weak tea and a hunch of bread, they resort there also for their suppers—tea and a snack of fish, or anything else they can afford. During the dinner hour the restaurants are always crowded, and with a motley company, strictly teetotal institutions though they be. There are workers of all kinds there from skilled artisans to road-cleaners, there are petty functionaries, too, of every class, and tramps of every sort, peasants just arrived from their villages, criminals just released from jail, sitting side by side, perhaps, with men who, unless their faces and hands belie them, have but recently come down in the world. For these restaurants have already become general rendezvous, not only for the workers but for all who have to regulate their appetites according to their means and must ask themselves, when giving their orders, not how much they can eat, but how much they can pay for. And the reason they all go there is simple nowhere else can they obtain dinners at once so good and so cheap. All the food served is wholesome, nutritious and thoroughly well cooked, and every day quite a large number of different dishes are provided, so that all tastes may be suited and all pockets, even the shallowest. The prices are quite marvellously low, a fair-sized fish or a large plate of stewed beef may be had for a few kopeks; for only the bare cost of the various dishes is charged, all other expenses being defrayed out of the Government grant, the vodka money. Thus in Russia those who drink serve one good purpose at least, for they help to supply those who eat with cheap food.

Even if this Committee had never done a hand's turn beyond organising these restaurants, it would still have merited the gratitude of all classes in Moscow, for nothing conduces more to peace in a city than a plentiful supply of cheap wholesome food. They, however, are but the nucleus of its work, the work itself extends in all directions. In one of the Narodny Doms there is a labour bureau, where what can be done is done that men may not stand idle in the market place because no man hireth them, while work is waiting to be done. In

the other eleven there are reading-rooms where all comers may pass their whole day if they choose. These are charming resorts, prettily painted and decorated, with quite the air of a gentleman's study, for Madame Sabaschnikoff, the member of the Council under whose special care they are, is keenly alive to the civilising influence clean, well-ordered surroundings may have on even the dullest of *Mujiks*. The reading-rooms are well supplied with newspapers and have lending libraries attached, for the Committee is just as bent on providing its clients with food for their minds as for their bodies, holding that one of its most important duties is to educate. The energy with which it throws itself into educational work of all kinds, indeed, is perhaps its most distinctive feature. It arranges lectures not only on temperance but on all subjects of general interest, it arranges lime-light demonstrations too, debates and concerts. Then it uses the drama, and very skilfully, as an educational force. Although it has no theatre of its own, on Sundays and high-holidays it takes possession of the ordinary theatres and transforms them into People's Theatres, where seats may be had at prices ranging from 2½d. It is careful of course that the plays given upon these occasions shall be wholesome in tone, and, while interesting, and if possible amusing, shall be of the kind the uneducated can understand. Schools are few and far between in Russia, it must be remembered, and the poor there as elsewhere have heavy burdens to bear, it would be difficult therefore to over-estimate the value of the work the Moscow Committee is doing in thus bringing instruction within the reach of all classes, and trying to give at least a touch of interest and pleasure, sweetness and light, to lives fraught with hardship and gloom.

Quite special interest is attached just now to four of the Moscow *Narodny Doms*, owing to an experiment that is being tried there, an experiment which may pave the way for a solution of one of the most difficult problems with which Russia is to-day face to face. Last March, on the anniversary of the freeing of the serfs, the Moscow workers held a great demonstration in honour of Alexander II. More than 30,000 of them marched in solemn procession to the Kremlin, and as a token of gratitude placed a wreath before the Tsar Liberator's statue, singing a *Te Deum* the while. The Governor-General of Moscow, the Grand Duke Sergius, was present at the demonstration. It was thanks to him indeed that it was ever held, as M. Sepiaguine, who was then Home Minister, would fain have had it prohibited. And he was so impressed by the orderly behaviour of the men, by the quiet law-abiding fashion in which they demeaned themselves, that he determined—so at least the story runs in Moscow—to gratify a long cherished wish of theirs. The workers in certain factories were told that they might come together every Saturday night, if they chose, to talk over their own affairs and take counsel together, and two of the *Narodny Dom* restaurants were placed at their service for the

purpose Since then the use of two more has been granted them, and, quite recently, the Grand Duke who, as befits Alexander II's favourite son, is keenly interested in the labour question, has organised for their special benefit evening classes and lectures

In Moscow it is the custom to speak of these meetings as something quite revolutionary and dangerous, for never before have labour meetings been allowed to be held in Russia, and that they should be held now is a sharp thorn in the flesh for the whole capitalist community Yet it is difficult to see wherein the danger lies, judging by the two meetings I attended At the first I went to I found several hundred men assembled, listening with an eagerness that was almost painful while the Chairman, whom they had themselves elected, was trying to make them understand the whys and wherefores of English trades unionism They were many of them terribly dirty—the air in that room was simply appalling—and there were signs of great poverty among them, but their faces were for the most part decidedly intelligent, their eyes were bright and alert, and they were evidently keenly interested in what the Chairman was telling them They greeted his remarks with cordial approval when he emphasised, as he did again and again, the essentially law-abiding character of the English labour movement, and they applauded him to the echo when he exhorted them to model their methods on English methods, bearing well in mind that the favoured position held by English workers to-day is due entirely to their having always conducted their agitation for reforms on constitutional lines At the second meeting I attended there was a lively debate as to what could be done to better the conditions of labour Here again I was struck not only by the quite surprising intelligence of the men, but also by their moderation and sound common sense Most of them had been serfs in their young days, and had none too pleasant memories, perhaps, to look back upon, but there was not a touch of either servility or class-animosity in their bearing, and although they were lacking alike in education and in training, there was no extravagance in their views All that they asked was that labour might be allowed to organise itself into unions so as to be able to treat with capital on more equal terms than at present One of the men, it is true,—by his face he ought to have been a poet, not a day-labourer—pleaded with quite passionate earnestness for more schools, while another made a strong appeal to the Government to keep them supplied with information as to the wages their employers could afford to pay them, to tell them when the said employers were clearing, as they sometimes do, a profit of 30 per cent, while doling out to their employés perhaps a shilling a day By providing rooms for these meetings the members of the Temperance Committee have given a strong proof of their sympathy with the workers and of their determination to help them in all possible ways

As the Monopoly Law came into force in St Petersburg in January, 1898, the Temperance Committee there had already been at work three and a half years before ever the Moscow Committee was formed. The two Committees are constituted somewhat differently, for, whereas in that of Moscow it is the military element that predominates, in that of St Petersburg it is the civil. The St Petersburg Committee is most fortunate alike in its president, the Prince of Oldenburg, and its vice-president, M de Tourchaninoff, for they are both heart and soul in their work; and while the former combines boundless energy with great initiative power, the latter is not only an organiser of marked skill but one of the ablest administrators in the Empire—a man keenly in sympathy with the poor, too, and bent on brightening their lot. They, like their colleagues, are cordially at one with the Moscow Committee in holding that the best way to fight against excessive drinking is to provide cheap wholesome food, they differ from it considerably however in the view they take of the relative merits of education and recreation as factors making for temperance. Although they recognise to the full the beneficial influence of education, they attach greater importance, for the time being at any rate, to the influence of recreation, because it makes itself felt both more quickly and on greater numbers, and it can be brought to bear not only on the intelligent but on the stupid, nay even the degraded. It is not the love of vodka as a rule, they maintain, that leads a man to drink, but the dull, leaden monotony of his life. He drinks, especially on Sundays and holidays when he has no work, because he feels that he must have a change of some sort, and the only change he can procure for himself is to get drunk. The special work to which they have from the first devoted themselves, therefore, is that of bringing some sort of recreation within the reach of even the most poverty-stricken, providing them with cheap food of course the while.

In great cities the poor have always a hard lot, and in St Petersburg their lot is peculiarly hard, for the climate there is more trying than elsewhere, while wages are low and the cost of living is high—the average workman must toil early and late to make both ends meet. None the less the St Petersburg poor are now in one respect more fortunate than the poor of any other city—hard as they must work, what leisure they have they spend pleasantly if they choose, and care beladen though they be, the chance at least is given them of forgetting their burden from time to time. And that it is thus is owing entirely to the Temperance Committee which, by organising the Dom Nicholas II and many another institution, has brought recreation to their very door. It is only those who have been there who can realise what a boon this great Narodny Dom is for the workers, or how much it does towards rendering their lives both more cheery and more human.

For English people special interest is attached to the Dom

Nicholas II, for it is exactly what our People's Palace was intended to be and is not. It is a pleasure resort for the poor, a place where they may betake themselves whenever on enjoyment bent. The Dom itself—it is the old Nijni-Novgorod exhibition building renovated—is a huge place, painted blue, white and gold. It stands close to the Neva, in the midst of a beautiful park, with great trees all around it, and flower-beds, aglow with bright flowers in summer, dotted about here and there. Among the trees there are prettily-arranged little grottoes for those who wish to avoid the throng. The building is divided into five parts, a great entrance hall which serves as a general promenade, a restaurant, a concert-hall, a theatre, and a reading-room. The charge for admission is 2½d, and the only extra charge ever made is for a seat in the theatre.

The restaurant is a perfect model of what such a place should be. It is spotlessly clean—pale blue and white—and everything served is not only wholesome but appetising, and so cheap that even the unskilled labourer can afford to take his wife and children there to dine. Thousands of workmen and petty functionaries do dine there indeed every Sunday, and the average price paid for the meal is 2½d. I once sat near a family of four, father, mother and two children, while they had their meal. They began with tomato soup, as good a soup as I ever tasted, and although they had only one portion among them all the four plates—they were provided with four—were fairly well filled. The second course was schi, a favourite dish in Russia, made of beef, vegetables, and barley. Of this too they had only one portion, yet the supply seemed to be ample, and it was the same with the sweet, a sort of highly seasoned rice-pudding. The whole party had as much as they could eat, they said, and they waxed quite enthusiastic in their praise of every dish. The cost of the dinner, including a large pot of tea and an unlimited supply of bread, was about a shilling. "I could not have made the dinner at home for the money," the woman declared. Yet this restaurant is practically self-supporting, a notable proof of what may be done in the catering line by careful organisation and good management, even when intoxicants are banished.

In the Concert Hall, which is a most popular resort, military bands play from time to time, and in the intervals entertainments of various kinds from acrobat shows upwards are given—negroes sing their ditties there, clowns make their jokes and Chinamen swallow swords. What is aimed at here is amusement pure and simple, for the members of the Committee, being wise in their generation, boldly face the fact that among their clients are some with tastes the reverse of refined, and with a rooted objection to everything that smacks even remotely of edification. It is for the benefit of such people as these that the variety show is provided, and they certainly appreciate the attention. Russians are not as a race prone to laughter, still I heard more laughter in that hall than anywhere else in the country.

This Nicholas II variety show is undoubtedly a useful institution, quite a fair percentage of the men who pass their holiday there would, were they not there, be drinking vodka. Still it is not an institution of which the Committee is proud, whereas of the Nicholas II theatre it is honestly proud and with good reason. The theatre is huge, there are seats there for some 2,000 spectators and standing room besides for a legion, and although some few of the seats, those intended for casual visitors, cost 4s. 4d each, there are many others in all respects as good that cost 6d, others again that cost only 2½d, while standing room costs nothing at all. In judging of these prices it must be remembered that tickets for the ordinary theatres cost more than twice as much in St Petersburg as in London.

The Nicholas II Theatre was crowded the last time I was there,—it was during the Carnival, and there were 20,000 persons in the Dom. Every seat was secured in advance, and there was not an inch of standing room long before the curtain went up. The play was *Peter the Great*, and the acting was remarkably good even to the smallest *rôle*, for the Committee has a company of its own—or rather two companies, for it gives operas alternately with plays—every member of which is carefully chosen and trained. These artistes are most of them quite young—"Stars" are of course for financial reasons out of the question—but they all have talent for their calling. Their dresses were tasteful, and some of them exceedingly beautiful, while the scenery, although simple, was in every respect appropriate. Evidently the play appealed in a quite special degree to the audience, for even the roughest among them followed it with close attention. Some of them indeed were quite transformed as they listened, there was real distress in their faces when the hero's plans seemed going a-gley, and their eyes glowed with excitement when he finally put his foes to rout. They sat as if spellbound so long as each scene lasted, and then shook the very building with their applause. Never have I seen a more appreciative audience, or one more enthusiastic. When the play was over they turned to one another eagerly comparing notes and discussing its bearing. Evidently the theatre serves its purpose admirably, if that purpose be to put new ideas into the heads of those who frequent it, and give them something to think about.

The Nicholas II is not the only theatre the St Petersburg Committee owns, it has another in a poor district on the opposite side of the city, but this it opens only three times a week. It has also theatres in the Tauride Gardens and the Petrowsky Park which it opens in summer, while during the winter it gives dramas and even operas in the Michel Manège. On every holiday, it organises in the different suburbs popular *fêtes* with music, and, when possible, with outdoor sports, and caters with much care and judgment for those who go there, providing them with all sorts of drinks excepting vodka. Then it is trying an interesting experiment in the great working-class

district that lies just behind the Alexander Nevsky Lavra Monastery. It has organised there a great hotel, a sort of Rowton House, with a restaurant attached, where men are decently lodged for 1¼d a night, and both boarded and lodged for 6d a day. It has organised tea-rooms, too, in different parts of the city, and has even bought two ships to serve as people's kitchens. These are floated about to wherever food may be most required. On one of these ships I found, on a Sunday afternoon, the very poorest crowd I ever saw in St. Petersburg. They were real Mujiks, every one of them, men who had just drifted in from the country. None of them could afford to buy anything but tea and bread, nor could they have afforded to buy even that had they had to pay ordinary restaurant prices.

Although the special characteristic of the St. Petersburg Committee is the vigour with which it throws itself into the task of providing amusement and cheap food, this is by no means the be-all and end-all of its work. It has opened twelve reading-rooms, as well as two libraries, and it intends before long to open many more, and during the winter months it organises classes and arranges for lectures to be given. It has devised a method of its own of teaching history by means of *tableaux vivants*, and of teaching temperance by pictures and pamphlets in which the evils that result from excessive drinking are depicted in quite Zolaesque colours. It is doing much good work too among children, especially among the street urchin class, its pet *protégés*. It makes its influence felt indeed in all directions, and always for good. And what this Committee and that in Moscow are doing, other Committees are doing, in a lesser degree, in every town in the Empire, and throughout the country. In most villages now there is a comfortable tea-room where the peasants may resort whenever they choose and find newspapers and books awaiting them. There is someone or other in the district, too, whose special business it is to bring within their reach pleasures better worth having than vodka drinking.

Considering the work they are doing these Committees are not expensive luxuries. In theory they each receive from the Government at least 50,000 roubles, but one Committee solemnly assured me, a few months ago, that it had never received a penny and was supporting its tea-room out of its own pocket, while several were emphatic in their declarations that M. de Witte is the veriest Pharaoh—he expects them to make bricks without straw. The truth of the matter seems to be that whereas to large towns money is given freely, to small towns and villages it is given but grudgingly. The St. Petersburg Committee has certainly been treated with exceptional generosity, for it received for the erection and organisation of the Dom Nicholas II alone more than a million roubles, and has besides an annual allowance of nearly 300,000 roubles. The Moscow Committee too has good reason to be content with its lot, for its annual allowance is 300,000 roubles, while

that of Warsaw is 100,000. In 1900 M de Witte handed over to the Committees collectively nearly 4,000,000 roubles, and last year he gave them considerably more, how much more is not yet known. And this he could well afford to do, seeing that the yield of the vodka monopoly brought into his coffers already in 1897, 20,375,000 roubles, and is expected to bring into them this year nearly five times that amount.

Russian Temperance Committees are not ideal institutions, they have their faults, of course, still they are undoubtedly doing much useful work, work which will make its influence felt more and more from year to year. For they are not only fighting against intemperance but they are fighting for civilisation, for a higher standard of life among the workers, for their social and intellectual development. They are striving too, so far as in them lies, to introduce purple patches into dull, grey existences, and thus render this world of ours a pleasanter place than it is. And this in itself is a work of real charity. It is a great thing for a nation to have, as Russia has, thousands of men and women bonded together for the express purpose of giving a helping hand to the poor, of removing stones from the path of the weak, and rendering life all round better worth living. As I went about among the Moscow workers and saw them in their great dining-halls, with their well-cooked dinners before them, I often wished that English workers were as well catered for as these Russians are. I often wished, too, when in St Petersburg, that London had, as that city has, its pleasure resorts for the poor, its people's theatres, nay even its variety shows with performing Chinamen and ditty-singing negroes.

EDITH SELLERS

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MOROCCO

REBELLIONS in Morocco used to be as frequent as revolutions in South America, but unlike these they invariably reacted upon the relations between the Government and one or more European Powers. Men-of-war were wont to be despatched in hot haste, remonstrances drawn up in emphatic language and even an ultimatum presented and accepted. But with the ensuing disappearance of the symptoms, the root and the evil was left untouched. Hence its manifestations were Protean and periodical, and although considerable reforms have been introduced under British influence since the present Sultan became his own master on the death of his despotic Grand Vizier in 1900, Morocco-bound human nature will continue to assert itself until the country has been absorbed by one or more of the "culture bearing" nations, which are on the watch, like birds of prey, for the inevitable dissolution. And there are at least four of these.

We are wont to speak of Morocco as of a country governed or misgoverned by a ruler termed a Sultan, and we generally regard its political and geographical boundaries as conterminous. Yet nothing could be more misleading. For school purposes indeed Morocco is a land, roughly speaking, about half as big again as the German Empire, but the district over which the Sultan has real sway—the core of it is the stretch of territory which lies between the Atlas Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean—is hardly more than one-fourth of the whole, and is known as the Chancellery-Land (*Belad-el-Makhtsen*) to distinguish it from the rest which is called *Beled es Seeba* and is virtually independent. Hence only a relatively small portion of Morocco is really known, and some interesting discoveries may be expected there whenever order is sufficiently established to allow it to be explored. The mountainous districts in the north, for instance, inhabited by wild, warlike and freedom-loving tribes who have never submitted to the yoke, and seldom been temporarily beaten by the armies, of the Sultan, are wholly unexplored, although they are within easy distance of the coast.

Venturesome Europeans do indeed penetrate from time to time even into this mysterious territory, but whether their object is curiosity, lucre or religious propaganda, whether their costume is European or native, they do not come back again to recount their experiences. The stern Berber hill tribes wish to be left to themselves, and however praiseworthy the object of the Christian or Mohammedan who encroaches upon their native land may be, they seldom weigh motives or ask questions, but promptly put him to death. Nor can the Sultan with his army do much to avenge these breaches of hospitality. For those tribes are not only fierce and dauntless, but well armed besides, and owing to the smuggling trade between the coast and Gibraltar and Spain they are provided with far better rifles than the Sultan's troops, and they know how to use them too with deadly effect. Even His Majesty, when he travels in certain parts of the country which acknowledges his sway, is invariably escorted by a large body of troops, without which his life would not be safe. The present Sultan, Mula Abdul Aziz, who has had a better training than most of his predecessors—many of whom died suddenly after their coffee—is described by some of those who claim to know him as a man of progress and enlightenment, great stress being laid upon his skill at billiards, his practical knowledge of photography, and the ease and grace with which he rides a bicycle. It is only fair, however, to add that he has done much to check the wild outbursts of fanaticism, which so often go together with religious zeal among his subjects, that he has disregarded the sacred rights of sanctuary in the case of the murderer of Dr Cooper, and has rendered prison life in his dominions more like a terrestrial Purgatory than the hell it used to be. And yet even now, with the exception of the Armenians and the Macedonians, there is perhaps no people within gunshot of Europe whose lives are so utterly miserable, whose future is so hopeless as are those of the Moors of to-day. The various social layers of the population may be looked upon as a pyramid, the apex of which is the Sultan. As animals feed on plants and men on both, the officials prey upon the lower classes and the monarch on them all. The village Sheikh plunders the peasants, the Caid squeezes the village Sheikh, and so on upward to the Sultan himself. The only person who can breathe freely is he who, like Horace's wayfarer, has nothing to lose. Hence to cast one's bread upon the waters of trade or agriculture is to toil and moil for others and to be punished over and above for possessing worldly goods. Enterprise of every kind has therefore been crushed out, agriculture and trade are at a discount, and a clever artisan curses the day on which his skill was found to surpass that of his neighbours, for ever after he must work late and early for the Sheikh, the Caid or the Sultan, for little or nothing. Inherited wealth is consequently a rare phenomenon. Whatever an individual or a family possesses is hidden away where outsiders cannot find it.

This hydra-headed despotism—the worst conceivable form of misgovernment—is tempered by murder and revolt, and these crimes in turn are punished by penalties which can hardly be described in English. Thus during the insurrection of five years ago the Sultan put a price of three shillings on the head of every insurgent brought in by his soldiers. The latter, desirous of earning the most money with the least possible labour, cut off the heads of camel-drivers, peasants, and other harmless people who came in their way, and exchanged them for Spanish dollars, whereupon the offer of prize money was withdrawn and the soldiers deserted in scores. The prisoners taken among the insurgents had an iron collar put round their necks, and then a chain was passed through some thirty or forty such collars, so that all the wretched men had to stand or lie down together, even when some of the number were corpses. During the Angera rising, which took place three years previously, many of the rebels had their right hand slashed to the bone at every joint on the inside. Salt was then sprinkled on and rubbed into the wounds. A sharp flint stone was next placed on the bleeding palm, which was closed tightly over it and kept shut by a piece of raw hide which was made fast to the wrist, the left hand being meanwhile bound behind the back so that it should not release the right. The hide-bound hand was then plunged in water, taken out and left to contract in the heat, inflicting maddening torture on the sufferer who, if he did not die from blood-poisoning, was set free at the end of nine days—a cripple for the remainder of his life.

Rebellions and risings are therefore still more frequent in Morocco, being directed now against a Governor, now against the Sultan himself. Thus six weeks have not elapsed since the chiefs of the Berber tribes of the district around Meknez, who had revolted in August and seduced numbers of the regular troops from their allegiance, finally surrendered. Since then a fanatical prophet headed an insurrectionary movement which originated near Fez, and the bleached heads of a score of his followers, nailed to the gates of that city, are still there as warnings to disaffected subjects or over-zealous co-religionists. Humanity never forms an element in the methods either of rebellion or repression, and the stories told of the deeds of both parties are calculated to make one wish that British influence at Court—at present considerable—could soften the manners and humanise the methods of latter day Moors. When the Caid of the province of Haha was forced by a sudden outburst of popular fury to seek safety in flight, his palace, which was gutted by the rebels, was found to contain the skeletons of his two nephews hidden away in the wall. The people, Sir Joseph Hooker tells us, found much booty, and among other things butter and honey in vast quantities, which they enjoyed to their hearts' content. But the Caid, great though his haste had been, had found time to poison these dainties, and when the rebels discovered the fact, most of them were beyond the reach of human help.

This poisoned butter and honey are symbolical of the country itself, which Nature made fertile and salubrious, and which man has turned into a place of squalor and misery

From a political point of view the situation may be compared to a Gordian knot. Interests of all kinds and of all countries, many of them purely artificial, meet and clash there in a most bewildering way. France and Great Britain, bent on strengthening or at any rate maintaining their respective positions on the Mediterranean, keep a vigilant watch on each other's movements, and the former country, with a view to securing a powerful diplomatic ally, has recently brought Russia as a partner into the game. Muscovy, therefore, with no commerce to speak of and a single subject of the Tsar—as ironical Fate would have it, a Jew—to protect, maintains a Legation there, and has opened a bank at Tangier as well. Germany, not to be outdone by her restive neighbour, has established a post-office at Tangier and in the towns on the coast. Italy has come forward to propose the neutralisation of the country—a measure which is almost as hopeless as perpetual peace—while Spain has already a certain status in Morocco, which sentimental reasons forbid her to give up. Great Britain cannot possibly allow Tangier or Ceuta to pass into the possession of any first class Power. The value of Gibraltar would thereupon dwindle into utter insignificance, our status in the Mediterranean would be radically changed, and the sacrifice of men and money which such a disturbance of equilibrium must necessarily entail would be hardly less than those of a European war. It is to this conflict of interests that Morocco, like Turkey, owes her lengthened lease of national existence. Under those trying artificial conditions our Government seems to have done what was possible from the point of view of the humanitarian, and not only all the reforms which tend to render the life and property of foreigners secure in those parts of the country which they are permitted to visit, but also the improvement of the prisons and the gradual betterment of the condition of the people, may be justly attributed to British influence. And over and above all this, the authority of the Sultan in his own realm, which as we have seen is not conterminous with Morocco, has increased to such an extent that if risings are still frequent they are no longer as formidable as they used to be, and as they seldom seriously affect the interests of foreign residents, there is no fear of reasonable grounds being offered by them for the intervention of third parties.

THE NEAR EAST

A day of reckoning seems to be drawing near for the Sultan of Turkey, and his strenuous endeavours to paralyse in western Europe the agitation carried on by Young Turks, Albanians, Armenians, Cretans, and others, are dictated by a feeling of alarm which is by no means groundless. For these champions of their oppressed peoples

have succeeded in making a deep impression upon one or two European Powers, and an insurrection may possibly do the rest. A serious appeal to arms, such as we are assured will be made next Spring by the Albanians, could not long remain local. Their friends outside would espouse their cause at any and every cost. The case of the Armenians is different. Devoid of protectors among the Great Powers, they are still being terrorised as of yore, but as long as murder and rapine do not assume the proportions of a vast massacre, no European nation will raise a hand to alleviate their lot. And it is doubtful whether even a massacre would have any perceptible effect upon European diplomacy. The Slavs of course are more fortunate in their prospects. They cannot be annihilated with impunity. Bulgaria professes to regard them as her children, the Serbs acknowledge them as brothers, and no number of paper-conventions signed by Austria-Hungary and Russia can compel the Slav States of the Balkans to remain inactive while their kith and kin are being hewn to pieces by the Turk. Indeed, Russia herself will find it an impossible task to remain a passive spectator. Hence her present uneasiness. The turn of events in the Near East therefore depends upon the questions whether the people of Macedonia are really ready and able to rise up against their oppressors in the early summer, and whether before that time the Powers that signed the Treaty of Berlin will summon a conference and deal with the condition of the Christians of the Ottoman Empire. If the latter course be taken—and I have reason to believe that the present French and Italian Governments are in principle favourably disposed towards this proposal—the condition of the Armenians as well as that of the Slavs of Macedonia would be carefully considered and humanely dealt with. Among the less burning questions which would then be also laid before the Conference are the abnormal status of Eastern Roumelia and Crete from the point of view of international law. M. Delcassé, should he weather the storm now brewing, may perhaps take upon himself the initiative of calling such a Conference together, and it is likely that Great Britain and Italy would cordially second his efforts, but whether the support of the remaining Great Powers could be relied upon or the action of three would prove efficacious, are questions upon the solution of which M. Delcassé's line of policy will obviously depend.

CLOUDS IN THE RUSSIAN FAR EAST.

Despite the diplomatic interest which Russia at present seems to display in Afghanistan, Morocco and the Balkan Peninsula, almost all her attention, in so far as it is directed to foreign affairs, is absorbed by the unexpected development of things in the Far East, which M. Witte has set out to study for himself. The course of affairs, commercial, strategical and political, there is not running parallel with the original

scheme, and the deviation, if we may credit local Press organs, is extremely embarrassing and costly. Briefly put, the salient facts, which when not matters of common knowledge are vouched for by well informed Russian Press organs of the Far East, are these. When the Manchurian Railway was definitely decided upon, the Tsar's advisers cast about for some compensation for the enormous outlay it would involve. A source of ever increasing wealth seemed to lie in the building of a vast sea-port city on the northern shore of the Yellow Sea, which should serve as a Pacific terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway. This vast entrance to Manchuria, would, it was believed, become a great emporium for the trade of Manchuria itself and of Corea, as well as a trans-shipping station for goods coming from the eastern and western shores of the Yellow Sea.

The idea seemed promising, and the grounds for adopting it were at the time many and serious. A site was therefore chosen on the east side of the Liao Tong Peninsula, some twenty miles to the north-east of Port Arthur, and the name given to the new free port was Dalny, or the Distant. Enormous sums of money are said to have been then expended in rendering this new city worthy of the part it was destined to play in the future of the Russian Far East. But certain measures, to the adoption of which no obstacles had been foreseen in the beginning, had also to be taken in order to render the scheme successful. Among other things, there must not be two entrances to Manchuria, and before this new one could fulfil the hopes entertained by its founders the ancient outlet, New Chwang, must be either shut or occupied by Russia, just as in trade the incoming firm buys up and closes the old established house. But an unforeseen hindrance arose in the joint action taken by the United States, Japan and Great Britain, which forced Russia's hand and kept New Chwang open to all comers, none of whom has proved so active or enterprising as the Japanese. One of the results of this hitch in the scheme is that northern and eastern Manchuria, which heretofore absorbed the stream of commerce coming from the Amoor District, are at present flooded with wares from competitors of all nationalities.

Nor is that all. The Japanese are building a railway in Corea which will wholly divert the anticipated tributaries of commerce flowing from the south, will tap a considerable portion of Manchuria as well, and will thus deprive Dalny of much of its significance. That line connects Fusan, its south-eastern terminus, with the capital, Seoul, and then continues its way as far as the mouth of the river Yaloo which forms the boundary between Corea and Manchuria. And to make matters worse, Fusan is so far favoured by Nature that the harbour never freezes in winter, whereas contrary to the belief hitherto entertained, the port of Dalny does freeze. In this way many strokes of the pen, as the Germans put it, have been made through the reckoning of the Russian Government, whose embarrassment is considerable in consequence. If

Manchuria had been included in the Russian Tariff system, if Dalny had been declared—as it actually is—a free port and New Chwang closed, the problem would have been as capable of a satisfactory solution, as any sum in proportion: all the Manchurian trade and that of the neighbouring Russian provinces as well would have passed through the new city, which would have prospered without inflicting any damage on the trade or industry of the interior. At present the problem is as difficult as a Sphinx riddle, and the only point still clear in it is the strategic advantage which Russia will in any case reap from her position. But the cost, if the estimate of the sums of money spent upon Dalny be correct, is appalling.

FRANCE AND SIAM

PRECARIOUS POSITION OF THE FRENCH CABINET

The Franco-Siamese Convention is said to be in danger. The French Colonial Party have ever since its publication been leaving no stone unturned to hinder its final ratification. Patriotism is naturally the flag under which they have been enlisting support, but party interests appear to have supplied the main motive power. The Colonial Chauvinists urge that France gave up what she possessed, Chantibun especially, and received nothing worth having in return, the one thing valuable being a sphere of influence in Siam proper. M. Delcassé's friends reply that what has been abandoned in the so-called sphere of French influence never really belonged to the Republic, that sooner or later therefore it must be abandoned, and that for yielding it up at present a very fair return was made by the Siamese Government, to say nothing of the value of the re-establishment of cordiality in the relations between the two countries. But the Colonial Party are really aiming their shafts less at his policy than at M. Delcassé himself, in order to pitchfork into his place the politician whom all France now regards with hope or fear as the coming man, M. Doumer. This gentleman, the greatest Parliamentary tactician in France, was Minister of Finance in the Radical Government of which M. Bourgeois in 1895-6 was chief, and the thoroughness of his democratic convictions led him then to introduce a general income tax—always an extremely unpopular measure among the middle classes—which wrecked the Cabinet. Thereupon M. Doumer became a hero of Radicalism and great things were prophesied of him in the distant future. Meanwhile in the very near future—a few months after his fall—Paris and France were astounded to learn that he had accepted from the Government of his adversaries, from M. Méline himself, the much-coveted post of Governor of Indo-China. From that time forth he assumed the title of Excellency and left Radicalism to take care of itself. After having played the part of Governor-General for some years, he recently came over from Saigon, resigned his position,

obtained a seat in the Chamber, and has now been elected to the influential post of Chairman of the Budget Committee. M. Jaurès forthwith protested, spoke of him as Cæsar *in spe* and reminded the Radicals that it was they who, so to say, brought up Boulanger by hand, while M. de Pressensé has uttered warnings in the daily Press which are likely to prove Cassandra prophecies.

M. Doumer then is the man selected by the Colonial Party as the champion of their cause, and one of the chief counts in their indictment of M. Delcassé is the evacuation of Chantibun, to which France had no right whatever, a fact which the French Government had long ago acknowledged in writing.

But the present Foreign Minister has a better case than even those facts constitute, and he presented it in his quiet, unemotional way by publishing on the 11th November an official Yellow Book which literally cuts the ground from under the feet of his opponents, who have now become the accused instead of the accusers. The Yellow Book contains much of the correspondence which has taken place on the subject of Siam since 1894, and makes it clear to all that the concessions complained of by the followers of M. Doumer were made by that gentleman himself, who played a part in Siam which he will now find it no easy matter to justify. In the Spring of 1899 M. Doumer, then Governor-General of Indo-China, paid a visit to Bangkok and had important conversations with King Chulalongkorn, by whom he was received—as he hastened to inform M. Delcassé by telegraph—“in a very cordial and friendly manner,” which seems to have had a soothing effect upon the whilom democrat. In the course of those “important conversations” he not only made graceful concessions, but volunteered them much too early in the negotiations, and chief among them was the evacuation of Chantibun. The result was very mischievous from the French point of view, for the Siamese at once insisted upon the surrender of Chantibun as a preliminary condition of further *pourparlers*, and M. Delcassé saw himself obliged, in order to be able to reopen negotiations on an equality of terms, to threaten to break off all diplomatic relations with King Chulalongkorn and to look the contingency of hostilities in the face! These revelations seem calculated to deal a severe blow to the growing prestige of M. Doumer, and to leave the Colonial Party to fight its decisive battle without ammunition. Hence it is generally taken for granted that the Convention will be ratified and that M. Delcassé will come out of the struggle victorious. But speaking for myself, after a careful consideration of the decisive factors, not all of which have been fully laid before the public, I feel that undue confidence should not be placed in the durability of the Combes Cabinet. Indeed I should not be surprised if the Franco-Siamese Convention fell through if M. Delcassé were forced to resign, or if the lease of life of the Ministry came to a sudden end during the first half of the coming year. As this view, which runs

counter to that generally accepted, will doubtless surprise many of the readers of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, I shall set forth in brief the reasons which render it highly probable in my eyes

The rocks ahead which threaten the craft piloted by M. Combes are not merely those which can be descried in Siamese waters. The Cabinet as a whole is in danger, and for real reasons as well as fanciful pretexts. Among the latter I reckon of course the campaign of the Colonial Party, which M. Delcassé could oppose successfully enough if he would accept M. de Pressensé's suggestion and order an inquiry to be made into M. Doumer's doings in Indo-China. This, however, on patriotic grounds, he hesitates to do, Colonial methods being so different from those in vogue at home. Among the real reasons is the deplorable fact that while the Combes Cabinet has been clear and heretofore unanimous as to its policy, it has shown itself singularly injudicious in its choice of means to the end, surprisingly short-sighted in foreseeing difficulties and uncommonly unresourceful in steering clear of them.

The legislation dealing with the religious congregations offers more than one handle to the Opposition. Thus the Government has solemnly undertaken to carry out the provisions of the Act, whereas the machinery at its disposal is so clumsy, so slow and so irritating to the nerves of friends and foes that it will have to be thrown aside as useless and other means adopted before the Liberal principles which were embodied in the Bill can be applied. For instance, the petitions of those Congregations which, submitting to the law, have requested an authorisation to remain in France cannot be dealt with by the Government, but only by the Chamber. This is a most curious anomaly and a defect so radical that it simply nullifies the law itself, and renders the past labours of Cabinet and Parliament a work of Penelope. Although the Radicals are formally responsible for this blunder, it smacks so strongly of treachery that one is naturally disposed to attribute it to some secret sympathiser with the religious congregations, who determined to take away with one hand what he gave with the other. For the number of petitions for authorisation is over nine hundred. Now although the Government can if it will lay them before the Chamber in one batch, the Chamber cannot refuse to discuss them separately at the request of the Opposition, each one on its own merits, and in this way the debate might be prolonged *ad infinitum*. Meanwhile, of course, the Congregations would be tolerated, *ipso facto*.

To remedy this cumbersome procedure various ingenious proposals have been made, any one of which would be efficacious enough if it could be accepted, but there is little chance of this, seeing that one and all they curtail the rights either of individual deputies or of the Chambers. Thus one of these Bills would compel the Opposition to refrain from making amendments tending to authorise those Congregations whose

petitions had already been adversely reported upon by the Committee and refused by the majority in the Chamber. But this measure, which sounds reasonable enough in England, will not be entertained on the other side of the Channel, because it involves a change in the Constitution, which invests every Deputy with the right of making any proposal he thinks fit.

All the other expedients hitherto suggested are to the full as impractical, and it seems very doubtful whether the Combes Cabinet or indeed any other Ministry can carry out the Law of Associations so long as the legislature, instead of the Executive, is charged with applying it to individual Congregations. If therefore the President of the Council does not bring in a Bill investing the responsible Ministers with the right of executing the Law, it will remain a dead letter, like so many similar legislative acts that went before, and the present Government will have to make way for politicians who either adopt more efficacious means or will pursue quite different ends.

That is the theoretical difficulty in a nutshell. But the tactical obstacles too are numerous, and a few of them appear to be formidable as well. Thus for instance the present Finance Minister, M. Rouvier—a man whose weight is nearly equal to that of the former Finance Minister, M. Doumer—has allowed his zeal for the Cabinet to grow cool. Like him, too, he has brought in Bills—rendered necessary by the deficits of the last couple of years—which will arouse great opposition. One of them, dealing with the sugar tax, is peculiarly obnoxious to a number of the Deputies who represent—among other interests—those of the sugar-producing regions. Another tends to abolish the privilege enjoyed by people living near the Belgian and German frontiers to purchase tobacco cheaper than in other parts of France, and the object of a third is to restrict the rights of those who distil, tax-free, alcoholic beverages for domestic consumption alone. The opponents of these reform measures are numerous. Marshalled under M. Doumer's leadership, they might bring down the scale against the Cabinet. The Finance Minister, M. Rouvier, is the only man who can thwart this scheme, and rumour has it that he is grown half-hearted and more anxious to be prepared for the future than to mould the present. Others among the Government's supporters are lukewarm, while a few are almost hostile. Under those conditions it is quite on the cards that the coming year will witness the fall of the Combes Cabinet and a veritable welter of conflicting measures and policies which would do more to weaken France than the loss of all her influence in Siam.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND ENGLAND

Kaiser Wilhelm as a practical man of business always tries to kill as many birds as possible with a single stone. It is his way of applying the law of the economy of force. If therefore the primary

object of his trip to this country was, as seems extremely probable, to perform an act of courtesy to his Royal uncle, it is reasonable to assume that he did not eschew political discussions in his conversation with British statesmen, nor neglect to make due preparations in advance for any contingencies which such an exchange of views might seem to him calculated to bring about. But there are no trustworthy data available to enable us to determine the extent of those preparations or the nature of the contingencies which they presupposed, and all the ingenious disquisitions heretofore written on the subject are based on mere conjectures, any number of which might be plausibly set up. One of the undeniable facts which stand out in relief against this background of surmises is the important rôle which the personal magnetism of a single man is universally believed to play in politics, at the outset of this most unsentimental century. That the German Emperor should be feared because, in spite of the bitterness still subsisting between his people and ours, he is credited with ability enough to turn the tables in the twinkling of an eye and by sheer force of character, charm of manner and readiness of argument to convert keen rivals into cordial friends, is an implicit tribute to the personality of the man which his future biographer will class among his principal claims to the rank of a great statesman.

Another of the salient points of the situation is the curious effect which the alarmist views expressed by many of our leading organs have had upon the German people. Some of the most influential newspapers of the Fatherland assure their readers, upon the highest authority which they can invoke, that whether the British people abuse or belaud their Teutonic cousins, they are in each case moved by a strong desire to draw nearer to them and if possible to translate their cordial feelings into the clauses of a parchment treaty. Thus in the years 1898 and 1899, says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, when it was the fashion here to speak of Germany in honeyed words of eulogy, and to-day when the drift of public opinion is distinctly anti-German, the real aim of the British people is and was the same. The project of an Anglo-German alliance, the same paper remarks, was first started in financial circles here before the outbreak of the South African war —

No one who knows the intimacy and intensity of the commercial relations between the two countries will be surprised at this. The city of London is ever more and more becoming one vast German steelyard. The old dépôt of samples of the Hansa cities in London has now vanished, but instead of that the whole city of London is become one German dépôt of samples, and in all the remaining industrial and trading circles of London the powerful German influence is making itself duly felt. A special chapter might be

* *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 12th November

written on the Teutonic business and social relations which the Birmingham industrial family of the Chamberlains keep up. Well, the idea of a German-English alliance cropped up in financial circles and the English Government grasped it with both hands, and why should it not grasp it with both hands, seeing that the attractive prospect was thus held out to it of having in case of war the mighty German land army placed at its disposal?*

The writer then goes on to say that cold water was poured upon English zeal for an alliance when Mr Chamberlain's allusion to it as already existing was publicly and cuttingly corrected by the German Chancellor, and it was further damped in consequence of the campaign carried on by the German Press during the Boer War, but that when all has been said and done the two countries will find that the successful pursuit of their respective interests renders cordial relations, if not a formal alliance, a practical necessity.

The Russian Press on the other hand maintains that the only points at which British and German interests seem to converge is that at which they run counter to those of Russia, and that the price which England would have to pay for making common cause with Germany would far outweigh any advantages which might reasonably be expected to accrue to her from such action. The *Novoye Vremya*† says —

Germany is seeking to obtain a naval station on the Persian Gulf as a terminus to the Baghdad Railway. This of itself amounts to an encroachment on Russia's sphere of interest, and the matter cannot be settled in London. A separate Anglo-German agreement dealing with the Persian Gulf would be an overt act of hostility towards Russia of which no Power would be guilty which was minded to entertain relations of peace and friendship with us.

The lesson to be drawn from this conflict of opinion is obvious to the man of ordinary intelligence and average knowledge of politics. At present there is no immediate need of alliances or treaties with any Continental Power. If it be true that our interests do not clash with those of Germany—and the recent action of that country in the matter of British influence in the Yang-Tse Valley does not bear out the contention—there is surely no need of paper or parchment to make our relations more cordial. If on the other hand a "deal" is contemplated, similar to that which culminated in our alliance with Japan, the very first question which a British Foreign Minister would naturally desire to see satisfactorily solved is this: are the traditional, the immutable relations between Germany and her powerful

* Against what Power could Great Britain conceivably need, and Germany safely accord her, the support of the powerful army of which Kaiser Wilhelm is the Commander-in-Chief?

† *Novoye Vremya*, November 9th.

eastern neighbour such as would permit her to enter seriously into any engagements which would be construed in Russia as positively unfriendly? Those who are disposed to answer this query in the negative adduce in support of their view the closest alliance ever yet entered into by Germany, namely, with Austria-Hungary, and point to the means taken by the German Chancellor of that day—whose aims and methods were approved by the nation—secretly to apologise and atone for that act in the eyes of Russia while enjoying all the advantages it had assured him. Yet Austria-Hungary was Germany's most loyal friend. If they do these things, they argue, in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?

Another consideration on which the opponents of an Anglo-German Alliance lay stress is the admitted fact that how dangerous so ever Russia may be to England, years, possibly generations, must elapse before any of the dangers with which she threatens us becomes imminent. To ward them off as long as possible, and to hold ourselves in readiness to thwart them wholly when the favourable hour has struck, is, they add, a safe course to pursue. But the Anglo-German Alliance would have precisely the opposite effect and bring things to a crisis much sooner than otherwise. Lastly they point out that after all an understanding with Russia, however difficult it may seem at present, will be feasible enough should circumstances ever make it really advantageous to both parties—all the more feasible indeed that Muscovy has but one head and one spokesman, the Tsar, whose action is not precipitated by demagogues, criticised by journalists or trammelled by Parliaments.

The practical conclusion would seem to be that treaties with Continental Powers lead to embarrassing and needless entanglements: a courteous but firm attitude in general and a speedy settlement of concrete questions, as they arise, ought to meet all exigencies and satisfy the reasonable demands of all parties.

E. J. DILLON

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

MR FREDERIC HARRISON'S point of view as a staunch disciple of Auguste Comte gives a special interest to his volume on "John Ruskin," published in the "English Men of Letters" Series by Messrs Macmillan. Many of the developments of latter-day civilisation which Ruskin denounced were, as he thought, embodied in the Comtist philosophy, and personal friendship did not prevent him from attacking Mr Harrison, as the leader of the Positivist movement in England, with characteristic vehemence. Remembering this, it is amusing as well as instructive to note the deft way in which Mr Harrison turns the tables by insisting that most of Ruskin's social doctrines had been anticipated by Auguste Comte, and that the very differences which distinguished them were, on Ruskin's side, at the root of many of the follies and blunders which his friends deplored. Ruskin treated "all things as *absolutely* good, or *absolutely* true, or *absolutely* evil, or *absolutely* false, in a world where, as Auguste Comte "has said, all things are *relative*, in a world where humanity can know "nothing but *relative* truths, and can hope for nothing but *relative* "good." There is, perhaps, a little too much of Comte in these pages, so that the reader is sometimes reminded of Mr Dick and King Charles's head, but it would be foolish to quarrel with the author's idiosyncrasy, since it is the individual standpoint which gives his book its distinguishing quality, and places it in a niche of its own apart from the many other studies of Ruskin's life and work.

Although Mr Harrison pays particular attention to Ruskin as a social reformer, he has not neglected the æsthetic and personal sides of his subject. Separate chapters are devoted to "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice," and on the biographical side, though of course largely indebted to Mr W. G. Collingwood's "Life," Mr Harrison is able to give not a few intimate touches from his own personal acquaintance with Ruskin over a period of forty years. He traces the awakening and gradual develop-

ment of Ruskin's interest in social questions "Modern Painters" was purely æsthetic in its inception, and so, perhaps, was the "Seven Lamps," but it was the studies and the meditation embodied in the latter work "that first turned John Ruskin from drawings to man, from wall pictures to history and to social institutions—which converted him at last from an æsthetic connoisseur into a moralist who went forth into a scornful world to teach a new Gospel of Work and a "regeneration of the Social Organism" And in the "Stones of Venice" we find him pleading the cause of the workman and denouncing the degrading monotony of mechanical repetition—obviously the prelude to his later career in social reform, which was formally opened by the publication, in 1860, of his essays, "Unto this Last," in the *Cornhill Magazine* These essays, which aroused such general indignation in the *Cornhill* that the publishers pressed Thackeray to suspend their issue, Mr Harrison thinks "the most serviceable things that Ruskin ever gave the world" Henceforth Ruskin was a voice crying in the wilderness, and brooding continually over a state of things he was powerless to alter, the voice became more and more vehement and incoherent as the years went by The terrible mental agony of those later days is pathetically portrayed by Mr Harrison with a delicate yet illuminating hand The years he had given to painting and architecture had been wasted, or so it seemed to him, for the social diseases of modern civilisation had made men incurably blind to the higher uses of either art "The reckless luxury, the deforming mechanism, and the squalid misery of modern cities" made great art an impossibility, and thought given to it a mockery It is beyond the limits of this brief notice to consider the fruits of Ruskin's teaching, æsthetic or social Most will agree with Mr Harrison in regarding him as "rather a stimulus than an authority—an influence rather than a master" His criticism of Art may be faulty, but it has given to thousands new ideas of the co-relation of Art and Life, and all that this may mean, his theories of social reform may be impracticable, but their eloquent exposition called attention to the degrading lot of the poor in a universal way that had never been done before That, in itself, was a great work, and future generations will reap the benefit in full

Mr Harrison's little volume is critical yet sympathetic, and, above all, eminently sane there is certainly room for it on the Ruskin shelf.

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The directors of a series such as Messrs Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" labour under the disadvantage of having no choice in the matter of certain volumes, which must be included whether there is any real demand for them or not The volume on "Tennyson," by Sir Alfred Lyall, recently published in this series, is a case in point There was really no call for another book on Tennyson, either critical or biographical, for many years to come, yet the publishers could not

well omit so commanding a name from their list of representative English writers. This may be said without any depreciation of the intrinsic merits of Sir Alfred Lyall's work. Indeed, he is to be commiserated with as the author of an admirable monograph which, published earlier instead of "in the tail o' the day," would have been welcomed as a work of first-rate importance by many who will now examine it hypercritically or not at all.

Recognising that the present Lord Tennyson's "Memoir" leaves little or nothing to be added in regard to the course and incidents of the poet's life, Sir Alfred wisely restricts the biographical portions of his volume, and devotes his attention mainly to a critical appreciation of the poems, and to a study of the poet's attitude towards the intellectual and social life of his times. He insists, as most critics have come to do, on Tennyson's pre-eminence as an artist rather than as a thinker. The philosophy of "In Memoriam" has long ceased to impress the thinking world, and the best that can be said of it is that it reflects the average cultured thought of the period as in a mirror—no mean merit in itself, perhaps, but fatal to any claims that may be made for the depth of Tennyson's philosophic teaching. With the intellectual capacity of a deep and original thinker, constitutional timidity seems to have been always holding him back. New ideas startled him and made him fearful of what might come next. And although in his moral and didactic poems we find him touching the profundities of life and death, he touches them hurriedly, as one might pick up embers on the hearth. In his speculation he is like one who sets out to climb a lofty mountain, and, reaching half-way, refuses to ascend higher, not from inability to climb, but from fear of breathing the rarefied atmosphere at the summit.

But even those who are least impressed with Tennyson's philosophy surrender to the spell of his melody, to his pathos, to the exquisite beauty of his songs and the magic of his landscape painting. Sir Alfred Lyall has some interesting points to note about Tennyson's landscapes. His method breaks the canon of the older poets by giving, not the effect of the scene, but the scene itself. However reprehensible "word-painting" may be in a writer of inferior gifts, it is justified in Tennyson by its complete artistic success. "No poet has been more solicitous than Tennyson about precision in his landscape painting, or more carefully correct in his allusions to animals and plants, and in most instances the precision of fact strengthens the ornamental form, like a solid building architecturally decorated." The passage in which Sir Alfred contrasts Wordsworth and Tennyson in their treatment of Nature is so good that I am tempted to quote it —

Wordsworth dwells mainly upon her calm, majestic, and kindly aspect, she is the homely nurse who endeavours to content the immortal soul of imperial man with his humble abode on earth, she is beautiful and beneficent; she "lifts the spirit to a calmer

height", and although Wordsworth may be occasionally touched by her insensibility to human sorrow, may be perplexed by finding her ways unintelligible, yet he discerns everywhere the interfusion of a divine spirit, the evidences of admirable arrangement and design. For Tennyson also the external world was sublime and beautiful, soothing his regrets and suggesting resignation to the common lot, but the illimitable expansion of time and space laid open by scientific discoveries, the disclosure of the processes of Nature, her impassive uniformity, her implacable regularity, took strong hold of an imaginative mind that was in communion with the thought and knowledge of the day. He was haunted by the misgiving that man also might be no more than other atoms in the everchanging universe, that prayer is fruitless, that death may be stronger than love, and that Nature gives no intimations of conscious survival. Nevertheless her face, as he sees it, is so fair that it brings him consolation. The alternations of the seasons, the storm and the sunshine, are reflected in his varying moods, the spring breezes carry a cheerful message, the autumnal gales accord with the unrest of his mind, a quiet sea turns his thoughts to the calm of death. He feels the immemorial touch of sadness in the brief lifetime of flower and foliage, in the passing of the long light summer days, yet beyond all these transitory images he looks forward to the twilight of eternal day on the low, dark verge of human existence, where the mysteries of pain and sorrow will be understood, and no more shadows will fall on the landscape of the past.

With the publication of his two volumes on "The Reign of Queen Anne" (Chatto and Windus), Mr Justin McCarthy completes his history of England from the Accession of Queen Anne to the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, in eleven stout volumes—no small achievement for one who has had many other interests and activities. As a popular historian Mr McCarthy has established a position of his own in the world of letters. Except when dealing with "Our Own Times," he cannot be regarded as an original contributor to historical literature, either in the way of research or of philosophic treatment. He offers no new theories, he presents no new facts. On the other hand, he is far removed from the mere compiler. With the instincts and training of a journalist—using the term in its best sense—he is quick to seize upon the salient features of a period laid bare by other workers, and by the easy flow and vivacity of his style he makes the dry bones live for thousands of readers who would never be reached by a weightier historian.

The present volumes possess the excellent qualities which characterise Mr McCarthy's work on the Georgian period—accurate and lively presentment of facts, sound judgments based on the best authorities, and a particular interest on the biographical side of the narrative. As Mr McCarthy points out, the reign of Queen Anne is

not merely one in a succession of reigns it forms in itself an epoch, and must be regarded as a distinctly new chapter in the history of England's political and social life —

It is the coming of the new order, and does not merely mark the passing away of the old. The new order may indeed be said to have been initiated by the reign of William the Third, but it only came into actual existence and made its life manifest with the reign of Anne. The one condition which mainly distinguishes the new order from the old in the constitutional history of England is the recognised supremacy of Parliamentary government. Of course there was a system of so-called Parliamentary government existing in Great Britain and Ireland for long ages before the Stuart dynasty had come to an end, or even had made a beginning, but then it was only a Parliamentary government in name, and had none of the essential qualities belonging to the institution we now recognise as the governing power in these countries

It is this—the “settling” of our constitutional system, the foundations of which had been laid by William the Third—that gives these twelve brilliant years their political significance. The reign saw also an important stage of advancement in the struggle for religious equality. This is well treated by Mr McCarthy in a chapter on “Dissent and Defoe,” which gives the reader a clear insight into the controversy between the Protestant Dissenters and the Church of England. It was not, indeed, until a later period in our history that the lessons of the controversy came to be fully recognised in legislation, but, as Mr McCarthy shows, “the true doctrine of religious equality—the doctrine that no one shall suffer penalty or disqualification because of his religious faith—was for the first time set up as a constitutional principle in the reign of Queen Anne.” Apart from these political principles, the interests of the reign lie chiefly in literature and war. Mr McCarthy is not, in my opinion, very successful in his treatment of Marlborough's campaigns. But his sketches of Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, and Defoe, not to mention many minor writers of note in their day, make very interesting reading. Altogether, these two volumes furnish a very attractive survey of a fascinating period of English history.

One unaccountable error I have noted. In speaking of the architecture of the age Mr McCarthy says, “There was really no great architect whose name is associated with the history of the reign.” It is surprising that he should have overlooked the name of Wren, who lived to do some of his best work under Queen Anne.

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Lingering in the age of periwigs and patches, I have enjoyed two charming collections of eighteenth-century sketches—“Side-Walk Studies,” by Austin Dobson (Chatto and Windus), and “Side-Lights

"on the Georgian Period" by George Paston (Methuen and Co.) Certain critics have been urging Mr Dobson, now that he is released from the cares of the nation's commerce to write a *magnum opus*. It is possible that Mr Dobson knows his own business best, and that he will treat the advice as a miniature painter of exquisite execution might treat the suggestion that he should turn from his miniatures and paint the Greeks and Trojans contending for the body of Patroclus, or something equally appropriate to his genius. Within his present limits Mr Dobson is paramount, and, for my part, I have no wish to see him step beyond them. His latest sheaf of papers are written with all the old-world charm and absolute knowledge of the modes and manners of the period which distinguish the earlier "Vignettes." All but two deal with his favourite period, and these—"On Certain Quotations in "Walton's *Angler*," and "Vader Cats," an account of an old Dutch picture-book and its author—though excellent in themselves, would, to my mind, be better away from this particular volume, as being "out of the picture." Mr Dobson's style seems to breathe the very atmosphere of the eighteenth century. He takes us by the arm, as it were, and, leading us along his "side-walk," points out the notabilities as they pass, with something fresh to say about each, or at the least something freshly put. For those who are already acquainted with Mr Dobson's methods it will be sufficient to quote the chapter-headings as an indication of what they may expect. "St. James's Park," "The "Covent Garden Journal" (a hitherto-unwritten chapter in the life of Henry Fielding), "Dear Mrs Delany," "Dr Johnson's Haunts and "Habitations," and "the Story of the *Spectator*"—these are the titles of some of the most interesting papers. Mr Dobson nails to the counter that familiar but spurious quotation—"Sir, let us take a walk "down Fleet Street." Dr Johnson, in all probability, said something of the sort on more than one occasion, but it is not recorded by Boswell. It would seem that George Augustus Sala concocted this characteristic proposal as a motto for the "Temple Bar" magazine, founded by him in 1860. In "The Story of the *Spectator*" Mr Dobson does full justice to Steele, whose fine qualities, both as man and writer, have been grievously obscured by critics eager to exalt Addison.

Like Mr Dobson, the lady who chooses to be known as "George "Paston" has been bitten by the eighteenth century, with very pleasant results for her readers. "Side-Lights on the Georgian Period" are worthy companions to the same writer's "Little Memoirs," and it is no light testimony to their merits to have read them with pleasure immediately after Mr Dobson's book. Collections of this kind lend themselves more to personal enjoyment than to general criticism, the reader finding

* I may mention, in passing, an excellent selection from Steele's Essays, lately published, under the editorship of Mr L. E. Steele, in Messrs Macmillan's "Golden Treasury" Series. To those who still cling to the idea of Steele as a "colourless mediocrity to whose good fortune it had fallen to farm a genius," I recommend this little volume.

this or that paper the more attractive according to his individual tastes and interests. The place of honour in the present volume is given to an account of "A Burney Friendship" between the vivacious Fanny and Miss Port, afterwards Mrs Waddington, niece of "dear Mrs "Delany." But the papers most to my liking are "The Ideal Woman," an enquiry into the feminine ideal of the Georgian period, "London through French Eye-Glasses," the eye-glasses belonging to Madame du Boccaage and M Pierre Grosley, who "invaded Britain" in the middle years of the eighteenth century, and two very interesting "side-lights" on the periodical literature of the age—"The Illustrated Magazine of the Georgian Period" and "The *Monthly Review*." It is consoling to the novel-worn reviewer of to-day to read the plaint of the *Monthly Reviewer* of 1751, lamenting "the flood of novels, tales, romances, and other monsters of the imagination." His own burden is lightened in the contemplation of another's woe. The following, too, as a "book notice," is not without merit—"The *History of Lord Clayton and Miss Meredith*." Ill-imagined, ill-written, ill-printed, and—the author "will probably add—*very ill-reviewed*."

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If further proof were needed of the great loss suffered by historical literature in the elevation of the late Dr Creighton to the See of London, it might be found in the volume of "Historical Essays and Reviews" (Longmans, Green and Co) which Mrs Creighton has collected from among his contributions to various periodical publications. As a historian Dr Creighton combined in a remarkable degree the special qualities of a scholar, a man of letters, and a man of the world. Moreover, he had the imaginative power of living in his period, and of judging his characters from the standpoint of their own age. Few novelists have had a truer sense of "atmosphere" than the historian of the Papacy. The essays in the present collection are of widely varied interest, ranging from Dante and his times to the Imperial Coronation at Moscow. But, detached in form and subject as these papers are, there is a thread of personal interest binding them together for those acquainted with the course of their author's life. Thus, the opening essays on Dante, and the group of character-studies of the Renaissance, represent the quiet years spent in a country parish studying the history and literature of Italy, a paper on "The Italian Bishops of Worcester" marks the time when he was Canon of Worcester, his Northumberland days give us "The Northumbrian Border," and his residence at Cambridge and Peterborough the article on "The Fens-land," while the papers on "The Harvard Commemoration" and "The Imperial Coronation at Moscow" remind us that he was a distinguished guest at both those ceremonies.

The Renaissance essays are the most important feature of the book, and readers will be grateful to Mrs Creighton for rescuing them from

the back numbers of the magazines in which they appeared. The study of "Æneas Sylvius" is especially brilliant, showing Dr Creighton at his best as a student of Renaissance character, and the essays on "A Schoolmaster of the Renaissance," "A Man of Culture," and "A Learned Lady of the Sixteenth Century," dealing respectively with Vittorino of Mantua, Gismondo Malatesta of Rimini, and Olympia Fulvia Morata of Ferrara, are full of historical and human interest. Although his name is seldom heard, Vittorino was certainly one of the most remarkable men of the early Renaissance. He instituted a system of education entirely at variance with the prevailing methods of his age. He was the first of the moderns to pay attention to the physical training and bodily health of his pupils, holding that it was useless to attempt to educate the mind if the body were neglected. This is a mere truism to-day, but in Vittorino's time it was an innovation of the most daring kind, and it is impossible to estimate the influence for good which this great educational reformer exercised on his own and succeeding generations. Dr Creighton's study of Gismondo Malatesta is finely balanced, and is supplemented by a very interesting description of the wonderful church which Malatesta raised in Rimini.

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Miss Anne Macdonell has told over again the story of the early Franciscans in the form of a string of biographies ("Sons of Francis," J. M. Dent and Co.) It will bear telling again and again, especially if it is sympathetically done as it is here. One of the most romantic episodes in human history, it will always appeal to whatever is most tender, generous and adventurous in our nature. To Miss Macdonell the whole spirit of St. Francis and his companions is that of knight-errantry, a self-abandoning, ruthless, dare-devil delight in romantic adventures in the spiritual sphere, whether of self-discipline or of benevolence. It is a tragic story, too, of the failure of impossibly high hopes and an impracticable and almost insane ideal. In spite of the endeavour to imitate literally some features of the life of Jesus, it contrasts strongly with his sanity and calmness. But it is full of romantic spiritual beauty, all the same, and these sketches of the lives of so many divinely powerful saints, with their devotion, their wisdom and their follies are no bad corrective of the sorry materialism which seems to hold us tightly in its grasp. The book is beautifully got up and very readable.

Portraits of St. Francis will also be found in another work issued by the same firm. "Luca and Andrea Della Robbia and Their Successors," by Maud Cruttwell. The subject passes over from religion to art, but the transition is an easy one. This is a most artistic production, and gives, with fine and copious illustrations, a careful and minute account of the work of the artists. It is indeed of the nature of a

guide in its completeness, but it is fascinating enough, into the bargain, to entrance the stay-at-home reader

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Mr Sidney Whitman became intimately acquainted with Prince Bismarck in the last years of his life, and paid him several visits at Friedrichsruh, Varzin and Schoenhausen, notes of which he gives us in his new volume ("Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," John Murray) We see the Prince in his intimate domestic life and hear divers bits of his conversation Here is one —

Yes, I found royalty in a bad way, it was too weak for what is required under our monarchical conditions Now and then I fancy I have been the means of making it a little too powerful, at least for a time Have you heard the story of the rider who could not get on his horse and called upon his patron saint to help him into the saddle? . . . The patron saint came to his assistance and gave him such a powerful lift up that he vaulted clean over the saddle on to the other side of the steed "Gently, don't be vehement," said the rider. That, you see, was something like my action with regard to royalty. I now and then fancy I may have been too vehement.

Speaking of the famous telegram of the present Emperor to Mr. Kruger, Bismarck said "The Emperor's telegram might with peculiar fitness and decency have been sent to President Kruger by the British Government itself" He thought the attitude of the British Government towards Mr Rhodes laid it open to the suspicion either of complicity with or connivance at the Jameson Raid, or at least of being afraid of its originator, and he seems to have called Mr Chamberlain "*ein wilder Junge*"

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It is usual for the victim of burlesque to console himself with the reflection that, after all, burlesque is in reality a compliment, since no one would think of parodying that which was not deserving of notice This, of course, is a half-truth concluding in an obvious fallacy The burlesqued author may be a genius, or he may be deserving of notice only in the sense that he has pushed himself, or been pushed by fortuitous circumstances, into a certain publicity It would be invidious to distinguish between the various novelists who come under the critical scalpel in Bret Harte's posthumous series of "Condensed Novels," published by Messrs Chatto and Windus, but in some of the burlesques one feels that the author's powers might have been employed to better purpose on writers of greater worth One would have liked to see how Mr Thomas Hardy and Mr George Meredith, Mr Henry James and "John Oliver Hobbes," fared in the hands of one who had so successfully parodied the literary giants of the mid-Victorian era

For no one knew better than Bret Harte that true parody is not a piece of buffoonery so much as a critical exposition, unmasking the weaknesses and absurdities of its subject. He gives you fun in plenty, but it is always fun with a meaning. Take his travesty of the hospital scenes in Mr Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian." Those acquainted with the original will recognise the truth of the criticism —

Glorious as were Golly's spirits, exquisitely simple her worldly ignorance, and irresistible her powers of mimicry, strangely enough they were considered out of place in St Barabbas' Hospital. A light-hearted disposition to mistake a blister for a poultice, that rare Manx conscientiousness which made her give double doses to the patients as a compensation when she had omitted to give them a single one, and the faculty of bursting into song at the bedside of a dying patient, produced some liveliness not unmixed with perplexity among the hospital staff. It is true, however, that her performance of clog-dancing during the night watches drew a larger and more persistent attendance of students and young surgeons than ever was seen before. Yet everybody loved her! Even her patients! "If it amoozes you, miss, to make me tyke the pills wot's meant for the lydy in the next ward, I ain't complying," said an East End newsboy. "When ye tyke off the style of the doctor wot wisits me, miss, and imitates his wyes, Lawd! it does me as much good as his mixtures," said a consumptive charwoman. Even thus, old and young basked in the radiant youth of Golly.

This is in the true spirit of parody.

Of the other burlesques in this volume, those of Mr Anthony Hope and Mr Kipling are, perhaps, the most successful. Bret Harte's weak point as a parodist is his apparent lack of sympathy with his authors. Sympathy is an essential to the perfect parody. Bret Harte "guys" too much, sometimes indiscriminately, his laugh is always at his victim, never with him. And though there is excellent fooling in every one of these burlesques, one fails to find a spark of geniality throughout the book.

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Messrs W and R Chambers have published the second volume of the new edition of "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature." This standard work is being thoroughly revised under the editorship of Dr David Patrick, and many additions are being made. Thus, in this volume, which covers the eighteenth century, over a hundred authors are included who were not mentioned in the old edition, and as many more are illustrated by extracts who, in the former edition, received only brief notice. Among the contributors to the present volume I note Mr Austin Dobson, who writes an introductory review of "The Eighteenth Century in English Literature," and articles on Richardson, Fielding, and Goldsmith, besides revising "Gay" and "Prior", Mr George Santsbury, who is responsible for "Swift,"

"Pope," and "Sterne", Mr Robert Aitken, with articles on Steele, "The Revolutionary Period," and "The Age of Queen Anne", while "Allan Ramsay" and "Burns" are from the pen of Mr William Wallace, and "Blake" is the work of Mr James Douglas. The numerous and well-chosen extracts form a special feature of the work, and make it something more than a biographical dictionary. When the third and concluding volume has been published, the whole will constitute, not only one of the most valuable works of literary reference existing, but an anthology of the choicest passages in English literature from Chaucer to the present day.

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I have also received the Supplementary Volume of Messrs Cassell's "Encyclopædic Dictionary." The merits of this great work are too well known to need the enforcement of eulogy. In its own field it certainly has no superior, and with the addition of this volume it may safely be said to have no rival. The Supplementary Volume, which has been prepared by Mr Henry Scherren, contains about 28,000 words not given in the previous volumes, including practically all words which have been coined or brought into general use since the completion of the work. Even slang terms are dealt with, and technical terms, in the fullest sense of the word, are included. As an illustration, it is stated that in one column of the *Field* no less than twenty words connected with golf occurred which do not appear in any other dictionary. Messrs Cassell are also issuing a new edition of the whole work in weekly parts, price 6d *net*, each part including that portion of the Supplementary Volume which comes within its alphabetical range. A special feature of the new serial edition will be the numerous coloured plates which have been expressly prepared for this issue.

A READER

VIVISECTION EXPERIMENTS AND THE MORTALITY RETURNS.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I N the October number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW I was permitted, in an open letter to the Registrar-General, to acquaint the public with the fact that wherever the vivisectioning fraternity raised the strongest claims to beneficent results arising from their practices there the death rate per million persons in England and Wales had unhappily risen

There being seriously no gainsaying the figures of Somerset House, there remained only two desperate methods of defence open to the disconcerted experimenters. The first and most important was thoroughly to abuse me and endeavour to persuade everybody that I am a person who publishes private letters and does other unspeakable things, with whom no decent person would enter into controversy. The second is to enter into controversy with me with every circumstance of violence and intemperance of language.

No one could be selected to whom the task of prosecuting these two methods could be more congenial than Mr Stephen Paget, but his mental talents are better suited to the first than the second, and it is diverting to observe the fury with which he pours out his vocabulary of expletives, "idiotic," "brutal," "vile," "mean," "tortuous," etc., until at the end of his breathless onslaught the imagination pictures him borne from the field in a syncope!

Mr Paget's ideas of the point of honour seem to me novel. If I send a messenger boy to buy a book he has published he calls the innocent youth "a spy."

When he puts an unattached slip between the leaves of that book correcting an unpardonable mis-statement on a vital matter, and that slip obeys the law of gravitation and falls out when the book is opened, the circumstance is regarded by *him* as "one of life's little ironies."

When I write officially to him from the office of the National Anti-

Vivisection Society, asking him how it comes about that in this book attacking that Society, he prints this shocking mis-statement, he pretends that his reply is private and my publication of it improper when of course it was not private and my publication of it perfectly regular

When I challenge him to produce any statement of mine in my controversies that is inaccurate, he replies that he has just convicted another Society, with which I am not connected, of grossly false statements and that consequently he will not make his complaints to me but will gladly do so to a Vice-President of my Society This reply I characterised on a former occasion as "at once a ridiculous evasion" and a personal impertinence," and it gives me great pleasure now to repeat that retort

One cannot but be sorry for a man who, when challenged to produce an inaccurate statement of A has nothing better to say for himself than that the false statements of B preclude him from accepting that challenge, and to accompany such an absurd retreat with personal impertinence is pitiable

But, after all, Mr Paget is more entertaining in his personalities, which form his first line of defence, than he is convincing in his statistics which form his second—and with which I will deal *seriatim*

Under the heading of diphtheria, Mr Paget complains that I do not quote the case mortality, but confine myself to the death rate per million persons I cannot quote what is not to be found in the Registrar-General's returns with which alone I am dealing

Mr Paget says that as umbrellas do not diminish the annual rainfall, so antitoxin does not diminish the death rate from diphtheria I agree that umbrellas are powerless to affect the annual rainfall and accept Mr Paget's deduction that antitoxin is equally powerless to affect the annual death rate from diphtheria If it be true that the percentage of deaths to cases has diminished, the recorded total death rate per million indicates an immense increase in reported cases

I have heard that under the recent Public Health Act inducements to notify diphtheria among other infectious diseases are applied behind and in front of medical men in the form of a fee of half-a-crown when they do, and a fine of forty shillings when they do not notify a case But I should hesitate to deduce from this that there might exist a financial explanation of a reported increase of this and similar diseases

Mr Paget perceives that as long as the Registrar-General's returns show an increase in the death rate per million they do not support the claims of the vivisectionists, and he invites me to the consideration of *ex parte* professional tables compiled in "Paris, New York, Chicago, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, Strasburg, Zurich and elsewhere" Perhaps these tables compiled by enthusiastic professional men with theories to befriend may proffer results different from the serene returns of

Somerset House If so, Mr Paget may be left to explain the contradiction as best he may

Next as to Myxoedema, the Registrar-General's office informed me that deaths from Myxoedema are classed under "Diseases of the Thyroid Body," and the annual returns show that the death rate per million for "diseases of the thyroid body" has more than trebled since 1881

Mr Paget expresses the belief that I am "only joking" when I cite these facts as evidence that either the vivisectors' nostrums are no good, or that the Registrar-General is mendacious

I will not deny that there is food for merriment here, but I am afraid Mr Paget is too serious a person to realise at whose expense it is enjoyed

Mr Paget has nothing to say about Pasteur's inoculation as a rival to the muzzle in preventing rabies so let us sincerely hope that it has gone the way of pills to prevent earthquakes and the Lister anti-septic spray

With respect to cholera, Mr Paget says "he (meaning me) affects surprise that Haffkine's fluid does not reduce the death rate of cholera" I can assure Mr Paget that here he does me an injustice The failure of any of these "fluids" to do anything but make people into whom they are squirted ill, has never surprised me If the "fluid" squirted into people prevented the occurrence of cholera the death rate would go down But it does not

In the case of Dr Wright's typhoid serum, Mr Paget tells me that if I collect enough reports from sources other than Somerset House I shall find "a very clear balance of lives saved" I like that phrase, it is so scientific and precise How vague and inexact are the Registrar-General's figures when set against "a very clear balance"!

Under the heading of diseases of the circulation the Registrar-General shows that the death rate from *all* of them has gone up since the vivisectors' remedies were, as Mr. Paget claims, made available "in most cardiac diseases"

It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose either that the wonderful remedies are not used or that they are no remedies, or that the Somerset House figures are false

Having very carefully considered all that Mr Paget has to say it seems to me that he has really no evidence at his disposal to show that the Registrar-General's figures that I quoted are not accurate. Mr Paget asserts that in my "open letter" I argued, "That certain methods of treatment, discovered by the help of experiments on animals are useless, or worse than useless, because certain diseases, with whose prevention, alleviation or cure, these methods are in one way or another concerned, have of late years shown an increased death rate" He adds with his inimitable manners, "It is a waste of time to argue with him"—(and then does it).

Now this rehearsal of my argument shows that Mr Paget altogether overstates the matter. My open letter was written merely to show, what is certainly true, that the death rate in those particular diseases to which the vivisectors have applied their most invincible prophylactics are the very ones in which the death rate has risen.

I did not assert then, nor do I suggest now, what the explanation of the portent may be. I leave that to Mr Paget and his friends. Perhaps in Mr Paget's own happy diction it is "one of life's little ironies."

As Mr Paget introduces into his article an immense catalogue of subjects entirely irrelevant to the sole question raised in my open letter, I imagine it is not incumbent upon me to make any allusions to them beyond assuring him that I see no connection between the relative accuracy of his statements and those of the Registrar-General, and such matters as, whether because a paper called the *Zoophilist*, "is more decent now than it used to be," therefore, of it "the less said the better," or whether the Parliamentary policy of a certain Society is "fatuous"—(Mr Paget's epithets are always elegant)—or whether I am subjected to "venomous abuse" by the Church Anti-Vivisection League, or whether a National Anti-Vivisection Hospital, with which I am no more connected than is Mr Paget, is open, shut, or in Chancery. To vituperate at large on matters wholly foreign to the subject under discussion, for the mere purpose of raising prejudice with the unlettered, is a silly trick of advocacy that no man would employ who had a good case to support or any respect for the intelligence of his audience.

There is however, one irrelevant question put by Mr Paget with which I take leave to deal forthwith. In enumerating what he deems to be the failures of the anti-vivisectionists he exclaims, "Have they 'crippled the great hospitals?'" Mr Paget here deliberately suggests that we wish to "cripple the great hospitals." Was there ever a more preposterous charge? Why in the world should we want to cripple them? To criticise the diversion of hospital funds from the patients to schools is to strike a blow to defend the great hospitals from being crippled. This we have done and shall continue to do. Mr Paget cannot deny that money sufficient in the aggregate to pay for the support of at least seventy beds is at present taken from the general funds of London hospitals and paid over to schools which publish no accounts, and he has, I imagine, forgotten that our criticisms of those diversions of funds enjoy the endorsement of Sir Henry Burdett, one of the most prominent authorities on hospitals in the world.

Sir Henry Burdett is the editor of *The Hospital*,* and was reported in his own paper for the 8th of April, 1899, to have spoken as follows —

The speaker deprecated the putting of a weapon of attack into the hands of anti-vivisectors and other agitators, by making it possible to

* Sir Henry Burdett is also a very prominent member of the distribution committee of King Edward's Fund.

say that money subscribed for the relief of the sick poor was spent of illegitimate objects, which they would do so long as any part went to the support of the medical schools, since these necessarily included bacteriological departments and assisted in physiological research. Those who entered for the law, the army, and the church were all prepared to provide for their own education, and the medical profession was recruited from precisely the same classes. In London two things were wanting: one great medical school, and fees adequate to pay for the whole organisation necessary to make a young man fit for his profession. Parents were willing to pay, and it was bad business and wrong policy to have it otherwise. So there was one direction in which hospital authorities might cut down expenses—by refusing any longer to contribute towards the cost of medical education.

In these circumstances we shall continue our efforts to prevent the crippling of the great hospitals by the "conveying" of their funds away to purposes for which they were not subscribed, and Mr Paget would have been better advised had he restrained his sneers at those who desire to see kindness to the poor dissociated from cruelty to animals and questionable finance.

STEPHEN COLERIDGE